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THE

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JUNE, 1861.

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8. *Account of the Writings, Religion, and Manners of the Hindoos, including translations of their principal Works,* in four vols., 4to. By W. WARD. Serampore.

No intellectual Eastern people are less understood in the West than the Hindoos. It is but recently any thing worth knowing has been learned about them. Until Sir William Jones and Mr. Colebrooke had published their Asiatic Researches, none but the missionaries had the least idea that they had ever attained any respectable grade of civilization.

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The most learned European scholars had no adequate conception of the vast intellectual wealth which had lain, as it were, entombed for ages on the banks of the Ganges. The discoveries of Herculanæum and Pompeii were but trifling in their results, however full of interest, compared with that of the sacred writings of the Hindoos. Not that the latter, like the former, had at any time been altogether hidden from mortal eye; although, for aught the world was the wiser for them, they might nearly as well have been so. All that was known about them was confined to the Brahmans, and there were but very few, even of the latter, who were capable of reading them. This few had no disposition to make others as wise as themselves; they rather took pains to discourage those who resolved to unveil the mystery.

Such was the state of affairs when Sir William Jones commenced the study of the Oriental languages, passing from one to another, until fascinated in time by the superior excellence and beauty of the Sanskrit, which, with the aid of the missionaries, who had first directed his attention to it, he soon so far mastered as to be able to give pretty accurate versions of some of the more remarkable passages in the *Vedas*. These, and similar versions by Colebrooke and others, attracted the attention of the great scholars of Germany, so that in the course of a few years the Western world was presented with the more learned and elaborate translations of Bopp, Kosegarden, the Schlegels, Rosen, and Chezy. The difficulty with these has been that they are too learned for the general reader, most of them being in Latin. None but scholars can understand the criticisms with which even those rendered into modern languages are accompanied. Others have endeavored to simplify the latter, but generally, if not invariably, without being competent to do so. In a similar manner incompetent persons have undertaken to give translations of their own. Some of the missionaries, upon the other hand, while perfectly qualified to give faithful renderings of the Sanskrit, have encumbered their versions with commentaries, the tendency, if not the object, of which is to cast odium on the Hindoo religion, and thereby discourage Christians from the study of Sanskrit literature.

Although it was Englishmen who first opened the rich mine of Sanskrit wealth for the benefit of the modern world, the British Government has shown little disposition to aid in working it; but rather the contrary. Much more attention

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is given to Sanskrit literature even in Russia than in England. In the latter country its study is confined almost exclusively to those who expect to obtain lucrative offices in India. The British Government is much more disposed to encourage scientific researches in Egypt, Assyria, or Central Africa, than in its own Eastern empire; for the simple reason that it does not deem it prudent to impress even the English people with any very exalted opinion of what the Hindoos have been in their best days. This policy is not peculiar to England; a similar policy has been pursued in all ages by those who hold other nations in subjection. Perhaps the only instance to the contrary is that of Rome, who made no effort to depreciate Grecian literature, after subjecting the Greek people to her domination. But it may well be doubted whether this arose from any superior virtue on the part of the Romans, since they pursued a very different course in reference to the Numidians, Carthaginians, and other distant nations whom they conquered. The real cause of it was that the intellectual productions of Greece were too well known in Europe, and their character too well established, to render it possible to keep them in the back-ground. In Asia it was different. The Asiatics were but little disposed to believe that any European nation had attained to a high state of culture; and accordingly, for example, from the day Greece was conquered by the Turks until she reëstablished her independence, the Ottoman Porte did all in its power, directly and indirectly, to create the impression that even in their best days the Greeks were but miserable fanatics—infidels of the worst kind, the value of whose boasted works was ludicrously exaggerated!

These different reasons, though merely alluded to here, may serve to explain why it is that so little is known of the true character of Hindoo civilization. Nine-tenths even of those called the intelligent classes take matters as they find them. They know the Hindoos of the present day are poor and degraded—in short, a subject race; and they will not take the trouble to inquire whether they have not always been in the same condition. They have, indeed, a vague impression that there are such Hindoo works as the Vedas, and that the Sanskrit is a fine language; but for the rest, they reason pretty much the same as the Turks used to do in reference to the *chefs d'œuvre* of the Greeks. That is, they admit that the Hindoo productions referred to may be very clever things in their way; but that it is safer, upon the whole, to have nothing to

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do with works that teach a system of religion so abominable. It is not strange that arguments of this kind are urged against the study of Hindoo literature and antiquities; and that the faults complained of are exaggerated a hundred fold, since the study of Greek literature was long proscribed in a similar manner as nothing more nor less than a system invented by Satan, for the express purpose of corrupting Christianity. There are those even now who consider it by no means safe to study Homer, Plato, and Aristotle, though it is no longer regarded with such horror as it was, for example, in the time of Erasmus, when those known to be guilty of it were hooted at, nay, assaulted, in the public streets, under the very walls of Universities like those of Oxford and Cambridge.

Apart from the pleasure to be derived from an examination of ancient literature as simply a recreation to the mind, it is interesting and instructive as indicating the habits and customs, prejudices and predilections, religion and laws of the people to whom it belonged. But it is not in an article of some twenty or thirty pages that such examination can be made so as to do justice to the subject. The smallest branch of it would take more than this; indeed, it would require more to expose the misrepresentations of bigotry alone; for Protestant and Catholic writers have been equally industrious in laboring to impress their readers with an idea of Hindoo theology which is by no means justified by the Vedas. That the Hindoos of the present day are idolators, and have many revolting ceremonies, is very true; but it must be remembered that they are now a degenerate people, as much inferior to their ancestors of more than three thousand years ago, as are the Greeks of the present day to those of the time of Pericles, or the Egyptians of to-day to those who built the pyramids. Indeed, so degraded are they from long subjection to the stranger—from oppression and all its concomitant evils—that were it not for the splendid monuments which remain of their early civilization, it would seem impossible to believe that they were once the great intellectual people which those monuments conclusively prove they were.*

* In regard to the ancient Hindoos, it may be said, in the words of a modern poet, scarcely less emphatically than of the ancient Greeks:

"Son of the morning, rise! approach you here!
Come, but molest not yon defenceless urn;
Look on this spot—a nation's sepulchre!
Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn.
Even gods must yield—religions take their turn;
'Twas Jove's—'tis Mahomet's—and other creeds
Will rise with other years, till man shall learn
Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds;
Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope is built on reeds."

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In short, there are so many difficulties in the way, that we cannot undertake to do more on the present occasion than to make such remarks on the religion, morals, laws, and general literature of the ancient Hindoos, as may serve as a basis for future articles, and show at the same time, however imperfectly, that much as the Hindoo civilization may be sneered at by those who condemn all systems which are different from their own, it was evidently that of a great people. In order to avoid being unduly influenced, either by those who are too enthusiastic in their admiration, or too hypercritical in their censure, of Hindoo literature, we have not confined ourselves to the critics or translators of any particular country, but have selected the most impartial, including Germans, English, French, Spanish, and Portuguese, Catholics and Protestants, and some two or three who do not profess to be either one or the other.

It may be said that we have enough to occupy our attention just now, without going back to examine the *pros* and *cons* of a system that existed thousands of years ago. But it is never too late to do so as long as we are ignorant of the subject; nor can it be untimely as long as we have leisure to bestow upon it. And no one who thinks will venture to deny that the progress of the human mind, no matter at what age of the world, is always an instructive, as well as an interesting study. It will not do to say, that it is enough for us to study the history of our own race, or at most that of the different races of Europe; though there are but very few that do more. Nay, the majority do this same, but very imperfectly. One who aspires to be a citizen of the world should judge all branches of the human family according to their respective merits, chiefly, if not wholly, according to their intellectual productions; and in doing so, one must take into consideration the advantages, or disadvantages, that have surrounded the formation of those productions. It is for want of due attention to this that there is so much prejudice and bigotry; and that so many who are otherwise kind and good-natured are ever ready, not only to regard the race or country to which they belong themselves, as the best in the world, but the only one to which it is honorable to belong.

Their language alone—the Sanskrit—would show that the Hindoos attained a high civilization. For our own part, we do not pretend to be familiar with that wonderful tongue; though we have paid sufficient attention to it in connection

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with the Zend, and one or two other Oriental languages, to enable us to form a pretty accurate idea of its grammatical constructions. In copiousness it surpasses all other dialects, with, perhaps, the sole exception of the Arabic; but there is no exception as to its superior flexibility and the artistic elegance of its form. It has six moods and six tenses, three numbers, three genders, three persons, and eight cases. Its alphabet consists of fifty letters, of which thirty-four are consonants. Besides these, there are "accessory signs" which have the effect of enriching the language to an extent which no one wholly unacquainted with its modifications, could believe. "Whatever may be its antiquity," says Sir William Jones, "it is of a wonderful structure; more perfect than the Greek, more copious than the Latin, and more exquisitely refined than either; yet bearing to each of them a strong affinity." Like the Greek, it affords a remarkable facility for the formation of compound words, according to the rules of grammar; like the Arabic, it has innumerable synonymes; like the Chinese, it abounds in monosyllabic words; and like the English, it admits the simplest constructions of indeclinable nouns combined with prepositions, and participles with auxiliary verbs; so that it is no exaggeration to say, that it unites all the good qualities which are found but singly in other languages. It is from these very circumstances its name is derived; for *sanscrita* means exactly the same as the Latin *concreta*. The former is simply the perfect participle of a compound word formed by prefixing the preposition *sam*, which is equivalent to the Latin *cum* or *con*, to the verb *cri*, to *make*, by interposing the letter *s*. In a word, there is no Oriental scholar who is not enthusiastic in praise of that most wonderful form of human speech. "The Sanskrit, like its cognate Greek," says Mr. Hodgson, of Nepaul, than whom no one understood it better, "may be characterized as a speech capable of giving a soul to the objects of sense, and to the abstractions of metaphysics." "Justly," says Schlegel, "is it called *Sanskrit*, i. e. *perfect, finished*. In its structure and grammar it closely resembles the Greek; but *is infinitely more regular*, and therefore more simple though not less rich. It combines the artistic fulness indicative of Greek development; the brevity and nice accuracy of the Latin; whilst, having a near affinity to the Persian and Germanic roots, it is distinguished by expression as enthusiastic and forcible as theirs."

Not only is the family likeness to the languages of Greece

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and Rome, here referred to, traceable every where in the Sanskrit, but a similar likeness, though not so strongly marked, may be traced to the German, the Celtic, the Sclavonian, and to several other dialects, ancient and modern; a fact which seems to leave no doubt of its being the parent stem of the whole Indo-European family of languages.

To such of our readers as may be unacquainted with the subject, a few illustrative examples may be interesting. Thus we take the word seven, which in Sanskrit is *saptan*, Latin *septem*, Greek ἑπτα, German *sieben*, French *sept*, Spanish *siete*, Zend *haptan*, Persian *heft*. If we take the numeral three, we shall find the similarity still greater, if possible, thus: Sanskrit *tri*, Greek τρεις, Latin *tres*, Gothic *thri*, French *trois*, Erse *tri*, Zend *thri*, German *drei*. Mother in Sanskrit is *matri*, Greek μητηρ, Latin *mater*, Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian *madre*, German *mutter*, Erse *maithair*, Persian *mader*, French *mère*, &c., &c. The resemblance in father is equally obvious; and in each case there is sufficient evidence to satisfy any intelligent person that the resemblance is not accidental. If we turn to any member of almost any other family of languages, we shall find those words radically different both in form and sound. Take for example the Hebrew. Here we find that seven is שִׁבְעָה *shi-vath*, three שָׁלוֹשׁ *sha-losh*, mother אֵם *aim*, father אָב *av*, &c., &c.

Now we come to what the language contains. Let this be poetry, philosophy, or metaphysics, it has always a religious tinge. In noticing this fact, it is well to bear in mind that the religion of the Vedas is not that of the aboriginal inhabitants of India, who, to this day, have set at defiance all the proselytizing efforts of the Brahmans, and who have no literature, sacred or profane, written or oral. These, though but a small portion of the people of India, probably not more than eight or nine millions, have never surrendered their liberties; preferring to occupy the inaccessible mountain ranges, rather than abandon a system bequeathed to them solely by tradition thousands of years ago. It is only by comparing the Hindoos proper with these—whose general name is Kulis or Clansmen—that we are enabled to form some adequate idea of the vast intellectual superiority of the former, as an Asiatic race. But let us first glance at the Hindoo religion, and see whether it is so very revolting in comparison with that of Greece or Egypt, as it is the habit, with well-meaning writers, to represent it. In doing so, we are struck with the

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enormous number of its divinities. But on closer examination they prove to be chiefly, if not wholly, representations of so many different qualities attributed to the Deity; and what is more, their identity with the gods of Greece and Egypt is often so obvious, that it is impossible for any thoughtful person to doubt it. Iswara and Baghasa are nothing more nor less than the Indian names of Osiris and Bacchus, and the Egyptians have a tradition to this day that India was conquered by Osiris. It would lead us too far to adduce such evidence as would prove that this is no fanciful theory. Nor is it in the least necessary that we should do so. In reading Homer, we are chiefly concerned, not with the character of his gods, as such, or their similarity or dissimilarity to the gods of other nations, but with the lofty sentiments which they are made to express, and the light which the conduct attributed to them is made to shed on the manners and customs of the heroic ages. And why should we not take a similar view of the gods of the Hindoos, especially as it is one of the chief characteristics of that people to animate all nature—to people not only the heavens, but the air, the earth, and the seas, with myriads of imaginary beings? If the Hindoos believe in the transmigration of souls, so did Pythagoras, and the wisest of his countrymen; or, if they did not believe it themselves, they at least taught it, and most probably, through the kindest motives, in order that ill-tempered and brutal men might be deterred from maltreating the lower animals; so that we may again apply the language of the poet to both nations, as applicable as much to the Hindoos as to the Greeks:

> "Là pour nous enchanter tout est mis en usage;
> Tout prend un corps, une ame, un esprit, un visage.
> Chaque vertu devient une divinité:
> Minerve est la prudence, et Venus la beauté;
> Ce n'est plus la vapeur qui produit la tonnere,
> C'est Jupiter armé pour effrayer la terre;
> Un orage terrible aux yeux des matelots,
> C'est Neptune en courroux qui gourmande les flots:
> Echo n'est plus un son qui dans l'air retentisse,
> C'est une nymphe en pleurs, qui se plaint de Narcisse."

After making all due allowance for the exaggeration of Christian writers in describing the worst features of the Hindoo religion, is cannot be denied that it contains much that is not only absurd, but revolting. One of the most reliable

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authorities on this branch of our subject gives the following summary of the vicious propensities of the Hindoo divinities:

"The doctrine of a plurality of gods, with their consequent intrigues, criminal amours, quarrels, and stratagems to counteract each other, has produced the most fatal effects on the minds of men. Can we expect a people to be better than their gods? Brahma was inflamed with evil desires towards his own daughter; Vishnu, when incarnate as Bamanu, deceived King Bulee, and deprived him of his kingdom. Shivu's wife was constantly jealous on account of his amours, and charged him with associating with the women of a low caste at Cooch-Behar. The story of Shivu and Mohinee, a female form of Vishnu, is shockingly indelicate. Vrihusputee, the spiritual guide of the gods, committed a rape on his eldest brother's wife. Indra was guilty of dishonoring the wife of his spiritual guide. Sooryu ravished a virgin named Koontee. Yumu in a passion kicked his own mother, who cursed him, and afflicted him with a swelled leg, which to this day the worms are constantly devouring. Ugnee was inflamed with evil desires towards six virgins, the daughters of as many sages, but was overawed by the presence of his wife. Buluramu was a great drunkard. Vayoo was cursed by Dukshu for making his daughters crooked, when they refused his embraces; he is also charged with a scandalous connection with a female monkey. When Varoonu was walking in his own heaven, he was so smitten with the charms of Oorvushee, a courtezan, that, after a long contest, she was scarcely able to extricate herself from him. Krishnu's thefts, wars, and adulteries are so numerous, that his whole history seems to be one uninterrupted series of crimes. In the images of Kalee, she is represented as treading on the breast of her husband. Lucksamee and Suruswutee, the wives of Vishnu, were continually quarrelling. It is worthy of inquiry, how the world is governed by these gods, more wicked than men. Let us open the Hindoo sacred writings; here we see the creator and preserver perpetually counteracting each other. Sometimes the preserver is destroying; and, at other times, the destroyer is preserving. On a certain occasion, Skivu granted to the great enemy of the gods, Ravunu, a blessing which set all their hearers in an uproar, and drove the three hundred and thirty millions of gods into a state of desperation. Brahma created Koombu-Kurnu, a monster larger than the whole island of Lunka; but was obliged to doom him to an almost perpetual sleep, to prevent his producing an universal famine. This god is often represented as bestowing a blessing, to remove the effects of which, Vishnu is obliged to become incarnate; nay, these effects have not, in some cases, been removed, till all the gods have been dispossessed of their thrones and obliged to go abegging; till all human affairs have been thrown into confusion, and all the elements seized and turned against the creator, the preserver, and the reproducer. When some giant, blessed by Brahma, has destroyed the creation, Vishnu and Shivu have been applied to; but they have confessed that they could do nothing for the tottering universe."—*Account of the Writings, Religion, and Manners of the Hindoos, by W. Ward.*

Assuming all this to be true, there is hardly any thing in it so wicked that it has not been equalled by the gods and goddesses of the Greeks and Romans, whose amours were often as scandalous, and led to as bad quarrels as perhaps those of the

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most susceptible and passionate of their Hindoo brethren or sisters. But this is not all. If, as already intimated, we compare both theogonies with each other, we shall find that of all the classic divinities there is scarcely one whose counterpart is not to be found among those of the Hindoos. This is proved, to the full satisfaction of the classical student, by the Shastras. Thus, for example, there is a passage in the Purâna, entitled *Baahma Vaivartica*, in which all the characteristics of Jupiter are ascribed to Vishnu, so as completely to establish the identity of the former with the latter. We quote a brief extract, only premising that the reader is to bear in mind that Vishnu is here called Crisna, his divine spouse receiving the name of Radha:

"Ganga (the Ganges) was originally a nymph of wonderful beauty, who inhabited Paradise. She became enamored of Krishna, and, concealing her face with her robe, stood immovable in his presence, her eyes fixed on his radiant countenance. The jealousy of Rhadha (Juno) was excited. Followed by her innumerable attendants, she repaired to the presence of the god, and seated herself on her throne of gems. The timid Ganga trembled at her aspect, and dissolved with terror. The goddess speaks: 'Who is this nymph, lord of the universe, who, with half-concealed visage, and eyes sparkling with desire, thus gazes on thy sacred person? This is not the first time the skies have witnessed the infidelity of their lord. When I detected thee dallying in a grove of sandal with Viraga, the figure of a quadruped concealed thy shame, and she was changed into a river. Still pursued by thee, she became the mother of the mighty ocean. The same forest was the scene of thy amours with the nymph Sobha (beauty). Again thou assumedst the form of an animal, whilst her spirit fled to the moon, and thou dividedst her body amongst gems, flowers, and black-eyed damsels. The woods of Vrindavan afforded thee a retreat with the shepherdess Prabha (lustre). On my arrival, her spirit transmigrated to the solar orb; of her body thou madest a distribution; the god of fire obtained a part; and some, as gold, gives brightness to the crowns of the kings of the earth. When I found thee, unexpectedly, on a bed of vernal buds reclined, in company with the fair Xama (patience), alarmed at my voice, thou gatheredst, as they lay dispersed, thy yellow robes, thy lyre, thy necklace of flowers, and thy crest of gems. Thee I forgave; when thou bestowedst a portion of her body on the pious anchoret, a portion on the sick, and a portion on the studious.'"

As a specimen of the manner in which Hindoo worship is caricatured, we subjoin a sketch of the morning ceremonies of a Bhraman, which, although it is rather a caricature than a picture, embraces some ceremonies which are by no means needless in an Eastern country, where cleanliness might be neglected, to the detriment of health as well as decency, if it was not enjoined as a religious duty. It is but fair to bear in mind also, that there are many ceremonies prescribed in

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the Bible, which, although still observed by Jews, are regarded by Christians as entirely superfluous.

"'Agreeably to the directions of the Anhiku-tultwu, the daily duties of a bramhun, walking in strict conformity to the rules of his religion, are as follows:

"He must divide the day, from five o'clock in the morning till seven at night, into several equal parts. The duties of the first part are thus described: First, awaking from sleep, and rising up in his bed, he must repeat the names of different gods and sages, and pray that they would make the day prosperous. He must then repeat the name of Urjaonu, and pray to him, that, whatever he may lose during the day, may be restored to him; and then the names of any persons celebrated for their religious merit. Next, the names of Uhuly-a, Dropudee, Seeta, Tara, and Mundoduree. After this, he must meditate, with his eyes closed, on the form of his spiritual guide, and worship him in his mind, repeating two incantations. He now descends from his bed, placing first his right foot on the ground. On going out, if he see a Shrokiyu bramhun, a beloved and excellent wife, a cow, an Ugnihotree bramhun, or any other bramhun, the day will be auspicious. If he see a wicked or naked person, a wretched woman, distilled spirits, or a man with a great nose, the day will be inauspicious. By repeating the names of Kurkotuku, Dumuyuntee, Nulu, and Retoopurnu, no quarrel will arise during the day. He must then, after discharging wind, washing his mouth, &c., go at least a hundred and ten yards from his house into the field; and taking water, choosing a clean place, scattering some grass to the south-west, tying a turban round his head, remaining silent, with his face to the north, refraining from spitting, and holding his breath, perform the offices of nature. His poita must remain on his right ear till he has washed his hands. It is unlawful to attend to the offices of nature on a road, in the shade, where cattle graze, in the fire or water, in a ploughed field, where dead bodies are burnt, upon a mountain, on the ruins of a temple, on an ant-hill, in a ditch, or by the side of a river. After this, he must go to a more clean spot, and taking some good earth, cleanse the left hand ten times; then his nails; then wash his hands; each foot three times; and then rinse both feet. If he perceive any evil smell remaining on his hands or feet, he must wash them again. If the bramhun have no water-pot, he must wash himself in this manner in a common pool or river, and take care that he come out of the water clean. His water-pot must neither be of mixed metal, copper, nor gold; an earthen-pot must be thrown away as soon as used. If the pot be of brass or silver, he must scour it well after he returns. If a bramhun attend not to these modes of cleansing, all his other religious actions will be void of merit.

"The bramhun must next attend to his morning ablutions. Taking a dry towel, he must go to a pool or river, and placing the cloth on the ground, wet his feet and hands; then perform achumunu, by taking up water in the palm of his right hand three times, and drinking it as it runs towards his wrist; then with his right hand touch his lips, nose, eyes, ears, navel, breast, forehead, and shoulder, repeating an incantation, wash his hands again, and perform achumunu, repeating an incantation; then sitting to the north or east before sunrise, cleanse his teeth with the end of a green stick, about six or seven inches long. If he clean his teeth after sunrise, in the next birth he will be born an insect, feeding on ordure. He must now wash from his face the mark on his forehead made the day before; then scrape and wash his tongue, taking care that the

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blood does not flow. If in cleansing his teeth he should make them bleed, he becomes unclean, and is disqualified for performing any religious ceremony on that day. If, however, he makes his teeth bleed by the side of the Ganges, he does not become unclean.

"He must next gather flowers for worship, on the banks of a pool or river. If any one forbid him, he must willingly desist; if any are given him by a bramhun, he must receive them; but not, if a shoodru offer them; if a person have them to sell, he must give him what he asks. If in carrying these flowers to the side of the water, a person of mean caste touch them, or he touch any unclean thing, he must throw them away. If a person of any caste make a bow to him, while the flowers are in his hand, he must also throw them away.

"Returning to the river, and sitting in silence, he must rub himself all over with mud; then descending into the river as high as his breast, with his face towards the east or north, he must repeat certain incantations, by which (in his imagination) all other sacred rivers will flow into that in which he stands, as well as all other holy places. He must afterwards repeat many incantations, and perform moodra, viz., certain motions, by twisting his fingers into several curious shapes; then dividing his hair behind and bringing it into his hands before, with his thumb he must stop his ears; with the three first fingers of each hand cover his eyes, and with his two little fingers his nostrils, and then immerse himself three or four times; then, with his hands joined, throw up water to his head; then repeat other incantations, then taking up water with his joined hands, he must offer it three times to the sun; then washing his body, and repeating certain prayers, that he may ascend to some heaven, or receive some temporal good, he must again immerse himself in the water. After this, he must ascend to the side of the river, and wipe his body with a towel; then repeat certain forms of praise to Gunga, Srooyu, Vishnoo, and other gods; then put dry and newly-washed cloth round his loins, and sitting down, cleanse his poita by rinsing it in the water; then taking up some earth in his hand, and diluting it with water, put the middle finger of the right hand in the earth, and making a line betwixt his eyes up to the top of his forehead; then draw his three first fingers across his forehead; make a round dot with his little finger in the centre at the top of his head, another on the upper part of his nose, and another on his throat; then with his three first fingers make marks across his breast and arms; then make dots on his sides, and another on the lower part of his back. After this, he must take up water in his right hand three times, and drink it.

"To this succeeds the morning sundhya, in which the person must offer many prayers, pour out water to different gods, repeat certain forms of praise in honor of the sun, which he must worship, and repeat the gayutree; then take up water with his korha, and pour it out to his deceased ancestors; after which he must return home, and read some part of the Védu."'—*Acct. of the Writings, Religion, &c., &c., of the Hindoos, by the Rev. W. Ward.*

But no description can give so correct an idea of the religion of the ancient Hindoos as their poetry; and it is from the same source we have the most satisfactory evidence as to the true character of their civilization. It is at once pleasant and instructive to examine such as we possess of the great San-

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scrit poems, for their own sakes; and they have accordingly engaged the attention of the most eminent critics of our time. Passing over the Vedas, for the present, as better known to most of our readers than the great Hindoo epics, we proceed to give such extracts from them as our space will admit, after reserving another small space for some observations on the Hindoo drama. The Ramayana and the Mahâ Bharata are the two great epics, and each has an antiquity second only to that of the Vedas, being older, according to the best judges, than the Puranas. In point of magnitude, at least, no other creation of the human mind approaches either of these epics. It has been justly observed that, compared to the Homeric poems, they are as the Himalaya is to the *bifidi juga Parnassi*. The Ramayana, written by Valnuki, contains twenty-five thousand verses. Its subject is the wonderful exploits of Rama, an incarnation of Vishnu and the son of Dasaratha, king of Oude. The poet has made use of a demon, not very dissimilar to Milton's Satan. Having stolen from the gods the privilege of being invulnerable, he is enabled to fight the latter on terms of equality. The horrors of the wars which thus ensue, are relieved by charming episodes, one of the most beautiful of which is that which describes the descent of the goddess Ganga, the mythological origin of the Ganges. Another fine episode in the same poem is the story of Yadnadatta, a beautiful maiden, who was killed through mistake by the Prince of Oude, and the grief of whose parents finds expression in strains as remarkable for the Æolian sweetness of their melody as for their deep and touching pathos.

But the Mahâ Bharata is the poem which above all others is justly called the Great. Its subject is the geatest Avatar of Vishnu, the incarnation of the god Krishna; and it em braces the legendary history of the Bharata dynasty, together with all the principal wars in which its different branches have been engaged. Like most Eastern poems, it partakes largely of the marvellous. Indeed, there are few of the incidents which are not more or less tinged with the miraculous; but such are the skill and ingenuity of the poet, that he never forgets, that without human interest, the most powerful of his deities would become dull and tedious in an epic, which, like the Mahâ Bharata, contains the enormous number of two hundred thousand verses. Such is the extraordinary variety in each of the eighteen long cantos, that it has been observed by Frederick Schlegel, that the *tout en-*

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semble is "as though Homer and Parmenides, Hesiod and Solon, were all united in one work, while there are some portions which in their especial Oriental coloring remind one forcibly of Mosaic sublimity, or the Proverbs of Solomon."*

The episodes alone form great poems; so that in the opinion of eminent critics they are the emanations of different minds, and must have been composed at different periods. This is particularly true of those entitled the *Five Precious Stones*, of which the best known in the west is the famous Bhagavat-Gita, or the Divine Song. It is in the form of a dialogue, between the god Krishna and the hero Arjuna. The whole mystery of the godhead, the destiny of man, and the boundless extent of the universe, are discussed in this wonderful production in a style alternating between the tender, the startling, the gorgeously magnificent, and the sublime. A civil war has broken out between two rival dynasties, the sons of Kuru and the sons of Pandu; the latter have been driven from the throne of their ancestors by the former. They go into a foreign country, and after suffering a long exile, they return with a large army, ready to espouse their cause against the usurpers. The two armies are drawn up in battle array, only waiting for the signal to commence the internecine strife, when Arjuna commands his chariot to be driven into the space between the opposing hosts. He deliberately surveys both. Beholding on each side brothers arrayed against brothers, his heart fails him; and, though as dauntless as a lion, he declines to give orders for the battle, assigning his reasons as follows, to the god who still stands beside him:

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* M. Chezy is still more enthusiastic in his praise of the Ramayana, while his admiration of the Sanskrit knows no bounds. "C'est surtout," he says, "dans la poësie epique que la langue Sanskrite semble *ravir la palme à toutes les autres;* et parmi les poëtes Indiens, le grand Valnuki, dans son Ramayana, paroît avoir le mieux connu l'art d'en faire ressortir *toutes les beautés*. Sous son magique pinceau, nous le voyons se prêter, sans effort, à tous les tons, a toutes les couleurs. S'agitil de décrire *des scènes douces et attendrissantes?—cette belle langue, aussi sonore que feconde,* lui fournit les expressions les plus harmonieuses; et semblable à *un fleuve tranquille* qui serpente mollement sur la mousse et les fleurs, elle entraîne sans secousse notre imagination ravie, et la transporte doucement dans un monde enchanté. Mais dans les sujets qui *exigent de l'énergie et de la force—dans les déscriptions des combats, par exemple,* son style devient aussi rapide, aussi animé, que l'action elle-même. Les chars roulent et bondissent, les éléphants furieux heurtent avec fracas leurs énormes défences, les chevaux hennissent, frappent du pied la terre retentissante, les massues s'entrechoquent, les dards sifflent et se brisent; la mort vole de toute part; on ne lit plus, on est transporté dans la plus horrible mêlée.'

Yadnadattabada ou la Mort d' Yadnadatta, par A. L. Chezy.

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"My kindred, Krishna, I behold all standing for the battle armed;
My every quailing member fails, and wan and withered is my face;
Cold shuddering runs through all my frame, my hair stands stiff upon my head;
And Gandiv falls from out my hand, and all my burning skin is parched;
I cannot move—I cannot stand; within, my reeling spirit swims.
On every side, O fair-haired god! I see the dark ill-omened signs;
My kindred whom I've slain in fight. What happiness remains for me?
For victory, Krishna, care not I, nor empire, nor the bliss of life;
For what is empire, what is wealth, and what, great king, is life itself,
When those for whom we thirst for wealth, and toil for empire and for bliss,
Stand in the battle-field arrayed, and freely peril wealth and life?
Teachers, sons, fathers, grandsires, uncles, nephews, cousins, kindred, friends,
Not for the triple world would I, O Madhu's conqueror! slaughter them;
How much less for this narrow earth, *though they would sternly slaughter me!*"

What Christian warrior has given utterance to nobler sentiments than these? Though, if possible, still nobler follow, in the same strain. The hero describes with startling vividness the long train of calamities which are inseparable from civil war, declaring that he would rather beg his bread in hopeless exile, than obtain empire by such fearful means. One would naturally expect that the god would commend him for this; but what he does is the reverse, and this is one of the chief peculiarities of the Hindoo theology. Krishna reproaches him for his lack of resentment, energy, and resolution; showing how little he understands the nature of the soul, or its relation to the Almighty:

"Thou mourn'st for those thou shouldst not mourn, albeit thy words are like the wise,
For those that live, or those that die, may never mourn the truly wise.
Ne'er was the time when I was not, *nor thou, nor yonder kings of earth:*
Hereafter, ne'er shall be the time, when one of us shall cease to be.
The soul, within its mortal frame, glides on through childhood, youth, and age;
Then in another form renewed, renews its stated course again.
All indestructible is He that spread the living universe;
And who is he that shall destroy the work of the Undestructible?
Corruptible these bodies are that wrap the everlasting soul—
The eternal, unimaginable soul. Whence on to battle, Bharata!
For he that thinks to slay the soul, or he that thinks the soul is slain,
Are fondly both alike deceived; *it is not slain—it slayeth not;*
It is not born—it does not die; past, present, future, knows it not;
Ancient, eternal, and unchanged, it dies not with the dying frame.
Who knows it, incorruptible, and everlasting, and unborn,

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What heeds he whether he may slay, or fall himself in battle slain? *
As their old garments men cast off, anon new raiment to assume,
So casts the soul its worn-out frame, and takes at once another form.
The weapon cannot pierce it through, nor waste it the consuming fire;
The liquid waters melt it not, nor dries it up the parching wind;
Impenetrable and unburned; impermeable and undried;
Perpetual, ever-wandering, firm, indissoluble, permanent,
Invisible, unspeakable. Thus deeming, wherefore mourn for it?
But didst thou think that it was born, and didst thou think that it could die?
Even then thou shouldst not mourn for it with idle grief, O Bharata!
Whate'er is born must surely die—whate'er can die is born again;
Wherefore, the inevitable doom thou shouldst not mourn, O Bharata!"

The dialogue continues through several pages, the god growing more and more startling, taking a hasty but penetrating survey of the whole range of pantheistic philosophy, and then, after having alternately filled the mind of the prince with awe, surprise, delight, and terror, he returns to the scene of strife, and again warns him to steel his heart against every emotion of sympathy and tenderness, as not only unbecoming a man who had rights to maintain, but as absurd, however natural in itself.

"Time the destroyer I, prepared t' extinguish all yon armed host;
Save thou, shall not a man survive in that proud battle line arrayed:
Wherefore arise, the glory win—defeat the foe—enjoy the throne.
By me already are they slain, fate's passive instrument art thou—
Slay Dron and Bhishma, Jagathrah, and Harm, and all the valiant host;
Strike them, already struck by me; be fearless and be conqueror."

We might easily devote our whole article to this episode alone, without the fear of wearying any one capable of appreciating boldness and grandeur of thought; sentiments which, however much they conflict with the ideas of a Christian, cannot fail to elevate the mind far above the sober realities of earthly existence. But full of sublimity as the Bhagavat-

* It would seem as if both Lucretius and Cicero, especially the latter, had been acquainted with this passage. The following extract from the Tusculan Disputations bears a striking resemblance to the passage in which Krishna denies that death should be feared, even though the soul were not, as it is, immortal: Nos vero, si quid tale accideret, ut a deo denunciatum videatur, ut exeamus e vita, *lœti* et *agentes* gracias pareamus, emittique nos e custodia et levari vinclis arbitremur, at aut in æternam et plane in nostram domum remigremus, aut omni sensu molestique careamus; sin autem nihil denunciabitur eo tamen simus animo ut horibilem illum diem allis nobis faustum putemus nihilque in malis ducamus quod sit vel a dils immortalis vel a natura parente omnium constitutum. Non enim temere nec fortuito sati et creati sumus; sed profecto fuit quædam vis, quæ generi consuleret humano nec id gigneret aut aleret quod quum conclavisset omnes labores, tum incideret in mortis malum sempiternum. Portum portius paratum nobis et perfugium putemus!—*Lib. I., cap. XLIX.*

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Gita is, it is, as we have already intimated, but one of several episodes in the same epic, each of which has its enthusiastic admirers, who prefer it to all the rest. Besides, we have other questions to examine. That the morality of every people is influenced by their religion, is acknowledged by all. A bad system of morals presupposes a bad system of religion, and although the rule, like most others, has its exceptions, the inference is generally correct. The Hindoos are described as more prone to vice than almost any other people, and as having little, if any, regard for the domestic affections. Nor is that description altogether untrue as applied to the Hindoos of the present day. But it is not they we are speaking about. They have no longer great poets or great thinkers. It would be as unreasonable to judge their fathers of thousands of years ago by what they do now, as it would be to judge the countrymen and contemporaries of Hannibal, by the miserable tribes who now lead a nomadic life over the ruins of Carthage. At the same time it is well to bear in mind that there are reasons why we should be cautious in believing all that is said against them. But whether it be true, or not, that the modern Hindoos have no appreciation of filial affection, female virtue, or those other kindred sentiments which form the groundwork of the family compact, and without which social life becomes a sort of moral anarchy, we have evidence every where in the ancient Hindoo writings of a very different state of things. But we need not go beyond the two great epics of which we have just been speaking, in order to find as noble illustrations of the domestic affections as any literature, ancient or modern, can boast. This we may not be able to prove to the skeptical in the limited space we can devote to it, although there is no truer criterion whereby to judge of the virtues and vices of a people than the prevailing sentiments in those of their works—especially their poems—which are known to have been popular amongst them. Thus Homer gives us a truer insight into the manners and customs, virtues and vices of the ancient Greeks than all other works put together. For example, we are shown exactly what public opinion was in regard to the conduct of Helen, not only among her own countrymen, but also among the Trojans. In a similar manner we are shown what was thought of the devotion, tenderness, and fidelity of Andromache to her husband. The very fact of declaring war in vindication of the family compact is evidence of the high value in which that compact

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was held. And similar observations will apply to the tender anxiety of the Trojan hero for the safety of his aged father and mother, who, in return, weep at the thought that, in spite of his godlike valor, he will never return from the battle-field.

Just as we see, from the conduct of the Homeric characters and the light in which it is regarded by the poet, the estimation in which the domestic virtues were held by the Greeks and Trojans, do we find the same virtues illustrated in the Ramayana and Mahâ Bharatâ. The episode in the former of the death of Yadnadatta presents a picture of filial affection and parental love which, if it has ever been equalled, has certainly not been surpassed. The incident upon which it is founded is painfully affecting. King Dasaratha, overwhelmed with grief at the loss of his son Rama, recollects that he had once the misfortune to offend a Bhraman, who predicted that he would die childless—one of the worst calamities that can befall a Hindoo. Paying little attention to the malediction, he proceeded to the woods on a beautiful morning, taking his bow and arrows with him. While passing near a river, he was startled by a peculiar sound, which he mistook for the cry of an elephant, and immediately discharged his deadliest arrow. But instead of an elephant or buffalo, it took effect on an unknown youth, who had come to the river for a pitcher of water, and who was the only support of his aged parents, both of whom were blind and destitute, leading the life of hermits, and depending solely on his efforts for the necessaries of life. The young man felt that the wound was fatal; but his only grief was that his death would leave his helpless parents without anybody to care for their wants. He laments, in a strain of the deepest pathos, that it is not one life that has been destroyed, but three, his own being a source of regret to him only so far as it had an influence on those of his beloved parents. Dasaratha is deeply moved, and would give worlds to save the life of the youth. He has the additional anguish to think that he had slain one of the Bhraman caste, which was the greatest enormity one of the Chatryra or warrior caste could be guilty of. The manner in which the dying youth relieves him of this fear, telling him that although his father was a Bhraman his mother was but a Sudra, and that consequently he had not incurred the guilt of even accidentally slaying a Bhraman, greatly enhances the tragic interest of the narrative. Having thus given his slayer all the consolation in his power, he

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begs of him to communicate the sad intelligence to his parents. Dasaratha proceeds to do so with a heavy heart. As he approaches the miserable hut where they lay, they, supposing him to be their son, tenderly upbraid him for his long absence, telling him they had begun to fear that some evil had befallen him. Dasaratha is so much affected that some minutes pass before he can utter a word, and his sobs betray his grief. Still they think it is their son, and are only undeceived when they ask the cause of his sobs, and are told in broken accents that Yadnadatta is no more. Now the climax is reached; but there is no exaggeration. Nothing can be more natural than the language used, and, at the same time, nothing more irresistibly touching. Their only request in the end is that he would lead them to the body of their son, in order that they may touch the beloved form which they cannot see. The mother is too much overwhelmed with grief to speak, except in brief, passionate exclamations, which, however, are full of meaning and tenderness. No English translation does justice to this scene. That which makes the nearest approach to the simple pathos of the original is a literal Latin version by M. Bournouf, and accordingly we subjoin a brief extract from it, merely premising, for the benefit of those unacquainted with the Latin, that the passage consists of passionate appeals to the dead youth, gently reproaching him, as if he were alive, for proceeding on his long journey without as much as bidding his afflicted parents farewell:

"Materque ejus mortui etiam linguâ exanimem faciem *lambens*,
Exclamavit valde flebiliter, ut orba nato juvenca, recens enixa:
'Nonne tibi, Yadnadatta, ego præ vitâ etiam cara *sum;*
Cur longam viam ingressurus me non alloqueris?
Amplexus igitur me, postea, o fili, abibis.
Quid, o nate, viatus mihi es, quid mihi non respondes?'
Continuo pater quoque ejus, membra ejus attingens,
Hoc dixit mortuo filio velut viventi, infelix:
'Nonne *ad* te ego pater, o fili, simul cum matre veni?
Exsurge ergo, veni *ad* nos: in collo, fili amplectere.
Cujus et proximâ nocte ego piam lectionem facientis in silvâ,
Audiam mellitam vocem, sacras scripturas legentis?
Et quis, quum absolvero vespertinas preces, ablutione factâ, et culto per oblationem igne,
Delectabit meos pedes manibus circum attingens?
Herbas, radices, fructus silvestres afferet quis e silvâ,
Nobis cœcis, fili, desiderantibus, fame circumventis?
Sta, ne, ne, iveris, fili, Yamæ sedem versus.
Cras mecum pariter et cum matre abibis simul, filiole,
Ambo enim tui desiderio præsidio destituti, non post longum quoque
E spiritu *vitali*, fili, sejungamur, mortem penes facti sine dubio.'"

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Nor is it in vain that they thus call upon their son, remind him of the past, tell him what he had done for them, how wretched they would be for evermore, and at intervals implore the Almighty that he should have his reward in heaven; for at the conclusion of the lamentation he appears in a splendid car, with a glorified body, having been immediately admitted to the realms of bliss as a reward for his filial virtue. When it is remembered that this is one of the episodes called, by way of eminence, the *Five Precious Stones*—one which is the delight of the Hindoos to the present day—it will seem difficult to believe that, even now, degraded as the people are, the young have such little respect or regard for their parents, as certain recent writers would have the world believe. But there is no truer test of the civilization of a people than their treatment of the fair sex, and their respect or disrespect for the marriage contract; and, judging by this criterion, we shall find no ancient people that attained a higher degree of enlightenment than the ancient Hindoos. They treated their wives very differently from almost any other Eastern people; and there are but two or three even of the countries of modern Europe in which women are regarded so much as equals. In short, the Hindoos regarded their wives as companions; and, what is more, their regard was rewarded by devotion and fidelity not surpassed by those of any other women in the world. Of this we have abundant evidence, and often in the most beautiful poetry. But we need not go beyond *Nala*, another episode of the great Mahâ Bharatâ, for an illustrative example, and it is one that has been translated into every language in Europe. No one who reads this can regard the ancient Hindoos, of whom it is characteristic, in any other light than as a people of superior enlightenment and culture. But we must be very brief in our remarks upon it; nor can we make amends for this by long extracts as specimens. We hope to give sufficient, however, to show that no literature contains a finer tribute to female virtue and conjugal fidelity.

The king of Nishadha was distinguished almost equally for his bravery, his high mental endowments, his humanity and love of justice, his remarkably handsome person, and his unrivalled skill in the management of horses. The fair and gentle Damajanti, daughter of the king of Vidarbha (Berar), was equally distinguished as the most modest as well as the most beautiful of her sex. Both had heard of each other's virtues,

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and become mutually enamored. One day, while wandering in the woods, thinking only of Damajanti, whom he had yet never seen, he sees a flock of birds with golden wings, who, understanding the state of his feelings, offer to be the bearers of any message he might send to his beloved one; and, as a matter of course, such obliging services are readily accepted:

"Flew away the swans rejoicing to Vidarbha, straight they flew
To Vidarbha's stately city, there by Damajanti's feet.
Down, with drooping plumes, they settled, and she gazed upon the flock,
Wondering at their forms so graceful, where amid her maids she sat.
Sportively began the damsels all around to chase the birds.
Scattering flew the swans before her, all about the lovely grove,
Lightly ran the nimble maidens, every one her bird pursued;
But the swan that through the forest gentle Damajanti followed,
Suddenly in human language spake to Damajanti thus:
'Damajanti, in Vidarbha dwells a noble monarch, Nala,
Fair in form as the Aswinas, peerless among men is he;
Like Kandasbha is his beauty—like a god in human form.
Truly, if that thou wert wedded to this man, O peerless princess!
Beautiful would be thy children, like to him, thou slender maid,
We have seen gods and Gandaharvas, men, the serpents and the Rishès,
All we have seen, but never the equal of noble Nala.
Pearl art thou among all women; Nala is the pride of men.'"

It is almost needless to say, that a gracious answer was returned. A lady in the more matter-of-fact West, might have got frightened on being addressed, even in such very agreeable language, by a swan. At all events, it was otherwise with Damajanti, who was no more surprised than would be a modern lady on the receipt of a billet-doux. But here the difference ends between the daughters of the East and West, for the former became smitten just as the latter would, and exhibited the same symptoms. Even Shakespeare has hardly described the gentle passion more truly than the Oriental poet has done in this case:

"Full of thought she sat dejected, pale her melancholy cheeks;
Damajanti sat and yielded all her soul to sighs of grief;
Silent gazing on the heavens, miserable to behold;
Wan was all her soft complexion, with her spirit's inward sorrows;
Nor in sleep, nor gentle converse, nor in banquets found she joy,
Night nor day she could not slumber; 'Woe, O woe!' she wept and said."

Nala's love was still deeper, if possible. A regular correspondence was soon established, though the swans acted as messengers only on extraordinary occasions. No marriage could take place, however, until the usual forms had been

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gone through. The solemn assemblage, called the *Swayhambasa*, had to be convened. Princes, rajahs, and kings from all the adjoining states, were soon on their way to Vidarbha, each with the most splendid equipage that he could muster. All are to present themselves before the princess, and she is to designate the favored suitor by entwining a wreath of flowers around his neck. Among the suitors Nala finds three rivals, no less formidable than Yama, the god of the infernal regions, Varuna, the god of the waters, and Agni, the god of fire; who not only call on Nala to abandon all pretensions to the hand of the fair Damajanti, but require him to be the bearer of their message of love. First he ventures to remonstrate, but finally yields to what he regards as the decree of heaven, and receiving the divine aid, is soon in the presence of the princess.

"There he saw Vidarbha's maiden, girt with all her virgin bands,
Bright in beauty, full of softness, worthy of her noble blood;
Every limb in round proportion, slender sides and lovely eyes;
Even the moon's soft gleam despising, in her own o'erpowering brightness,
As he gazed, his love grew warmer to the softly smiling maid,
Yet to keep his truth, his duty, all his passion he suppressed."

Nala put on the best disguise he could; but Damajanti recognized him at once, and with tears of mingled indignation and joy, she declared that, even in the presence of the gods, she would not hesitate to give him the mystic wreath. If she is indignant at finding that the deities have sent her lover on so humiliating an errand, she is much more so at the decisive moment when, all the royal visitors being placed in array before her, in order that she might select her choice, she discovers that there are *five* Nalas: each of the gods having assumed not only the form and features, but even the dress and ornaments of the king of Nishadha. She hesitates for a moment; but, like a true heroine, she resolves to be faithful to the last, even though her fidelity should be the cause of excluding her from heaven. Her only hope is in moving the gods to compassion. Wringing her hands, and swaying her body, in a manner expressive of the deepest distress, she implores them, in trembling accents, not to deprive her of the only being she could ever love as a husband. To the delight of the whole assemblage, the deities take compassion upon her, enabling her to distinguish Nala from all. This they do by showing that their eyelids do not move; that their feet do not touch the ground; that their bodies cast no shadow; and that each bears a chaplet of celestial

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amaranth; the reverse, in each case, being true of Nala. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the language in which this whole scene is described; nay, a finer specimen of descriptive poetry can be found no where out of Homer, if, indeed, even the Prince of Poets can be said to form an exception.

The marriage is duly solemnized, and with unprecedented *eclât*. A happier couple did not exist any where than the young king of Nishadha and his lovely bride. In due time they are blessed with two children; but, although they are loved like kind indulgent parents by their subjects, they have still to battle against misfortune. The four deities, on their return from the Swayhambasa, meet two other deities, whose designs had been similar to their own. Stung with jealousy at the success of Nala, the vindictive god Kali swears eternal vengeance. But even a god cannot do harm, according to Hindoo theology, until his intended victim has been guilty of some act, or omission, that renders him impure. So exemplary was the conduct of Nala in every respect, that years had elapsed before he had violated any of the commandments of the Vedas. But finally he omitted a certain ablution, and the demon immediately enters into him. He is now as wicked as he had been pious, kind, and generous, before; the only virtue he has left is his affection for Damajanti. Becoming a gambler, he plays at dice with his unnatural brother, Pushkara, until he loses kingdom, palaces—all, even to his clothes. Damajanti alone now remains; the brother proposes to play for her. First he agrees to do so; but she happens to enter; he is seized with remorse; and he vows that all the demons of the infernal regions cannot tempt him to part with her. Having no longer any means of support, they retire to the wilderness. Nala, grieved to see his faithful and devoted wife suffering intolerable hardships in the wilderness, tries to persuade her to return to her father's court, where, instead of having to sleep, almost naked, in the forest, she could enjoy every luxury that could make life pleasant. But she replies, like a true woman, and a model wife:

"Truly all my heart is breaking, and my sinking members fail,
When, O King! thy desperate counsel once I think on, once again.
Robbed of kingdom, robbed of riches, naked, worn with thirst and hunger,
Shall I leave thee in the forest, shall I wander from thee far?
When thou'rt sad and famine-stricken, thinkest of thy former bliss
In this wild wood, O my husband! I will soothe thy weariness.
Like a wife is no physician, in a state so sad as thine
Medicine is like her kindness—Nala, spoke I not the truth?"

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He becomes, if possible, more attached to her than ever after this incident; but the demon was determined that his revenge should be complete; and accordingly he prompts him to abandon her while she is sleeping. The conflict between love and temptation, as here described by the poet, is almost too deep for tears:

"Yet his cruel heart relenting, to the cabin turns he back:
On the slumbering Damajanti gazing, sadly wept the king:
Thou, that sun or wind hath never roughly visited, my loved one,
On the hard earth in a cabin sleep'st, with no protecting friend.
When she sees her severed garment, she, that ever smiled so sweetly,
Will not all her senses fail her, loveliest, how will't fare with her?
How wil't fare with Bhima's daughter, lonely, by her lord abandoned.
Wandering in the savage forest, where wild beast and serpents dwell?"

But fate would have it so; and she awakes only to find herself deserted. Even then no unkind word escapes her:

"Damajanti woke—the beauteous, in the wild wood, full of dread,
When she did not see her husband, overpowered with grief and pain.
Loud she shrieked in her first anguish—Where art thou, Nishardha's king?
Mighty king, my sole protector! Ah! my lord, desert'st thou me?
Oh! I am lost, undone forever; helpless in the wild wood left.
Faithful once to every duty, wert thou, king, and true in word;
True in word art thou, to leave me, slumbering in the forest thus?
Couldst thou then depart, forsaking thy weak, once-loved wife,
Her that never sinned against thee, now, alas! so sinned against?
Oh! I fear, thou famous conqueror, show me to thee, O my lord!
Yes, I see thee—there I see thee—there thou art, Nishardha's king.
In the straw why thus conceal thee? Why no answer? Speak, my lord.
Wherefore now like one foresworn, thus sternly stayed thou aloof?
When I come beseeching to thee, wilt thou not console nor cheer me?
For myself I will not sorrow, not for aught to me befals.
Thou art all alone, my husband; I will mourn for thee.
How wil't fare with thee, my Nala, thirsting, famished, faint with hunger,
At eve on some hard root reposing, and no more beholding me?"

Fully realizing that she is abandoned, she sets out in search of him, and never did wanderer meet with stranger adventures. Wearied with her fruitless pursuit, she repairs to her father's court, and having despaired of every other means, she finally proclaims her intention of holding another Swayhambasa. Nala, who has encountered still stranger adventures than his wife, if possible, hears of the proclamation, and being now dispossessed by the demon, proceeds to Vidarbha, as he had once done before; but he does so in the present instance as the charioteer of Piputarna, king of Oude. As we have not room for even an outline of the particulars,

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we must confine ourselves to the simple fact that the artifice of Damajanti has had the desired effect, though Nala is first, jealous at the thought that she really meant to take another husband. She satisfies him, however, as follows:

"He through all the world that wanders, witness the all-seeing Wind,
Let him now of life bereave me, if in this 'gainst thee I've sinned;
Witness too the moon that travels through the midst of all the world,
Let her too of life bereave, if in this 'gainst thee I've sinned.
These three gods are those that govern the three world—so let them speak!
If these gods can say with justice, 'Cast her off!' so let it be;
Thus adjured, a solemn witness, spake the Wind from out the air:
'She hath done, or thought, no evil—Nala, it is truth I speak.
King, the treasure of her virtue, Damajanti well hath guarded;
We, ourselves, have seen and watched her closely for three livelong years.'
Even as thus the Wind was speaking, flowers fell showering all around,
And the god's sweetest music sounded floating on the soft west wind."

The brief outline we have thus given of the story of Nala, does no justice to the poet, for it is only by transcribing the whole piece, at least the greater part of it, that we could give any adequate idea of the delicacy of sentiment, purity of moral tone, and depth of pathos which every where pervade it; but it will be sufficient for our purpose, on the present occasion, if it contributes to prove that the people whose tastes could have elicited such a poem, must have attained a high degree of civilization. In short, no Christian poet has portrayed a woman that does more honor to the sex than Damajanti, and with the exception of that part of the life of Nala during which he has been possessed of the demon, it would be difficult to find a Christian hero that could boast of so many noble qualities. There is so much human interest in the whole piece—the sentiments of the hero and heroine are so natural in all situations, except where the former is under diabolical influence—we are led along from incident to incident, from one misfortune to another, as if all the occurrences were passing before our eyes; that we feel real satisfaction on finding at the end that Nala not only becomes independent of the demon, but recovers all he had lost, including the throne of his ancesters, and lives a long life of peace and felicity with his beloved Damajanti.

But what affords the most conclusive proof of the superior culture of the ancient Hindoos, is their drama; and no people had a richer dramatic literature. It is beyond question that many, if not by far the greater part of their best trage-

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dies and comedies, have been lost. Sufficient remain, however, to put those to the blush, who, without giving themselves the trouble of looking back farther than their own age, never suspect that human nature was delineated on the stage on the banks of the Ganges, thousands of years before Shakespeare, Corneille, or Racine was born. About twenty of these plays have been translated into most European languages; and notwithstanding the fact that the imagery, local allusions, topography, &c., are, so to speak, all foreign to the Western mind, they have proved a source of delight to thousands. In a future article we may make an effort to prove, that if known in this country by those capable of appreciating their intrinsic merits, there are many of them that would be preferred to some of the most popular modern works. But at present we can only glance at one drama. We select that entitled the Toycart—a legitimate drama, containing no less than ten long acts—sufficient to make at least three modern plays. We learn from the work itself, that the Toycart was written by a king. "There was a poet," says the manager in the prelude, "whose gait was that of an elephant, whose eyes resembled those of the chakora (the Greek partridge), whose countenance was like the full moon, and who was of stately person, amiable manners, and profound veracity; of the *Kshetria* race, and distinguished by the appellation SUDRA, he was well versed in the Rig and Sama Vedas, in *mathematical sciences, in the elegant arts*, and the management of elephants. By the favor of *Siva*, he enjoyed eyes uninvaded by darkness, and beheld his son seated on a throne; after performing the exalted *Aswamedha* (the emblematic sacrifice of a horse, one of the most solemn rites of the ancient Hindoos), having attained the age of a hundred years and ten days, he entered the fatal fire. Violent was he in war, and ready to encounter with his single arm, the elephant of his adversary; yet he was void of wrath—eminent among those skilled in the *Vedas*, and affluent in piety—a prince was Sudra."

Such was the author of the Toycart. Now let us see, as well as we can at a glance, what is the latter. The hero is a young Brahman of distinguished rank, but very poor, whose name is Charudatta. The heroine is Vesantasena, a courtezan, who, strange to say, is enamored of Charudatta on account of his many virtues; and the story of their loves is the subject of the royal drama, whose object it is "to exhibit the infamy of

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wickedness, the villainy of law, and the triumph of faithful love." Before we condemn the poet for making a heroine of a courtezan, it is well to bear in mind, that, as we are told by the translator, "we are not to understand by that name a female who disregarded the obligations of law, or the lessons of virtue; but a character reared by the state of manners unfriendly to the admission of wedded females into society, and opening it only at the expense of reputation to women who were trained for association with men by personal and mental accomplishments, to which the matron was a stranger. The Vesya of the Hindoos was the Hetera of the Greeks. Without the talents of Aspasia, or the profligacy of Lais, Vesantasena is a gentle, affectionate being, who, with the conventionalities of society in her favor, unites, as the Hetera often did, accomplishments calculated to dazzle, with qualities of the heart which raise her above the contempt that, in spite of all precaution, falls upon her situation." With the exception of the lot to which she is born, a gentler, kinder, humbler, or more generous being could not exist than Vesantasena. When grossly and wantonly abused, she meekly replies: "What you say may be just; but, believe me, merit alone, not brutal violence, inspires love." In short, in spite of her position as a courtezan, it is impossible to contemplate her sufferings, as described by the poet, without a deep feeling of regret that such should be the destiny of so much sweetness of disposition, tender-heartedness, and elegance and grace of manners, especially when it is remembered that the fault is her country's, not hers; for she had had no choice in devoting herself to the life she led. But we must be brief in our remarks about her, only adding a portion of the description given by her lover, near the close of the first act, after he has accidentally become acquainted with her:

"CHAR. (*To himself.*) She would become a shrine!
The pride of wealth presents no charms to her, and she disdains
The palace she is roughly bid to enter,
Nor makes she harsh reply, but silent leaves
The man she scorns, to waste his idle words.
Lady! I knew you not, and thus, unwittingly
Mistaking you for my attendant, offered you
Unmeet indignity—I bend my head in hope of your forgiveness.

"VAS. Nay, sir, I am the offender, by intruding into a place of which I am unworthy; it is my head that must be humbled in reverence and supplication."

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The small space we have now left we will devote to a scene which gives a complete picture of the interior of a Hindoo palace, feeling certain that, full of interest as the play is throughout, there is hardly any other portion of it which would be so acceptable to every class of our readers. Maitreya, being conducted through the different courts by an attendant, describes each as follows:

"ATTENDANT. This is the outer door, sir.

"MAI. A very pretty entrance indeed. The threshold is very neatly colored, well swept and watered; the floor is beautified with strings of sweet flowers; the top of the gate is lofty, and gives one the pleasure of looking up to the clouds, whilst the jasmine festoon hangs tremblingly down, as if it were now tossing on the trunk of Indra's elephant. Over the doorway is a lofty arch of ivory; above it again, wave flags dyed with safflower, their fringes curling in the wind, like fingers beckon me, Come hither. On either side the capitals of the door-posts support elegant crystal flower-pots, in which young mango-trees are springing up. The door-panels are of gold, stuck, like the stout breast of a demon, with studs of adamant. The whole cries, Away, to a poor man, whilst its splendor catches the eye of the wisest.

"ATT. This leads to the first court. Enter, sir, enter. [*They enter the first court.*]

"MAI. Bless me! why here is a line of palaces, as white as the moon, as the couch, as the stalk of the water-lily—the stucco has been laid on here by handfuls; golden steps, embellished with various stones, lead to the upper apartments, whence the crystal windows, festooned with pearls, and bright as the eye of a moon-faced maid, look down upon Ujayin; the porter dozes on an easy chair; as a Brahman deep in Vedas; and the very crows, crammed with rice and curds, disdain the fragments of the sacrifice, as if they were no more than scattered plaster. Proceed.

"ATT. This is the second court; enter. [*They enter the second court.*]

"MAI. Oh! here are the stables; the carriage oxen are in good care, pampered with jawace, I declare; and straw, and oil cakes, are ready for them—their horns are bright with grease; here we have a buffalo snorting indignantly, like a Brahman of high caste, whom somebody has affronted; here the ram stands to have his neck well rubbed, like a wrestler after a match; here they dress the manes of the horses—here is a monkey tied as fast as a thief—and here the mahouts are plying the elephants with balls of rice and ghee. Proceed.

"ATT. This, sir, is the third gateway. [*They enter the third court.*]

"MAI. Oh! this is the public court, where the young bucks of Ujayin assemble; these are their seats I suppose; the half-read book lies on the gaming-table, the men of which are made of jewels. Oh! yonder are some old libertines lounging about; they seem to have pictures in their hands, studying, I conclude, to improve their skill in war of love. What next?

"ATT. This is the entrance to the fourth court. [*They enter the fourth court.*]

"MAI. Oh ho! this is a very gay scene; here the drums, beaten by fingers, emit, like clouds, a murmuring tone; the cymbals, beating time, flash as they descend, like unlucky stars that fall from heaven. The flute here breathes the soft hum of the bees; whilst here a damsel holds the vina in her lap, and frets its wires with her finger-nails, like some wild minx that

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sets her mark on the face of her offending swain; some damsels are singing, like so many bees intoxicated with flowery nectar; others are practising the graceful dance, others are employed in reading plays and poems; the place is hung with water jars, suspended to catch the cooling breeze. What comes next?

"ATT. This is the gate of the fifth court. [*They enter the fifth court.*]

"MAI. Ah! how my mouth waters; what a savory scent of oil and asafœtida! The kitchen sighs softly forth its fragrant and abundant smoke; the odors are delicious; they fill me with rapture. The butcher's boy is washing the skin of an animal just slain, like so much foul linen. The cook is surrounded with dishes; the sweetmeats are mixing, the cakes are baking. [*Apart.*] Oh! that I could meet with some one to do me a friendly turn; one that would wash my feet, and say, Eat, sir, eat. [*Aloud.*] This is certainly Indra's heaven; the damsels are Apsarcsas; the Bandhulas are Gandharbas. Pray, why do they call you Bandhubas?

"ATT. We inhabit the dwellings of others, and eat the bread of the stranger; we are the offspring of parents, whom no tie connects; we exercise our indescribable merits in gaining other men's, and we sport through life as free and unrestrained as the cubs of the elephant.

"MAI. What do we come to next?

"ATT. This is the sixth entry. [*They enter.*]

"MAI. The arched gateway is of gold, and many-colored gems on a ground of sapphire, and looks like the bow of Indra's in an asure sky. What is going forward here so busily? It is the jeweller's court; skilful artists are examining pearls, topazes, sapphires, emeralds, rubies, the lapis-lazuli, coral, and other jewels; some set rubies in gold, some work gold ornaments on colored thread; some string pearls, some grind the lapis-lazuli, some pierce shells, and some cut coral. Here we have perfumers dying the saffron bags, shaking the musk bags, expressing the sandal juice, and compounding the essences. Whom have we here? Fair damsels and their gallants, laughing, talking, chewing muskabetel, and drinking wine; here are the male and female attendants, and here are the miserable hangers-on—men that neglected their own families, and spent their all on the harlot, and are now glad to quaff the drainings of her wine-cup.

"ATT. This is the seventh court, enter. [*They enter the seventh court.*]

"MAI. This aviary is very handsome indeed—the doves bill and coo in comfort; the pampered parrot, stuffed with curds and rice, croaks like a Brahman pundit chanting a hymn from the Vedas; the maina chatters as glibly as a housemaid issuing her mistress's commands to her fellow-servants, while the koil, crammed with juicy fruit, whines like a water-carrier. The quails fight; the partridge cry; the domestic peacock dances about delighted, and fans the palace with his gem-emblazoned tail, as if to cool its heated walls; the swans, like balls of moonlight, roll about in pairs, and follow each graceful maid, as if to learn to imitate her walk, whilst the long-legged cranes stalk about the court like eunuchs on guard. Some birds are in cages, either carried about or suspended from the balconies, so that the lady lives here amongst the winged race, as if she tenanted Indra's garden. Well, where do you go now?

"ATT. Enter, sir, the eighth court. [*They enter.*]

"MAI. Pray who is that gentleman dressed in silken raiment, glittering with rich ornaments, and rolling about as if his limbs were out of joint?

"ATT. That, sir, is my lady's brother.

"MAI. Humph—What course of pious austerity in his last life made him Vasantasena's brother? Nay, not so, for after all, though smooth, bright, and fragrant, the champa-tree, that grows on the funeral ground, is

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not to be approached. And, pray, who is that lady dressed in flowered muslin? A goodly person truly; her ankles have drunk up all the oil of her well-greased slippers; she sits in state, high on a gorgeous throne.

"ATT. That is my lady's mother.

"MAI. A very portly dame indeed; how did she contrive to get in here? Oh! I suppose she was first set up here, as they do with an unwieldy Mahadera, and then the walls were built around her.

"ATT. How, now, slave? What, do you make jest of our lady—affected, too, as she is with quartan ague?

"MAI. A what?—O mighty Siva, be pleased to afflict me with a quartan ague, if such are its symptoms.

"ATT. You will die, slave.

"MAI. No, hussey; better that this bloated porpoise, swelled up with wine and years, die; there will then be a dinner for a thousand jackals—but no matter—what do you know about it? I had heard of Vasentasena's wealth, and now I find it true—it seems to me that the treasures of the three worlds were collected in this mansion. I am in doubt whether to regard it as the dwelling of a courtesan or the palace of Kuvear. Where is your lady?

"ATT. She's in the arbor. Enter. [*They enter the garden.*]

"MAI. A very lovely scene: the numerous trees are bowed down by delicious fruit, and between them are silken swings, constructed for the light form of youthful beauty. The yellow jasmine, the graceful maliti, the full-blossomed mallik, the blue clitoria, spontaneous shed their flowers, and strew the ground with a carpet more lovely than any in the groves of Indra. The reservoir glows with the red lotus blossoms, like the dawn with the fiery beams of the rising sun; and here the asoka tree, with its rich crimson blossoms, shines like a young warrior bathed with the sanguine shower of the furious fight. Where is your lady?

"ATT. Look lower, and you will see her.

"MAI. (*Approaching Vasantasena.*) Health to you, lady.

"VAS. (*Rising.*) Welcome, Maitreya; take a seat.

"MAI. Pray, keep yours. (*They sit.*)

"VAS. I hope all is well with the son of the Saithavaha.

"MAI. Is all well with your ladyship?

"VAS. Undoubtably, Maitreya. The birds of affection gladly nestle in the tree, which, fruitful in excellence, puts forth the flowers of magnanimity, and the leaves of merit, and rises with the trunk of modesty from the root of honor."

If the above extract gives no definite idea of the character of the Toycart as a ten-act drama, it shows, at least, that the author was a man of refinement and culture, as well as a humorist, if not a wit. The work abounds in animated pictures, not only of Hindoo life, but of human life in general. No more elevated moral sentiments are to be found in any dramatic composition, ancient or modern, with which we are acquainted. The characters of Charudatta, Metreya, Servillaka, and Sansthanaka, are faithful transcripts from life, each essentially different from all the rest. Yet the truest, and perhaps at the same time the most instructive portraiture in the Toycart, is that of Vasantasena; for, courtezan though she

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be, she is always sensible of her position, always humble and retiring, always respectful to the virtuous matron, and never wanton or obtrusive in her demeanor, or coarse or indelicate in her language. In short, had she even been brought up in a Christian country, and devoted herself willingly to a life of sin, she possesses so many redeeming qualities, she is ever so ready to sympathize with the unfortunate, to console the afflicted, to aid the needy, especially the widow and the orphan, that it would be impossible to pass a harsh judgment upon her. Yet the Toycart is by no means the best specimen of the Hindoo drama, though better calculated to give a correct view of Hindoo civilization than any other single play at present within our reach.

ART. II.—1. *The History of the Life and Institute of St. Ignatius de Loyola, Founder of the Society (Company) of Jesus.* By F. D. BARTOLI. Translated by the author of "Life in Mexico." 2 vols. New York. 1855.

2. *Histoire religieuse, politique, et litteraire de la Compagnie de Jesus, composée sur les documents inédits et authentiques, par S. Crétineau-Joly.* Vols. 6. Paris, 1844.

3. *The Early Jesuit Missions in North America.* By the Rev. W. INGRAHAM KIP, M. A. New York, 1847.

4. *Colecion de los Articulos de la Esperanza,* contra le Historia del Reinado de Carlos III. en España, escrita par D. ANTONIO FERRER DEL RIO. Madrid. 1857.

5. *Canones Congregationum Generalium Societatis Jesu cum aliis nonnullis, &c. Romæ In Collegio Societatis Jesu.* MDLXXXI.

6. *Constitutiones of S. I. Romæ,* 1558, 1559, *and Prague,* 1757. 2 vols., fol.

ON a very sultry day of July, 1521, a scene of intense anxiety was enacted in a sick chamber in the castle of Loyola, province of Guipuzcoa, Spain. A young gentleman, just entering upon his manhood, lay stretched on a bed of lingering sickness, his form wasted by long suffering. Several surgeons surround that couch of agony, and while the left leg and thigh of the sick youth are confined within splints, and fastened to screws, the chief attendant is sawing off a bone

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which protrudes from under the right knee. The very atmosphere breathes sickening pain. The surgeon's lip quivers. Heavy drops of scalding perspiration trickle down his cheeks. A contraction of the muscles of his face betray the jarring of his nerves. The youthful martyr of gallantry and chivalry shows not the least emotion—he has achieved the first of his moral triumphs.

Before we go any further, it becomes a matter of importance that we should make a kind of profession of faith. Should any Jesuit stumble on this article in the classic walks of his Academy on the banks of the Potomac, or should it be taken up by some pious and sincere hater of whatever is not based upon Protestant principles and history, both parties would have their misgivings at once, both as regards the qualifications and the impartiality of the writer. As to the former, we can well bide our time until the whole article is read; but for the latter we shall not condescend to give any guarantee; we will only say that Polybius has set the landmarks of our work; and so, benevolent reader, here you have our profession of faith. "The historian," says P., "shall not forbear censuring the friend or praising the enemy, as the case may be; and we must think it not indecorous at times to praise and at times to find fault with the same individual, because it cannot be expected that those who are born to achieve something extraordinary will either be ever perfect, or err forever. Hence we must not abstract from the individual, and only give in our commentaries a competent view and description of his deeds."

Let us, then, enter at once, *in medias res*. Don Ignacio de Loyola was born in 1491, in the castle of that name, of a noble and highly honored family. Ferdinand and Isabella *la Catolica* sat then on the throne of Spain. Ignacio was admitted to the court at a very early age, and entered the army when still very young. His daring chivalry and great determination secured to him a quick promotion. Now, it happened that, in spite of the treaty of Noyon, Charles V. still claimed possession over Pampeluna, and sent Andre 'de Foix to lay siege to the place with a large force of French troops. The town at last surrendered, but Ignacio, the commandant, withdrew to the citadel, and refused any proposal of capitulation. With sword in hand, always on the battlements, the young officer won the admiration of both armies. Only when a cannon ball, rebounding from one of

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the bastions, shattered his right leg, and spent itself on the left thigh, and he was disabled—only then did the enemy gain the day. Ignacio was treated with every mark of courtesy and honor. The surgeons of the French army set the bones and dressed the wounds, and he was sent to Loyola in a comfortable horse-litter, under an escort of French soldiers. Long and painful were his sufferings; but none can describe his distress of mind when, upon the first attempt to stand up, he discovers that he is lame, and that a bone protrudes from under the knee. What? Was he to leave so soon, and forever, that career of glory and of heroism, which he had entered in the buoyancy of a fervid imagination, with a burning heart? No, not he, if he can help it. Surgeons are summoned to his bedside again, and the most peremptory orders are given, uttered with a will that brooks no remonstrance, to have the healed fracture disconnected anew, and the protruding bone sawed off. The scalpel, the saw, and the screws will return his limbs to their former equality of length. Was that heroism? Alas! it was a false one! He could not endure to reappear in court limping and disfigured. In after life this rash folly cost him many a tear of shame. But he stood the operation without a murmur, without a cry, without the tremor of a muscle!

In 1843, happening to spend the summer in the Tyrol, we called at the Jesuit College of Inspruck, and were disappointed to find all the lecture-rooms closed. While the President—a most noble specimen of a gentleman, and a very able scholar, whose name we regret to have forgotten—was leading us through the Library, Museum, &c., he informed us that it was the Thursday after Whit-Sunday, and it was a holiday in all schools, academies, and universities which were under the direction of the Jesuits, it being the anniversary of the accident which befell their founder on the battlements of Pampeluna. As all the great events which have given character to the life of Ignacio originated on that day, the Jesuits must look upon it as the real *moral birth-day* of their leader. We celebrate *our* first battle of Lexington on the 19th of April, and the Jesuits celebrate the first battle fought by the Founder of the Company on the Thursday after Whit-Sunday.

Don Ignacio is submitted to another dreary and long period of suffering; indeed his life is even despaired of. But he survives, and during his convalescence, in the absence of romances and chronicles of chivalry—they had no Hoe's

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presses in those times to keep an abundance of light literature always near at hand to beguile the time in their perusal—he chances to read the lives of the Heroes of the Christian Calendar. A thought springs up in his mind: Did those men who spent health, energy, and life in religious pursuits, follow a better cause than mine? But what made them seek humiliations more than honors? poverty rather than riches? suffering instead of ease? Were they of a different cast from the rest of mankind? had they no feelings? no wants? His confidence in the solidity of the work he had begun to rear was at first shaken; then he began to calculate on the amplitude of the rewards he might obtain for his exertions in the service of his king; and might he not employ the energies of his soul in some object more satisfactory, of a loftier aim, of a nobler cast? A fierce struggle then began in his heart; long did he weigh all reasons *pro* and *con.*, and at last he came to a conclusion of his own, that it would be wiser, after all, to spend the resources of his nature in the service of religion, than in the interest of a monarch. The resolution was taken. While Luther, from the castles of Germany, was sending forth those fervid and impassioned proclamations which spurred armies to the overthrow of Papal Rome, Don Ignacio, in the castle of Loyola, in Spain, conceived that vast idea which would in a few years rally powerful defenders around the papacy, in the formation of a company, whose soldiers would conquer a new world to the domains of Rome, and throw terror and dismay into the enemy's camp, and whose self-sacrificing courage and determination would make Philip Melancthon almost despair of success. It is, in fact, recorded in the life of Luther's favorite pupil, that on his death-bed, hearing the accounts of what the Jesuit Xavier was doing in Japan, he exclaimed: "*Bone Deus!* I see the whole world swarming with Jesuits!"

Calmly and resolutely Don Ignacio makes all his arrangements to leave home; at a certain distance he dismisses his attendants; changes his costume of chevalier with that of a palmer, and spends the first night out of his father's roof, at the gates of the shrine of Monserrato.

What must we say to all this? was it folly in him to do so? would it have been better for Don Ignacio to have followed a courtier's life and the career of a warrior? Had he reached the rank of a Generalissimo, would he have been more honored or more abused than he actually has been?

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From Monserrato, Ignacio de Loyola retires for a while to Manresa, which he quits in 1523, for the purpose of journeying to Palestine, visits the Holy Places, and, in the following year, enters a grammar school in Barcelona. On the humble benches of an elementary class, amidst a crowd of hobble-dehoys, under the dictation of a pedagogue of the sixteenth century, the handsome and admired page of Ferdinando Quinto, the hero of Pampeluna, sat with abacus in hand, and satchel at his side, to learn the rudiments of Latin and Greek. He was then thirty-three years old. With that same iron will with which he formerly ordered the set bone of his knee to be disunited and reset, and the protruding tibia sawn off, and stood the strident operation unmoved and seemingly impassive, he endures now the drudgery of a grammar school, taking with calmness and docility both the praises and the rebukes of a pedantic schoolmaster, and submitting to the raillery and sneers of a petulant rabble of schoolboys.

Does not Ignacio's character begin already to develop itself? We have, certainly, already obtained an insight into the temper of this extraordinary man. Truly we do not often meet in history with parallel examples of such systematic determination. Let us analyze the formation of his character a little more in detail.

Ignacio had entered upon the career of arms and worldly pursuits, as they are termed, prompted by the idea that he was placed in this world to do something great—to benefit his country, and to obtain glory. To win the hand of a lady far above his rank, to occupy a high place in the king's favor, and to obtain fame and honor, were the honest and the loftiest ambitions of his soul. In the solitude of Loyola, during many weary days and sleepless nights, lingering on a bed of acute suffering, mortified at the loss of Pampeluna, at the failure of the very first enterprise trusted to him by his king, he began to feel a hollowness in his moral existence; his soul was ill at ease, his spirit could not rest on a ground of well-assured satisfaction. If we may be allowed a trivial allusion, the Guipuzcoan chevalier saw himself in possession only of—a Spanish castle in the air.

But Ignacio's soul needed action and a more complete fullness of satisfaction. Then, in those reveries, or to speak more properly, meditations of his sick chamber, he made up his mind to enter upon another and widely different path. The life toils and heroism of the champions of Christianity,

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who, like floods of light streaming from the expiring Sun of Golgotha, illumined the farthermost ends of the earth, dazzled his eye. There appeared to him an inspired, a heavenly romance in their career. How heroic, how grand, how superhuman was the greatness of so many illustrious men of Christian antiquity! An Ambrose of Milan, by the majesty of his sacerdotal character, keeping at bay the mighty monarch of the East with all his armies! Men like a Bernard of Clairvaux, swaying away from the ease and comfort of their homes, from the luxury of their castles, the blazing splendor of their courts, monarchs, and vassals, exchanging these for a distant field of toils, privations, wars, and death! Here was an aim worthy the aspirations of his soul. In such deeds the magnanimous heart of Don Ignacio de Loyola perceived a course of inextinguishable satisfaction!

But how to set to work? how to prepare himself for such deeds? With such a disposition as he then had, with such a preparation and such habits, he could not even dare to harbor the thought to emulate such deeds. His imagination is in a blaze of aspirations, noble and godlike; but he cannot soar above himself—he cannot even attempt a flight. But if *they* did those wonders, I, too, can do the same, quoth the disappointed knight. This was fixed in his mind—that Bernard and Ambrose, John of Patmos, and Peter on the Vatican Hill, Boniface in Germany, Dennis in France, and James in his own Spain, and Thomas in Coromandel, were not of a race different from his own: they were all born of woman as he was. A difference there needs to have been, and that difference was a superstructure built on human nature, which is the same in all, but is made to supply the means and resources for the greatest achievements. Hence Ignacio struck at the root. He resolved upon a complete change of manners, habits, and principles. Fond of praise, resentful in the extreme, punctilious, and very fastidious in whatever concerned elegance and comfort; as long as these passions mastered him, he could not master himself.

It is a fact worthy the consideration of a close observer of human nature, that many fail to rise to high positions in society, not because they lack talent, or because they do not know how to employ it, but because they allow themselves to become the slave of some passion, the weak gratification of which blights, like a *rot*, all other qualities, however noble, and quite annuls their influence. Thus, Benedict Arnold was

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undoubtedly a brave and intelligent man; but he was sensual and avaricious: hence his fall, so shameful, and so accursed! Had he strained his powers to master the evil propensities of his nature, then his soul would have exerted its whole energy, and now he might perhaps stand *second in the hearts of his countrymen.* And thus Ignacio de Loyola felt that there *was* a germ of greatness in his own nature, but he felt also that it was clogged and cramped, as it were, by an incumbrance of morbid and vicious propensities. He must extirpate these, root and branch, lest they should stifle and choke the good seed. He must have a perfect sway over the evil parts of his nature, and then the good ones will grow healthily, fully develop themselves, and become vigorous, and stand in their own strength. Three centuries of wonders, the existence of a standing army of 20,000 men to battle for the Papacy for three hundred years, was hanging on the resolution of that moment. Ignacio resolutely tears the veil of futurity; the energies of his soul receive a new impulse; he feels he must cull no more flowers from the fields of his former life. Those flowers attract no more; those fields are forever shorn of their beauty. But oh! that future! he saw it full of gloom and uncertainty; but beyond the dreary foreground he sees the fair plains, whereon, in an elysium of serene grandeur, stand the hallowed forms of the Christian heroes of fifteen centuries. His resolve is taken. His Rubicon is crossed. And now begins the tug of war—a relentless, uncompromising war. To conquer himself, to obtain a perfect control over his thoughts, feelings, and inclinations, he plunges into a life diametrically opposite to the one heretofore led.

We have said that Don Ignacio de Loyola then departed from home, dismissed his attendants, exchanged his knightly garments for the tatters of a beggar, assumed a rough tunic, girded his loins with a hempen cord, and thus starts upon the new path, living on the charity of the good people of Manresa. Is he affronted in the open street? he humbly craves the pardon of him who imagines an offence. The sight of a motley crowd of beggars, lousy and filthy, sickens him at heart, and recalls to his mind the neatness, comfort, and splendor of his Loyola home; his resolution wavers for an instant. But he is ready for the emergency; he actually humbles himself in the midst of that crowd, and sitting with them, on the same turf, he partakes of their food out of a common plate. He has obtained another victory over him-

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self. Was this folly? We are only recorders of facts: we admire the nerve of his heart, and we are inclined to think that if there existed more of this resolution in the world, we should be oftener called upon to admire deeds of heroism. For the rest, we have long since learned that it is often a perilous and always a fruitless attempt to judge the intentions and motives of man.

No man can persevere in any untertaking, without having some fixed rules or principles to work by. On the very outset of his new career, Ignacio established the following laws for his general conduct. 1st. To divest himself of any feeling of affection or dislike towards the object he was to resolve upon. 2d. To ponder very minutely over all the reasons *pro* and *con*. 3d. To consider what advice he would give to a dear friend placed in similar circumstances. 4th. At the point of death what will he wish to have done. 5th. The choice once made, cling to it and carry it out with an unshaken determination—cost what it may.

Now it will be easy to understand why Ignacio met with so many contradictions. A man of so much determination of character could not yield to any resistance; hence the sternness with which he persevered in carrying out his purposes gave rise to many petty annoyances and serious persecutions, which, however, the limits of these pages forbid us to record. Loyola was certainly a wonderful man. He possessed the virtue of moral independence in the very highest degree. After he had changed his sword for a chaplet, we never meet with one act or word, or even the smallest sign, which might betray either wavering of mind or the least hesitation. He was never taken by surprise. Evidently he had at once conceived the loftiest, purest, and truest idea of Christian independence, and it seems as if he felt that by obtaining a perfect control over himself he would never have any difficulty in being master of every person and every thing around him.

A member of the Company of Jesuits is most rigidly trained according to the rules of the drill through which Don Ignacio himself passed. He found that the system had worked well with him, and so he applied it to all who might wish to follow him and enter his Company. Their principal study, their chief endeavor from the very beginning of their Jesuit life, must be to *break their will*, and *bring it under perfect subjection*. In his standard letter *on obedience* to the Brethren of the Province of Portugal, Padre Ignacio says that the

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true spirit of the Constitution of the Company requires that the subject *not only should follow the command of his superiors*, but moreover *make the superior's will his own, or rather totally divest himself of his own will.* Hard doctrine this! That must be a very severe training, indeed, which will bring a man to this habitual state of mind. The freedom of our will is the cherished gift of the *Giver of all good gifts*—and it is to be surrendered!

We can now easily understand how the Jesuits of old have done such wonders, have penetrated into every forest and valley of the world, have bedewed with their blood every sod of the earth, have ensanguined with their torn feet every snow of the northern mountains, and every sand of the torrid zone. Such persevering determination in the pursuance of a purpose is not common in man. We may occasionally meet with such a solitary landmark, like the cairns of Dr. Kane, in the history of mankind. We may now and then meet with one man, who will persevere to the end through the most disheartening, appalling difficulties. But that a large band of companions—myriads of them, bound together under one chief, he residing in Rome, and they scattered over the four quarters of the earth—should pursue the most arduous undertakings, not only exploits which dazzle one's imagination by their eclat, but such as must be undertaken, carried on, and completed only through and after years of the most submissive patience, and in the utmost obscurity, without cheer, without encouragement or approbation, in total abnegation, and almost unnatural self-denial, breasting new obstacles at every step, meeting with disappointment and failures at every turn, braving death without flinching—with new men ready to take the place of those who fall in the struggle, always ready, fully accoutred, with the same principles, the same eagerness, the same unflagging determination, undaunted, ever courting perils and death; only a long, very long uncompromising discipline and most stern training can produce an association of such men.

Again, it is not for a general object alone, for luminous exploits, that the follower of Don Ignacio Loyola is trained and schooled in a drill of universal, total self-denial, affecting the acts of both body and soul; but such a habit is superinduced, as it were, over the inclinations of nature, that even in the smallest and most minute circumstances the same unreserv-

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edly yielding obedience is unfailingly exhibited, however fierce may be the struggle within.

The Jesuit is taught that he must leave himself to be moved and led by Divine Providence, through his superiors, just as if he were a corpse, that has no choice either as to *where it may be laid, or how it may be handled; or even like unto an old man's staff, which is employed by its owner on every occasion, and in every kind of service.* Such are the words of the constitution of the order, literally translated.

The writer of this was in the habit of visiting, almost daily, and with a degree of familiarity, one of the professors of a European university, who was a Jesuit, and resided at the Company's house, whereof he was rector. We had often noticed a queer-looking image on the doctor's table. It stood upright before him. It represented a man made of brass, nailed, with outstretched arms, on a cross, but without a head. One day, we made bold to ask the good doctor the explanation of that emblematic (because it must needs have been such) representation. He smiled, and said: "Well, my young friend, I will tell you. When I was enrolled in the Company, I found that I could never be a Jesuit of the right stamp, *comme il faut*"—his very words—"if I kept a head of my own, and therefore *I set to work with great determination* to divest myself of my will; and, as I could not obtain this great aim of my life without a life of incessant, uncompromising self-denial and mortification, so I have kept before my eyes that figure crucified, and without a head, to remind me continually that the true Jesuit must live on the cross of his Saviour, and have no will."

"But," we remarked, leaving the asceticism of his reply aside, "this all appears unnatural. You are levelled to the condition of a horse that has been completely broken to the harness. But I prefer to be a man with faults, than a blemishless horse. I have a will: he has none." The Padre replied: "There you see where you are mistaken! We Jesuits do not lose our free will; we follow the will of our superiors, because it is our pleasure to do so. Hence it is a perfect and genuine act of free will continued throughout our whole life." "But, then," said we, "no matter what absurdity may enter the head of your superior to command you, you must do it, if you are a man of your word." "And so I will. Should I be ordered so to do, I shall go to the well and draw water in a sieve; or even"—here the good professor blushed

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a heavy crimson, and the shade of sadness passed over his noble open countenance—"I'll throw into the fire *that* heap of MSS., which cost me so much labor, and are almost ready for the press." Inclined though we felt to laugh at the first part of his rejoinder, the latter remark made us sad. We loved the old man, and our affection was reciprocated. He was an American by birth, had been in Europe many years, and the frank, honest, Israelitic openness of his countenance bespoke a heart noble and true. He had lectured on rational philosophy for many terms, and had labored at a philosophic work of great merit, which has been published in a foreign language, and has attracted the kindest attention, and elicited the highest praise from European philosophers, Cousin and Rosmini among the rest. We felt sad at the even possible idea of the destruction of a work which we knew would be of great merit, would meet with great approbation, and was the fruit of so much labor and love, on the part of the good professor. "Allow me, dear sir, to ask you whether this perfection is required of every one." "Of every one who *chooses* to remain in the Company." "Suppose some one of the fraternity does not seem to have the elements out of which to form a Jesuit, such as you have described he must be." "Then he'll fall through." "How?" "Did you never hear of the old woman who sent her servant to market to buy eggs? She wanted to get the worth of her pennies, and for that purpose furnished the maid with a small board, with a hole in it; and the maid was earnestly cautioned against buying eggs that would slip through the hole." "Then you Jesuits are the egg, and the board with the hole, I suppose, are your rules and principles, after which you must square your lives?" "Just so." "Now," said we, "I'll make bold with you. It appears as if there were no more perfection or manliness in your system than there was in the devotedness of the assassins of yore, who did every thing that the *Old Man of the Mountain* bade them to do, as we are told in Michaud's Histories of the Crusades." "A great difference between the two, my young friend." The Jesuit seemed a little offended at the parallel, and paused; but he perceived that there was a look of earnestness in our countenance, and continued:

"A great difference, a wide difference. Those men were kept together by whatever inducement could be offered to them in the way of preferments, wealth, and sensual enjoyments. The devil baited them with flesh and carnality. Hence they could not be made to feel any aspiration for

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noble and lofty undertakings. Moreover; they enjoyed the free use of their will in every thing, except when detailed for the perpetration of some deed of violence and carnage. But as you drag me into this parallel," he was evidently pained at the comparison, "I will show you that there is no point whatever of similarity between the two. We make an *unqualified, unreserved*, total resignation of our will, we vow to fulfill any command of our superiors, provided, however, it is not directed to a sinful action, or even remotely tending to an unlawful end. Hence, my beau-ideal of a genuine Jesuit is represented by that picture of a *crucified* man, and *without a head;* because you can have no conception whatever of the thorough abnegation of every satisfaction, subjugation of every passion, and universal resignation of self-will a Jesuit must attain. In connection with this I'll tell you a little anecdote. The event took place in France many years ago. One of our most distinguished Fathers of La Flèche College in Paris, made up his mind to leave the Company, and enter the Order of Carthusians: and so he did. While he was one of *ours*, he had been confessor of the king and a great favorite at court. Some years after, the monarch paid a visit to the Grand Chartreuse in Grenoble, and on the Reverend Father—I forget his name now—being presented to his Majesty, the latter remained in suspense for a while, and did not seem to recognize the recluse. The fact is that the good man had now grown to be a monk of respectable proportions, while during his life among the Jesuits he was noted for his slender and emaciated appearance. But when he had made himself known, 'How came you,' said the king, 'to be so much changed? When you were a Jesuit in Paris, and came to court, you were very thin, while now that you are a Carthusian, live in so much seclusion, fast so much, and feed only on fish and vegetables, you are grown so fat?' 'Ah! your Majesty, among the Jesuits the girdle is put tight around the head, and it is in the superior's hand; but here it is put only around the body, and the will is under our own control.'"

This anecdote was, it must be acknowledged, a forcible illustration of the subject in question. Just as we were going to put some other questions to our indulgent and revered friend, the Community bell tolled, and before it rang again, the worthy Padre was on his feet, bade us a hasty good-bye, somewhat in the fashion of a French leave, and we had to go about our business. In truth, we felt oddly at this abrupt interruption, but it was so sudden, and he acted in such a matter-of-fact style, that we could not recover ourselves until we were on the landing at the end of the corridor, and then we only remember to have formed a not well-defined judgment, that after all these Jesuits had some strange ways of their own. But as, five years after, we happened to be in Europe again, we halted for half a day in the ducal city of F——, whence the Jesuits had been ostracized, and their library was carried away from their college to be put under the hammer on the following day. To our good luck the hour of starting for the Transpadine regions was put off by My Lord *Vetturino* until noon, and thus we had a chance

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to attend the earliest hour of the sale. We made several purchases of real Jesuit works, and among the rest came across a venerable edition of the Rules of the Company, in fact a copy of the first edition of them, printed in the Roman college, shortly after Don Ignacio, the great Chief of the Company, had departed this life, an event which took place in July, 1556. As we have ever had a sort of hankering after Jesuit curiosities, to find out their principles, to understand and value them—a hankering desire which, strange to say, the reading of the *Wandering Jew* has enhanced and whetted almost to enthusiasm—so we read the book of their rules, and gulped it in one draught during the ten hours of distressing jolting and jerking in one of those accursed superannuated Italian *diligenze*, which retain of the name naught but a *most diligent* care on the part of the conductor to make the passengers uncomfortable and to secure his own *buona-mano* (Anglice, consideration) at the terminus of the trip. When there was not another *diligenza* to be transvasated into, "Sorrow a cint," as the Irish say, they ever got from us. It was then full five years since we had that conversation with our Jesuit friend, and the abruptness of his taking leave was still vivid in our mind. But we were reserved to obtain an explanation of his manners from the perusal of the book we have just mentioned. Here, good reader, you have it. One of the rules of the Jesuit Company is, that "on hearing the toll of the bell, at the usual times, they must rise incontinently, and start to perform what the signal calls them for, tarrying not even so long as to finish the letter, *i. e.*, an alphabetical, not an epistolary one, they may happen to be forming on the paper—*vel imperfecta littera relicta.*" Thus, if they happen to be penning an "i," they must wait to dot it until they return to their writing desk! Well, if we were a Jesuit, we fear we might be apt to indulge in some profanity should the Community bell ring whilst we are enjoying our after-dinner Havana. But jokes apart, all this requires a great deal of determination, a continual application of the file of self-denial.

The anecdote of the old Professor recalls to our mind what happened to us during our stay in Rome in the winter and spring of 1840. Through the kind offices of a young Jesuit, who was a brother to Marquis A——, of Rome, and who has since died in the missions of Asia, we received an introduction to that eminent archeologist and true manly

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padre, Giuseppe Marchi, whose memory must be vivid in the mind of all who have visited the Catacombs of Sant 'Agnese, and whose works on the *Æs Romanum* are so highly valued by lovers of ancient numismatics. *Povero* Padre Marchi! he died in March, 1860, of apoplexy! How we all loved him! how we felt at home when, on entering the *atrio* of the Roman College, we happened to meet him walking under the arcades, and encountered the shake of his forefinger, and his greeting of a feigned scowl, and the words "*Carbonaro Americano*," in consideration of our long beard. How interesting his conversation! how invariably we left him, improved in mind and heart! We saw him again in 1854, when, in the fall of that year, we paid a last visit to Rome, but oh! the Padre, how *mutatus ab illo*. The sufferings and privations and persecutions he had been subject to in '48 had wasted that frame, formerly so powerful, and had bent that form, once so erect and majestic. The elasticity of his step was gone, the vivacity of his wit was almost spent. The good man never got over the base ingratitude he met with at the hands of those indolent and cowardly Romans, whom he had so brightly honored and benefited. He was a Jesuit, and born in the Austrian dominions, and he got no quarter. There now lieth what is left of him; a pulseless heart, and a still tongue, that might have cheered and instructed the pilgrim at the shrines of antiquity for so many years to come. He died only sixty-five years old.

We beg pardon for this digression. It was a grateful heart that led us astray, and we are sure there are at least two friends, one in Louisiana, and one among the blue hills of Massachusetts, whose hearts will beat in unison with ours, when they read these lines, and will breathe again with us the delicious air of that September morning, in 1840, when we received Padre Marchi in our carriage at the *Porta Rustica* of the Roman College, drove to the Catacombs of Sant 'Agnese *fuor delle mura*, spent the whole morning there, drinking at the overflowing well of our reverend guide's conversation.

Padre Marchi kindly invited us, *i. e.*, the young Marquis A., two gentlemen from Florence, another American, and ourselves, to visit, and courteously exhibited to us the curiosities contained in the Museum Kirkeriano (established by Athanasius Kirker, S. J.), so rich especially in Etrurian antiquity. The rendezvous was given for an early hour after his dinner, which at that season of the year took place at half-past eleven

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o'clock, A. M. That was the hour when the community would for a short time relax from the stern routine of their daily avocations, and sought mental relief in a social intercourse with each other.

Animis recreandis non relaxandis,

as we saw written in front of the mansion of one of the Jesuit villas, called *Il Macao*, in honor, we think, of the Christianity founded in that Japanese city by Francis Xavier. The entry into the museum opened from a long corridor in the third story of the Roman College, and there we met a whole class of Jesuit students (they call them *Scholastics*) chatting away, some standing, some sitting, and some walking, in groups of five and six together. There must have been at least from sixty to seventy, and, as we were informed by young Marquis A——, who had a brother among them, there were at least twelve different nationalities represented. We passed through a part of them without attracting the least attention, except from a lively little fellow, quite young, and very dark, about as high as Saint Paul, three cubits; he noticed our long beard, and giving a punch under the ribs to the college-mate by whose side he was walking, remarked: *Guarda che barbona nera?* At that time (1840) beards were not flowing very long in the "Bel Paese." Well, we had scarcely entered the Museum, which is certainly a choice one, and were examining the beautiful Etrurian vase which stands at the entrance, and is the *Lapis Lydius* by which Padre Marchi knew whether the visitors were such as to deserve that the guide should bestow upon them the honor of much information, when we heard the first well-defined *tocco* of a silver-toned bell, and before it tolled again, the merry students were hushed, the social groups were broken up, and the silence of the Catacombs reigned through those high-vaulted corridors. We need not assure the reader that the change, so sudden, almost unnatural, strongly excited our wonder, and we feel confident that he has thought in his own mind, that perhaps at that very moment we forgot the Etrurian vase before us, and our recollections brought us back to the sudden leave taken of us in another Jesuit college by our old American friend. Such was exactly the case. But we thought of him again a few months ago, when, on the invitation of an M. C., we visited Georgetown College, its beautiful observatory, its rare library, and its well-chosen museum. It was near dinner hour; all the students—boarders we mean—upwards of two hundred,

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were gathered together on the the ground floor, waiting for the signal to form in one file, and be marched to the refectory. Put together two hundred light-hearted American boys, just out of the school-room, and enjoying the privilege of a momentary freedom from its restraint, you may well imagine they made as much noise as two thousand fledglings in sparrow-nests would. Well, the *Præfectus Morum* gives the signal, a mere tap on the college bell, and that tumultuous noise

> Che a quel s' accorda
> Con che i vicin cadendo il Nilo assorda,

and made it impossible to converse with the companion at our elbow, as we passed through the assemblage, was at once hushed into a midnight stillness. Youngster, if it should ever be your good luck to be sent to that venerable Alma Mater of many American patriots who have graced our army, navy, and forum, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, make up your mind to be drilled in obedience, and a very prompt one —a virtue, by the way, which Young America is very apt to ignore.

However this great punctuality of obedience to the summons of the Community bell may appear mechanical, and, we dare say, *primo intuitu*, it nearly approaches the system of a machinery; still the mechanical training of a horse is widely different from the moral schooling of a system of life, and, moreover, there is always great value in a system. Historians have taken pains to let us know how systematic Milton was in his daily routine. Bayard Taylor gives a minute and interesting account of the system so strictly followed by Baron von Humboldt. Then, if we take to survey the life, the system, the plans of operations of a company of twenty thousand men, bound in one compact, whose influence is exerted over the whole area of the discovered earth, how can we help admiring them when we find this vast mass of humanity highly intelligent and highly educated, burning with zeal, impatient of idleness, moulded, as it were, in one cast of minute, punctual, unqualified compliance to the laws and regulations of their association, without ever thinking of even the possibility of relaxation or modification, however much it may be demanded by the rigor of climates, the untowardness of circumstances, or the insurmountability of obstacles? It must needs to be a machinery of wonderful ingenuity that can work on materials like these, and has ac-

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tually worked with them for the three centuries since 1541! There is a great deal in the *system* of a machinery.

Look at that noble vessel in yon high sea! She has sprung a leak; all the resources on board have been called into play for her release from the deep, but to no avail! The waters are gaining fast on her—beyond human control. She must sink! A regiment of brave, perfectly disciplined soldiers are mustered on deck by a quick roll of the drum; officers and soldiers promptly fill their rank and file, and shoulder arms! See them standing in serried ranks, and completely accoutred for a long, long march. Not a mournful dirge, but the national anthem, is played by the band. The regimental colors flutter in the air; the staff that support them is as firm as the stout heart of the ensign that holds it. The array of battle is reflected in mournful appearance on the lowering clouds, which seem anxious to veil the waters, rippled by the breath of death. Insidiously does the water leap at last over the bulwarks of the gallant and doomed ship, and down, down she goes. The martial voice of the Commandant orders, "Present Arms!" A rapid succession of orders is calmly given and calmly executed; the drums beat quicker and quicker; the muskets thump on deck at the last word of command; a splash at their fall, a surge of the invading waters, the drum is silenced, an army of bubbles swarms on the surface, and calm, and silent, and steady, the last glare of the polished steel reflects a dying ray of mournful light—there is machinery for you!

When the Jesuits were expelled by wholesale verdicts of Pilatian juries, from all kingdoms and provinces of Europe and South America, under Louis of France, Carlos of Spain, and De Pombal, after the middle of the last century, there were twenty-two thousand members. Every community generally took their rank after their superiors, and in orderly marches, like the Templars of old at the beckoning of Richard Coeur de Lion, moved away from their colleges and homes, to obey the dooming summons of Clement XIV., the Pope of Rome. It is an ascertained and well-known fact, admitted by all writers of Jesuit history, whether on their side or against them, at least as far as our experience can guarantee us in the assertion, that they, proud as they were of the colossal phalanx to which they belonged, fondly attached to their Alma Mater, informed with an *esprit de corps* unparalleled in the history of any other fraternity, in patient submission, but with

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noble and lofty bearing, without even a murmur, gave up the most brilliant hopes of future apostleship, or resigned the staff they had wielded for half a century of their lives. Surely it requires a large amount of self-control to be in this habitual frame of mind.

Such is the teaching at the school of Don Ignacio de Loyola. Such are the men who alone can hope to be Jesuits *comme il faut*. If they are not of a mettle like this, they may belong to the ambulance, but never to the corps. It cannot be otherwise, since all this is the legitimate sequel of the principles of Ignatius' life. We shall end this short sketch by a quotation from the "Life and Institute of S. Ignatius of Loyola," translated from the Dan Bartoli by Madam Frances Calderon de la Barca.

"During a severe illness, Ignatius was enjoined by his physicians to refrain from dwelling upon any subject which could cause him trouble or melancholy. Revolving in his own mind what serious accidents or sudden bereavements could cause him any temporary sadness, he could think of nothing capable of affecting him, except the destruction of the Company. 'And yet,' said he, when relating this circumstance, 'were that to happen, without any fault of mine, were I to see the Company dissolved like a few grains of salt in water, one quarter of an hour passed in communion with God, would restore my soul to perfect tranquillity. Yet we know how many long years of toils and sufferings, this most eminent of his works had cost him."

Again: "The election of Paul IV. (Caraffa) to the Pontificate was announced to Ignatius. For a moment, as by a passing shadow, his face was clouded; and he seemed, as it were, to withdraw within himself, like one who studies the future. Then, without making any remarks, he entered the chapel, and kneeling for a few moments in prayer, returned to his children with a serene and cheerful countenance. 'The Pontiff will be friendly to us;' said he; 'nevertheless he will put our patience to many trials.' And thus in fact it happened; for so long as Ignatius lived, Paul IV. treated him at one time with kindness, and at another with severity, according to the different impressions which he received." (Book iv., ch. 2.)

The election of Caraffa, an impulsive and passionate man, fourscore years old, extremely severe to himself, harsh with others, rash with all, was actually a *matter of life and death* with the Jesuits. Hence the imperturbability which bridled the feelings of Don Ignacio de Loyola on that occasion appears certainly heroic.

Let us now recall to mind the very first start of Don Ignacio's life after his journey from Loyola to Manresa, and we must needs to see at once that this was the chief endeavor of his soul, this the aim of all his exertions, this the apex of his moral ambition, *a masterly control over his feelings*, on all

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occasions and in all circumstances; and in this he trained his Company, and this he expected from them in return for all his fostering cares; by this he squared their worth, this was the touch-stone by which he recognized them as genuine soldiers of his Company. If the egg fell through, of course it could not be of the sufficient size.

We have seen (not as thoroughly, however, as we might wish) in what consists the great secret of the Jesuit institution and training. The General of the Order is made acquainted with all the *ins* and *outs* of every member. He knows how much he can rely on every one, he knows how deep are the moral resources of each individual, and he has the full control and sway over the actions and movements of every one of his subjects, either immediately by the direct transmission of his orders to the individual, or through the mediate ministration of subaltern provincial and local superiors. He acts on the strength of well-detailed informations kept in his archives. Hence it is, that the Jesuit General usually places *the right man in the right place.*

That the Jesuits have achieved wonderful things, nobody can deny; that their training is wonderful in its principles, must be equally admitted; that they are merely fanatics, as Stevens calls Xavier, we cannot allow; that they are an instrument of evil, as a body, we do not believe. But we readily assent (after a deep knowledge, the result of many years' investigation) to the saying of the great Frederic of Prussia, when he first became acquainted with the Institute of the Company of Jesus: "Give me a people capable of being ruled by such laws, and they will be a perfect and happy community."*

* Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the tendency of the rules and principles of the Jesuits, there is scarcely any among the intelligent classes, as to the service they have rendered the great cause of education. What they have done in this way, would, like charity, cover a multitude of sins; it certainly entitles them to fair and liberal treatment at the hands of all who have any appreciation of the "sacred fire," which they preserved for all future ages, from Vandal and Goth, through the long night of the dark ages. To the present day, they are undoubtedly the best teachers of the classics, especially of the Latin. Those most opposed to their religious views, and to the Roman Catholic faith in general, cheerfully, nay gratefully, admit this. Believing that it is the duty of a literary journal like ours, to treat all intellectual labors, as far as possible, according to their merits, altogether independently of the opinions, whether religious or political, of those who perform them; and feeling that those who render efficient aid in the development of the human mind, deserve to be treated with indulgence, even when they err, as the best of us, let our religion be what it may, are liable to do; we quote here a very different kind of language from what is generally applied to the Jesuits by their

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Are the Jesuits capable of being ruled by such laws? Are the seven thousand five hundred Jesuits, living this day, and scattered over the surface of the earth, ruled by them? Do they follow them scrupulously? Their history, extending over a period of three centuries, affords the best answer to these questions.

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opponents—merely premising that the cause of the difference is, that those whose testimony we quote, are too enlightened and liberal to be influenced by sectarian bigotry. "When I look at the diligence and the activity of the Jesuits," says Bacon, "both in imparting knowledge, and in moulding the heart, I bethink me of the exclamation of Agesilaus concerning Pharnabazus: 'Since thou art so noble, I would thou wert on our side.'" "The name Jesuits," says John Sturm, the great German educator, "is new, and of recent origin. They merit higher praise than do any other of the monks, if indeed we may praise monkery at all. For what neither the good and devout Reuchlin, nor the learned and eloquent Erasmus, nor, prior to these, Alexander Hegius and Rudolf Agricola, could persuade the schoolmen and the monks to do, namely, that they should, if not disposed themselves to cultivate learning, at least train up others to do it; *this the Jesuits have, without prompting, every where undertaken.*

"They give instruction in the languages and in logic, and so far as they can, they impart to their scholars a knowledge of rhetoric. *I rejoice at their appearance for two reasons.* And first, because they promote our cause by *cultivating the sciences.* For I have observed what authors they explain, and what method they adopt; it is a method so nearly like ours, that it appears as if they had copied from us. And secondly, they incite us to a greater watchfulness and zeal, lest they show themselves more diligent than we, and lest their scholars become more learned and accomplished than ours." Still more decided and earnest is the praise of another great German philologist, Fredrick A. Wolf, who says: "Tell me not that you have mastered the Latin and Greek languages, when you are unable to speak them. The Jesuits and their pupils were able both to speak these languages and to write them. Many, very many of them wrote hymns and odes, nay, epics in Latin and Greek, as none but a Latin or Greek poet could have done; so that their productions, if compared with the works of Greek and Roman poets, would not be found wanting. The libraries of the Society of Jesus, contain works composed by Jesuits, such as speeches, histories, epic poems (Christiados, for example), both Latin and Greek, which bear the classical stamp." Elsewhere the same critic says, in speaking of the present state of classical learning: "The teachers of the language (the Latin), are themselves without a perfect knowledge of it, and how can they impart what they do not possess? Verily the Latin language has suffered a second death among us, and those old worthies (the Jesuits), who were gifted with the magical power to raise the dead, have all passed away. Boast not, O short-sighted present age! of thine erudition; blush, rather, on account of thy shallowness, and mourn over thy distance and estrangement from the spirit of the classics."

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ART. III.—*The Works of Jeremy Bentham.* Published under the superintendence of his Executor, JOHN BOWRING, M. P. Edinburgh: W. Tait.

FOR the last ten years before Bentham's death, there existed between him and Bowring the most familiar friendship, and the philosopher died with his head resting on the bosom of his friend. During that time, says the latter, "I believe not a thought, not a feeling of his, was concealed from me." It is needless to say more to show what an abundance of materials must have been placed at Dr. Bowring's disposal. The simple-hearted, communicative old man, well satisfied with himself, and comfortably persuaded that all he had ever said or done would be matter of interest to many enthusiastic admirers, was easily induced to give a full and particular account of all the incidents of his life. Thus he performed the part of his own Boswell; and although the egotism, necessary to such a performance, is by no means so agreeable as poor Bozzy's humble admiration for his great master, yet the work has been, if possible, even more completely executed. The character of Johnson is, however, a more agreeable one to contemplate. Under a rough exterior, his was a peculiarly genial and social nature. In spite of his rudeness, he knew how to perceive and esteem the good qualities of all sorts of men. He was the appreciative friend of most of the distinguished men of the day; and even under the rough exterior of poor Goldsmith, could detect the qualities of greatness. But in these same men Bentham could see nothing to admire. He held them all in great contempt, as being utterly benighted; or, worse—dishonest. There was but one standard by which he judged them all, and that was, how near they approached to his views of morals and legislation. In short, he seemed to have no admiration, no sympathy, for the many unquestionable virtues and other agreeable qualities which can exist in the heart of man independently of the Utilitarian Philosophy. To do the right thing was by no means sufficient for him; but it was also necessary that it should be done upon the greatest happiness-producing principle; in fine, *geniality*—a word including both appreciation and charity—was an element altogether lacking in his character. With few exceptions, he had no associations, no sympathies, except with those who adopted his philosophy and

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joined with him in his own peculiar pursuits. To him, *legislation* was the most important of all earthly pursuits; and all not engaged in it—and that, too, according to his method—were outcasts and aliens from his sympathies. He looked upon all such as passing their lives in a trivial manner, unworthy of the sympathy of a philosopher. Johnson he held to be "a pompous vamper of common-place morality—of phrases often trite, without being true." "I was angry," he says, "with Goldsmith for writing the Deserted Village. I liked nothing gloomy; besides, it was not true, for there were no such villages." Again: "I met Burke at Phil Metcalfe's. *He gave me a great disgust.* It was just at the dawn of the French Revolution. I imagined every body would acknowledge it was necessary that a bridle should be put on despotic power. All that Burke retorted was in a word—'Faction.'" "I remember," he says, "going to Twickenham church with my father and Mr. Reynolds, afterwards Sir Joshua. His conversation left no impression upon me. His countenance was not pleasing. There was a great talk about painting, and about his painting. But I knew nothing about painting, and cared nothing about him." In short, Bentham was acquainted more or less with all the many illustrious men that were contemporary with Johnson, but had for them no manner of interest or admiration. In the latter part of his life especially, he grew more and more impatient of intercourse with the world, and finally secluded himself entirely from all, except his own followers and admirers. In his residence at Queen's Square Place, he lived after the model of an old Greek philosopher, surrounded by reverential and believing disciples. His mode of life here is thus graphically described by Dr. Bowring:

"He dined at seven o'clock, in a room he called his shop.....One, sometimes two, secretaries dined with him, who were honored with the name of 'reprobates.' Himself he liked to call 'the Hermit,' and his house 'the Hermitage.'.....At eleven o'clock water was introduced, his night-cap brought in, which he tied under his chin, his watch delivered to the 'reprobate' who held the office of 'putter to bed,' his eyes washed, his habiliments doffed, and during all these proceedings, which lasted exactly an hour, he kept up a perpetual and amusing chit-chat; at twelve o'clock his guests were visited with 'ignominious expulsion.' He then withdrew into his room, where he slept on a hard bed.....The 'reprobate' usually read to him till he fell asleep; but sometimes access was denied, and the 'reprobate' waited in the shop till he called out, Watch!

"He (Bentham) sometimes feigned to be in a great rage, I once heard him shout out, 'I cannot find the letter—curses! fury! rage! des-

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pair! I am seriously apprehensive I have sent the villain away with the wrong letter.' In all this there was not the slightest real passion. It was intended to make cursing ridiculous."

"When Riva Javia, the Buenos Ayres minister dined at his table, he (a not uncommon trick of foreigners) spat on the carpet. Up rose Mr. Bentham, ran into his bed-room, brought out a certain utensil, and placed it at his visitor's feet."

The cause of Bentham's egotism and eccentricity can be discerned in the circumstances of his life. He was born in the year 1748, in the month of February. From his earliest youth he exhibited great precocity, and was consistently educated in the notion that he was a great genius, and other boys great dunces. The effect of this was strengthened by the secluded manner of his early life. Until the age of fourteen, he had no companions of his own age, and the unsocial habit thus engendered clung to him through life. To use the expressive words of Dr. Bowring, he always "avoided the rush and shock of men." A morbid impatience of the opinions, the sentiments, the character of others, grew upon him with his years, until he took pleasure in the society of none except his admiring disciples. His life is a melancholy illustration of the truth that contact with the rough, every-day life of man, is necessary to the formation of a complete character. Without it, the result must always be egotism—a disposition to dwell alone upon ourselves, and those things with which we are occupied.

Among the few associations that Bentham formed of an ordinary kind was his acquaintance with Lord Shelburne's family. And who can tell how far that may have influenced his after life? His first acquaintance with Lord Shelburne was in 1781. Bentham was at that time thirty-three years of age. "I was living," he says, "in my dog-hole in the temple, in obscurity, perfect obscurity, when a person entered, and said he was Lord Shelburne. He began to laud the 'Fragment' most outrageously, and invited me to his house; but my bashfulness and my pride prevented my going there. At last, after many weeks, I went, and staid some time. I was a great favorite with the ladies, and Lord Shelburne wished me to marry one of his family." Although the one proposed did not suit him, there was another whom he met at Lord Shelburne's that did. A young lady, then very young, whose name Dr. Bowring does not give, engaged but did not return his affections. His passion for her seems to have been very enduring. Dr. Bowring tells us that he has

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often heard Mr. Bentham talk of her with tears in his eyes. How his suit was met at the time is not related; but many years afterwards, when in his fifty-eighth year, he wrote to her, renewing his proposals. In a long, kind letter, she declines his offer. "My conscience acquits me," she says, in the usual style adopted by womankind on such occasions, "of ever designing to give pain to any human being, much less one whom I did and ever shall respect and remember. It is in your power, however, to make me easy, if you instantly, without the waste of a single day, return to those occupations from which the world will hereafter derive benefit, and yourself renown. I have enough to answer for already in interrupting your tranquillity (God knows how unintentionally!) —let me not be guilty of depriving mankind of your useful labors, of deadening the energy of such a mind as yours." Many years afterwards, at the age of eighty, the old man, writing to her sister, says: "Embrace ———; though it is for me, as it is *by* you, she will not be severe, and refuse her lips, as to me she did her hand, at a time perhaps not yet forgotten by her, any more than by me." "After the date of this letter," says Dr. Bowring, "he often spoke to me upon the subject—spoke as if he liked to expatiate upon it, and added: 'I have grown very garrulous about this to you.'" We confess that the old man, cherishing thus a hopeless love for fifty years—his almost only association with the common world—presents to us a touching spectacle; and though we admit his want of sympathy with the men and times he lived among, his egotism and his eccentricities, yet perish the hand that would throw the stone at him for this. Let it rather be remembered that he was honest and incorruptible, and devoted a long life to the interests of humanity; that he was eminently tender-hearted and faithful in the associations that he did form; and finally, that his genius has conferred great benefits upon the world.

The works of Jeremy Bentham are very voluminous. His first publication, "A Fragment on Government, or a Comment upon the Commentaries," was "an examination of what is delivered on the subject of Government in general, in the introduction to Sir William Blackstone's Commentaries." This work, published in 1776, attracted great attention, and gained for the author considerable reputation. His next was far more ambitious, being a work on the "Principles of Morals and Legislation." The rest of his works are

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either treatises upon particular subjects in the law, or specimen parts of a universal code, or, as he calls it, Pannomium. The work on the "Principles of Morals and Legislation" has always been regarded by Bentham and his followers as his greatest achievement. As the author of that work, it is claimed that he has originated a new philosophy—a philosophy destined to effect a revolution in social science. The principle of utility, it was acknowledged, was known long before; but Bentham claimed to have made such improvements in the development of it, as to make it, in effect, a new principle. "The Utilitarian Philosophy," says Dr. Bowring, "like the Baconian, has not tended so much to point out any new direction to the human intellect (a remark, by the way, as applied to Bacon, altogether untrue), as to keep it steady in a course of which it had previously a vague and slight notion, and from which it was every now and then straying." Mr. Bentham, in adopting the principle, makes but one material modification. He makes utility, not only the test, but the very essence of virtue, and as furnishing the only motive thereto. The actual end of action on the part of every individual at the moment of action, he asserts always to be *his* greatest happiness, according to his view of it at that moment; his proper end of action, he says, should be *his* real greatest happiness from that time to the end of his life. He afterwards explains this principle in a manner that renders it entirely unobjectionable, but at the same time, in effect, renders it altogether meaningless. The principle, as originally stated, is manifestly untrue. We do thousands of acts without a thought of our own happiness occurring. We do them, prompted by genuine love for others—a principle as universal and as real in the human heart, though not so powerful, as the love of ourselves. To say that every action is necessarily prompted by a regard to our own happiness, is to leave out of sight a great many other motives that exist in the heart of man, along with self-love, though sometimes nearly, but never entirely, swallowed up by it. Mr. Bentham's reasoning in support of his proposition against these facts, strikes us as in the highest degree trifling. Instead of the word "happiness," he prefers "pleasure." "The pursuit of pleasure," then, he holds to be the constant and never-varying motive of man. He did not confine the word, however, to sensuality, and mere corporeal enjoyment, but extended it to those objects and pursuits which the better part

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of mankind hold in esteem. Dropping the ordinary signification of the word "pleasure," he takes it to mean nearly the same thing as "volition"—"will."

"What it *pleases* man to do," says Dr. Bowring, "is simply what a man *wills* to do. What a man *wills* to do, or what he *pleases* to do, may be far from giving him enjoyment; yet, shall we say that in doing it, he is not following his own *pleasure?* A man drinks himself into a state of intoxication; here, whatever may be the ultimate balance of happiness, people can at least imagine present enjoyment, and will admit that the individual is pursuing what he calls his *pleasure*. A native of Japan, when he is offended, stabs himself, to prove the intensity of his feelings. It is difficult to see enjoyment in this case, or what is popularly called *pleasure;* yet the man obeyed his impulses, he has followed the dictates of his *will*—he has done that which it *pleased* him to do, or that which, as the balance appeared to him at the moment, was, in the question between stabbing and not stabbing, the alternative which gave him the more pleasure."

To take this view of the case reduces Mr. Bentham's proposition to a meaningless absurdity. The actual end of action, he says, on the part of every individual at the moment of action, is always his greatest happiness, according to his view of it that moment. Substitute the above definitions for "happiness," and the proposition reads: "The actual end of action on the part of every individual at the moment of action, is always what it *pleases* him to do—what he WILLS. This is incorrect. The end of action is *that which causes* him to will, whatever that may be. We see a man drowning: without a single thought of ourselves, without a single thought of any thing but the drowning man, we rescue him. If a thought of ourselves occurs at all, it is to deter us. The end of action is to save him from drowning; the motive an involuntary, instinctive sentiment, sensation, or feeling of our nature, that makes us desirous to cause happiness to another man. Certainly Mr. Bentham's principle, thus explained, is entirely unobjectionable. But the misfortune is, that while the Utilitarians defend it on these grounds, they use it always in the plain, selfish, false sense, which its words apparently express. In such a sense it is psychologically false. It is moreover to be noticed, that as Bentham was an atheist, he confines the principle altogether to the happiness to be enjoyed in this world, and, in striking the balance, makes no account of what may occur hereafter. Supposing that the proper end of action, on the part of every individual, is his own greatest happiness in this world alone, we do not see how we can adopt the "happiness of the whole," as the test of right.

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Upon such an hypothesis, "our own happiness" would furnish not only the end of action, but the rule.

The principle must, however, be admitted to apply, as a test, to law. "The greatest happiness of the whole community ought to be the end or object of pursuit in every branch of the law." Mr. Bentham did not, however, claim originality in the mere announcement of this principle, but based his claims rather upon the manner in which he developed it, and brought it out in detail. The improvements thus supposed to be made, consist in an investigation and enumeration of all the different pleasures and pains, and a method of measuring the value of "a lot of pleasure or pain." This he treats with scholastic subtlety. His method in forming a judgment of whether a particular act is right or wrong—whether it conduces or not to the greatest happiness of the greatest number—is to enumerate on the one side all the pleasures that it would tend to produce, with the value of each indicated (probably by numbers); and on the other side, all the pains that it would tend to produce, with their value likewise indicated. Then, by an arithmetical calculation, the balance can be struck with infallible certainty. The error of this is, that it is impossible to determine the *value* of a *pleasure* or *pain*. It is different to different people. It cannot be determined by an enumeration of its different qualities, such as its intensity, its duration, &c. Besides, it is impossible to compare one pleasure with another, or with a pain, in this exact way. The things are what the mathematicians call incommensurable. Practically, the theory has never proved of any value. We doubt very much whether Mr. Bentham himself used it. But the great defect of Mr. Bentham's philosophy is rather omission than commission. It consists in entirely leaving out of view certain principles that lie at the very bottom of legal science, of which he appears to have been entirely ignorant. Further on we hope to make this apparent. At present we may remark, that succeeding philosophers seem generally to have concurred in the opinion that the "Principles of Morals and Legislation" contain very little that is original, and still less that is useful. The credit is, however, certainly due to him, that he roused the attention of the world to the abuses of the law. The parallel between Bentham and Bacon—made above by Dr. Bowring—is a very favorite one with the Utilitarians. We are told by Mr. R. Hildreth, the historian, another follower of Bentham (but, like Peter, afar off), that "in the

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judgment of an impartial posterity, Bentham will be placed with Bacon, as a genius of the first order," and still another enthusiastic disciple calls him "the great high priest of legislation, and the Lord Bacon of his age." Some points of resemblance must be admitted. The pride of intellect that inspired the "Franciscus de Verulamio sic cogitavit" of Bacon; the conviction that all received systems were worthless and vicious; that his own method was to regenerate science—all find their counterpart in Bentham, with the trifling exception that in him they were somewhat delusive. In other respects we can hardly imagine a more perfect antithesis.

The Baconian philosophy holds induction to be the foundation of true science, and that all not with it in this respect, are against it. The Utilitarian, on the contrary, makes but little account of induction, but directs its labors rather to the ideas which the mind happens already to have received, than to the acquisition of new ideas by observation. And as the two systems differ in character, so also in fortune. Bacon's logic has been universally received; Bentham's as universally rejected. It would, however, be unjust to Mr. Bentham not to mention another point of contrast. The acquisitions of Bacon in the particular sciences, viewed by the present standard, are justly regarded as contemptible. But Bentham's practical observations on different subjects in the law with which he made himself acquainted, are generally sagacious and valuable, and entitle him to the gratitude of the world. There is no man who has effected so much towards the improvement of the law. The beneficial influence of his genius is perceptible every where in our statute-books. There are, besides, no other works so well calculated to remove the false notions still held in regard to this science—the professional prejudices engendered by practice in lawyers' minds—and to substitute an enlarged and liberal way of thinking. So that, as it may be said of Bentham, that a lawyer's knowledge of the law would have made him in this science the foremost man in the world, so we may say of the lawyers, that nothing would more tend to improve the law than some little knowledge on their part of the works of Jeremy Bentham.

We are told in Mr. Bowring's interesting memoirs of Jeremy Bentham, that when the latter was about seven years of age, his mind was much excited by the question, put to him one day at dinner by one of his father's guests—"What is genius?"

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"This question," says Mr. Bowring, "haunted young Bentham's mind for many years; until at the age of twenty, Helvetius' book, *De l'Esprit*, having fallen into his hands, it occurred to him that 'Genius was a word conjugate, derived from the word *gigno*, and consequently that it meant *invention* or *production*.' The effect of this discovery upon Mr. Bentham's mind is thus described by himself: 'Have *I* a genius for any thing? What can *I* produce?' was the first inquiry he made of himself. Then came another: 'What of all earthly pursuits is the most important?' 'Legislation,' was the answer Helvetius gave. 'Have *I* a genius for legislation?' Again and again he asked himself the question. He turned it over in his thoughts; he sought every symptom he could discover in his natural disposition or acquired habits; and finally gave himself the answer, fearfully and tremblingly —'Yes!'"

How far this notion of *genius* may have influenced the mind of Mr. Bentham, we cannot, of course, say; but certainly nothing could furnish a happier illustration of the character of his philosophy. Genius as applied to art—that is, to the use and application of knowledge—may mean *invention* or *production*. But thus defined, it can play no part in science, except that of corrupting it. In such a connection it leads us away from the very aim of science, which is *discovery*. This the whole history of philosophy shows. As applied to science, it can only mean capacity of perceiving the relations of things. In which respect, as is well remarked by Bacon, lies the greatest, and perhaps the radical difference between different men's minds in regard to philosophy. Consequently the materials upon which alone genius can usefully employ itself, are observed facts; and just in proportion as it rejects the use of observation, it wanders into error. "Man, the servant and interpreter of nature," says Bacon, "does, and understands as much, as he has actually or mentally observed of the order of nature: he neither knows nor is capable of more." To the observation of facts, then, philosophy looks as the source of all sound knowledge. To give to *genius* the meaning of *invention* or *production*, turns us away from this fundamental truth, and causes us to busy ourselves with recombining the notions which our minds have already happened to receive. The difference is, that in the one case we recognize the truth that our knowledge is absolutely bounded by our knowledge of the particular facts from which

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it is derived; and accordingly we base all our hopes upon observation and induction. In the other—to use the words of Bacon—we consider "those voluntary collections which the mind maketh of knowledge," as furnishing a sufficient collection of facts; and direct all our labor to *producing* new combinations of ideas thus already acquired. It is precisely this difference that exists between the new and the old philosophy. It is also precisely in this respect that Mr. Bentham's philosophy errs. It cannot, indeed, be asserted that he has not in some sort based his philosophy on facts. For this would be true of no system, worthy of the name, that has ever existed. But his error was, that he altogether mistook the class of facts, from which, in legal science, induction should be made. Facts are of two kinds, which may be described with sufficient accuracy for our purposes; the one, as *existing things* and their *qualities;* the other, as *events.* It is from the former class, and from a very small portion of it, that Mr. Bentham takes *his* facts. The nature of man, the motives which govern him, the nature of different kinds of pleasures and pains, in short, psychological facts arrived at by reflection—these furnish him with all the particulars upon which his philosophy is based. In his work upon the Principles of Morals and Legislation, he expressly assumes these as a sufficient basis for his philosophy. That this is fundamentally erroneous, will appear from a moment's consideration of the nature of law. A principle or rule of justice is but a generalization of what is just in particular cases. Hence, to lay down a principle, it is absolutely necessary to have a precedent knowledge of the cases upon which it is to operate.

Men are too apt to regard *justice* in the abstract—as something having an independent existence—as an existing thing. But the truth is, that there is a strict analogy between *justice* and the qualities of physical substances. As color, of which an abstract notion is formed by every one, can have no actual existence except in some particular subject of which it is a quality—as white, for instance, in marble or chalk: so justice can have an actual existence, only as connected with some particular case. We repeat, therefore, that our knowledge of *justice*—which we use as synonymous with the science of law, or the law as it should be—is derived altogether, either immediately or by tradition, from observations of what is just in particular cases; that is, from observations

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of the second class of facts above described. In determining whether the particular case is just or unjust, right or wrong, the principle of utility—a consideration of what will most conduce to human happiness—has its use. But it can operate no further than upon cases actually conceived of and presented to the mind. And in order to derive principles even from such cases, induction is necessary. Hence we perceive that Mr. Bentham's philosophy is based upon the absurd hypothesis, that from a psychological knowledge of the nature of man, and from "those voluntary collections of knowledge which the mind maketh, which is every man's reason," it is possible to arrive at a complete knowledge of the infinitely numerous and diversified events which compose the subject of the law. As to the knowledge which each man's mind happens to collect, it is indeed obtained from observation, but is defective and incomplete, and can by no means enable us to form an adequate conception of the infinite variety of events which have actually happened. To recognize this truth, it is only necessary to compare the conceptions of poets and novelists with actual events. How poorly do the incidents depicted by the most brilliant imagination compare with the inexhaustible variety of the events of real life! In all the various works of the greatest genius, we recognize in the main the same ideas differently combined. It is this which makes the peculiarity of each—this "which is every man's reason."

As for psychology, it can help us still less. To revert to our description of the two classes of facts, it is true that the former are causes of the latter. But even supposing that a knowledge of thousands of independent causes will enable us to conceive of all the effects which those causes will produce; yet it by no means follows that a knowledge of the nature of man will be sufficient to make us acquainted with all the events which compose the subject of law. To conceive of such a case as a trespass on land by a cow, it would be necessary to understand the nature of that animal also. Or to conceive of such an accident as a house falling down, it would be necessary to understand the principle of gravity, and various other qualities of brick and morter. In short, there are thousands of events which give rise to litigation, that happen independently of the agency of men; and consequently it would be necessary to add a complete knowledge of natural philosophy to that of psychology. And even then, when we

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consider that every particular combination of the innumerable causes with which we have become acquainted, will produce an event, it will need but a slight knowledge of the theory of permutations and combinations, to demonstrate that our knowledge of events will just extend so far as our observation extends, and no further.

Hence, while Mr. Bentham assumed that a knowledge of the principle of utility, and of the pleasures and pains to which man is subject, furnished a sufficient basis for legal science, the fact was, that all he knew of that science was derived from a despised and unrecognized source—from a partial and accidental knowledge of that very class of facts, of which he made so little account; and, instead of being complete, as he imagined, was absolutely limited by his knowledge of that class of facts.

This remark is fully illustrated in the character of Mr. Bentham's work upon the "Principles of Morals and Legislation." The cases upon which the criminal law animadverts are comparatively few and simple, and are familiar to all. Every body is acquainted with such classes of events as murder, larceny, &c. Accordingly, Mr. Bentham, being well acquainted with these, and being, in the main, ignorant of the infinitely more numerous and diversified cases which compose the subjects of the civil laws, derives almost all his notions of the law exclusively from the former. And the whole treatise, though ambitiously intended to cover the whole field of the law, is, in effect, only a treatise upon the criminal branch of it.

We have dwelt at length upon this point, because this error seems to lie at the bottom of an opinion of Mr. Dugald Stewart, in which he was followed by Mr. Legarè.

"In those branches of study," says Mr. Stewart, "which are conversant about moral and political propositions, the nearest approach that I can imagine to a hypothetical science analogous to mathematics, is to be found in a code of municipal jurisprudence, or rather might be conceived to exist in such a code, if systematically carried into execution, agreeably to certain general or fundamental principles. Whether these principles should or should not be founded in justice or expediency, it is evidently possible, by reasoning from them consequentially, to create an artificial or conventional body of knowledge more systematic, and at the same time more complete in all its parts, than in the present state of knowledge any science can be rendered, which ultimately appeals to the eternal and immutable standards of truth and falsehood—of right and wrong."

This opinion, also, is evidently based upon the hypothesis hat it is possible, by mere *a priori* reasoning, to arrive at a

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knowledge of the events, from which arise the cases upon which the law is to operate. Evidently, by working upon the ideas which the mind happens to have acquired, "it is possible to create an artificial or conventional body of knowledge," but such a body of knowledge would necessarily be confined to a very limited proportion of the innumerable cases which occur in the course of human affairs. Such a body of knowledge, by different combinations of our ideas, might be made of infinite magnitude; but the great majority of cases which actually happen, would be left entirely unprovided for. We can only reason from our principles, by conceiving of particular cases, and it is impossible to foresee the cases which actually happen; and this seems to have been perceived by Bacon. "The laws," he says, "cannot provide against all cases, but are suited only to such as frequently happen; time, the wisest of all things, daily introducing new cases." And again: "The narrowness of human prudence cannot foresee all the cases that time may produce."

Mr. Bentham has altogether mistaken the diagnosis of the case. The only possible use of the principle of utility is to determine what is just in particular cases. Its use, even here, is limited. For where any case can be determined by received notions of justice, it is better to go no further back. Its only practical value, then, is to determine new cases—that is, cases to which no received principle of justice can be found to apply. It is, indeed, a common opinion that there are no such cases; that the known principles of justice are coëxtensive with human affairs; and that for every case that arises, there needs but the application of some one of those principles.

But the error of this opinion would immediately appear, were a collection made of all the known principles of justice, whether found in common use, or in the books of the philosophers. A lawyer's practice every day presents cases that could be determined by no one of those principles, or any deductions from them. The cause of error is, that men mistake capacity to perceive what is just in a particular case, for a precedent knowledge of some principle applicable to it; whereas it is a discovery of a new truth.

But in admitting the value of the utilitarian philosophy so far, it appears to us to resemble the adversaries of the giant and the dwarf—all of whom seem to have struck at the dwarf, and left the giant untouched. For with a particu-

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lar case presented, it is comparatively easy to determine what justice demands, and consequently the errors in the law which have sprung from a wrong judgment of particular cases, are few in number and dwarfish in magnitude, compared with those which have arisen from incorrect abstraction and too hasty generalization. Indeed, as we shall hereafter show, the former generally have their origin in the latter.

With the foregoing principles clearly understood, it will be easy to form a judgment of the nature and value of Mr. Bentham's proposed innovations in the law. These innovations go to the very root of the matter. Every where in Mr. Bentham's works we see exhibited a most thorough contempt and hatred of the lawyers. To borrow an idea from Mr. Legarè, he proposed to begin, as Dick, the butcher, said to Jack Cade, by killing all the lawyers. He speaks of them as occupying to legal science a relation analogous to that of the schoolmen to science generally. Accordingly, he looked to his system to effect a revolution in legal science as radical and complete as that effected in other sciences, by the Baconian logic. The existing system of law he looked upon as fundamentally wrong—as rotten in the roots, and past all remedy but grubbing out. Accordingly he proposed to do away with it altogether, and to substitute a code of laws of his own making. The poor old man, as honest and as visionary as Don Quixote, imagined himself constituted, as it were by nature, a legislator for all nations. Possessed with this idea, he addressed himself to the authorities of France—to the Emperor of Russia—to the President of the United States—to the Governors of the United States separately, and the Governor of Pennsylvania in particular, and finally to "all civilized nations professing liberal opinions;" proposing to make out of hand for any of them desiring it, a complete and all-comprehensive code of law—or, in the Utilitarian jargon, Pannomium—which, if not perfect, should at least be a nearer approximation to perfection than had ever before been, or could hereafter be, effected by any or by all other men.

It is with the American letters that we are more particularly concerned. In these he urges, not only what he conceived to be the peculiar claims of his proposed Pannomium, but also his objections to the existing law. The proposition is at first sight one of stupendous, but, we believe, entirely unconscious, conceit. To understand the full extent of its

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boldness, it is necessary to consider (to make use of the just remark of Sir Matthew Hale) that our law "is not the product of the wisdom of some one man, or society of men, in any one age, but of the wisdom, counsel, experience, and observation of many ages of wise and observing men." For this Mr. Bentham proposed to substitute the lucubrations of his single brain. Like Don Quixote, in his plan for the rescue of the Algerine captive, he undertook to do singly what had before been effected only by the accumulated power of thousands.

In support of his proposition, he argues in effect as follows: "The law," he says, "instead of being the production of an intelligent legislator, acting with consistency and method, has been blundered out by a set of men, who, their course of action not being at their own command, but at the command of the plaintiffs in the several causes, were all along as completely destitute of power as under the influence of sinister interest; they could not but be of inclination to operate upon any clear and enlarged views of utility, or upon *any* comprehensive and consistent plan, good or bad." Consequently it must be radically vicious and defective. Especially it is deficient in the most essential quality of a good law—to use a word of his own—cognoscibility. That is, it is so scattered about in a thousand different volumes, that it is impossible for any one—even a lawyer—to know the law. Besides, there are many cases for which there is no law, until the case actually comes up for judgment. Then the judge makes a special law for the particular case, and says it has been law all the time. Thus, the law partakes of the odious nature of an *ex post facto* law. To remedy these defects, he proposed to make a code of laws, so complete as to provide beforehand for every possible case, and reduced to such a form, that every one would find it easy to understand and know the law.

All these objections of Mr. Bentham arise from an utter ignorance of the fundamental principles of legal science. Had he read the works of the lawyers, instead of despising them, it is probable, considering the unquestionable acuteness of his mind, that he would have perceived that they *have*, in the main, necessarily proceeded upon a comprehensive and consistent plan; and that plan the only right one—the plan of nature—the method by induction. The fundamental principle of the English law—Stare decisis—is but a mere

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practical statement of the principle of induction as applied to legal science. And in strict accordance with this principle the mass of the existing law has been produced. All who are acquainted with it know that the legislator has had very little to do with making it. Statutes form but a very small portion of the law. The rest is what Mr. Bentham, as a name implying all iniquities, calls *judge-made law.*

When a case was decided, it was held to be law for all similar cases. Law thus made is indeed liable to the objection that it partakes of the nature of an *ex post facto* law. But Mr. Bentham's objection to it on this ground, is but an illustration of our remark, that all his notions of the law are taken from the criminal law. The principle that an *ex post facto law* is odious, like the term itself, is confined to the criminal law. For while, for many obvious reasons, it would be iniquitous to punish a man for an act, lawful at the time of its commission; yet, from the nature of things, the principle cannot be applied, in its full extent, to the civil law. In regard to the latter, the most that justice requires, and the most that is possible, is, that the law existing when the case arose, shall not be changed. From what we have before remarked, it is obvious, that the extent of the law, at any given time, is absolutely limited to the cases that have previously happened, and cases similar to them. If any case comes under this description, it can be decided by the existing law. But if one arises which is not similar to precedent cases, there is necessarily no law for it; in such a case, if it is a question of criminal law, the accused must be acquitted; but if it is a question of civil law—that is, if it is a controversy between parties—it is still necessary that a decision should be made. The only rule, then, by which the court can decide, is natural justice. The judge decides the case as that requires, and a new principle is introduced into the law. The point that we are aiming to demonstrate is, not only that the law has been made in this way, but that from the nature of things it could not possibly have been otherwise; that it is, in the main, an absolute impossibility to make a law for a case, until that or some similar case has happened. The history, not only of our own, but of all law, proves this. The law has always been developed in exact proportion to the occurrence of new cases. There can no where be pointed out a single instance in which a law has been made until after the happening of some one of the class of cases

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upon which it is intended to operate. In early times, when business was simple and undiversified, and the cases of controversy between man and man limited in number and variety, the law also was limited in extent. But as civilization increased, and the business of mankind became more extensive and diversified, new cases occurred, and new principles were added to the law. Thus the ten tables of the Romans grew into the immense body of the civil law. They have been called the matrix—the source of the civil law; but it is impossible in any way to trace back the great mass of the civil law to such an origin. The true matrix—the true source—was natural justice, and the method of its production, as we have stated it.

Our own law is another illustration. In old times it was all contained in one or two small books; now, it can hardly be contained in a thousand. The great mass of its principles cannot be traced back to the law as it originally stood. On the contrary, the very occasions and manner of their successive introduction are related in the books of Reports.

As for Mr. Bentham's assertion, that the law has been perverted by the sinister interest of the lawyers, there can be no better proof of prejudice than such an assertion. Such an interest could only have operated in two ways—either by inducing lawyers to write books with the express purpose of rendering the law uncertain, which is a supposition too absurd to be seriously mentioned; or, by influencing the judges to give unjust decisions. Whatever might have been the interest of the lawyers to corrupt the law, certainly they could have had no opportunity of doing so, except by becoming judges; and by becoming judges their interest must have immediately ceased. Mr. Bentham, however, urges that the judges, being the creatures of the king, have always had his interest at heart, and not the interest of the people. Admitting this for the sake of the argument, the answer is obvious. Where the appointing power is in the hands of one man, his interest will be concerned in not one case out of thousands. Hence, it is absurd to suppose that such an influence could have had any very material effect upon the law. We have the high authority of Mr. Gibbon for saying, that this was true of the Roman law, even under the absolute despotism of the Cæsars. "The senate," he says, "under the reign of the Cæsars, was composed of magistrates and lawyers, and in questions of private jurisprudence the integrity of their judgment was seldom perverted by fear or interest."

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Indeed—completely to answer Mr. Bentham's objection—it is a fact known to all acquainted with the decisions of the English judges, that, in deciding each case as it arose, they were in the main governed by the principle of utility. The books all show that, in most cases where this principle required a departure from received notions of justice, they pursued the former to the exclusion of the latter. Nay, they have sometimes erred by a too anxious observance of this principle—improperly laying down rules opposed to common notions, where the common notions were right. They indeed sometimes departed from the principle; but, as we have before remarked, the defects in the law springing from this source, bear no comparison with those produced by improper induction. Nine out of ten of the errors in the law result from extending precedents to cases not analogous.

It is easy, then, to dispose of Mr. Bentham's proposal to make a complete code of law, that should provide for every possible case. It would, doubtless, have been a very good thing, but it was simply impossible. It was equivalent to saying, that in all future developments of human affairs, no possible case could arise, which he was unable to foresee. It was the same thing as if one had proposed to make a treatise containing all the principles of chemistry—not only all that had been, but all that could ever after be discovered. For, in the one case and the other, the subject is infinite. This truth is well expressed by one of the despised race of lawyers: "It is impossible to make a finite rule of an infinite matter perfect."

It is impossible even to suppose that Mr. Bentham could have approximated to completeness, to any thing like the same extent as the existing law. For the law, as it now stands, extends to all cases such as have arisen in the courts of justice, which is the same thing as to say, that it is almost as extensive and complete as it is possible for it to be. But Mr. Bentham's Pannomium would have been limited by the knowledge—and very slight it was—which he himself happened to have of the cases which had previously occurred.

Thus far we have spoken in defence of the lawyers. We have given them the credit to which they are entitled; and have attempted to show the gross ignorance of fundamental principles that actuated Mr. Bentham's attacks upon them. We admit, however, that many prejudices and false notions have always existed in the profession, to the infinite detriment

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of the law. Especially we are compelled to acknowledge the force of Mr. Bentham's objection, that the law, in regard to form, is in a most deplorable condition. Scattered through thousands of volumes, it is impossible, even for a lawyer, to obtain any competent knowledge of it. Nay, in many cases, it is impossible for him, after the most diligent investigation, to tell with certainty what the law of a particular case may be. Mr. Bentham's proposition, however, to reduce it all to statute law, would only aggravate the evil. There is this essential difference between a written law and a precedent: the former is absolutely limited by the words used; the latter extends to every case presenting a similar reason, whether agreeing in name or not. As the law now stands, it extends to all cases, however differing in name and other circumstances, which present the same reason for decision as cases decided. Were it reduced to statute law—supposing it even to be perfectly well done—it would be confined to cases similar to those already decided, not only in principle but in name. Though the execution should be perfect, still it would be no improvement, but the contrary. But when we consider how such a work would probably be executed, to what hands intrusted, it seems to us that no greater misfortune could happen to the law. If there is one thing that a true friend of humanity should pray for, it is that legislatures may keep their rash hands from the civil law. With this branch of law, the legislature has never had—it should never have—any thing to do, except in the way of correction. The legislators of it have been the judges; and still to their hands alone can it safely be intrusted. Paradoxical as this may seem—opposed as it is to the common notion that the function of a judge is "jus dicere, non jus dare," it follows necessarily from the very nature of the civil law, and needs but to be stated in order to be perceived.

Upon some future occasion, we may attempt to show the true remedy for this and some other great evils in the law, and more especially to point out the false notions and prejudices of the profession—the idols or false images of the understanding, as Bacon calls them—to which they owe their origin. The latter we regard as by far the most important, according to the opinion of Lord Coke, that to trace an error to its fountain-head is to refute it. Being of the fraternity ourselves, and having for many years—at first with humble veneration—sat at the feet of the Gamaliels of the law, we have

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had at least a fair opportunity of understanding the character of their writings. We undertake the task, not from any feeling of peculiar fitness, but because no one, acquainted at the same time in some degree with the modern philosophy and with law, has to our knowledge, ever attempted it. For our law—less fortunate than its sister, the Roman law—has always fallen either into the hands of practising lawyers, unacquainted with philosophy, or, worse still, into the hands of philosophers unacquainted with law.

ART. IV.—1. Νεφελαι (*Clouds*), Ὄρνιθες (*Birds*), Ἱππεῖς (*Knights*).* Aristoph. Leipsic.

2. *De Ethopaeia.* Berlin.

3. *The Comedies of Aristophanes, Translated into corresponding English Metres.* By BENJAMIN DANN WASH, M. A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London.

THE best history of any people is that which presents a popular view of their sayings and doings. Thus Aristophanes has done for the Athenians, as a people, what Boswell has done for Johnson, as an individual; though the former is vastly more impartial, less flattering, and consequently more reliable than the latter. Boswell sees few faults in the great lexicographer—none of a grave character. What others regard as faults are to him virtues, while he exaggerates virtues, properly so called, with the zeal of an enthusiastic admirer. No one likes him the less for this. But there can be no true picture which does not give the shades as well as the lights. With the memory of Johnson's character still recent, no one familiar with English literature can be misled by Boswell's *couleur de rose* "Life;" but two hundred years hence, it will be different. Aristophanes, on the contrary, becomes more and more interesting, according as the world grows older.

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* The whole number of plays written by Aristophanes is believed to have been over fifty, but only eleven are now extant—seven besides those at the head of our article, namely: Ἀχαρνεῖς, (the *Acharnians*); Σφῆκες, (*Wasps*); Εἰρηνη, (*Peace*); Λυσιστράτη, (*Lysistrata*); Θεσμοφοριάζουσαι, (*Females keeping the Festival*); Θεσμοφόρια, (in honor of *Ceres*); Βάτραχοι, (*Frogs*); Εκκλησιαζουσαι, (*Females in Assembly*); Πλοῦτος, (*Plutus*, god of riches).

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At this moment, his comedies give us a truer and fuller insight into the character of the ancient Greeks, especially that of the Athenians, than the works of Herodotus, Xenophon, and Thucydides put together. History, even when most elaborate, conscientious, and faithful, must necessarily deal in generalities. Each prominent incident may be eloquently and graphically described by the historian, but the dramatist goes farther. The latter not only presents the incident itself, and the different circumstances that led to it, but also the prevailing public sentiment in regard to the whole. This is particularly true of the comic dramatist, who, in order to be successful, must direct his satire against some abuse, real or imaginary. Hence it is that we can tell to-day, from the comedies of Aristophanes, with almost unerring accuracy, what was the real state of public opinion in Athens thousands of years ago in reference to all prominent events of the time, the habits and customs of different classes of society, and the peculiar views of different sects of philosophers, different parties in politics, &c., &c. In short, his comedies are the Pompeii of Athens.

The historian tells us that the Athenians were a lively and intelligent people; but the dramatist *shows* us that they were. Aristophanes puts the question beyond doubt. It must be remembered that there was no printing-press in his time, no newspaper to give an analysis of the plot of a new play, throw light on its obscure passages, or explain its classical allusions. The audience had to depend exclusively on their own resources in this way, except that the manager sometimes gave an outline of the general character of the new piece, in a sort of prologue or introduction. Had the Greek plays been like those of the present day, especially like our modern comedies, it would not have required much intelligence to have understood them. A very slight acquaintance with the current literature would have been sufficient. But the reverse is true in regard to the plays of Aristophanes; not a page of which can be understood, as every scholar is aware, without an acquaintance, more or less familiar, with Greek philosophy, religion, politics, history, poetry, &c. Those who have never read them, may understand this from the fact that a whole play is devoted to the exposure of the sophists, and that there are none of his plays which do not contain allusions designed to ridicule ambitious passages in the tragedies of Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, and many others.

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In short, all the masterpieces in the Greek language, all the works of the ancients whose faults it was worth while to ridicule, are thus hit off in the comedies of Aristophanes, and frequently the irony is so refined, that the most accomplished modern scholar is puzzled to detect it, while at other times the whole force of a cutting stroke of satire culminates in the inflexion of a single syllable. How few, for example, are there to-day, who, with all the advantages of our free schools, our multiplicity of books on all subjects, our "elegant extracts," cyclopædias, &c., &c., could relish a play in which passages from the works of Homer and Aristotle, Virgil and Tacitus, Milton and Hume, Shakespeare and Johnson, would be alternately parodied, confounded with each other, ludicrously misrepresented, &c.! This is what Aristophanes does in all his comedies, and yet we have the most conclusive evidence that they were the delight of all classes. Before attempting to illustrate our remarks with such materials as are within our reach, we will here endeavor to give those of our readers who are unacquainted with the subject a general outline of the Greek theatre. "In order to arrive at a clear idea of its construction," says Mr. Walsh, "let us take the largest of our London houses, the Italian Opera; and, having stripped it of its roof and its galleries, and substituted the genial beams of the sun for the glare of artificial light, let us extend the lower tier of seats backwards, at the same gentle ascent, until the depth of this tier of seats becomes somewhere about equal to the breadth of the stage. If we then clear the pit and the orchestra of their benches and divisions, ornamenting the naked wall thus presented to the eye with some elegant columns of statuary, and place in the centre of this new and enlarged orchestra the sacred *Thymele*, or altar of Bacchus, and imagine a troop of twenty-four dancers moving round it in a compact, oblong figure, carolling their merry lays to the music of a few pipes or flageolets—we may form some idea of the appearance of the very smallest of the Grecian theatres during the exhibition of a new comedy. But the stage, too, must submit to be remodelled, before we can consider the resemblance as at all complete. Instead of the innumerable sliding and rolling scenes, which add so much splendor to our dramatic entertainments, we must erect, of solid marble, at the distance of a very few feet from the modern lamps, a long, low line of buildings, containing, together with a fair proportion of windows, a large door in the centre, a smaller one on

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each side of it, and a still smaller one at each extremity of the façade. This erection is to be considered as permanent, for with the addition, perhaps, of a few columns, and other architectural ornaments, for the sake of adding dignity and majesty to its character, it served, generally speaking, equally for tragedy and comedy. Let the reader now conceive three ordinary scenes united together in a triangular prism, and revolving upon an axis in such a way as to exhibit by turns each of the three faces to the eye of the spectator; let him also imagine a machine of this description (technically termed *periactos*), and the painted canvas, or board, temporarily fixed to one of its three faces, a *catablema* placed at each extremity of the line of buildings, fronting the audience, and he then will be in possession of the only means used by the ancient Greeks for representing that change of place which we exhibit by such multifarious contrivances. But the question now immediately occurs, How could any illusion ever have been felt, when the same unmeaning row of houses always stared the spectator in the face, whether he was required to imagine himself at Argos or Delphi? Now, in answer to this objection, let the reader ask himself whether the presence of a brace of stage doors ever formed any bar to his momentary belief in the reality of a horrid murder, perpetrating in the gloomy wood by a band of melo-dramatic banditti. Yet the two cases are analogous, except that in the modern one the thing represented is in the centre, and the anomalous addition on each side of it, while in the ancient instance the converse position was observed. According to the exigencies of the play to be performed, all or part of the five different doors, or, what came to the same thing, the five different houses, in the row facing the spectators, were distributed among those different characters in the piece whom it suited the poet's purpose to exhibit in connection with their dwelling-places. As a general rule, which, however, was not unfrequently violated when necessary, the centre one was assigned to the first or leading actor, that on the right hand to the second, and that on the left to the third. All the characters of the drama whom the poet did not choose to represent as householders, entered the orchestra by one of the two 'entrances' through which the chorus came, and then ascended the stage by a flight of steps. Their exits were managed in a precisely similar manner; if we may believe some of the ancient grammarians, the door which they entered indicated their arrival

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from the town or country; and we are also told, that of the two movable triangular scenes, one was appropriated in a like manner to town, and the other to country views. The change from the exterior to the interior of the house was exhibited to the eyes of the audience by 'wheeling out,' as it was called, or rather by wheeling round, the front of that one of the five permanent dwellings whose inside was required to be exposed to view, for which purpose they were furnished with appropriate machinery."*

There were several theatres in Athens, all, as may be easily believed, of a high order of architectural beauty; but the principal lay beneath the southern wall of the Acropolis. Two of the highest seats are still visible, and serve to show how well chosen the site had been. Not only were all the principal edifices of the city and its environs within view of the spectators, not excepting the Parthenon, but also the most charming valley in all Greece, that of the Illissus, which did not cease to be smiling and beautiful even under the gloomy despotism of the Turks. It was from these advantages of position and scenery that Sophocles was enabled to turn the eyes of his audience to the isles of Salamis and Lemnos; that Æschylus, in referring to the proximity of the Temple of Minerva, represented the Athenians as living under the wings of the goddess; that in his *Prometheus*, the same poet introduces a view of Caucasus, and makes Oceanus sail through the air, accompanied by a chorus of ocean nymphs, comprising at least fifty persons, male and female, in a winged chariot; and that Aristophanes himself, with but little vio-

* The origin of the Greek drama is as much a matter of conjecture as the origin of the Greek religion. Scholl, who has deeply investigated the subject, says: "Between Tragedy and Comedy in modern literature there is such an analogy that they are justly regarded as two species of the same genus. From this it has been imagined that both had the same origin among the ancients; but it is not so. Tragedy grew out of the songs with which the cities of Greece celebrated the festivals of Bacchus. Comedy, on the other hand, took its origin in the country. The wards or boroughs (δῆμοι) of Attica were accustomed to unite in singing the phallic songs (φαλλικὰ), in which the most unrestrained licentiousness was allowed. The performers, drawn in cars, proceeded from borough to borough; their numbers increased at every station, and they strolled about the country until their excesses forced them to seek repose. Hence, Comedy derived its name from κώμη, a village. The two species of drama followed in their progress a different course. They were for a long time strangers to each other, and it was not till a late period that Comedy adopted the improvements embraced by her sister. At length, however, the chorus, which had played the principal part, as in Tragedy, lost its primitive importance, and it finally happened that Comedy appeared on the stage without this accompaniment."

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lence to reason, was enabled to found cities in the blue vault of heaven, and people them with his birds.

It will be well to bear in mind, that in the time of Aristophanes, the comic dramatists had to perform the duties which, in our time, devolve on the newspapers and periodicals. This we might have known from Horace, without any further evidence, since he tells us, in the fourth satire of his first book, that if any persons of infamous character were to be exposed to public odium, Eupolis, Cratinis, Aristophanes, and their contemporaries, were always ready, with unbounded license, to display their wickedness to the world.* Political disquisitions were fulminated in a similar manner; so were literary criticisms; in short, all kinds of satire designed to influence public opinion. Thus, in the *Acharnians*, the corrupting and debilitating sentiments of Euripides are laughed to scorn; in the *Clouds*, the sophists are exposed to derision in the person of Socrates. Nor do Cleon and the politicians fare better in the *Knights*, as we shall presently see.

But of all that has been written by Aristophanes, what excites most prejudice against him among the moderns is his satire on Socrates in the *Clouds*, in which he hoists the philosopher, by a pulley, in a wicker basket, and makes him measure the number of feet a flea can leap at each bound, on a geometrical average. But the admirers of the satirist—those who believe that, after all, he was a truer benefactor of mankind than the philosopher—attempt to exculpate him, by reminding us that he was not the only poet of his time who satirized Socrates. Of this there appears to be no doubt; and what is more, the play called the *Philosopher's Cloak*, written by Ameipsias, in ridicule of Socrates, seems to have been acted, as well as planned and composed, prior to the *Clouds*. In addition to this, we are told, that the philosopher was any thing but an agreeable person, or one whose own conduct was above reproach. Be this as it may, all we know that is creditable to him we have from Xenophon and Plato, neither of whom had any acquaintance with him until several years after he was turned into ridicule in the *Clouds;* and it is not unlikely that he may have been much improved, both in his manners and habits, at this time. Aristotle says, that in his

* Atqui alii quorum comœdia prisca virorum est,
Si quis erat dignus describi quod malus aut fur,
Quod mœchus foret, aut sicarius, aut alioqui
Famosus multâ cum libertate notabant.—*Sat.*, *lib.* 1, *sat.* 4.

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best days he was of a melancholy temperament, intimating further that he often took offence when none was intended. It is thought, besides, by such critics as Schlegel and Cumberland, that if fraud and injustice are recommended in the *Clouds*, it was not the intention of the poet to represent Socrates as intentionally inculcating those principles, but rather to show that his instructions were perverted by his disciples, who desired to turn their logic to account in the way of defrauding their creditors.

Still worse than even this is done, however, in the *Clouds;* as, for example, where the son strikes his aged father on the stage, and quotes the maxims of Socrates in justification of the act. Nor is this, bad as it is, altogether inconsistent with the character which some writers give of the philosopher's school, telling us that among his favorite scholars were Æschines, a parasite and spy of the tyrant Dionysius, and Theorus and Cleonymus; one a rapacious usurer, and the other a traitor to his country. However much truth or falsehood there may be in these representations, it seems pretty certain that the philosopher was rather arrogant and overbearing in his demeanor; quite as much so as was Dr. Johnson in his palmiest days. It was evidently the intention of Plato to give as kind an account of him as possible; but even in his hands he does not make a very amiable figure. "Yet, perhaps, Amitus here" (pointing to him) "is hurt by what you say," observes Menon in the dialogue of that name. "I do not care one straw if he is," replies Socrates. This, to say the least, was not very polite. In modern books we read of the philosopher as a model of virtue and meekness, but this character is by no means borne out even by the sketches of his own disciples and friends. None of his contemporaries admired him more than Xenophon, or would be more unlikely to misrepresent him. Yet we find such anecdotes as the following in his Memorabilia: The sage has been paying one of his periodical visits to a courtezan named Theodota. "Send me your charm," says the lady, "that I may draw it first of all against you." "But, by Jove," says he, "I do not wish to be drawn towards you, but that you should *come* to me." "Well, I will come," rejoins the lady, "only do you let me in." "I will," answers the paragon of virtue, "*if I have got no one within already, I happen to like better.*" This would seem to show that, perhaps, if all were known, Xantippe did not act altogether without provocation when she used to dash

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the bucket of water on his head; and it may serve to explain, at the same time, why it was that he submitted so quietly to the punishment. In addition to all this, we have the authority of Aristotle, for regarding an ungainly figure and homely countenance as a legitimate subject of humorous invective, and Socrates is described as "a squab, protuberant behind and before, with goggle eyes, large projecting mouth, swelling nostrils, a flat nose, and thick blubber lips," &c.

But it is time that we give a brief outline of the plot of the *Clouds*. The scene is laid in Athens, and in the first act we find several slaves lying round on the floor in the house of Strepsiades, an Athenian citizen, who, with his son Pheidippides, is discovered reclining on a couch, waiting anxiously for the dawn of day; now soliloquizing on the uncertainty of human affairs, and the melancholy condition of his own affairs in particular, and anon computing the amount of interest which he will soon have to pay on his debts. While revolving these matters in his mind, and disposed to look at the dark rather than the bright side of the picture, a happy thought strikes him, which he immediately communicates to his son, who has been the cause of most of his troubles. He asks him to repair immediately to what he calls the Thinking-shop of Socrates, for the following purpose:

> "'Tis said that they have got the Two Causes—
> The Stronger what-d'ye-call-em and the Weaker;
> And that of these the Weaker gains the victory,
> Although it speaks upon the unjust side.
> So if you go and learn this Unjust Cause,
> I need not pay one penny of the debts
> I owe on your account to any body."

The son, being a dandy, is afraid that exposure to the sun would injure his complexion, and consequently refuses to go. The father thought it best not to urge him, lest he might have something worse than debts to complain of; but he lost no time in going himself. Having knocked at the door of the philosopher, he is met by one of the scholars, who, after the preliminary formalities usual on such occasions, according to the rules of the school proceeds to describe some of the latest discoveries of his master, informing him that among those not yet fully developed were the questions whether the buzzing of a gnat proceeded from the mouth or the tail of that animal, and whether a flea sprung equal distances in equal times. The former problem was nearly solved, the philosopher hav-

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ing all but demonstrated mathematically that the mouth remained entirely closed while the buzzing was loudest. Experiments were just going forward for the solution of the other problem, the flea being obliged to dip his feet in melted wax, and then leap his best, so that the distance he had passed through might be measured by his boots. As a matter of course, Strepsiades is deeply interested in what he is told by the learned porter, whom he requests, with great eagerness, to favor him with a sight of his master. This, it seems, was regarded as no slight boon by both master and scholars; but Strepsiades being rather an agreeable sort of person—one who is willing to bestow any amount of praise on those who deserve it—is readily admitted as a friend of philosophy; that is, the front of the house is wheeled round in Athenian fashion, and Socrates is discovered suspended in a basket, while his scholars appear in attitudes still more ludicrous, if possible. Strepsiades, being asked what was the effect of his visit, proceeds to explain that he wants

"A new receipt
For sending off his creditors, and foiling them
By the Art Logical."

This seems to please the philosopher, who invites him to sit on a couch, and puts a garland on his head, while he scatters some barley-meal over him, and begins to pray. There is no finer specimen of Greek mysticism than this prayer. Just as the philosopher begins to grow earnest in his invocation, after having been interrupted for a moment by the unsophisticated apprehensions of Strepsiades, a peal of thunder is heard, and a large black cloud is seen floating in the air, from which the sweet, tender song of many merry voices bursts forth upon the ear. The prayer opens thus:

"SOCRATES.

Let the aged man attend to the prayer,
In silence until it is ended!
Great Master and King, thou measureless Air,
That keepest the earth suspended!
Thou glittering Æther, ye dusky-faced clouds
Who vent in the thunder your choler!
Rise, Goddesses, rise from your dewy abodes,
And appear in the sky to your scholar.

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STREPSIADES.

No, not till I fold up this bit of a rag,
By way of umbrella, and don it,
What a thick-headed blockhead I must be, to wag
From my door-stone with never a bonnet!

SOCRATES.

Yes, come, ye adorable Clouds, and speak
Your decrees to this suppliant lowly!
Come, whether ye sit on the snow-beaten peak
Of Olympus, the towering, the holy;
Or dance to the nymphs with song and with smile,
In the gardens of Father Ocean;
Or in ewers of gold in the mouths of Nile,
Draw up your watery portion;
Or haunt the sluggish Mæotian lake,
Or Mima's snowy-capped summit.
Oh, list! and receive the offering we make,
Nor turn away angrily from it!"

Strepsiades has already received several lessons, but he is not yet accepted as a disciple. This does not annoy him much, as fame is not his object. All the knowledge he cares to have in addition to his old stock, is the art of evading his debts. This is sufficiently evident from his soliloquy, which is also highly characteristic of the poet's wonderful richness of language and imagery:

"So now let them do with me just what they will,
I give them my carcass for good or for ill;
And dandruff, and cold, or be flayed, if they durst,
To experience beatings, and hunger, and thirst,
On condition they teach me the method to find
An escape from my debts, and I'm thought by mankind,
Bold, nimble-tongued, impudent, anxious to rise,
A blackguard, a gluer together of lies;
An inventor of words, a lover of suits,
A law-book, a rattle, a cunning old boots;
An auger, a strap, a dissembling old bags,
A puddle of grease, an indulger of brags;
A goad-riddled slave, an impertinent dog,
A twister, a teaser, a gluttonous hog.
If passers-by speak of me thus, I'm ripe
For whatever they think to be proper."

At last the day arrives upon which the new scholar is to submit to a formal examination. The master's first question is in regard to his memory. Strepsiades replies that it is sufficiently retentive in matters of credit, but that he could

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never remember a debt more than a week at farthest. Socrates observes that this could be explained at the proper time on strictly philosophical principles; but that before any thing further is done, the initiation fee must be paid, lest that also might be forgotten. The "pay in advance" rule is complied with after considerable hesitation and many excuses, and the next part of the ceremony is to make the pupil undress, it being a universal custom that all should enter the school as naked as they came into the world. Strepsiades has already been long enough within the walls of the school to know that it is not pleasant to have the skin exposed, especially at night, when trying to sleep; but he yields with as good a grace as he can, and in due time relates his experience among the bugs:

Και τας πλευρας δαρδάπτουσιν
Και την ψυχην εκπινουσιν,
Και τους ορχεις εξελκουσιν,
Και τον πρωκτον διορυττουσιν,
Και υ' απολουσιν.

"Side and side-bone these are trying,
Heart and vitals those are plying,
Into secrets these are prying;
Gasping, panting, fainting, sighing;
Help and aid! for I am dying."

Socrates being, it seems, pretty well used to complaints of this kind, took little notice of them. However, he is finally induced to survey the body of his new pupil, but with no more important result than to find a flea in his nose. In the mean time Strepsiades makes so little progress, that he is half-ashamed himself of his stupidity. His master warns him several times that if he do not make some proficiency he will have to be expelled; and at last the philosopher vindicates his promise by kicking the dunce out of his bed. It might seem that the latter would feel somewhat mortified at this; but nothing of the kind. He readily admits that the fault is his own, or rather Dame Nature's, and in proof of his sincerity he persuades his son to take his place at the "thought-shop," accounting to him for the loss of his coat by saying that he had studied it away. There is no more amusing scene in the whole play than that in which Pheidippides is thus led to the school and introduced to Socrates, who in turn introduces him to the Two Causes, Just and Unjust. He is retained on trial as his father had been before him. The latter disappears from the scene for a while, and the next

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time we see him he is loaded with a bag of meal, which he deposits at the door of Socrates, as part payment for his son's education. The philosopher is much obliged for the meal, which he thinks will make very good cakes and gruel; and, being asked as to the proficiency of Pheidippides, he declares him quite a clever fellow—so clever, in short, that he need no longer give himself any concern about his creditors. He takes home the young philosopher on a visit, and in the plenitude of his delight exhibits him to his neighbors as a prodigy of learning; but he soon finds that he was premature in his exultation; for the son makes such a violent attack upon him for some little mistake he had committed against the rules of grammar, that he is forced to run out of the house; and when he offers to remonstrate, his assailant offers to demonstrate by a regular syllogistic process, that children have a perfect right to chastise their parents, when the latter misbehave so as to deserve it. Not content with beating his father, he proceeds to try the same experiment on his mother. Strepsiades is much more grieved and indignant at this than at the attack upon himself. He appeals, in the anguish of his soul, to the Clouds; the Chorus tells him that the punishment is just; he admits on reflection that it is; and taking a sudden thought, proposes to his son to inflict summary chastisement on Socrates, and his usher, Choerephon. Though Pheidippides thinks he is doing no more than his duty in beating both his father and mother, he is horror-stricken at the very idea of beating his master. Strepsiades, looking on the matter in a different light, quietly sends his slave for a ladder and a torch; and before either teacher or pupil could prevent him, he climbs to the top of the school-house or academy, and sets fire to the roof, so that the comedy ends in a conflagration. This rapid sketch gives but a faint idea of the skill and spirit with which the interest of the whole play is sustained throughout. Many of the incidents seem incredible at first sight, as, indeed, well they may; the scenes, too, not unfrequently seem absurd—such as could not happen in real life. But the vivacity, wit and humor of the poet, the dashing rapidity of his narrative, and the apparent earnestness with which he enters into particulars, impart, even to the most exaggerated of his pictures, an air of reality of which no extracts could give an adequate idea.

The *Birds* is another singular production; but so complicated is its plot that it would require a whole article to

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give any adequate idea of its character. We intend, however, to return to the subject, perhaps on an early occasion. Let it suffice now to remark in passing, that all the great men of Greece, who constitute the *dramatis personæ*, are represented as birds. Thus, Lycurgus is a stork, Philocles a lark, Menippus a swallow, Opuntius a raven, &c. Gods, as well as men, are overwhelmed with ridicule by this means. Thus, while the play is going forward, a messenger enters, bearing the startling intelligence that a jack-daw, placed on sentry at one of the city gates, has so far forgotten his duty as to fall asleep, and allow one of the gods to escape. No time is to be lost in a matter of such moment; an army, consisting of thirty thousand hawks, is immediately ordered in pursuit of the absconding deity, but just as they are preparing to march, Iris arrives in great haste, nearly destroying several mortal birds with his immense wings. He has come with a special message from Jupiter, the burden of which is, that the inhabitants of earth would do well to remember that his godship had a partiality for sheep and oxen. Peisthetaerus being informed that a large number of emigrants may soon be expected, directs that large baskets full of wings may be in readiness to fit out the new-comers, so that they will not be odd among the natives. Nephelococcygia modestly admits that he has emigrated, because the laws of morality are so ridiculously strict in his own country, that he would not be permitted to kill his father and enjoy his property, without being subjected to the annoyance of a trial. He obtains a pair of wings from the master of the ceremonies, but is advised to extend his journey into Thrace, where he might find people whose tastes are more congenial to his own, than those of the Athenians. A bailiff arrives from one of the adjacent islands, and is very anxious to get a pair of wings, that he might perform his duties with greater expedition and facility than is possible in the old, tedious way; but he is informed that his sort of people are not required at Athens; and this not being sufficient, he is kicked out of town. As a relief to these merry scenes, the chorus proceeds to give an account of its recent survey of the earth, and in doing so draws a portrait of Cleonymus, which has often been imitated by modern satirists, but never equalled.

The main object of the play seems to be to ridicule an expedition sent against the Lacedæmonians and their allies. The ambassadors on each side are represented as birds of different species, and the figure which they are sometimes made to cut

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is irresistibly ludicrous. Apart from the interest thus excited, the audience is entertained with graphic and lively descriptions, passages of the finest poetry, and delightful songs. We make room for a specimen or two :

"O gentlest bird of auburn wing!
Gentlest and dearest, that doth sing,
Consorting still with mine thy lay,
Loved partner of my wildwood way,
Thou'rt come! thou'rt come! All hail! all hail!
I see thee now, sweet nightingale,
Low twittering lead thy pipe along;
Then, sudden, in a spring-tide song,
Bursts out the descant, bold and free,
Of anapæstic minstrelsy.

Oh! come, ye men, ye brittle things, mere images of clay,
Ye flitting leaves, ye shadowy shapes, ye creatures of a day,
Poor wingless, wretched mortals ye, like nothing but a dream;
Give heed to us, and list for once to an immortal theme.
Immortals we, and live for aye, from age and sorrow free;
Our mansion in the viewless air, our thoughts eternity.
Come, learn from us, for we can tell ye secrets most sublime,
How all things are; and birds exist before the birth of time;
How Gods, and Hell, and Chaos rose, and mighty rivers sprang:
Come, learn aright—and then, from me, bid Prodicus go hang.
First Chaos was, and Night and Hell, and Tartarus profound;
But Earth was not, nor Sky nor Heaven; so Hell, withouten bound,
Stretched forth his bosom, dark and deep, by windy tempests blown,
When first of all black-winged Night doth lay an egg thereon.
In circling hours thence Jove was born, an infant heavenly fair,
Glittering his back with golden wings, and flat as eddying air;
With wingéd Chaos mingling he, amid the gloomy night,
In Tartarus our kind did hatch, and brought us first to light.
Till then the immortal race was not, ere Love commingled all;
But from the mingling heaven was made, and sea, and earthly ball.
And hence the incorruptible kind of all the blest above;
We of those blest the eldest far, undoubted seed of Love.
For why? We flit with wings about, and are with lovers still,
And many coy have won to do her wooer's will:
One with a quail will oft prevail upon his mistress dear;
One sends a moor-hen; one a goose; another, chanticleer.
And from the birds to mortals all their chief of blessings flow;
To them the coming seasons we, spring, winter, autumn, show.
To bid them sow, the clamoring crane hies o'er the Libyan deep;
And tells the mariner to hang his rudder up and sleep.
Orestes, too, by him forewarned, will think of honest labor,
And weave a coat, that when he quakes he may not strip his neighbor.
Another season, next the kite announcing hastes to tell
When sheep in spring-time should be clipped. Next, when 'tis fit to sell
The coat of frieze and buy a frock—that learn ye from the swallow.
Your Ammon we, and Delphi, are, Dodona and Apollo.
So ye to birds do ever turn for oracles divine;
Whether ye barter, money take, or holy wedlock join;
Nor aught there is by augury, but for a bird may pass;
A word, a sign, a sound, a sneeze, a servant, or an ass."

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According to Wieland, the *Knights* ought to be called the "Demagogues." It has less variety than any of the author's other plays; but that it was not only interesting but did much good, cannot be doubted. At all events, it is now to be regarded more as a political satire than as a drama. The characters are but few—namely, two slaves, Demosthenes and Nicias; a sausage-seller; a tanner, representing Cleon, the great demagogue of his time; a chorus of Athenian knights, and a personification of the Athenian people. Athens is represented as a house, the master of which is Demus, whose confidential servant and slave-driver is Cleon. The first act opens with the entrance of Demosthenes and Nicias in the garb of slaves, who greatly deplore the misery to which they are subjected by their master; and finally, it is proposed by Nicias that they should endeavor to make their escape. In the mean time, almost every remark they make is an attack, more or less direct, on Cleon. Nor does Demus escape his share of the hard knocks. This will be sufficiently evident from a portion of the humorous, graphic account which Demosthenes is made to give of the Athenian people:

"With reverence to your worships, 'tis our fate
To have a testy, cross-grain'd, bilious, sour
Old fellow for our master; one much given
To a bean-diet; somewhat hard of hearing:
Demus his name, sirs, of the parish of Pnyx here.
Some three weeks back, or so, this lord of ours
Brought home a lusty slave from Paphlagonia,
Fresh from the tan-yard, tight and yare, and with
As nimble fingers, and as foul a mouth,
As ever yet paid tribute to the gallows.
This tanner Paphlagonian (for the fellow
Wanted not penetration) bowed and scraped,
And fawned and wagged his ears and tail, dog-fashion;
And thus soon slipped into the old man's graces
Occasional douceurs of leather-pairings,
With speeches to this tune, made all his own.
'Good sir, the court is up—you've judged one cause;
'Tis time to take the bath. Allow me, sir;
This cake is excellent; pray, sup this broth;
This soup will not offend you, though crop-full;
You love an obolus:—pray, take these three.
Honor me, sir, with your commands for supper.'
Sad times, meanwhile, for us! With prying looks,
Round comes my man of hides; and if he finds us
Cooking a little something for our master,
Incontinently lays his paw upon it,
And modestly in his own name presents it.
It was but t'other day these hands had mix'd
A Spartan pudding for him; there at Pylus."

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Nicias thinks that, lest they might be brought back into captivity after making their escape, it was best to imitate the example of Themistocles, who was supposed to have poisoned himself with a cup of bullock's blood. Demosthenes is of opinion that a bowl of wine would prove a more agreeable, if not a more effectual remedy, proceeds to eulogize the grape, and after doing ample justice to the subject, he sends his companion into the house for a pitcher, in order that he may demonstrate the truth of his hypothesis by suitable experiments. We have not space to describe the scenes that follow. It must suffice to say that they are irresistibly amusing. We are next presented with sketches of Eucrates, Lysiles, and Cleon; one being represented as a tow-vender (*στωππειοπλωης*) the other as a sheep-seller (*προβατοπωλης*), and the other as a skin-seller (*βμρσοπωλης*). The three are in turn expelled by each other; a sausage-seller, the most degraded of all, having managed to ensconce himself in their place. In due time this personage makes his appearance on the stage with all the paraphernalia of his calling—bearing a sort of counter, furnished with sausages, black puddings, knives, &c., suspended from his neck. He is waited upon by Demosthenes, who salutes him, respectfully, tells him to lay down his counter, and nominates him as the premier of Athens. Supposing the nomination all a joke, the sausage-seller desires to proceed to market as usual, taking with him his chopping-block, mincing-knife, ladle, &c. But he is assured that he may really consider himself as destined to be the ruler of Athens. Of course he is ignorant, of low birth, and perhaps not very honest, but he is all the more qualified, for these various reasons. The only danger is that he possesses too much intelligence. At any rate the oracles have been consulted, and have decided the question of fitness in a manner that admits of no cavil. "A colossal figure," says Mitchell, "sides in whose obesity the fists might imbed themselves without any chance of reaching the ribs, and that look of stolidity from which nothing but the word 'Anan,' seems capable of being extracted, form the *tout ensemble* of the future demagogue of Athens." The two slaves look at each other almost in despair; but the oracles are too decided to admit of their doubting, and the reflection that a demagogue may be formed out of any materials encourages them to proceed. The political catechism accordingly soon begins; and the mode in which a pupil—sluggish and inapt at first—gradually warms into a bold and impudent

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demagogue, and finally ends in a statesman, such as might have done credit to democracy in her best and palmiest days, is among the most amusing features of this drama.

No poet, ancient or modern, understood the science of abuse better than Aristophanes, but he takes care to have all this part of the work done by the chorus, which, be it remembered, is supposed to come from the regions of the air generally, from a cloud that is visible to the audience. The following complimentary address to Cleon will serve as a fair specimen, if it be borne in mind that no translation can reproduce the humor, vivacity, and sarcastic wit of the original:

"*Rascal! blackguard! bawling knave!*
Every shore the billows lave,
Every assembly that we hold,
Every custom-house that's enrolled,
Every justice's office, and
Every law-court in the land,
Has been seen and felt to be
Full of thy audacity!
O thou *stirrer up of mud*
In the limpid fishy flood,
Thou disturber of this whole
Tranquil state! Thou restless soul,
Who has deafened us by the clang
Of thy noisy loud harangue;
Watching for the tribute moneys,
From the hustings' marble block,
As the fisher watches tunnies
From the lofty beetling rock."

All this seems very naughty, especially the terms "rascal," "blackguard," &c. But in the original the drapery is so graceful that it cannot offend the most fastidious taste. Even "stirrer up of mud" (*βορβοροταρεξι*) is so euphonious in the radiant language of Aristophanes, that far from exciting any disgust it rather pleases the mind, as well as the ear, by presenting a picture of the sportive restlessness of a certain species of fish. The poet appears to more advantage, however, when using the language of eulogy, or approbation, especially when it is elicited by patriotism, genius, or integrity, and in this case too it is the chorus that speaks. The following passage will serve as an instance. For the benefit of the Greek student we give the original, side by side with Mitchell's translation:

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Εὐλογῆσαι βουλόμεσθα τοὺς
πατέρας ἡμῶν, ὅτι
ἀνδρες ἦσαν τῆσδε τῆς γῆς
ἄξιοι καὶ τοῦ πέπλου,
οἵτινες πεζαῖς μάχαισιν ἔν
τε ναυφρὰκτῳ στρατῷ
πανταχοῦ νικῶντες ἀεὶ τήνδ'
ἐκόσμησαν πόλιν·
οὐ γὰρ οὐδεὶς πώποτ' αὐτῶν
τοὺς ἐναντίους ἰδὼν
ἠρίθμησεν, ἀλλ' ὁ θυμὸς εὐ-
θὺς ἦν—ἀμυνίας·
εἰ δέ που πέσοιεν ἐς τον ὠμὸν
ἐν μάχῃ τινί,
τοῦτ' ἀπεψήσαντ' ἂν, εἶτ'
ἠρνοῦντο μὴ πεπτωκέναι,
ἀλλὰ διαπαλαιον αὖθις. καὶ
στρατηγὸς οὐδ' ἂν εἷς
τῶν πρὸ τοῦ σίτησιν ἤτηο'
ἱρόμενος—Κλεαίνετον·
νῦν δ' ἐὰν μὴ προεδρίαν φέ-
ρωσι καὶ τὰ σιτία,
οὐ μαχεῖσθαι φασιν. ἡμεῖε δ'
ἀξιοῦμεν τῇ πόλει
προῖκα γενναίως ἀμύνειν καὶ
θεοῖς ἐγχωρίοις.
καὶ πρὸς οὐκ αἰτοῦμεν οὐδὲν,
πλὴν τοσουτονὶ μόνον'
ἢν ποτ' εἰρήνη γένηται καὶ
πόνων παυσώμεθα,
μὴ φθονεῖθ' ἡμῶσι μηδ'
ἀπεστλεγγισμένοις
V. 560.

"Praise and homage let us pay
To the men of elder day;
They alone of this our earth
Ne'er impeached their noble birth,
Plants of an eternal spring,
Born for endless blossoming.
Foot or horse, by land or sea,
Still they reached at victory;
Raising high by generous toil
The splendor of their native soil;
When they saw their foemen bold,
They their numbers never told;
Ready swords and valor high
Were a help-mate ever nigh.
If upon the arm they fell,
'Twas but a brush and all was well;
Rising quick they dealt a wound,
As they had never touched the ground.
Never then did general,
Though ambitious of the hall,
Pay the tribute of his knee
To Cleanetus, that he
Might his commons get, cost free.
Rank and banquet now men ask,
Or they spurn the soldier's task.
Not so we, sirs, we'll still wear
Athens' wrongs upon our spear;
And the best blood in our breast
Free shall flow at her behest.
Nor for this our patriot flame
Other payment will we claim,
That when peace resumes her sway,
(Nor far distant be that day!)
None shall taunt reproachful throw,
That our locks too timely flow;
Nor malignly mark, if we
With the bath and brush make free."

This is followed by the national anthem—a charming lyric in the form of a hymn, or appeal to Pallas, the patroness of Athens. It shows that, gifted and highly-favored as the Athenians were, they had a full appreciation of their own greatness and superiority—quite as much as any people, however vainglorious, of our own time:

"O thou, whom Patroness we call,
Of this the holiest land of all,
That circling seas admire;
The land where Power delights to dwell,
And War his mightiest feats can tell,
And Poesy to sweetest swell
Attunes her voice and lyre.
Come, blue-eyed maid, and with thee bring
The goddess of the eagle wing,
To help our bold endeavor;
Long have our armies owned thy aid,
O Victory! immortal maid;
Now other deeds befit thee well,
A bolder foe remains to quell:
Give aid, then, now or never."

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We may well believe that, among so lively and enthusiastic a people as the Athenians, this spirited lyric was followed by loud cheers; since, brief as it is, it addresses itself directly to all those aspirations and feelings which were most dear to them as a people. We should like to add to our extracts the narrative of the sausage-vender, which is an exceedingly amusing satire on the Athenian people; but we have already transcended the bounds which we had prescribed for the present article, although we have merely taken a cursory glance at three of the comedies, leaving seven to be treated, we trust, in a less unsatisfactory manner in future numbers.

ART. V.—1. *L'Année littéraire et dramatique, ou Revue annuelle des principales productions de la littérature Fançaise et des traductions des œuvres les plus importantes des littératures étrangères classées étudiées par genres,*—avec l'indication des événements les plus remarquables appartenant à l'historie littéraire, dramatique et bibliographique de l'année, par G. VAPEREAU, auteur du Dictionnaire universel des Contemporains. Première et deuxième année. Paris, 1859 and 1860. L. Hachette et Cie.

2. *La Légende des Siècles, par* VICTOR HUGO. Première Série.—*Histoire—Les petites épopées.* Paris: Michel Levy Frères. 2 vols. 8vo.

3. *Idylles Héroiques par* VICTOR DE LAPRADE, *de l'Academie Française.* Paris: Michel Levy Frères.

4. *Mireio, Pouèmo Prouveçau de* FREDERI MISTRAL. Avignon. 1 vol. 8vo.

5. *Essais de Critique et d'histoire par* H. TAINE. Paris: Hachette et Cie. 1 vol. in 12.

6. *Variétés littéraires, morales et historiques par* M. S. DE SACY, de l'Academie Français. Paris.

7. *Essai sur le génie de Pindare et sur la Poésie Lyrique dans ses rapports, avec l'élévation morale et religieuse des peuples par* M. VILLEMAIN, membre de l'Institute. Paris: Firmin Didot. 1 vol. 8vo.

THE student of literature must confess that we are in a happy age, one in which every facility is afforded to those who wish to devote themselves to the pursuits of letters.

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Not only are we able to glean pleasure and instruction from the literary treasures of our own language, but countless translations, reviews, criticisms of foreign works, make us acquainted with the good of other lands. The age foreseen by Goethe seems to be dawning, when beyond, above the spirit of nationality, there will loom the spirit of humanity, and in letters all tongues will be as one in the *World-literature.* If we compare our position in the latter half of the nineteenth century with that of readers of a hundred years ago, we shall find every reason to be proud of our own times. Where was the communion then between man and man? Who in the France of Louis XV. even suspected the wealth that lay concealed in the languages of Germany and England? and where, while a conventional supremacy was accorded to the works of Racine and Boileau, where was the real literary intercourse between the various nations of Europe? Where was the interchange of thought? The journal and review of limited circulation, though often directed with great ability, seldom ventured beyond native productions. Literary history was but in its infancy; it is only attaining in our own day its legitimate development. While now we follow with ease not merely the progress of our own country, but across thousands of miles of ocean, we know what each land is producing. A Hungarian or Serbian bard is known and translated, when not fifty years ago his name would have remained unmentioned. And all thanks to the periodical press which records, day after day, the steady advance of thought, presenting the labors of our nationality, and introducing them to another. Among the promoters of universalism in knowledge must not be forgotten the patient compilers, who present to us at one view the labors of a people, who year after year collect the materials which later will serve as the ground-work of comprehensive histories. M. Vapereau, whose work heads this article, deserves to be placed in the foremost ranks of those who have devoted themselves to this humble sphere of authorship.

German literature has been classified with care. Every year gives birth to works in which may be seen in chronological order the productions of that preceding it. Not so with the French. In France, more than in Germany, was such a "Literary Annual" necessary. The centralization of the German book-trade at Leipzig has so developed the bibliography of the present, so many and such complete catalogues are published, not only of every year and quarter, but even of

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every month and week, that it is a matter of facility at any time to find out the date and title of any publication. The classification of modern German literature leaves nothing to be desired. But then the Germans, in all branches, are the princes of classifiers. There is centralization of the book-trade in Paris only in appearance. There is no order in French bibliography—in that of the immediate present, at least. Works printed in the provinces may be sought for in the capital in vain, and these, especially of the southern departments, have often a high literary and linguistic value.

The *Année Littèraire* of M. Vapereau is a yearly history of French literature in a series of well-digested notices; not written just after the close of the year, but matured and issued when the materials have all been carefully collected. At least, the two volumes that have already appeared merit this praise. These volumes comprise a view of French productions during the years 1858 and 1859. The division adopted is clear and well defined. The works are classed under the various heads of Poetry, Novels, the Drama, Criticism and Literary History, History and accessory studies, Moral and Political Science, Æsthetics, Philology, Miscellanies, and Reviews and Periodicals. Finally a *chronique* is added, which recounts the events of the literary world, the most worthy of mention.

If we look over these two years of which M. Vapereau has classed the principal productions, we shall find in them the incarnation of the spirit that seems to animate French letters; one of uncertainty, of uneasiness, of groping in the dark. We feel in an age of transition. There is no definite character, no stamped individuality. The colors seem to play into each other. Bright kaleidoscopic views are presented to the eyes at sudden turns, then follow scenes of distorted images. Now a *Légende des Siècles* is written, and now appears an unsightly excrescence on the fair countenance of literature, the *Fanny* of Feydeau. It is as if the confusion which Napoleon III. restrained by his authority, had found its way in the realm of letters. High and noble thoughts walk side by side with corruption. Even in the same work we find that mixture, that want of a sense of fitness, which, if it be not called a blemish, can only be explained on the charitable ground, that while oppression weighs heavily on a people, even from power wisely directed, that oppression must engender a series of moral diseases which find their vent in unusual channels.

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In poetry, during the years embraced in M. Vapereau's survey, the French language has produced but two works of importance. Victor Hugo's *Légende des Siècles*, and Autran's *Milianah*. The former, which was the literary event of the year in which it was produced, read and analyzed wherever the French is spoken, has met with praise that was only equalled by the merciless criticism and dissection to which it was subjected. The "Legend of Ages" divides time from the creation to the last day into fifteen periods. The first, "from Eve to Jesus," is Biblical in character. Then follows a piece relating to the downfall of Rome. Three poems are devoted to Islamism; a few Carlovingian recitals fill up the next period. The rest is mostly taken up with the middle ages; while the last poems, *Maintenant*, *Pleine Mer*, *Plein Ciel*, and *Hors des Temps*, are free from historical allusions. In this comprehensive survey of humanity, this view of all history by the poet, this search into primitive tradition, India is not mentioned. The Orient, that mother of all our civilization, is omitted. Yet, where could Victor Hugo's genius have been more at home than in those Brahmanic traditions? He seems the natural interpreter of those contrasts we find in Hindoo mythology, where the imagination is unbridled, and the same lips that whisper the most melting tones of love, delight the next moment in a mystic intermingling of all heavenly and earthly; where soul-orgies of penance serve to attone for the physical orgies of crime, of sensuality; where all that commences with graceful motion, ends in monstrous creations. Whatever Victor Hugo treats, acquires under his touch the characteristics that are the distinguishing traits of this primitive Oriental poesy. We may be justly sorry that he has not woven some of its legends into his last work. Nor does Greece detain him: it is the middle ages he dwells upon. The period of chivalry alone fills up the second half of the first volume. To Italy he devotes one poem, *Rathbert;* Spain and the inquisition are likewise represented, but the eighteenth century and the French revolution are not.

In this race through all ages, gay scenes are not those chosen in preference by the poet. Is it, as he himself says, "because smiling pictures are less frequent in history;" or is it not rather the natural tendency of the writer to paint Quasimodos and Claude Frollos with more fidelity than Esmeraldas? In this last work of the exile, embittered perhaps by political recollections, we find even reality painted in

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its darkest aspect. He sees but sinister gleams lighting the bloody track of man.

"The poet hears only cries of rage on one side, and of grief on the other; but pity for the victims dies away in the anger he feels against the torturers. He has no voice to console, he only finds one to curse. Tyranny of every kind, usurpation, oppression, violence, war, call forth his imprecations. He sees limitless power engender unscrupled malignity; force organized to serve man only, serve to crush him. At this sight he revolts, protests, calls upon expiation and vengeance. He describes epochs of oppression with an exhaustless complacency, in order to render their religious and political principles more odious. A few graceful traits are scattered among these horrid picturings, but to darken them by contrast. Sinister night, which a lightning beam alone furrows, and which makes us sigh for the light of day. Monstrous chaos, in which are stifled in their birth the germs of order, of peace, and of love, of which the poet, almost a prophet, promises us, in a better world, the happy eclosion."

One example, to illustrate this last method into which the author of the *Châtiments* seems to have settled. It is a piece called *Le Parricide.* Canute, having been accessory to the death of his own father, has become in the eyes of men a great monarch, just, wise, powerful, honored. After a long reign, he is followed to his tomb as a saint. But when night comes, he wanders forth, wrapped in his white shroud, through the countries of the north, to seek forgiveness for his crime. Then the king who had never trembled or turned aside with fear, now turns, as a "drop of blood falls upon his white shroud," and at every turn he takes, another drop of blood, and another, fall and bar his way; alone he wanders through the dark night, whose immensity is only equalled by the silence that the dripping sound alone breaks. It is the deity he seeks, but at every step faster fall the drops of blood, and faster, until just when reaching the threshold, when he sees gleams of a mysterious light, his shroud is one sheet of crimson, and he dares not even enter to ask for atonement. "Therefore it is that Canute has remained in the darkness, unable to regain his primitive purity, and feeling, at every step he takes towards the light, a drop of blood raining upon his hand, he roams forever under a huge black sky!" Such are the pictures Victor Hugo delights to present, and he presents them always with a vigor all his own. His strength lies in contrast, and this power is so developed in him, that his creations often cease to be human. He is the poet of the monstrous, the horrible, the deformed. When he touches upon the grotesque, there is the same exaggeration. The

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satyr, in the seventh division of the "Legend," whimsically intermingles a lyric tone with imaginings that few but our poet would have dared to incorporate in his verse. The whole piece is as the satyr himself, a composition "of slime and of azure."

Leaving aside all analysis of a work of which no analysis can give an idea, the question that will naturally arise on reading it will be: Is this then the Legend of Ages? Are those dark, monstrous characters the representatives of humanity? Cannot more space be allowed to images of good? It would be sad to think there could not. However this may be, it seems the destiny of some poetic natures to paint more vividly scenes of evil and misery, than those of virtue and happiness. They have warm colors for crime, and their indignation finds words of utterance when their satisfaction is mute; passion, in all its excesses, inspires in them that fulness of imagery which they seek for in vain, in the steady course of right. Victor Hugo is of these. His poetry is sensuous; he more than paints—he chisels, not fair shapes, but quaint Gothic mouldings, that have a sublimity of their own. It is rarely the higher analogies he sees. If he does, he wilfully distorts them to address, not the noblest part of our nature, but the sensitive. He may make us weep or shudder, but so will a melodrama, while the highest art that reaches the deepest, often affects us in appearance the least. Its influence is calm, quiet; it steals upon us imperceptibly, till we are permeated with its essence and spirit.

In the *Légende des Siècles*, at every page are surprises—surprises in the thought, surprises in the expression, surprises in the might of the imagination, that can dash at will such strokes of color through its creations; that deals with the huge and formless, and illumines the whole with a lurid glare that makes it appear still vaster. To find fault with the work would be to find fault with the method of the poet in every thing. More than in his drama, more than in his prose works, has he in this last production carried out the spirit of that method. It is either the best work he has written, or the worst. Granting him all the exigencies of his ideal of art, let us call it the best; for it presents in the execution beauties of the highest order, though it is a constant cause of rebellion in the reader.

The *Idylles Héroiques* of Victor de Laprade are three poems—*Frantz*, *Rosa Mystica*, and *Herman*—written in the

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half-mystic vein, of which the author seeks to tell the secret in his long preface. This exposition of his poetic views of art challenges comparison with "The Destinies of Poetry," written by Lamartine, and prefixed to the edition of the *Meditations* in 1834. When the poet seeks to justify the use he makes of certain elements in poetry, he incurs the risk of giving arms to opponents, who, in his irregularities, would not have thought of seeking for a system steadily pursued. And this Laprade has done in the present instance. The pages wherein a parallel is drawn between music and poetry —between a symphony, a poem, and a landscape—between Shakespeare and Beethoven—are certainly eloquent, but they show too evidently an attempt to reconcile inspiration with fixed laws. When the poet has told us what rôle "the birds and trees and mountain summits" play in modern poetry, what lesson they teach, what impression they produce upon him, he has done all he can to lessen that impression upon his hearers. We feel, at every recurrence of these "mountain summits," the evident use they are made to subserve. We have had so many indiscretions on the part of writers in this century, from Chateaubriand and Lamartine down to the last inspired parlor poet, who must place the public in the confidence of his motives of inspiration in a preface lengthier than his poems, that we should by this time have learned to forget the lining with which an author seeks to strengthen what is spontaneous and good in him. We may then forgive Laprade for sinning with his age; for, as a poet of rare merit, he has proved himself above his theory. *Rosa Mystica* abounds in passages that are only equalled, not surpassed, by the best pages of Lamartine. What would not be the effect if certain strophes, if certain ideas, had been under varying forms, as a melody passing alternately from one instrument to the other, fundamentally the same, but differing in the impression left, as the tones seem to travel through the various zones, as it were, of the instrumentation—what would not be the effect of this same feeling of recurring melody, this rhyming of the thought, had not the poet in his preface called our attention to this very thing, which he would lead us to believe was a mere art-trick? We will not call into question the analogies discovered by M. Laprade between music and poetry; but in developing his theory, he has not shown himself the friend of the poet, from whom we demand, as a first requisite, spontaneous inspiration, little caring whether accompanied by full consciousness of the means used.

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The French language is not the only one spoken in France. There are millions of Frenchmen south of the Loire whose native tongue is the Provençal, scarcely differing, after six centuries of neglect, from the idioms in which the Troubadours sung. This language, which it is scarcely just to call a *patois*, has of late given to France several works of rare merit. *Mireio*, by Frederi Mistral, is the chief of these. And here we must protest against the summary judgment pronounced in the *Année Littéraire*. *Mireio* is a work evincing a high poetic talent. After the labors of Roumanille to restore to letters that rich and beautiful language of the Troubadours, this poem may be hailed as the first accomplishment of the promise of the revival of an idiom which can now boast of popular poetry as rich as any in Europe. *Mireio* shows us more of Provence than all the long volumes of travellers could tell us. He that reads it is carried away to that land where the olive, the bee, and the silk-worm are lavish of their richest gifts. It is no fugitive piece, but a finished production, in twelve cantos. There is more in it than mere "grace and brilliancy," as Vapereau tells us. There is in it the true poetic element, a power of description we do not find surpassed by any of the present poets of France, a tenderness in the sentiments that is not surpassed by the writers of England and Germany. And all is clothed in that melodious Provençal, which we are thankful to Mistral for having used in preference to the Academic French. It is his own tongue, and the scenes of Provence described in it, have a charm they could never acquire in the best French translation.

In the department of romance, and in the drama, France is always productive. To these M. Vapereau devotes no less than three hundred and fifty-two pages, which it is painful to read through to find so little that deserves to outlive the year of publication. Of novels, not one deserves to be cited for its intrinsic literary merit—scarcely three for the ephemeral celebrity they still enjoy, and of these there is but one that good taste must not condemn.

Two works, by writers unknown before, have sufficed, within the space of a few months, to give their authors a celebrity, not to say notoriety, which years of serious and useful labors would not have given them. They deserve more than a passing notice, if only on account of the debates they have given rise to. The first, *Madame Bovary*, by Gustave Flaubert, was the subject of judicial proceedings, having been

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attacked as contrary to morality. It was, however, defended with such skill that the author was acquitted, and the accusation only served to excite popular curiosity. *Madame Bovary* is simply the story of a young woman in whom a convent education and the reading of the novels of the day have developed such tastes of luxury and such a thirst for pleasure, that the position she occupies in life cannot permit her to indulge in her inclinations without sacrificing her honor, and that of those among whom she lives. There is a final semblance of justice; but what effect can a mere catastrophe have upon a reader, when through the whole work the promptings of instinct and passion are, if not excused, at least pictured with complacency?

If the morality of *Madame Bovary* is questioned, what must be said of *Fanny*, by Ernest Feydeau? Of plot, there is none, and the work may be resumed in the mildest terms by the words: Fanny is a woman who shares as equitably as possible between her husband and her lover. *C'est un livre qui sent le patchouli*, said M. de Montegut, and this characterizes it better than the word "poem," applied by Sainte-Beuve. Thus do some writers of France seek to paint reality, to daguerreotype nature, to show men as they are, under the pretext that truth is the first thing to be aimed at in art. We are initiated into all the secrets of man's physical weakness. There is a minute description, a dissection, an anatomizing of all passion. We are appealed to for sympathy, and melodramatic combinations are called into play to elicit it from us. If merit must be measured by the emotion produced in the hearer, then *La Dame aux Camélias*, and all such plays of the *Demi-Monde*, are superior by far to the best tragedies; and *Madame Bovary* and *Fanny* stand higher than romances of our best authors. Tears and sympathy are cheap things, and it requires no remarkable talent to elicit them from the majority of mankind. It is a proof of generosity in man that he so readily weeps over the fate of those whose own vices have plunged them into misery; and some writers take advantage of this to palliate those vices. We owe it to the healthy portion of ourselves, to draw ever a clear, distinct line between that animal fatality that causes sin, and the moral courage and will that give force to resist it. If nature envelopes us with a thousand threads of passion, have we not something within that enables us to extricate ourselves? He that complacently paints that fatalism of exterior things acting upon

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the soul, has done injustice to that soul if he has not shown its share in the accomplishment of our destinies. If the overflowings of passion be made a spectacle, they must, at the same time, be made a lesson. It is not *truth* in art to dissect man's weakness, and look at it microscopically, unless, at the same time, the higher laws of heart and soul are presented. There is a literature in the present that takes daguerreotypes of man and nature. There is not a crevice, not a gap, not a flaw in that poor human nature, that is not exposed to view. But is the picture true? Is it in a photograph that you will seek for the grandeur of Swiss scenery? Or do those pale copies of Niagara, that are so exact, incorporate the spirit of the cataract? Where is the roar, and the eternal flow?

France has produced several works to counteract such pernicious works as those, for example, of Balzac. The one that has attracted most attention is *Le Roman d'un jeune homme pauvre*, by Octave Feuillet; although, with all the interest attached to the plot, it sins in its principal character, who is made a representative of all the virtues. The style is elegant, and it is consoling that, while the works of Flaubert and Feydeau had been so much read, the work of Feuillet was received with no less enthusiasm, read with no less avidity. We are too ready to brand French morality with epithets it does not always deserve. In America, especially, we are too well acquainted with the trash of the French press, too little with the good. To look upon Feydeau and About as representatives of their people, is an injustice to the nation, in which the sentiment of right and wrong, and the love for good, honest, healthy literature, is as strong as in any other.

All that has been said concerning the *realism* of French novels, might be repeated in still stronger terms when speaking of the drama. Of the hundreds of new plays that are produced every season on the numerous French stages, comparatively few deserve to be classed among literary contributions. However, beyond the profession, there is also enough of originality and real merit to warrant the assertion, that at present nowhere else is the drama so well supported; in no other country is a greater number of meritorious plays produced annually.

It is the theatre of the Gymnase that has produced those numerous plays that find their heroes and heroines in the *Demi-monde*. M. Alexander Dumas' son has been the chief caterer in this line. Yearly we meet some new production of this

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author, causing new surprise by the nature of the subject, and the boldness, often ability, with which it is treated. *Le fils naturel* and *Un père prodigue* belong to that school of French plays; the only one, unfortunately, we find fully represented on the American stage, while the truly good creations of French play-rights are ignored, giving place to such pieces of intrigue, more or less disfigured to be rendered acceptable to an American audience. The works of Dumas, *fils*, possess all the merits of the photographic school. Though oftener dwelling on the exception than the rule, they are very real pictures. But they lack that higher perspective which gives to moral worth its true place. True in the details, they are false taken as a whole. There is in them justness and nicety of observation, elegance of language, force and passion. Pages could be penned on their merits. They interest and captivate; they must succeed. They appeal to what all men listen to willingly; sympathy for the fallen, whoever they be. But they only show man's weakness; they never seek to portray his greatness as well.

One branch of letters in which the French nation yearly produce works of the first order of talent is that of literary criticism. The numerous volumes of *Mélanges*, *Fragments*, *Souvenirs*, and *Causeries littéraires* attest the love of analysis which leads the first men of the nation, whatever be the studies that engage them, to devote leisure hours to the consideration of the works of their contemporaries, without presenting any thing like the connected volumes, *Ouvrages de longue haleine*, such as Germany yearly issues. France now rivals England, and by far excels Germany, in those shorter works which more or less assume the character of essays. The two writers who might be called the antipodes of each other in this species of literary criticism, and who each stand at the head of their respective schools, are Sainte-Beuve and Taine. Sainte-Beuve is eminently qualified to present to the public the most dissimilar writers. He has a marvellous gift in assimilating himself, for the time being, to the genius of the author he criticises. In his company the reader is initiated into a thousand secret springs and motives of action. Nothing is too minute to arrest his attention. Small biographical anecdotes explain an obscure passage. Sometimes a little scandal is retailed, for M. Sainte-Beuve has always on hand a store of such dainties to offer to his reader. His memory never seems to fail him, and it is evident that for forty years he has done

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all his reading with pen in hand. Quite the reverse is Taine in his *Essais de critique et d' histoire.* In him all is systematic. Such little anecdotes as Sainte-Beuve loves to recount, those gleams of light that French critics love to admit through half-open doors, all those accessories that do not reach the very heart of the matter in question, Taine discards. His criticism is serious and elevated; he seeks to make it geometrically systematic, but his genius carries him beyond. Speaking of Dickens, he expresses one of his favorite ideas thus:

"The genius of a man resembles a clock; it has its mechanism, and among all the pieces a main-spring. Unravel this spring, show how it gives motion to the others, follow this motion from piece to piece to the exterior hand where it ends. This interior history of genius does not depend upon the exterior genius of the man, and is of as much importance."

De Sacy belongs pre-eminently to the reign of Louis Philip. In letters, all his sympathies are with the seventeenth century and with classic antiquity. To read some of his pages, one would be struck with the little regard paid by him to the progress and incessant action of our age. "I would give all screw steamers in the world for an Æneid," he tells us. Or again, "Humanity prefers the immortal pages of Tacitus and Thucydides to all the A plus Bs in the world." However, no writer can be more tolerant. In religion, in politics, in all, he has that same leaning towards the past, yet he never forgets to render full justice to those with whom he openly avows to have no sympathies in common. There are two men in De Sacy: the journalist, who for thirty years never failed to be present at all parliamentary discussions, who identified himself with the reign of Louis Philip in the journal that was known as the organ of the Government; and the student, who, shutting out the tumultuary scenes of the present, loved to finger over old rare editions in his cabinet. His mental feasts are with Boileau, Corneille, Racine; "books which children know by heart." He is young again in their company. But where is the man of letters who, in his dear occupations, is not young to the last day?

The seventeenth century has of late years been made the object of especial study and minute researches. Victor Cousin, in his "French Society in the Seventeenth Century according to the *Grand Cyrus* of Mlle. de Scudery," has added two more volumes to the library he is creating on the celebrated women of this period. When one whose life has been devoted to the severe studies of philosophy, undertakes to look into the frivolous regions of light literature, it may be

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expected that his patience and enthusiasm will throw such light upon the obscure details, that they will acquire a momentary value much above their intrinsic worth. Such seems often to have been the result of the late labors of Cousin. Like a new Champolion, he has studied the hieroglyphics of the past, and sought to reconstruct an age; that, too, from a novel, and one of the most tedious works that the pen of woman has ever written. *Le Grand Cyrus!* There is enough in the name to give somnolent thoughts to the most intrepid reader of romance, but Victor Cousin has waded through it all. Few will venture to follow him, or call in question the exactitude of his researches. In this rejuvenation of a society now fallen into oblivion, is there not danger that the enthusiastic writer, in his wish for completeness, should strangely displace certain figures? Can we at any time accord full credence to such a transformation of romance into history? Are not such minute investigations, when presented under such a brilliant form, rather a play of fancy on the part of the eclectic philosopher, whose imagination and poetic gifts are fully equal to his erudition?

But we hasten to speak of the works of one of the master-critics of France, Villemain. The first, a work on Chateaubriand, is neglected in the *Année litteraire*. This constitutes the first of a series of biographical studies, political rather than literary. The essay on the genius of Pindar, and on lyric poetry in general, is a more important production. This essay fills a large volume, and is more than its title would seem to indicate. It is a brilliant, comprehensive survey of lyric poetry in all ages, a volume worthy to take its place among the best works of the author. The rich mantle of French prose seems to have dropped from the shoulders of Chateaubriand on the author of the literary history of the eighteenth century. In the present essay, in that same fulness of style, he recounts the first early stammerings of classic and sacred poesy, prolongs his view through the polytheism of Greece and Rome, through the monotheism of the Hebrews; begins anew with the early Christian liturgy in the catacombs, then through the middle ages, through modern times, to end with the prophetic pages on the promises of the future. It is always a matter of sorrow to an admirer of German literature that Villemain has neglected it in his numerous *études*, and that he must always modestly refer his readers, when about to touch on points connected with German letters, to the labors of others. And this feeling will

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arise while perusing the pages he devotes to the lyric poetry of the present age. To have left out the nation which, in the nineteenth century, has done so much in this particular, renders the work incomplete. Yet, as it is, we have in Villemain's Essay on Pindar the fullest development yet given to the history of lyric poetry. Grand analogies are discovered between authors whom centuries and nationalities divide, and the light of universal appreciation is thrown on the productions of every age. In conclusion, he questions the future destinies of lyric poetry. Many have done so before him; few with more hope. We see the present so ordered, so classed. In the armies of the day or the political strifes, discipline and cunning seem to have taken the place of valor and enthusiasm. We seem far from the days when the individual, less lost in the mass, arose above all conventionalities to give free vent to his genius. Yet, may not sudden upheavings of society recall and excite anew the generous emotions that have never died and are but slumbering? There is oppression, and tyranny and wrong yet in the world, and the people that, neglecting material interests to fight for the right and just, seek to overthrow abuses, will be rewarded, there is no fear, with the poetry that generous deeds engender. To return to M. Villemain's essay. It concludes with hope:

"In genius, as in faith, there are always elect ones of God; and as long as enthusiasm for the morally beautiful is not banished from all hearts, as long as it is sustained by all the honest passions of the soul, it will excite at times the lightning beam of poetic thought; it will arouse what the Hebrew prophets had felt in days of oppression or of deliverance, what that king of Sparta felt, who, on the eve of a death, sought for his native land, offered his head crowned with flowers, a sacrifice to the muses. Religion, liberty, patriotism, respect for law, love of art, wherever you may be, there may always, when you exist, arise a lyric poet!"

Surely this is a noble page, and those who are so prone to attack modern French literature should not forget that such sentiments and such works re-echo in the nation more deep than all the novels which begin to find translators abroad among a certain class of publishers, when oblivion has already covered them with its veil in France.

M. Vapereau is very mild in his judgment. Indeed, in several of his notices there may be discovered a tendency to pardon much in favor of a poetic diction. There are pages all of praise on Lamartine—pages devoted to that chatty periodical, *Cours Familier de Littérature*. That the author of the *Meditations* should not be harshly judged, we willingly admit,

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though certainly those monthly talks, from the Mahabahrata down to the latest political pamphlet, are unworthy of the author of *Jocelyn*. Filled with admiration for all the poet has done, the one who in youth learned to love the Lamartine of *Le Lac* and of *Le Golfe de Baia*, can only, to preserve that love, seek to forget that he has written since 1848.

We must not take leave of the work of M. Vapereau without mentioning a literary movement which the lists he presents reveal to us. It is well known how exclusive France has hitherto been, admiring complacently only native productions, and doing little to introduce the study of foreign literature. The first names of England and Germany were little more than known a few years ago. Now, however, thanks to the labors of scholars, and to good translations, the number of which increases yearly, France is enriching its native literature by the legitimate importation and appropriation of foreign elements, and the exclusiveness is giving way to a more generous spirit, as works of other lands prove that literary excellence is the exclusive appanage of no nation.

If we look at the general results of this survey of French literature during the years 1858 and 1859, we are upon the whole more struck by a fecundity of production than by the few contributions of real worth. In poetry we find but little. The work that has called forth the most notice is by an exile. In France itself reigns a tone half lyrical, half pastoral. In romance little praise can be awarded, even setting aside the question of morality. In the drama, however, France maintains the supremacy of productiveness; while England, and even Germany, is comparatively sterile. In comedy, no nation excels, or even equals her now. Scarcely a week passes without giving birth to one or more plays that deserve some attention, while every season produces some of more than mere dramatic interest. However, it is in literary criticism that France is now truly productive. Her poets seem at rest, her novelists appeal to the less noble passions of the multitude, her dramatists often forget themselves in their desire for easy success; but her critics are ever ready to chastise abuses, to lash the errors of taste and style, that new doctrines have introduced, leading the way themselves, by displaying in their own writings the best models of purity of diction.

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ART. VI.—1. *Mémoires sur le Canada, publiées sur la direction de la Société Litteraire de Quebec.* 8vo. Quebec.

2. *Lord Durham's Report as High Commissioner of British North America.* London.

3. *Remarks on the Defences and Resources of Canada in the event of a War.* By CLADIUS SHAW, Esq., K.S.F., late of the Royal Artillery.

4. *McGregor's Commercial Statistics of British America.* Vol. 5. London.

WHEN the youthful heir to the sceptre of England visited our shores, "*E pluribus unum*," emblazoned on our standards, was a verity which brooked no denial and challenged no contradiction. The annals of the olden republics of the classic ages had been made familiar to his mind by early tuition—their vicissitudes of trial and of triumph—of popular power, at one time pure and prevalent in its vigor, at another prone beneath the pressure of imperial ascendancy. From these admonitions of history, his early conceptions of a commonwealth and republican institutions, it may be supposed, were derived. The details of his tour, as prearranged by the wisdom of Downing street, were judiciously elaborated. As if a sudden transition from the full radiance and glare of the throne and its dazzling accompaniments to the lustreless and bare simplicity of republican routine might prove a trial too great, it was thought some nicely graduated discipline for the mind might not be injudicious. The colonies, as a "*via media*," were employed to supply the process of disenchantment; there the rays of royalty, refracted and turned askance, paler, and enfeebled by the *media* of transition through military and civil depositories of power, would suffice to wean the mind, and predispose it for a more calm and rational appreciation of the spectacle which awaited him in the great cis-Atlantic Confederacy. Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and the Canadas, severally greeted the Prince, whose grandsire's (Duke of Kent) memory is still fondly cherished from his long sojourn in their communities.

We have said that our kinsmen of the colonies, as lieges, acquitted themselves well, fulfilled to the letter their func-

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tions of fealty, and can now exhibit, despite some awkward items in times past, a balance of loyalty to their credit; nay, they are said, if rumor is true, to have recently manifested their sympathy in no unequivocal terms for the interests of the Federal Government. They feel and know—as any novice in the rudiments of liberal polity must know—that to sunder the Confederacy and disintegrate the Union will be a wound inflicted upon the heart of free institutions throughout the world. A pæan of triumph, uttered by the secessionists, will be hailed by the despots of Europe as minstrelsy properly attuned to their ears; and then, forsooth, we shall have reiterated, as of old, in the pages of conservative journalism, tirades against democratic institutions; their inaptitude to secure and preserve a durable system of polity, applicable to the exigencies of a miscellaneous people, with commentaries and illustrations, inept and prolix, *ad nauseam usque*. How easy the transition from this distaste for republican license to a reproof of that policy propounded in the provinces, as a theorem of responsible government—the "well-understood wishes of the people"! We distinctly remember the first utterance of these emphatic words in the legislative chamber. The sages of the soil, the veteran loyalists, sat silent and sour, averted their eyes from the document to solace their vision with the cobwebs of the ceiling, as venerable remnants of conservative antiquity; occasional ejaculations, half muttered, consigning the "underlings" of Downing street to places not exactly *iso-thermal* with the atmosphere of the colonial office. Stephen was fatuitous, and Herman Merivale, whose signature was subscribed to the dispatches, was a special object for denunciation. The "*Arundines Eami*,"* in which some of his metrical effusions had commended themselves, from their classic flavor, were now spiritless, and unsuggestive of aught save radicalism. Such was then the temper of the times.

Often reflecting, as we have done, on the condition of the colonies during the last thirty years; viewing, as we have had opportunities to do, the success of the struggle to release themselves from the trammels by which their energies were so long restrained, we do not think that adequate justice has ever been done to the minds which initiated and wrought out their disengagement from a condition, if not servile, at least too humiliating for the progeny of freemen. It may be said that a change of system was the result, not of pater-

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nal policy, but of fear. The proximity of federal America, and the contagion of her example, operated, as was suspected by many, with a wholesome efficacy. This phasis of the question derives some light from the language used in a dispatch by Lord Stanley, at the time. The passage did not then excite so much attention, as has been subsequently given to it. "Leave them," says the Colonial Secretary, "as little to be desired in the freedom of the neighboring Government, as is compatible with monarchical institutions."

From this epoch, a new impulse seemed to be imparted to that spirit of political research, which had hitherto been timid in its steps. Responsible government in British America became a theme of study, and the other provinces, which had hitherto been unduly mistrustful of Canada, turned towards her with a vigilant watchfulness, solicitous of profiting by her example in the liberal construction of the terms by which they were to regulate the conditions of their new existence.

Colonial toryism (which had found a domicile in the provinces from the "refugees," as they were styled, or "loyalists," as they delighted in denominating themselves exclusively) was sustained in its struggle for predominance by the English officials in the departments of the revenue and secretariat of the Queen's representative. These functionaries assumed to repudiate all supervision over their acts, or accountability to any tribunal except that from which they immediately derived their authority, the lords of the treasury, or a minister of state. Complaint was nugatory, however just the grounds. A member for Pool, in Dorsetshire, could protect a son or a nephew from the charges of a mercantile community or a colonial legislature, and if not retort him on the people whom he had defied, elevate him, by a translation to some preferment of greater profit and emolument.

It was in a warfare for relief from these grievances, that some of the names now frequently seen in colonial narrative, attained to a conspicuous position before the public, while among those who did battle for their freedom in these provincial councils of the people, there were some whose spirits fainted in the race, and whose hearts were broken by the struggle. The form of one, well-remembered in the provinces, ever vigorous, uniform, and unvarying, stern as he

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was sincere, presents himself for recognition. A politician, shrewd, and with a mind, though not classic, clear as the crystal stream; a constitution sinewy and solid, Huntington, for his political probity known throughout British America, succumbed, and was borne to an early grave. He survived to witness some realization of his hopes, but the fruition was too brief.

Of the present Secretary of Nova Scotia, well and widely known throughout Canada, Mr. Howe, the outcry and clamor with which his early action on the behalf of constitutional freedom was assailed and beset, are yet legible in the journalism of that day. His prompt pen, with the vigor and the versatile resources of a persuasive rhetoric, knew no repose or inaction, while a solitary obstacle was left in the way of those reforms to which in his earnestness he aspired. The people were awakened to a sense of their own self-respect, and no class more enthusiastically aided in the onset, or pressed forward in the footsteps of their leader through the struggle with less blenching or mistrust, than the sons of the Emerald Isle.

Thus far we have glanced only at the maritime dependencies of Great Britain, conterminous with the Atlantic seaboard, and now find ourselves insensibly approaching the ground we propose to examine as regards the future fortunes of the Canadas, to which the eyes of Europe as well as of America have long been directed. The rapidity of their growth in resources, great increase in population, susceptibility in the latter particular, from the area of unoccupied soil, of additions exhaustive of European supply—all these considerations present to the contemplative mind, a wide margin for its theories.*

At the present menacing conjuncture of affairs which disturbs the peace and diffuses alarm among the friends of Federal America, and even among the most faithful adherents to their cause, depresses the confidence of that hope which animated them to believe the crisis was merely the spasm of an old malady. At such a conjuncture we pause, and interrogate ourselves as to what effect, if any, it is to produce upon the

* The total number of surveyed acres in Lower Canada, according to Bouchette's last survey, was 18,871,070; but the return of lands disposed of is made with reference to a previous survey of 17,685,942 acres, and is dated in 1845. Of this quantity of land, 2,877,738 acres have been set apart for Clergy Reserves. The Jesuits' Estates, now employed in promoting education in the United Province, and other lands disposed of for charitable purposes, amount

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destinies of the Canadas. Sympathy, we hear it whispered, cannot exist between the citizens of New England and the colonists of "New France." The memory of old feuds, the "burning of the churches," has been transmitted from father to son, and lives among the "unextinct traditions." It is the interest as well as the effort of individuals who would have abetted the arson, to excite and perpetuate these emotions. On inquiry we find slight grounds, if any, exist for a belief in such a state of feeling.

Religious acrimony embittered the legislation of all the provinces, and a late master of the rolls was wont humorously to say, that the first law he had been instructed to perpare, when a novice in the Provincial Parliament of a British colony, was entitled "An Act for the Riddance of Loup-cerviers, Bears, Papists, and Wild Cats," a race of animals, despite the prohibitory anathema, endowed with a marvellous fecundity. These legislative legends have crumbled into dust, and lie as rubbish to be spurned from the path of the student and the antiquary.*

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to 8,424,218 acres; and the grants *en seigneurie*, and free and common soccage to 11,343,629 acres. The surveyed lands in 1845 stood thus:

The survey was.....acres		17,685,942
Disposed of for public purposes.....	3,424,213	
Grants to individuals, &c.....	11,343,629	
		14,767,842
So that there remained.....		3,928,100

From Canada West the return is as follows for 1848:

The whole survey was.....acres		15,902,006
Clergy reserves.....	2,142,145	
Grants.....	12,242,838	
		14,384,983
So that there remained.....		1,597,123

If we take the entire Province, therefore, and add the difference between the survey of 1845, and the latter one of Bouchette, amounting to 1,185,098 acres, we have 6,710,322 acres for the quantity of unsurveyed land still in the hands of the government, less the sales in Canada East since 1845, which probably amount to 5,000,000 acres=6,210,322 acres. During the present session, the Provincial Parliament has set apart a specific quantity of 100,000 acres for the endowment of Common Schools, with the further provision that the money received for all future sales of crown lands shall be applied to the same purpose, until a school fund of £1,000,000 shall have been formed.

* The progress of intelligence has accomplished this. In no other country has the cause of education received more attention than it has in recent years in the Canadas. The latest statistics within our reach, are those contained in the Report for 1855, of Mr. Chauveu, Superintendent of Education for Lower Canada. We quote an extract or two:

The educational institutions of Lower Canada are classified in three grand

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We must now deal more immediately with the subject of our paper. Canada, during a series of years, has largely commanded the attention of Europe. Having lately occasion to consult a digest of references to periodical literature, our notice was attracted by a series of reiterated articles under that head in the quarterly and monthly reviews of Europe—conservative, whig, and democratic, thus vividly evincing the interest felt in its condition and destinies. Upon the imperial patronage Canada seems to have acquired claims such as no other dependency on the crown has ever succeeded in realizing. Sir Allan McNab, Sir Dominick Daly, and the Hon. Mr. Hinks are the only members of the provincial councils ever elevated to the vice-regal dignity. The heroes of Lucknow and Karr, with the blushing honors of military service on their breasts, proud of their American nativity, spent years of their early service within the ramparts of Quebec. A country capable of invigorating and sustaining the military prestige of the old world, by the chivalry of its children, seems to have outgrown in its proportions a posture of pupilage.

We know not a few of the men who in the colonies are eminent as merchants and distinguished in the profession. A Cunard and an Haliburton have shaken the dust from their shoes in the sunset of life, and have sought a British domicile:

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divisions, viz.: of Superior, of Secondary, and of Primary Schools. The first class is subdivided into Universities and Special Schools. The second, 1st, into Colleges, or properly so called Secondary Schools; 2dly, into Academies, or Secondary Preparatory Schools; 3dly, into Convents or Academies for girls; and 4thly, into Special Secondary Schools. The third division comprehends the Superior Primary or Model Schools, and, lastly, the Elementary Schools.

The data on which these divisions are based are still very imperfect; and we must not be surprised if there have crept in some errors and anomalies.

The recapitulation of the three divisions gives the following results:

Divisions.	*Number of Schools.*	*Professors and Teachers.*	*Number of Pupils*
Superior Schools.....	12	54	831
Secondary "	140	767	20,245
Primary " 2,736		2,850	112,196
Grand total.....2,888		3,671	132,769

We have two Universities with five Faculties organized, and seven Special Schools, making, altogether, twelve Superior Schools, namely: five Theological Schools, of which there are four Catholic and one Protestant; two Faculties and one School of Law; two Faculties and one School of Medicine, and one Faculty of Arts.

There are 13 professors and 143 students of Theology; 10 professors, 46 students, in the Faculty of Law; 25 professors and 105 students of Medicine, and 6 professors and 37 students in the Faculty of Arts, of McGill College.

The Faculty of Arts of the University of Laval is not yet organised; but several students from the College of Quebec are now in the highest educational

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the one, to repose upon the honors of the baronetage; the other to find a wider space of fame in the senate. An Astor or a Taney seeks no other home than that of the "land that bore them." It presents ample room and verge enough for the enterprise of the one and talents of the other.

The position of the eminent jurist who so conspicuously sustains the dignity of the United States bench suggests reflections which we cannot suppress, in reference to the splendid arena which futurity may present to the profession. At present the provincial bar is circumscribed in the field for the exercise of its talents. The ability and eloquence, which we will not say "wastes its sweetness on the desert air," deserves a more expanded sphere of exertion, and ought to covet adequate development in grasping those larger themes for thought which the progress of scientific invention and the spirit of international jurisprudence are daily proposing to the Federal judicature.

We have often been an auditor of able arguments, eloquently sustained in the tribunals of the Union—we have admired the research and the results of elaborate study, and have felt our pride in the profession refreshed, and yet we have never heard a cause tried or an argument conducted with more ability than we have seen analogous questions elicit and produce in the courts of Canada. The argument on the "habeas corpus," in the recent case of Anderson, forms no exception; and whether it be a defect of taste or an imperfection of judgment in ourselves, we did not deem the figure

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institutions of Europe, preparing themselves for professorships, and their return is awaited for the opening of that important department of the Institution.

The united libraries of the Superior Schools and Colleges give a total of 78,300 volumes. The cost of the museums, and of the apparatus for the classes of natural philosophy, comes up to £12,750.

From Dr. Ryerson's Report for the same year, of the state of education in Upper Canada, we extract the following:

Summary of Statistics.—3,325 Common Schools, with 222,864 pupils, at an expense of £224,818; 65 Grammar Schools, with 3,726 pupils, at an expense of £13,535; 1 Normal School, with 124 pupils, at an expense of £5,576; 179 Municipal Libraries, with 116,762 vols., at an expense of £18,870; Apparatus, viz.: 1,304; 48 globes, &c., have been sent out to 159 schools at an expense of £4,656; 85 worn-out teachers, of an average of 65 years, have received a retiring pension from the Relief Fund; 5,000 copies of the Journal of Education are issued monthly and furnished gratuitously to School Officers; £288,998, or nearly $1,156,000, were expended on 3,719 Educational Institutions in 1855.

This is highly creditable to the Canadas; but they present us still more conclusive evidence of enlightened progress. It will be seen from the following comparative table, taken from a carefully prepared, reliable work lately published, that taking the population as a criterion, the State of Maine alone, of all

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of the Canadian barrister at all overshadowed by the apparition of Mr. Edwin James in the ulterior stage of the proceedings. Though the shadows of Westminster Hall may frown upon the audacity of such an "averment," we shrink not from avouching its verity.

While our thoughts were engaged on the topics of the previous pages, the suggestion occurred to our minds of adverting to some of the old documents within access, that referred to the province of Quebec. We felt disposed to reperuse the pages of L. Escarbot, of whose character we remember to have read, that he was "un avocat de Paris—un homme d'esprit, qui avoit eu la curiosité peu ordinaire aux personnes de la profession de voir le nouveau monde—un auteur exact et judicieux—un homme qui a des vues, et aussi capable d'etablir une colonne et d'en ecriere l'histoire." After some inquiries, we failed in procuring the object of our search, but met with a series of documents purporting to be "Mémoires publiées sous la direction de la Société Litteraire et Historique de Quebec." These pages we found to be a *mélange* of some truths, embittered with a great deal of prejudice, and feel disposed, in proof of our assertion, to append a few extracts. First, as to Acadie, originally appurtenant to the colony of Quebec, it is described as "Un des meilleurs pays de l'Amerique. Il abond en tout ce que est necessaire a la vie." It was then dependent upon the United States and Canada for its principal cereal, the staff of life. "Les legumes et les fruits de l'Europe" [we must as

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countries, surpasses Upper Canada in its attention to the education of the masses :

	The Number of Scholars to whole Population.	*Proportion of Scholars to Children of School Age.*
In Upper Canada	23 per cent	76 per cent.
" Lower Canada	8 "	43 "
" the State of Maine	38 "	93 "
" the United States	20 "	66 "

The following table shows the comparative state of education in America and Europe, and is compiled from the latest returns :

States.	*One Scholar to*	*States.*	*One Scholar to*
Maine	3.1 persons.	Belgium	8.3 persons.
Upper Canada	4.4 "	France	10.5 "
Denmark	4.6 "	Lower Canada	12.5 "
United States	4.9 "	Austria	13.7 "
(incl. slaves)	5.6 "	Holland	14.3 "
Sweden	5.6 "	Ireland	14.5 "
Saxony	6.0 "	Greece	18.0 "
Prussia	6.2 "	Russia	50.0 "
Great Britain	7.5 "	Spain	65.0 "
act. at school	7.0 "	Portugal	81.7 "
Norway	7.0 "		

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yet exclaim "sour grapes"] "y'croissent parfaitement. Les habitans—doux hommes—de bonne foi et attaché a leur religion jusqu'a la superstition dont leur missionaires n'avoient pas soins de les tirer."

An illicit birth is there unknown; neither a magistrate nor a constable was some few years since required in many of the districts, and yet from this superstition of primitive innocence the priests do not attempt to relieve and extract them! The writer, for many years, though unconnected with these people of French origin by either the ties of lineage or language, represented them in the legislature. A more disinterested constituency he never knew. Content with their avocations, as the natural and licit sources of support, they, unlike others, were never found importunate about the small places of profit and emolument at the dispensation of their members. Strangers might scramble for them, and succeed; they were not envied in their acquisitions. The Acadians were abroad in their goelettes or chaloupes on the deep, or busy in the bays at the "hauling grounds" with their "seines or fleets of net." They cast their bread upon the waters, and they found it with hardship and peril.*

If at this time a retrospect may be permitted to the early state of Canada, a passage from Charlevoix, an author of some repute, may not be out of place. He says:

"Tout le monde sait de quelle maniere, la plupart des colonies se sont formès dans l'Amerique, mais on doit rendre cette justice a celle de la Nouvelle France, que la source de la presque toutes les familles est pure et n'a aucuns de ces taches. C'est que les premiers habitans etoient des ouvriers ou des personnes de bonne famille que s'y transporterent dans le seul vue d'y vivre tranquillement. J'ai vecu avec quelqu'uns de ces centenaires—de leurs enfans et d'un assez bon nombre de leur petits-fils, tous gens plus respectables par leur probité, leur candeur, la piété solide dont ils faisoient profession que par leur cheveux blancs et la service qu'ils avoient rendus a la colonne."

Accredited by such antecedents, and a progress worthy of the auspice, we feel no surprise at the attention which the

* It is worthy of remark, that there is a higher percentage in Canada of persons who are deaf and dumb, blind, and idiotic or lunatic, than in any other part of the world. Science has hitherto failed to assign any satisfactory cause for this; but the fact is admitted on all hands. Thus, in Canada East the deaf and dumb are 1 in every 1,011; in Canada West, 1 in every 1,699; and in the United States, 1 in every 2,482. Of blind, in Canada East there is 1 in every 1,328; Canada West, 1 in every 1,621; and in the United States, 1 in every 2,482; and of lunatics and idiots, there are in Canada East 1 in every 1,515; Canada West, 1 in every 968, and in the United States 1 in every 998.

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affairs of Canada have excited in Europe. In fact, it would seem as if emphatically the aggregate of colonial destinies in the northern section of this hemisphere were doomed, in the European aspect of the question, as identified with the fortunes of that province. The periodical press of Britain pauses amidst the variety of topics that encumber its overladen columns, to discuss Canadian questions, and the London *Times* does not hesitate to assail a ministry upon such grounds, repudiating the old "plea of parties," as that no cabinet was to be jeopardized upon a mere "colonial question." We find in its columns, as early as March, 1856, this important question under notice, where, commending the great services of the Liberal party to Canada, it interrogates the public, in tones of triumph, "whether the prosperous Canada of the period is the same Canada of endless discontent and misery, that burst into armed rebellion twenty years ago, and was only prevented by the sternest acts of military repression, from throwing itself into the arms of the American Union, and following in 1837 the example of 1836. Can such be the Canada whose assembly stopped the supplies—Canada, poor, and without capital, and without credit, whose scanty population required an army to keep them down, whose fortresses could not be intrusted to any but British troops, whose councils could not be swayed except by British statesmen? The land is the same, and the people. The difference is in us—in our rule of action, and in our system of government. The Liberal party won for Canada, step by step, despite of the most determined opposition, that which has made her great, happy, and prosperous. The act for the provinces was shorn of its most valued provisions by the Tory party of the day, and parliament has ever since been employed in conceding piece-meal, what ought not for a moment to have been withheld. And thus it has come to pass that wealth and prosperity have fixed their abode in the Canadas." We pause, ere we pursue the sequel of this animating document, to express our condolence, with many of those discredited and ill-used members of the Canadian and other provincial communities (some of whom, we believe, yet languish in exile), whose words or acts were never more significant or bold than the inferences from our extract would plenarily warrant. We pursue the citation: "It seems hardly credible, considering the fallibility of human nature, that one party should have been so entirely right, and the other

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party so uniformly and perseveringly wrong; and yet the men who have perpetuated all this misery, and would have forever alienated from us that noble community, our surest ally, our strongest support, still form and govern public opinion. No country is entitled to good government, that will submit to bad; and England, if she refuse to be taught by the experience of Canada, may rapidly learn these truths, to her own cost, which have been so fully demonstrated to her, at the expense of her dependencies." It is wholesome to inhale an atmosphere where such salutary opinions can freely circulate.

When meditating on the matter now before us, and the probability of events as foreshadowed from the present posture of affairs, we turned to a work which we thought included within its contents some reference to the loyalists who preferred the colonies as a domicile. We had not previously known that among this class were many editors of newspapers who had opposed the popular will and sought refuge in the British possessions. Our curiosity was further stimulated when we found, "that if the author of the article had only time and space for details," he might have shown that "the influence of the hegira, of at least one of them, is felt in the politics of the former colony." Who the individual whose name is reserved *in petto*, may be, baffles our conjectural sagacity. No one of the gentlemen mentioned, Blowers, Hutchinson, or Bliss—all scholars of classic attainments, eminent as jurists, and popular in society—survived to the period under notice. When the old colonial structures were razed and removed, leaving their sites vacant for the substitution of a system strange and new, the improvement had still adversaries to encounter; but they were recruits on the battle-ground. It is not our purpose to particularize, or comment upon, the shifts and artifices used by these adversaries of popular government to frustrate and evade the intentions of the sovereign. A gentleman, since high in office, designated "responsible government" as "responsible nonsense." The murmured anathema was characterized as the "rattles in the throat of expiring loyalism." We trust that soon even its place of sepulture may baffle the search of the "Old Mortalities" to find it.

The standards captured at Louisburg yet exhibit their shreds in the aisles of Westminster Abbey—a conquest important enough to be commemorated in the sonorous congratulations of a Johnson. The walls crumbled beneath the valor of Britain, and the prowess of the New England troops. Kine

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now stable in the casemates, and the raven utters its hoarse soliloquy upon the ruins.

Quebec, a contemporary acquisition by the same agency of arms, is still, as the capital of the provinces once designated by its name, vivid as a mart of commerce; but no political economist, surveying the resources that lie beyond it, and the *materiel* for the development of a more extended enterprise, should limit his aspirations to the scenes before him. The St. Lawrence and the Mississippi were bidden to circulate the mighty volume of their waters through the forests and fields of the same continent, while the Atlantic raises its sea-wall of partition between Europe and our home-land. Heaven seems to prescribe its own demarcations on the soil which it has assigned to the inhabitants of the earth, and there can be no irreverence in contemplating its designs.

Should any complications arise between Great Britain and the United States during the present war, our Canadian friends would hardly blame us to turn our attention northward; nay, there are many of them, if not the majority, who would gladly exchange the Union Jack for the Stars and Stripes. There is no disposition on the part either of our Government or people to interfere in any way with Her Majesty's colonies, except compelled to do so in self-defence, as intimated. But as it is not at all impossible, though, we trust, highly improbable, that such provocation may be given, it may be well to glance in passing at one or two of the results of the war of 1812, of which an ex-officer of Her Majesty's Artillery speaks as follows:

"The position of Quebec and its works are so strong, and the country so difficult of access, that there is not the least probability of its being attacked by American troops; and the river may be considered perfectly secure from aggression till we come to the Montreal district.

"The southern part of the district of Montreal is one most vulnerable point, and has always been the seat of war since the earliest period that European arms have been used on the western side of the Atlantic.

"The frontier is intersected for a considerable distance by a navigable river, and by lakes, of which Lake Champlain is the most important and remarkable in history. On a small island, Isle Aux Noix, we have a considerable fortification, which would prevent shipping from going up the River St. John's to Chambly, which was an important post during the last war, and head-quarters for a regiment of infantry, one of cavalry, and a force of field artillery. But though we may hold those points, the first step to be taken is to seize upon the *Crown Point*. In the event of a war it must become British, by right of conquest and tenure; for without it we lose the command of this lake, which is so important an object in Canadian warfare. It was the want of this that caused our misfortune on this lake in 1814, and made our army, composed at that time of the best sol-

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diers in the world, retire before a few half-disciplined Americans. Had Commodore Downie succeeded, the success would have been complete; but, independent of the loss sustained by his death, it was next to impossible he could have been victorious. His vessel was quite new, badly found, worse manned, and his cannon of different calibres. The crew was principally composed of Canadians, who mostly spoke French, and the few English sailors there were could not be understood by them; besides, they were all strangers to each other. The business on the lake was soon decided, and the troops ordered to retire. This last there was not the least occasion for, at least, not till the fort was destroyed. This will be borne out by Generals Brisbane, Power, and Robinson, and last, not least, the American General Macomb, told the writer of this article that he was just about giving orders to his men to retreat, and was never more astonished in his life than when he heard the British bugles sound one, and saw them commence to move off. This retreat of eighteen miles caused the light company of the 76th to be entirely cut off and made prisoners, their captain killed, several others killed also, and more ordnance, stores, and ammunition lost than in both the retreats from Talavera and Burgos, besides an immense quantity of men who deserted.

"This country must be well known to many officers now serving in Canada, as it was pretty near the scene of the late rebellion. This is an advantage, because in the case of another fix with Brother Jonathan, this ground is likely to be again the scene of conflict.

"We will now return to Montreal. During the last war this was quite an open place, without any fortification whatever. Soon after, the island of St. Helens was purchased by our government, and strongly fortified. It is not quite a mile from the city of Montreal, and serves not only to quarter our troops out of town but also defends the shipping. The river is navigable so far from the ocean for shipping of considerable burthen; and in the summer there is daily steam communication with Quebec, though it was not until the close of the war that the second steamer was built. Above St. Helens the river expands to a great width, forming a beautiful sheet of water across to Longuiel and La Prairie; above this are formidable rapids, and goods, &c., are now transported to Lachine, a distance of seven or eight miles, by canal. Formerly every thing was carried over in small Canadian carts. The scenery from this point is most beautiful; above Isle Perault, the Uttowa falls into the St. Lawrence. The banks above this are well defended, as there are some very strong rapids between this and Coteau Du Lac, which is a considerable work."—*Remarks on the Defences and Resources of Canada in the event of a war.* By Claudius Shaw, Esq.

We feel we have merely broken ground, and offered the invitation to its occupancy. If a spirit of inquiry should be excited, and the spectacle of stirring events, now in their evolution, should induce greater amplitude of discussion, we have fulfilled the purpose of our present paper, though we intend to return to the subject, entering more elaborately *in medias res.*

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ART. VII.—1. *Des Sciences Occultes, ou Essai sur la Magie, les Prodiges et les Miracles.* Par EUSEBE SALVERTE. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris.

2. *Essays on the Spirit of the Inductive Philosophy, the Unity of Worlds, and the Philosophy of Creation.* By the Rev. BADEN POWELL, M. A., F. R. S., &c. London.

3. *On the Conservation of Force.* By Professor FARADAY, D. C. L., F. R. S., &c.

4. *The Martyrs of Science*; *or, The Lives of Galileo, Tycho Brahé, and Kepler.* By Sir DAVID BREWSTER, K. H., D. C. L. London.

5. *Cosmos. A Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe.* By ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. In 5 vols. New York.

EVERY intelligent philanthropist is justly proud of the great progress made in scientific discoveries within the last three centuries, but especially in our own time; and never was that progress more active than it is at present. But great success, even in scientific pursuits, engenders vanity; though it has that effect but rarely on those who accomplish it. Those who have studied the sciences most profoundly are the most modest, because they know from experience how little it is, after all, they have learned. This was well illustrated by Sir Isaac Newton, when he compared himself, after he had made his greatest discoveries, to a boy gathering pebbles on the sea-shore. Such has been the sentiment of true philosophers in all ages. It is those who give themselves no trouble by study or investigation that are vain and arrogant. But since they are a thousand to one the most numerous class, it follows that it is they who give its bias to the age in which they live. Hence it is that we hear so much in disparagement of those who have gone before us. Every new discovery, or whatever is regarded as such, serves as a new text for a sort of vainglorious sermon on the benighted ignorance of the ancients—of all, in fact, who had the misfortune to have lived anterior to our own enlightened era. A fact is brought to our knowledge of which previously we had no idea, and just because we had been thus ignorant we take it for granted that the world has now the benefit of it for the first time. No allowance is made for the catastrophes that have befallen the greatest nations in the world, or for the

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facility with which priceless treasures in science, literature, and art may be utterly destroyed.* We know that nations, evidently once great and powerful, have disappeared from the face of the earth; we know nothing of their arts or sciences; but if we will only take the trouble to reason, we must be convinced that they must have had such. Without the aid of science the Egyptians could not have built their pyramids, the Assyrians could not have built their great cities, nor could Carthage have so long been the rival of the Roman empire.

We might easily extend the list of civilizations and systems now passed away forever, none of which have left us any more than a few meagre vestiges of what they once were. Although no intelligent person will pretend that these vestiges, grand and magnificent as they often are, do those who produced them any adequate justice, yet it is denied that they had to any important extent cultivated the arts and sciences. If it is sometimes evident from the testimony of historians that strange phenomena have been produced in olden times, such phenomena are attributed to some supernatural power, generally to magic or necromancy. Few pause to inquire what this power really was, finding it much easier to come to the conclusion that it must have been derived from evil spirits, and consequently could not have been beneficial or good in its agency.

The investigators of Germany and France have done much in recent years to dispel these prejudices, but unfortunately their works are but little read. They show very clearly that what the moderns are in the habit of calling magic, was science of a high order; or, in other words, that the so-called magicians were scientific men, who had made themselves acquainted with the most important secrets of nature—secrets many of which are now lost. It should be borne in mind also that the priests monopolized all the learning. This helps to explain why it was that every thing wonderful—whatever was unintelligible or unaccountable to the masses, was invested with a sacred character. "In the prestiges of which the trials and the spectacles of the initiations were com-

* The President of the Astronomical Society of Paris states in one of his recent Reports, that after the battle of Montmartre, when the Cossacks visited Paris, in 1814, they repaired to the Observatory of the Ecole Militaire, where they battered up the movable instruments and sold them for tobacco, while with the object glasses, the astronomer's library and manuscripts, they lighted their pipes!

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posed," says M. Salverte, in speaking of the Egyptian temples, "we cannot mistake, at first sight, an *ingenious application of the secrets of mechanics and accoustics;* the *scientific illusions of optics, perspective and phantasmagoria, different inventions belonging to hydrostatics and chemistry;* the skilful exercise of practical observations on the habits and sensations of animals; lastly, the employment of secrets used in every age, and always *rediscovered with surprise*, which preserve from the action of fire our frail organs and our flesh so easily vulnerable. In the writings of the ancients we find no positive indications of the theoretical possession of all these sciences, but the *effects speak, and oblige us to admit the existence of causes.* It is wiser to admit this, we repeat, than gratuitously to accuse of falsehood so many accounts of which the progress of the sciences has made both the wonder and the impossibility disappear. What the ancients state they have done we possess the means of doing; *equivalent methods were therefore known to them.* To those who reject this consequence, I would put the question, if the history of the sciences of antiquity, if this history, purposely enveloped in so much darkness, have come down to us so complete in its details, that we can with certainty define its extent and determine its limits?"—p. 276.

In none of the accounts which we possess of ancient prodigies said to have been performed by magicians, are they represented as having been instantaneous. In almost every instance previous preparation was essential. Generally it was necessary to collect a large variety of minerals, vegetables, fluids, etc. "The learned Moses Maimonides,"* says Salverte, "reveals to us that the first part of the magic of the Chaldeans was a knowledge of metals, plants, and animals. The second indicated the time when magical performances might be carried on; that is, the periods when the season, the temperature of the air, the state of the atmosphere favored the success of physical and chemical operations, or permitted a well-informed and attentive man to predict a natural phenomenon always unexpected by the vulgar. * * The third taught the actions, postures, words, intelligible and unintelligible, which should accompany the proceedings of the thaumaturgist. * * The mystery of magic disappears! Introduced into the sanctuary of occult sciences, we see there only a school, in which the different branches of natural sci-

* More Neoochim, iii. 37.

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ence were taught. And we can admit, in a literal sense, all that mythology and history relate respecting men and women whom skilful instructors had invested with the possession of the secrets of magic, and who frequently showed themselves superior to their masters. It was sufficient that after having undergone prescribed trials to ascertain his discretion, the pupil devoted himself zealously to the study of the secret science, and that his perseverance and capacity allowed him to advance it, an advantage which he subsequently retained for himself, or communicated only partially to the objects of his particular good-will." Elsewhere we are told that "the historians from whom Diodorus derived his information, represent the knowledge of Circe and Medea as purely natural, and relating particularly to the efficacy of poisons and remedies; Mythology has preserved for the two daughters of Æetes the reputation of formidable magicians. Poets subsequent to Homer describe Orpheus as a very skilful magician; Theocrites makes Agamedes the rival in magic arts of Medea and of Circe." Plutarch tells us that at the time of an eclipse which she had been able to predict, Aglaonice* persuaded the Thessalians that by her magical song she could obscure the moon and force it to descend upon the earth.†

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* *De Orac. Defect.*

† "An historian," says M. Salverte (Vol. I., p. 314), "who, independently of the Greek and Latin authors whom we no longer possess and he might have known, has consulted the traditions imported from Asia into the north of Europe with the religion of Odin—Saxo Grammaticus—holds the same language as Suidas. Speaking of the illusions produced by the philosophical magicians, he says: 'Very expert in the art of deceiving the eyes, they knew how to give to themselves and to others the appearance of different objects, and under attractive forms conceal their true aspect.'—(Saxo-Gram. Hist., Dan. I. 9.) Pomponius Mela, iii. 6, attributes to the druidesses of the island of Sena the art of transforming themselves, when they wished, into animals. Solinus (c. 8) thinks he can explain, by deceptive apparitions, the wonders performed by Circe. In other times and in another hemisphere, the same occurs. Joseph Acosta, who resided for a long time in Peru, in the second half of the sixteenth century, assures us that at that time there were still existing sorcerers, who could take whatever form they wished. He relates that, in Mexico, the chief of a city being sent for by the predecessor of Montezuma, transformed himself, in the eyes of the persons sent in succession to seize him, into an eagle, a tiger, an immense serpent. He yielded at last, and allowed himself to be conducted to the emperor, who immediately put him to death.—(Jos. Ac. Hist. Nat. des Indes, 261, 358.) He was no longer in his own house; he was no longer on his own theatre; he had no longer any tricks to employ to defend his life. In a work published in 1702, the Bishop of Chiapa, province of Guatemala, attributed the same power to the Naguals, national priests, who studied to bring back to the religion of their ancestors the children whom the government were bringing up as Christians. After some ceremonies, at the instant the child he was instructing went to embrace him, the Nagual suddenly assumed a fearful appearance,

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"Less than two hundred years since," says M. Belot,* "a book was published to prove that learned works should be written in Latin and not in French, or any other modern language, because, in the author's opinion, great evils have been produced by communicating to the people the secrets of the sciences."

This was undoubtedly the prevailing opinion among the ancients—that is, they did not think it safe for the body politic that the people should be acquainted with the mysteries of science. And need we say that many among the moderns have entertained, nay do entertain at the present moment, the same views? But had the ancients had no motive for concealing the means by which they produced the wonderful results which they attributed to supernatural agency, nothing could be more illogical than to conclude that they had not cultivated the sciences. It is not disputed that their literary productions are masterpieces—that they have never been equalled, much less surpassed. This is particularly true of those of the Greeks. It required more study and perseverance to write in a style like that of Æschylus, Euripides, or Sophocles, not to mention the style of Homer, than to become acquainted with the whole circle of the sciences. But which required the greater genius? Great as Newton was, did he equal Shakespeare? Did Laplace equal Corneille? or Des Cartes, Racine? Who will compare Galileo with Dante, or Kepler with Goethe? Still less could the best of the discoverers we have mentioned be compared to Homer. And what reason have we to believe that the Greeks could not boast of superior astronomers, and scientific men generally, as well as superior poets, and superior dramatists? None whatever. It is well known that scientific works, however valuable they may be, are not so durable as poems, or works of imagination. How few are there, for example, even among the liberally educated, who have ever read the works of Newton! Because they are only read by a few, there are but few editions of them; for the opposite reason, there are many editions of Shakespeare, Dante, Racine, &c., and, of course, any work is likely to bid defiance to the ravages of

and under the form of a lion or a tiger, seemed chained to the young neophyte. These miracles, we observe, like the illusions of the Mexican enchanter, were performed in a place previously selected and pointed out. They prove, therefore, only a purely local power; they indicate the existence of a machine, but afford no clue to the manner it was brought into play."—p. 817.

* *Apologie de la Langue Latine*, &c., p. 57.

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time in proportion as copies of it are multiplied. But even if the books, containing great poems, were destroyed, the poems themselves might survive; they might be preserved by tradition from generation to generation, as the poems of Homer, as well as of Ossian and others, evidently were, for ages. Could the same be said of the abstruse calculations in a scientific work? It is incredible how few there are at the present day, who, with the treatise before their eyes, understand Newton's system of fluxions. But let us suppose the treatise destroyed by some great moral convulsion, such as we know to have often happened, can we believe that the students of five hundred years hence, or even one hundred years, could form from tradition any adequate idea of the value of what had been destroyed? Nothing is more unlikely; yet nothing is more common than to discredit the statements of historians who tell us that such and such wonderful results have been produced by the ancients. There are few at the present day who have any doubt that Galileo was the first to make any strictly scientific use of a telescope. But the fact is by no means certain; indeed, the contrary is much more likely to be true. It has been well said by Sir William Drummond, that "some of the observations of the ancients must appear very extraordinary if magnifying glasses had never been known among them. The boldness with which the Pythagoreans asserted that the surface of the moon was *diversified by mountains and valleys*, can hardly be accounted for, unless Pythagoras had been convinced of the fact by the help of telescopes, which might have existed in the observatories of Egypt and Chaldæa, *before those countries were conquered and laid waste* by the Persians. Pliny (lib. ii.) says that one thousand six hundred stars had been counted in the seventy-two constellations, and by this expression I can only understand him to mean the seventy-two dodecans into which the Egyptians and Chaldæans divided the zodiac. Now this number of stars could never have been counted in the zodiac without the assistance of glasses. Ptolemy reckoned a much less number for the whole heavens. The missionaries found many more stars marked on the Chinese charts of the heavens than formerly existed in those which were in use in Europe. The Persians, as it appears from a passage in the *Nimetullah*, had a tradition, for it could have been nothing else, that the galaxy appears white from the great multitude of stars which it contained.

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Democritus seems to have been informed of a similar tradition, probably during his stay in Egypt. His statement was supposed to be founded in error, but when Galileo turned his telescope to the galaxy, *he became convinced of the fact*. Democritus likewise said, that some of the planetary bodies were unknown to the Greeks. The Chaldæans asserted that they had discovered more. (Seneca, Quæst. Nat.) These, it would seem, could only have been the satellites of Jupiter, and perhaps of Saturn. That the Brahmins *had discovered these satellites, may be strongly inferred*, from their reckoning the planetary bodies to be fifteen in number."*

If we exclude the statements of the ancient historians altogether, we shall still have sufficient evidence that the use of glasses for aiding human vision, nay, for almost all purposes that they are used at the present day by scientific men, had been known and appreciated long before Galileo was born. Some of the gems found at Athens and other ancient cities, are engraved with such exquisite delicacy of outline, that it seems impossible that they could have been executed without some such optical instrument as the modern microscope. It may not be true that Archimedes destroyed the Roman fleet by means of a burning mirror: Aulus Gellius speaks of mirrors,† on the authority of Varro, which presented multiplied and inverted images, and which, when placed in a particular position, lost the property of reflecting. No writer is more reliable in matters of fact than Aristotle. He was superior to the vanity of representing his countrymen as possessing instruments which did not exist. But the very fact of his speaking of magnifying glasses, is evidence that they must have been known to the ancients, and he tells us plainly (*Meteor.* I.) that the Greeks employed mirrors when they surveyed the appearances of the heavens. We have still more conclusive evidence, if possible, that similar instruments must have been used by the Persians, for we read of them in many Persian works. In Night DCVI. of the *Arabian Nights*, an ivory tube, one foot in length, and one inch in diameter, furnished with a glass at each end, is spoken of, and we are told that by applying the tube to the eye, objects were seen which were invisible without it.

The truth is, that there is scarcely one of the sciences known at the present day, even those still considered as

* *Origines*, IV. 6. † *Noct. Att.*, XVI. 13.

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in their infancy, with which the ancients do not seem to have been more or less familiar. Many would scoff at the idea that they were fully aware of the art whose discovery is attributed exclusively to Franklin—that of drawing down the electric fluid from the clouds. Yet there is strong, if not conclusive evidence, in favor of their having possessed the secret. "M. La Boessière," says Salverte, "mentions several medals which appear to have a reference to this subject. One described by M. Douchoul, represents the temple of Juno, the goddess of the air; the roof which covers it is *armed with pointed rods*. Another, described and engraved by Pellerin, bears the legend Jupiter Elicius; the god appears *with the lightning in his hand;* beneath is a man guiding a winged stag; but other medals cited by Douchoul in his work on the Religion of the Romans present the exergue—XV. *Viri sacris faciundis;* and bear a fish covered with points placed on a globe or on a patera. M. La Boessière thinks that a fish or a globe thus armed with points was *the conductor employed by Numa* to withdraw from the clouds the electric fire. And comparing the figure of this globe with that of a head covered with erect hair, he gives an ingenious and plausible explanation of the singular dialogue between Numa and Jupiter related by Valerius Antias, and ridiculed by Arnolius (lib. V.) probably without its being understood by either. The history of the physical attainments of Numa deserves particular examination. At a time when lightning was occasioning continual injury, Numa, instructed by the nymph Egeria, sought a method of appeasing the lightning (fulmen piare); that is to say, in a plain style, a way of rendering that meteor less destructive. He succeeded in intoxicating Faunus and Picus, whose names in this place probably denote only the priests of these Etruscan divinities; he learned from them the secret of making without any danger the thundering Jupiter descend upon earth, and immediately put it in execution. Since that period, Jupiter Elicius (Jupiter who is made to descend) was adored in Rome.* Here the veil of the mystery is transparent; to render the lightning less injurious, to make it, without danger, descend from the bosom of the clouds; and the effort and the end are common to the beautiful discovery of Franklin, and to that religious experiment which Numa frequently repeated with success." †

* *Ovid Fastii*, iii. 285. Annot. v. † *Des Sciences Occultes*, vol. ii. p. 154.

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It is more than probable that the same art was known to the Hindoos and Persians. It must certainly have been known to the Jews, who have never been much distinguished for their scientific acquirements. "There is nothing," observes Salverte, "to indicate that lightning ever struck the temple of Jerusalem during the lapse of a thousand years. According to the account of Josephus (*Bell. Jud.*, V. 14), a forest of spikes, with golden or gilt points and very sharp, covered the roof of this temple; a remarkable feature of resemblance with the temple of Juno represented on the Roman medals. This roof communicated with the caverns in the hill of the temple, by means of metallic tubes placed in connection with the thick gilding that covered the whole exterior of the building; the points of the spikes there necessarily produced the effect of lightning-rods. * * How are we to suppose that it was only by chance they employed so important a function; that the advantage received from it had not been calculated; that the spikes were erected in such great numbers only to prevent the birds from lodging upon and defiling the roof of the temple?" One reason why the ancients do not get the credit of having cultivated the physical sciences to any important extent, is to be found in the fact that the so-called magicians of modern times brought the ancient art into contempt and ridicule by their ignorant charlatanism, their "magic and sorcery being in great part composed of *fragments* of the occult science formerly confined to the temples; we meet in them with that confusion of language, the more striking, as nothing could give rise to it at epochs far distant from the time when astronomical religions were prevalent. We are then authorized to affirm that it goes back to a period when these expressions were understood, when its origin was known and revered. A sorcerer of Cordova (Llorente, Hist. de l'Inquis., tom. iii. 38), invoking a star, conjured it in the name of the *Angel-wolf*: although it is known that the wolf was in Egypt, the emblem of the sun and of the year, this particular example would prove little if it stood alone; but examine the fragment which J. Wierius has published under the title of *Pseudo-Monarchia Dæmonum*, and it will be difficult to mistake the disfigured remains of a celestial calendar."

It is often regarded as evidence of ignorance and superstition rather than of scientific knowledge on the part of the ancients, that they were in the habit of examining the entrails of animals. Democritus tells us what the object was in

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doing so, by reminding us that the state of the entrails of the animals sacrificed, might afford to colonists who had landed on an unknown shore, probable signs of the quality of the soil, and climate; the inspection of the liver of the victims, which *subsequently* served as the basis of so many predictions, had originally no other end. If a diseased character were found in them, all inferences were drawn against the salubrity of the water, and the pasture; by observations of this sort, the Romans were also governed in the establishment of towns and the positions of their entrenched camps. Such examples prove that in the religious practices of the ancients, some, at least, originally sprang from a positive science founded upon long observations, and of which we may still find instructive vestiges.* Thus the moderns have degraded into a species of vulgar charlatanism what was once both instructive and interesting, and seek to cast all the odium of the latter on the ancients!

Far be it from us, however, to underrate what modern science has done, and is doing for civilization. The results obtained by science within the present century alone, are of incalculable service to the cause of humanity. It is but right that all should appreciate them; but we have no evidence that the ancients did not accomplish similar results, by similar means. Were we even sure that they did not, the fact would remain, that if we know certain things of which they were ignorant, they knew things perhaps as valuable, of which we are ignorant. But were it proved beyond all doubt that we have really discovered so much that had never been thought of before, there would still be no good reason why we should regard the ancients as ignorant, superstitious, prone only to vice and cruelty, &c.

As we know little of the scientific works of the ancients, still less of the authors of these works, we are precluded from making comparisons which under different circumstances would be interesting, if not instructive. But if we compare modern scientific men with modern poets, historians, metaphysicians, &c., we generally find the latter superior to the former, as members of the social circle—superior to them morally if not intellectually. In no one instance has this been more strikingly illustrated than in the unfortunate misunderstanding between Newton and Locke, and in which the

* *Des Sciences Occultes*, vol. I., p. 120.

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astronomer accuses the metaphysician of having "endeavored to embroil him with women, and by other means," accusing him at the same time of having "struck at the root of morality." These were grave charges, but Locke, like a true philosopher, far from indulging in recrimination, or evincing any resentment, replied in the kindest terms, convincing the astronomer of the injustice he had done him. Newton felt that he could not do otherwise than apologize, and he did so, stating in extenuation of his offence, that he had been laboring under a "distemper." This done, Locke replies as follows; "I have been, ever since I first knew you, so entirely and sincerely your friend, and thought you so much mine, that I could not have believed *what you tell me of yourself had I had it from any body else.* And though I cannot but be mightily troubled that you should have had so many wrong and unjust thoughts of me, yet, next to the return of good offices, such as from a sincere good-will I have ever done you, I receive your acknowledgment of the contrary as the kindest thing you could have done me, since it gives me hopes that I have not lost a friend I so much valued." It would be unjust and ungenerous to condemn Sir Isaac for this. We have no such intention, but we may ask whether, from all we know on the subject, it is likely that Pythagoras, Aristotle, Plato, or Seneca, would have acted so unphilosophically as the author of the *Principia.* Yet, of all modern scientific men of eminence, omitting those who are still living, Newton is most worthy of the world's respect and esteem.

Galileo was by no means an exemplary man, nor was he the persecuted man which he is generally supposed to have been. "When he left Rome in 1816," says Sir David Brewster, "under the most solemn pledge of never again teaching the obnoxious doctrine (the motion of the earth on its axis), it was with a hostility against the Church suppressed but deeply cherished; and his resolution to propagate the heresy seems to have been coeval with the vow by which he renounced it. In the year 1618, when he communicated his theory of the tides to the Archduke Leopold, he alludes in the most sarcastic terms to the conduct of the Church. The same hostile tone more or less pervaded all his writings; and while he labored to sharpen the edge of his satire, he endeavored to guard himself against its effects by an affectation of the humblest deference to the decisions of theology." In short, he violated his solemn oath; and yet, as Sir David tells us, he

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had remained but four days in the prison of the Inquisition, when, on the application of Nicolini, the Tuscan ambassador, he was allowed to reside with him in his palace. As Florence still suffered under the contagious disease we have already mentioned, it was proposed that Sienna should be the place of Galileo's confinement, and that his *residence* should be in one of the convents of that city. Nicolini, however, recommended the palace of the Archbisop Piccolomini as a more suitable residence; and although the Archbishop was one of Galileo's best friends, the Pope agreed to the arrangement, and in the beginning of July Galileo quitted Rome for Sienna. After having spent nearly six months under the hospitable roof of his friend, with no other restraint than that of being confined to the limits of the palace, Galileo was permitted to return to his villa, near Florence, under the same restrictions; and as the contagious disease had disappeared in Tuscany, he was able, in the month of December, to re-enter his own house at Arcetri, where he spent the remainder of his days.* From no work that has appeared on the subject does it appear that there existed any disposition to do him injury further than to restrain him from promulgating ideas which were then deemed heretical and dangerous to the whole fabric of Christianity. On the contrary, there is abundant evidence in every form that even the Inquisition was "to his faults a little blind." As for the Pope, he assured him "that the Congregation were not disposed to believe on light grounds any calumnies that might be propagated by his enemies, and that so long as he occupied the papal chair he might consider himself safe;" and his successor loaded him with presents, promised him a pension for his son Vicenzo, and wrote a letter to Ferdinand II., recommending Galileo to his particular patronage. In short, far from having any disposition to persecute the great astronomer, all authorities, lay and clerical, gave the most conclusive proofs of their esteem and regard. Indeed, nothing that public opinion would at all countenance was left undone that was calculated to gratify or serve him. Thus, for example, he had his "amiable weaknesses" like other men. Though never married, he had several children by nearly as many mistresses; and the Grand Duke of Tuscany declared all legitimate at his request. But whatever faults he had, his great discoveries made ample amends for them; and be it remembered

* *The Martyrs of Science*, p. 101.

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that before Bacon had written a line of his *Novum Organum*, Galileo had practically applied the principles of the inductive philosophy.

Tycho Brahé, the Danish astronomer, had much graver faults than Galileo; but he too is regarded as a martyr of science, though out of the power of the Inquisition. It was the Danish king who persecuted him, by depriving him of a portion of the *wealth* bestowed upon him by his predecessor, Frederick II. The truth seems to be, that he had become too arrogant and overbearing, as well as too fond of making money. That the king did not reduce him to poverty, however, is sufficiently evident from the fact that he was able to charter a ship to carry from Huen every thing that was movable; his instruments, his crucibles and his books, his wife (some say his wives), his five sons and four daughters, his male and female servants, and many of his pupils and assistants, among whom were Tengnagel, his future son-in-law, and Longomontanus, embarked at Copenhagen, to seek the hospitality of a better country than their own. There is no doubt but Tycho was a great astronomer; but it is equally beyond dispute that his character was any thing but exemplary. He was a believer in modern magic. As an alchemist, he pretended to have discovered the true *elixir vitæ*. In short, he was a quack doctor as well as an astronomer, and his drugs were sold at all the apothecary-shops the same as the "Graefenberg Medicines," "Spalding's Cephalic Pills," and various other kindred impositions are at the present day—impositions which are not merely worthless, but positively deleterious. But the manufacturing of nostrums is not, after all, the strangest error for a scientific man to be guilty of, which can be alleged against Tycho. An ignorant peasant could hardly have been more superstitious. This fact ought to satisfy us by itself, that a belief in miracles, or magical incantations, is not necessarily a proof of ignorance; for Tycho was not ignorant. Why then should we infer from the incantations of the ancients that they were ignorant? Nothing could be more illogical. If, on leaving home, says Sir David Brewster, he (Tycho Brahé) met with an old woman, or a hare, he immediately returned to his house. But the most extraordinary of all his peculiarities remains to be noticed. When he lived in Uraniburg, he maintained an idiot of the name of Lep, who lay at his feet whenever he sat down to dinner, and whom he fed with his own hand. Persuaded that his mind, when moved, was capa-

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ble of foretelling future events, Tycho carefully remarked every thing he said. Lest it should be supposed that this was done to no purpose, Longomontanus relates that when any person in the island was sick, Lep never, when interrogated, failed to predict whether the patient would live or die. Even Kepler was forced to play the astrologer. We have this fact on his own testimony. "In order," he says, "to defray the expenses of the Ephemeris, for two years I have been obliged to compose a *vile prophesying almanac*, which is *scarcely more respectable than begging*, unless from its saving the Emperor's credit, who abandons me entirely, and would suffer me to perish with hunger." Nay, was not our own Franklin obliged to have recourse to a "prophesying almanac"? These facts teach us how careful we should be not to infer ignorance from a proceeding, or system which, whatever objections may justly be raised against it, is a source of pecuniary profit; we should rather remember the adage, that "necessity has no law."

The facts we have thus briefly presented in reference to Newton, Galileo, Tycho Brahé, and Kepler, seem to prove two things—first, that even the representative scientific men of modern times have at least as grave faults as the worst attributed to the ancient philosophers, always excepting the Paganism of the latter; second, that scientific studies are not so well calculated to invigorate the mind, or develop the reasoning faculty, as studies purely literary. We may remark, in passing, that the latter fact is important, because there are a great many well-meaning persons, who in other respects are by no means wanting in intelligence, that cannot understand why it is that in almost all colleges and universities the study of the sciences is held subordinate to that of the classic languages; although, in their opinion, there are a thousand reasons why the case should be reversed. In proof of this, they tell us what science has accomplished, and what it is accomplishing every day; whereas, they cannot see that philology has ever accomplished any thing worth mentioning. The cause of this is, that the results produced by science are, for the most part, immediate and obvious, and their character is decidedly utilitarian, while the influence of philology is slow, and, in general, its operations are almost imperceptible to the ordinary observer. But it was this very utility, so highly valued by the moderns as the best attribute of science, which induced the ancients to shroud their scientific

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operations in so much mystery. Hence it is that Socrates observed to Glaucus, "It amuses me to see how much afraid some are lest the common herd of people should accuse you of recommending useless studies" (such as philosophy, metaphysics, &c.); and that Seneca observed, under similar circumstances: "But the invention of such things" (things useful for the ordinary purposes of life) "is drudgery for the lowest slaves; philosophy lies deeper. It is not her office to teach men how to use their hands. The object of her lessons is to show how to form the soul. *Non est inquam instrumentorum ad uses necessarios opifix.*"

But if there are some who think that every thing is good, bad, or indifferent, according as it is a source of pecuniary profit or otherwise, there are others who cannot see any use in scientific studies or natural philosophy. In the opinion of the latter, all scientific men should be discoverers or inventors, or eschew science altogether as a dangerous thing, which is the same as to say that we should run before we can walk, or write before we can read or even know our letters. These may well be told, in the words of an eminent astronomer (Herschel), that—"Nothing can be more unfounded than the objection which has been taken, *in limine*, by persons well meaning perhaps, certainly narrow-minded, against the study of natural philosophy—that it fosters in its cultivators an undue and overweening self-conceit, leads them to doubt the immortality of the soul, and to scoff at revealed religion. Its natural effect, we may confidently assert, on every well-constituted mind, is and must be, the direct contrary. No doubt the testimony of natural reason, on whatever exercised, must of necessity stop short of those truths of which it is the object of revelation to make known; but, while it places the existence and principal attributes of a Deity on such grounds as to render doubt absurd and atheism ridiculous, it unquestionably opposes no natural or necessary obstacle to further progress; on the contrary, by cherishing as a vital principle an unbounded spirit of inquiry and ardency of expectation, it unfetters the mind from prejudices of every kind, and leaves it open and free to every impression of a higher nature which it is susceptible of receiving, guarding only against enthusiasm and self-deception by a habit of strict investigation, but encouraging rather than suppressing every thing that can offer a prospect or a hope beyond the present obscure and unsatisfactory state. The

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character of the true philosopher is to hope all things not impossible, and to believe all things not unreasonable. He who has seen obscurities which appeared impenetrable in physical and mathematical science suddenly dispelled, and the most barren and unpromising fields of inquiry converted as if by inspiration into rich and inexhaustible springs of knowledge and power, on a simple change of our point of view, or by merely bringing to bear on them some principle which it never occurred before to try, will surely be the very last to acquiesce in any dispiriting prospects of either the present or future destinies of mankind; while, on the other hand, the boundless views of intellectual and moral as well as material relations which open on him on all hands in the course of these pursuits, the knowledge of the trivial place he occupies in the scale of creation, and the sense continually pressed upon him of his own weakness and incapacity to suspend or modify the slightest movement of the vast machinery he sees in action around him, must effectually convince him that humility of pretension, no less than confidence of hope, is what best becomes his character."

Of the value of the principal scientific discoveries of modern times, such as the power of gravity, the orbits of the planets, the causes of eclipses and of the tides, electricity and the electric telegraph, etc., etc., all are aware. But there are many minor discoveries which, though of great importance to humanity, are seldom heard of. These are principally the works of chemists, such as the following: "A soap manufacturer remarks," says Herschel, "that the residuum of his ley, when exhausted of the alkali for which he employs it, produces a corrosion of his copper boiler for which he cannot account. He puts it into the hands of a scientific chemist for analysis, and the result is the discovery of one of the most singular and important chemical elements—iodine. The properties of this being studied, are found to occur most appositely in illustration and support of a variety of new, curious, and instructive views then gaining ground in chemistry, and thus exercise a marked influence over the whole body of that science. Curiosity is excited: the origin of the new substance is traced to the sea-plants from whose ashes the principal ingredient of soap is obtained, and ultimately to the sea-water itself. It is thence hunted through nature, discovered in salt-mines and springs, and pursued into all bodies which have a marine origin; among the rest into sponge. A medical practitioner then calls to mind a reputed remedy for the cure of one of

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the most grievous and unsightly disorders to which the human species is subject—the *goitre*—which infests the inhabitants of mountainous districts to an extent that in this favored land we have happily no experience of, and which was said to have been originally cured by the ashes of burnt sponge. Led by this indication, he tries the effect of iodine on that complaint, and the result establishes the extraordinary fact that this singular substance, taken as a medicine, acts with the utmost promptitude and energy on goitre, dissipating the largest and most inveterate in a short time, and acting (of course like all medicines, even the most approved, with occasional failures) as a specific, or matural antagonist, against that odious deformity. It is thus that any accession to our knowledge of nature is sure, sooner or later, to make itself felt in some practical application, and that a benefit conferred on science by the casual observation or shrewd remark of even an unscientific or illiterate person, infallibly repays itself with interest, though often in a way that could never have been at first contemplated. * * * Who would have conceived that linen rags were capable of producing *more than their own weight* of sugar, by the simple agency of one of the cheapest and most abundant acids?—that dry bones could be a magazine of nutriment, capable of preservation for years, and ready to yield up their sustenance in the form best adapted to the support of life, on the application of that powerful agent, steam, which enters so largely into all our processes, or of an acid at once cheap and durable?—that saw-dust itself is susceptible of conversion into a substance bearing no remote analogy to bread; and though certainly less palatable than that of flour, yet no way disagreeable, and both wholesome and digestible, as well as highly nutritive?"*

Our space will not allow us to add further details on the present occasion. The results of modern science would require more than an article by themselves, even though none but the more important were noticed. The wonders revealed by chemistry alone, not to mention those of astronomy, geology, &c., would afford ample materials for the longest paper we could make room for. But our design, in the present instance, was simply to show that, much as has been accomplished in the field of science by the moderns, it is by no means certain that, if all were known, they would be found to have done more than the ancients.

* A Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Philosophy, by J. W. F. Herschel, pp. 64, 65.

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ART. VIII.—1. *Dansk-norsk Litteraturlexicon* (Danish and Norse Literary Lexicon). 2 vols. 4to. Kjöbenhavn.

2. *Swensk Anthologi* (Swedish Anthology). 3 vols. 16mo. Stockholm.

3. *Samlade Dikter af Vitalis.* Stockholm.

4. *Den Danske Digtenunsts Middelalder fra Arrebo til Tullin fremstillet i Academiske Forelaesinger holdne i Aarene* 1798–1800. Af Professorne RAHBEC og NYREUP. (Middle Epoch of Danish Poetry, from Arebo to Tulin, being Lectures delivered in the Academical Sittings, from 1798 to 1800. By Professors RAHBEK and NYREUP.) 2 vols. 12mo. Kjöbenhavn.

THE modern literature of Scandinavia is but little known south of Holstein. It is nothing new to either Denmark or Sweden to be isolated from the rest of the world. Neither seems to have been known to Ptolemy or Pliny—the best informed geographers of their time—further than that the former had a vague idea that Sweden lay to the north of Germany. But however little heard of beyond the precincts of their own countries, the Danes and Swedes have always been a musical people. Their literature is the most ancient in Europe, except that of Greece and Rome. It is to them or their ancestors that modern literature owes the *Edda*, which embraces the mythology, as well as the poetry, of the ancient Scandinavians. It is a remarkable fact, that the language spoken by the Icelanders of the present day is the pure Norse, or Scandinavian, which their ancestors imported from Norway so early as the middle of the ninth century, and which no longer exists anywhere else. Hence it is that the *Edda* receives the title of Icelandic literature, although the Icelanders have merely compiled a portion of it, adding very little, if any, of their own to it. Most of the poems constituting the *Edda* had been written prior to the introduction of Christianity. On this account alone they would amply repay perusal, as the remnants of a civilization of which scarcely any other traces are left. It is through these strange relics we are made acquainted with Odin, Harold, and a host of minor heroes, whose exploits have served to afford incidents and episodes to the poets of almost every country in Europe.

The Norse literature consists mainly of songs or sagas,

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which celebrate the deeds of gods as well as heroes. Like the Scotch and Irish, the Northmen had a race of bards or minstrels whose business it was to celebrate the martial prowess of their princes and chiefs. Sometimes the kings, princes, and chiefs themselves vied with each other as poets and historians, as may be seen from the long list of bards still preserved in the Icelandic language. Although the ancient bardic enthusiasm no longer exists, there is still more true taste for poetry in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, than in any other countries of Europe of the same grade of civilization. This it would not be difficult to prove; but we can attempt little more in the limited space now at our disposal than to give some extracts, almost at random, from three or four of the most popular of the Scandinavian poets. The names even of these will not be familiar to many of our readers—probably none of them so much so as many of the scientific men of both Denmark and Sweden—such, for example, as Tycho Brahé, Berzelius, Linnæus, Orsted, Swedenborg, &c. It does not by any means follow from this, however, that the men of science have attained more perfection, or made greater progress in their own particular sphere, than the poets, for such is not the fact. But we see from experience that any scientific discovery, however trifling in itself, is soon transmitted from one learned body to another, not only from one end of Europe to the other, but also to every city or town in America that boasts an observatory or a laboratory; while the best poem in either the Danish or Swedish language may be never heard of, even across the Elbe, except it happens to be translated into German, French, or English. Indeed, were we to judge merely from the aspect of the country, and the severity of the climate, we should not expect much that is gay or joyous from either Sweden or Denmark, not to mention Norway; yet the sweetest singer that modern Europe has produced (Jenny Lind) is a Swede, and the most famous danseuse (Madame Taglioni).

The earliest known poet of distinction among the Danes was Anders Arrebo, born in 1587, and made bishop in 1617. He wrote somewhat in the style of Dean Swift, and for doing so was deprived of the mitre in 1622; although it would appear from the titles of his poems that they were chiefly religious. Thus, for example, one is entitled "Plague Powder such as all God's children may use."* Next to the Episcopal

* Pestpulver som af alle Guds Börn Bruges kan.

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poet is Thomas Kingo, who has been styled the Dr. Watts of Denmark, and from whose lyrics we shall take our first extract:

MORNING SONG.

Nu rinder Solen op.

From eastern quarters now
The sun 's up-wandering,
His rays on the rock's brow
And hill's side squandering;
Be glad, my soul! and sing amidst thy pleasure,
Fly from the house of dust,
Up with thy thanks, and trust
To heaven's azure!

O, countless as the grains
Of sand so tiny,
Measureless as the main's
Deep waters briny,
God's mercy is, which He upon me showereth:
Each morning in my shell,
A grace immeasurable
To me down-poureth.

Thou best dost understand,
Lord God! my needing,
And placed is in thy hand
My fortune's speeding.
And Thou foreseest what is for me most fitting;
Be still, then, O my soul!
To manage in the whole
Thy God permitting!

May fruit the land array,
And corn for eating!
May truth e'er make its way
With justice meeting!
Give thou to me my share with every other,
Till down my staff I lay,
And from this world away
Wend to another!

John Ewald has been declared, by the best critics of Germany and France, to occupy the first rank among modern lyric poets. According to Carlyle, he is "one of the most perfect lyric poets the world has ever seen." Although this does him somewhat more than justice, many of his effusions are undoubtedly admirable. He is the author of one of the finest national songs that any nation can boast of. The Danes have no other song which they admire so much, or which is so well calculated to awaken their most fervid patriotism. Viewed through an English translation, this would hardly seem credible. But we also subjoin the original, partly in order to do justice to the poet, and partly to show those unacquainted with the Danish how remarkably similar to it is the English:

Kong Christjan stod ved höien Mast
I Rög og Damp.
Hans Værge hamrede saa fast
At Gothen's Hielm og Hierne brast.
Da sank hvert fiendligt Speil og Mast
I Rög og Damp.
"Fly," skreg de, "fly, hvad flygte kan!
Hvo staaer for Danmark's Christian
I Kamp?"

Niels Juel gav Agt paa Stormens Brag.
"Nu er det Tid!"
Han heisede det röde Flag
Og slog paa Fienden Slag i Slag,
Da skreg de höit blandt Stormens Brag,
"Nu er det Tid!"
"Fly," skreg de, "hver, som veed et Skuil!
Hvo kan bestaae for Danmark's Juel
I Strid?"

King Christian by the main-mast stood
In smoke and mist!
So poured his guns their fiery flood
That Gothmen's heads and helmets bowed;
Their sterns, their masts fell crashing loud
In smoke and mist.
"Fly," cried they, "let him fly who can,
For who shall Denmark's Christian
Resist?"

Juel looked on the tempestuous fight,
"Now's the time—now!"
He reared the red flag high in sight,
With doubled zeal the foe they smite
Loud shouting in the stormy fight:
"Now's the time—now!
Now let them—now—for shelter flee,
Juel of Denmark! all to thee
Must bow."

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O Nordhav! Gjunt af Vessel bröd
Din morke Sky.
Da tyede Kæmper til dit Skiöd:
Thi med ham lynte Skræk og Död!
Fra Vallen hörtes Vraal, som bröd
Din tykke Sky.
Fra Danmark lyner Tordenskiold;
"Hver give sig i Himlens Vold
Og flye!"

Du Danske's Vei til Roes og Magt
Sortladne Hav!
Modtag din Ven som uforsagt
För möde Faren med Foragt
Saa stolt, som du, med Stormens Magt
Sortladne Hav!
Og rask igiennem Larm og Spil
Og Kamp, og Seier för mig till
Min Grav!

Thou North Sea! Vessel's lightnings wreathe
Thy deep-blue sky,
And warriors sink thy waves beneath,
The glare but shows the path of death,
The war-shout's agitating breath
Shakes thy blue sky.
See, Denmark's foes! See Tordenskiold
Heaven's thunderbolts of terror hold—
And fly!

Pathway of Denmark's fame and might,
Dark-rolling wave!
Welcome thy friend who with delight
Braves all the dangers of the fight,
And scorns, like thee, the tempest's might,
Dark-rolling wave!
Still,—still the songs of victory teach,
Still tell of glory till I reach
My grave!

No one had worse opportunities in early life for courting the muses than Ewald. He was the son of a poor schoolmaster, and lost his father at nine years old. Having no means of subsistence, he entered the Prussian service as a drummer at the age of sixteen. Like William Cobbett, he spared all he could of his scanty pay in order to procure books, and candles to read them. After some years spent in this way, he returned to Denmark, and became an alumnus in Volkendorf College. He is best known as a dramatic writer, his *Fiskerne* (Fishermen) being one of the finest dramas of modern times. His tragedies are in the Grecian style, and are of a high order of merit, especially his Balder's Death, which is founded wholly on the Icelandic mythology, and is charmingly relieved by lyric choruses, in the style of Aristophanes and Sophocles. But the best known of his dramas is *Rolfe Krage*, the first national tragedy of the Danes, and one of the noblest similar productions that any nation in Europe can boast of, with perhaps the sole exception of that which owns Shakespeare.

Sjögren, the Swedish poet, was equally distinguished with Ewald for his poverty, his genius, and misfortunes. The father of the former was but a poor journeyman; so that the future poet had to learn to write on the bark of trees. He was nothing the less tender, pathetic, and original for this, however. Even one specimen from his writings will be sufficient to show that he possessed the genuine poetic spirit. That he was truly the poet of nature will be seen from his "Spring Fancy" (Var-Fantasi), in which he makes flowers the images of immortality in a strain at once melodious, plaintive, and beautiful:

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"Love now is found—for from the lips of all
He murmurs forth in tones most wonderful;
Is manifest alike in hues and sounds,
And beautiful alike in every tongue.
Within the verdant sanctuary of groves
The zephyr steals along to kiss the earth,
And by his kiss gives life to fragrant flowers.
The children of Platonic love are they.
So, too, the trees with green and various tongues
In gentle whisperings own, at eventide,
Their mutual and mysterious love; as low
They downward bend their heads embracingly
In twilight, when no watchful eyes are on them.
The flowerets also love—*and though no tongue*
Have they, to tell their tenderness, they gaze
With streaming looks into each other's eyes,
And understand each other, although dumb.
Earth never hears a sweeter language spoken
Than that invented by these fond ones, who
With fervent glance fulfil the want of tongues.
The streamlet, too, clasping with constant arms
And folding to its breast the green Lemoniade,
Arrayed in living rubies and in gold,
Sighs forth its tender love in broken tones.
Nature! I know thy heart's deep meaning well,
Thy flowery writings and discourse of birds,
Whereof the fair interpreting by thee
Was written on my heart's pure page with fire.
A word it was of holy flame, long stifled,
But now set free, like to th' enfranchised bird,
Which high upsoars and fills the air with songs,
Forgetting how, of late, the prison prest
That love of song within his heart to pain,
While with a voiceful flight he mounts to heaven,
His home. Though o'er the wide earth none these sounds
May understand, they still are known to God.
Ye flowerets! I will gently dream among ye;
And I will give to ye a human heart,
And thus empower ye to return my love.
Sweet, even as childhood's sinless beauty, shines
The glance that greets me through your trembling tears.
Fair angels! blooming in eternal youth,
Ye ne'er survive your early loveliness,
But even in Death itself are beautiful.
And yet ye do not die—but sink to rest
When ruthless northern tempests raging come.
Ye will not look on life when stormful; ne'er
Save when, in child-like sweetness, it disports
With Nature in the western breeze. But when
Destruction, striding Destruction, striding o'er the fresh
green fields,
Goes forth to battle with this blissful life,
Then ye close down your lovely lids in slumber,
And on your mother's beauteous breast repose,
Until the contest done, victorious Life

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In light and song reveals itself once more.
Then God arouses ye again from sleep,
Sending sweet May to whisper in your ears
That Spring is blooming in the vaulted heaven,
And that 'tis time for you yourselves to bloom.
Ye then put off your verdant veil, and feel
The spring-breeze spreading life upon your cheeks,
Which vie with roses planted by the morn
Along the Garden of the East. And when
The sun shall come, your forms so bright and fair
Will shine forth more magnificently still.
Thus I too shall not die—men call it death—
When mortals soar unto th' eternal Father
Who yonder dwells upon th' horizon's verge,
Where earth and heaven mingle in harmony and jóy!"

The lines which we have marked in italics have seldom, if ever, been surpassed in their kind by any modern poet.

One of the Danish poets best known abroad is Edward Storm, but he is best known by his lighter pieces. He has written a comic epic entitled *Bræger;* but we doubt whether more than a score of our readers have ever heard of it. It is an elaborate performance, written in heavy, not to say dull, hexameters, and being the work of many years, the author himself regarded it as his *chef d'œuvre.* In point of fact, it is an utter failure. With his Fables *(Originale Fabler og Fortælinger)* it is different. Several of these are worthy of comparison with the best efforts of their kind in any modern language; they are as remarkable for their freshness and originality as for the excellent lessons which they inculcate. But the best of Storm's productions are his ballads. His "Sir Sinclair" is imbued with more of the spirit of the *Edda* than any other modern poem:

SIR SINCLAIR.

Sir Sinclair sailed from the Scottish ground,
To Norroway land he hasted,
'Mongst Guldbrand's rocks his grave he found,
Where his corse in its gore is wasted.

Sir Sinclair sailed o'er the blue, blue wave,
For Swedish pay he hath sold him,
God help the Scot! for the Norsemen brave,
Shall biting the grass behold him.

The moon at night spread pale its light,
The billows were gently playing:
See a mermaid merge from the briny surge,
To Sir Sinclair evil spaeing.

"Turn back, turn back, thou bonny Scot!
Thy purpose straight abandon,
To return will not be Sir Sinclair's lot,
If Sir Sinclair Norroway land on."

"A curse on thy strain, thou imp of the main!
Whom naught but to bode ill pleases,
Far other tho'dst preach, wert thou but in my reach,
I would hack thee all to pieces."

He sailed for a day, he sailed for three,
With all his hired legions,
Upon the fourth morn, Sir Sinclair he
Saw Norroway's rocky regions.

By Romsdal's strand he reaches land,
Himself for a foe declaring;
Him fourteen hundred men followed close,
Such evil intentions bearing.

They vexed the people, wherever they came
With pillage and conflagration,
Old age's feebleness moved not them,
Nor the widow's lamentation.

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The child was slain on the mother's breast,
Though it smiled on the murderous savage;
But soon went tidings east and west
Of all this woe and ravage.

From neighbor to neighbor the message runs,
On the mountains blazed the beacon.
Into lurking-holes crept not the valleys' sons,
As the Scots perhaps might reckon.

"The soldiers have followed the king to war,
Ourselves must arm us, brothers!
And he who here his blood will spare,
Shall be damned as a cur by the others!"

The peasants of Vaage, of Leso and Lom,
Bearing axes, sharp and heavy,
To the gathering at Bredaborgd one and all come,
On the Scots fierce war to levy.

A road, which all men Kringe call,
By the foot of the mountain goeth,
The Lange, wherein the foes shall fall,
Close over against it floweth.

The gray-haired shooters are taking aim,
Each gun has been called into duty,
The Naik his wet beard uplifts from the stream,
And with longing expects his booty.

Sir Sinclair fell, the first—with a yell
His soul escaped him for ever!
Each Scot loudly cried, when the captain died:
"God us from this peril deliver!"

"Now fierce on the dogs, ye jolly Norsemen!
Smite, smite with all your power!"
Then the Scot had fain been at home again,
His courage had ne'er been lower.

The Kringe was spread with the corses dead,
The ravens were glutted with slaughter;
Long wept for the young blood there that was shed,
Of Scotland many a daughter.

Not one living soul went home, not one,
To his landsmen to tell the story.
'Tis a perilous thing to invade who wone
On Norroway's mountains hoary.

A pillar still towers on that self-same spot,
Which Norroway's foes defieth;
To the Norseman woe, whose blood glows not,
Whenever that pillar he eyeth!

Jens Baggesen is regarded as the Tom Moore of Denmark, or rather as a sort of medium between Moore and Burns. The comparison has been made, however, more on account of the amorous—rather lascivious—tendencies of his muse, than on account of the peculiar character of his poetry, as such; for there are several of his ballads which the ladies cannot listen to, much less sing. There are others of them, however—those written in chaste language—which are among their chief favorites. This is particularly true of the beautiful song entitled, "When I was Little" *(Der var en Tid da jeg var meget lille)*, which shows that he did not visit Italy, and read Petrarch, Dante and Boccaccio, in vain:

There was a time when I was very tiny,
My dwarfish form had scarce an ell's length won;
Oft when I think thereon, fall tear-drops briny,
And yet I think full many a time thereon.

Then I upon my mother's bosom toyed me,
Or rode delighted on my father's knee;
And sorrow, fear, and gloom no more annoyed me
Than ancient Greek or modern minstrelsy.

If smaller, then, the world to me was seeming,
Alas! much better was it in mine eyes;
For I behold the stars like sparklets gleaming,
And wished for wings to make them all my prize.

When I behind the hill the moon saw gliding,
Oft thought I (earth had then no mystery),
That I could learn, and bring my mother tiding,
How large, how round, and what that moon might be!

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Wond'ring I traced God's flaming sun careering,
Towards the west, unto the ocean bed;
And yet again at morn in east appearing,
And dyeing the whole orient scarlet red.

And then I thought on Him, the great, the gracious,
Who me created, and that beacon bright,
And those pearl-rows which all heaven's arches spacious,
From pole to pole, illuminate at night.

My youthful lip would pray in deep devotion
The prayer my blessed mother taught to me;
Thy wisdom, God! thy mercy, shall the emotion
Of worship wake, and wake unceasingly.

Then prayed I for my father, for my mother,
My sister too, and all the family;
For unknown things, and for our wretched brother,
The cripple who went sighing staggering by.

Then slid away—my childhood's days of pleasure!
Away with them my joy and quiet slid;
Remembrance but remains, and of that treasure,
That I should be bereaved, O God! forbid!

In the "Swedish Anthology" we only find one poem from the works of Atterbom, one of the most highly gifted and most popular of modern Scandinavian poets. It is entitled an "Elegiac Ode;" and is a kind of mystical solo in which the Hyacinth is made to mourn its destiny, in accordance with the classical fable which produces that flower from the blood of Ajax, and inscribes upon its petals the Greek ejaculation forming the first half of its name. One stanza will give an idea of its character; but even the whole poem would do no justice to the author. The fable is, indeed, beautiful; but the poetry is inferior to the general style of Atterbom.

"The heart's blood am I of expiring strength,
Engraved on mine urn is its cry.
My dark-glowing pangs, to thee are they known?
Art thou too a stranger 'mid life's shadows thrown,
Deceived by its dreamery?
Learn that youth-giving joy to the stars alone
Was allotted! Their youth in the sky
With circling dances they celebrate;
And our steps from the cradle illuminate
To the grave."

The Swedes as well as the Greeks have their Tenth Muse. Though little known beyond the precincts of her own country, Fru Lengren, the lady on whom the partiality of her countrymen has bestowed this title, is the author of gems, which require only to be seen in order to be admired. No other poems give so true an insight into the habits and customs of the Swedes. There is a vein of good-natured though trenchant satire running through most of her effusions, which is very amusing. The following exhibits a pretty fair specimen of the quiet, genial humor, which is one of her distinguishing characteristics:

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THE PORTRAITS.

"Upon an old estate, her father's heritage,
A shrivelled countess dowager
Had vegetated half an age;
She drank her tea mingled with elder flowers,
By aching bones foretold the weather,
Scolded at times, but not for long together,
And mostly yawned away her hours.
One day, (God knows how such things should occur!)
Sitting beside her chambermaid
In her saloon, whose walls displayed
Gilt leather hangings, and the pictured face
Of many a member of her noble race,
She pondered thus: 'I almost doubt
Whether, if I could condescend
Some talk on this dull wench to spend,
It might not call my thoughts off from my gout.
And though the mawkin cannot comprehend
The charms of polished conversation,
'Twill give my lungs some exercise;
And then the goosecap's admiration
Of my descent to ecstacy must rise.'
'Susan,' she said, 'you sweep this drawing-room,
And sweep it almost every day;
You see these pictures, yet your looks betray
You're absolutely ignorant whom
You clear from cobwebs with your broom.
Now mind! That's my great grandsire to the right,
The learned and travelled president,
Who knew the Greek and Latin names of flies,
And to the Academy, in form polite,
Was pleased an earthworm to present
That he from India brought; a prize
Well worth its weight in gold.
That next him, in the corner hung by chance,
The ensign is, my dear, lost, only son,
A pattern in the graces of the dance,
My pride and hope, and all the family's.
Seven sorts of riding whips did he invent;
But sitting by the window caught a cold,
And so his honorable race was run.
He soon shall have a marble monument.
Now, my good girl, observe that other,
The countess grandam of my lady mother,
A beauty in her time famed far and near;
On Queen Christina's coronation day
She helped her majesty, they say,
And truly, no false tale you hear,
To tie her under petticoat.
The lady whose manteau you note,
Was my great aunt; beside her see
That ancient noble in the long simar;
An uncle of the family,
Who once played chess with Russia's mighty Czar.
That portrait farther to the left,

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Is the late colonel, my dear wedded lord;
His equal shall the earth, of him bereft,
In partridge-shooting never more afford!
But now observe the lovely dame
In yonder splendid oval frame,
Whose swelling bosom bears a rose;
Not that one, ninny;—look this way;
What haughtiness those eyes display!
How nobly aquiline that nose!
King Frederick once was by her beauty caught;
But she was virtue's self, fired as she ought,
And scolded, reverently, the royal youth,
Till utterly confused, he cried, "My charmer,
Your virtue's positively cased in armor!"
Many can yet attest this story's truth.
Well, Susan, do you know the lady now?
What! don't you recognize *my* lofty brow?'
But, 'Lord have mercy on me!' Susan cries,
And scissors, needle, thread, lets slip;
'Could that be ever like your ladyship!'
'What! what!' the countess screams, with flashing eyes;
'Could that be like me? Idiot! Nincompoop!
Out of my doors with all thy trumpery!
Intolerable! But so must it be,
If with such creatures to converse we stoop.'
A gouty twinge then seized the countess' toe,
And of her history that's all I know."*

The vanity of the "shrivelled countess dowager" is admirably hit off. Her reverence for her learned grandsire; her regret for her son, who was such a genius as to have invented "seven sorts of riding whips," her pride of her grandmother, who, it was said, had the distinguished honor to have once helped Queen Christiana

"To tie her under petticoat;"

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* The lyrics of Madame Lengren are her happiest efforts; but they are too idiomatic, and contain too many allusions which, however beautiful in themselves, are so peculiar to Scandinavian literature, that it is impossible to infuse their spirit into an English version. It is only by comparison, therefore, that we can give any idea of their intrinsic merit without giving more extracts than the limits of our present paper would permit. That an American poetess should write in the same style, generally in the same metre, choosing for the most part the same subjects as the Tenth Muse of Sweden, and yet be entirely original, may well seem strange, if not incredible. But such is really the fact. So far as we are aware, the fair minstrel alluded to is known to the public only by the *nom de plume* of "Grace Appleton," if indeed that be not the lady's real name, as some of her warmest admirers seem to think. Without pretending to be better informed on this point than our neighbors, we transcribe an effusion or two, which, independently of their native sweetness and melody, will, as we have said, give a more correct idea of the peculiar charms of Fru Lengren than any Swedish specimens

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and, finally, her indignation on finding that her handmaid, Susan, dared to question the fact that she was once as beautiful as her painter represented her, are (in the original, if not in the above imperfect version) irresistibly amusing.

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within our reach. We place two of Grace's lyrics side by side, merely premising that each, especially "The Evening Hearthstone," is a veritable gem:

THE EVENING HEARTHSTONE.

Gladly now we gather round it,
For the toiling day is done,
And the gray and solemn twilight,
Follows down the golden sun:
Shadows lengthen on the pavement,
Stalk like giants through the gloom,
Wander past the dusky casement,
Creep around the fire-lit room.
Draw the curtains!—close the shutters!
Place the slippers by the fire!
Though the rude wind loudly mutters,
What care we for wind-sprite's ire?

What care we for outward seeming?
Fickle Fortune's frown or smile?
If around us Love is beaming—
Love can human ills beguile!
'Neath the cottage roof and palace,
From the peasant to the king,
All are quaffing from Life's chalice,
Bubbles that enchantment bring.
Grates are glowing—music flowing
From the lips we love the best;
O, the joy—the bliss—of knowing
There are hearts whereon to rest!

Hearts that throb with eager gladness—
Hearts that echo to our own—
While grim Care and haunting Sadness
Mingle ne'er in look or tone.
Care may tread the halls of Daylight—
Sadness haunt the midnight hour—
But the weird and witching Twilight
Brings the glowing Hearthstone's dower.
Altar of our holiest feelings!
Childhood's well-remembered shrine!
Spirit-yearnings—soul revealings,
Wreaths immortal round thee twine!

AU-REVOIR TO MOSS-DALE COTTAGE.

By the river-side,
Where the wavelets glide
Through the sunny day
Like fairies at play;
Where the blue-bell's cup
With gems filleth up
For the Queen of Sprites
Who merrily lights
From her Elfin-land.

Where the shell's low song
Floats gently along
On the fragrant breeze
Through the rustling trees;
Where the silv'ry fin,
With its bright edge thin,
Parts the ripplet's breast,
And dives to its nest
In the gleaming sand.

Where the waving grass,
As the waters pass,
Lets afloat its hair,
Like a mermaid fair,
And the willows reach,
O'er the pebble-beach,
Whence the tiny boat
From the shore springs out,
Where it dripping lay.

Where the sloping green
Of the banks is seen,
Like a soft couch spread
For an angel's bed,—
'Till it meets the waves,
And, loitering, laves
In the crystal flood,
Now dyed with the blood
Of expiring day.

We have seen no description of an arch, pretty, mischievous, love-inspiring girl, at once so graphic, poetical, and humorous, as the following *morceau:*

MOLLY.

Here's a health to merry Molly,
With her pretty face and jolly,
When with whom 'twere sheerest folly
E'en to dream of melancholy!

With her manners so coquettish—
Half persuading and half pettish,
And her airs so self-relying,
That she seems mankind defying.

She's a dangerous, witching creature—
Mischief lurks in every feature,
And her laughing eye expresses
More than lip or tongue confesses!

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Of altogether a different style from any we have yet noticed, is the poetry of Franzer, whom German as well as Swedish critics compare to Byron, though the similarity consists mainly, if not exclusively, in the fact that both bards were rather susceptible of the tender passion, sometimes loving where it was lawful only to esteem. In one of the longer Love Elegies of Franzer, we are alternately reminded of Dante and his beloved Beatrice, and of Tasso and his beloved Leonora, the Swede being quite as passionate, if not as poetical, and quite as ready to meddle with forbidden fruit as either of the two masters of Italian song. The poet remonstrates imploringly with his absent "ladye-love," not scrupling occasionally to reproach her for her coldness, and while doing so he envies the tiny songster of the grove. We can only make room for two stanzas:

"Mark the fond pair on yonder spray
In blissful liberty;
He at each trill suspends his lay,
Awaiting her reply.
Alas! unanswered by a word
My song; not even heard.

"What scared them 'midst their harmless love?
But see where even now
They meet within the nearest grove
And kiss upon a bough.
We parted, and I pining roam
Where she may never come."

We can only add one extract more—"The Brother Avenged"—one of those affecting stories which are transmitted by tradition, from generation to generation, and which would never be forgotten even though there were no books wherein to record them. The hero hears of the murder of his brother, while enjoying himself with many friends at the festal board. He makes no outcry; but acquits himself of his duties as host. This done, he silently mounts his charger and proceeds to the scene of the murder, where he finds his brother's body, and his mother weeping over it. He pursues the murderers, slays them, then seeks protection, &c., &c. A whole series of incidents ensue, which, highly tragical and full of interest as they are in themselves, we have not space to describe. Fortunately it is not necessary that we should do so, since they are all embraced in the poem:

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CHORUS.

But I cannot have peace 'cause of Sweden's king.

1.

I stood before my master's board,
The skinker's office plying;
The herald men brought tidings then
That my brother was murdered lying.

2.

I attended my lord unto his bed,
By his dearest down he laid him;
Then my courser out of the stall I led,
And with saddle and bit arrayed him.

3.

I sprang upon my courser's back,
With the spur began to goad him,
And ere I drew his bridle to,
Full fifteen leagues I rode him.

4.

And when I came to the noisy hall,
Where the Kemps carouse were keeping,
O then I saw my mother dear
O'er the corse of my brother weeping.

5.

Then I laid an arrow on my good bow—
The bow that never deceived me—
And straight I shot king's Kempions twelve,
Of my brother who had bereaved me.

6.

And then to the Ting I rode away,
Where the judges twelve were seated;
Of six to avenge my brother I begged,
And of six protection entreated.

7.

For the third time rode I to the king—
For deep revenge I lusted—
Up stood the liege-man of the king,
And at me fiercely thrusted.

8.

Up stood the liege-man of the king,
With a furious thrust toward me,
And the judges twelve rose in the Ting,
And an outlawed man declared me.

9.

Then I laid an arrow on my good bow,
And the bow to its utmost bent I,
And into the heart of the king's liege-man
The sharp, sharp arrow sent I.

10.

Then away from the king amain I sped,
And my good steed clomb in hurry;
There was nothing for me but to hasten and flee,
And myself 'mong the woods to bury.

11.

And hidden for eight long years I lay
Amid the woods so lonely;
I'd nothing to eat in that dark retreat
But grass and green leaves only.

12.

I'd nothing to eat, in that dark retreat,
Save the grass and leaves I devoured;
No bed-fellows crept to the place where I slept,
Save bears that broomed and roared.

13.

So near at hand was our Lady's day,
So near was that holy tide then, [leads,
When the king of the Swedes his followers
And rides to the church, in his pride then.

14.

So I laid an arrow on my good bow,
And the bow in fury bent I,
And into the heart of the Swedish king
The yard-long arrow sent I.

15.

Now lies on the ground the Swedish king,
And the blood from his death-wound showers;
So blythe is my breast, though still I must rest
Amid the forest bowers.

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ART. IX.—1. *The Rebellion Record: A Diary of American Events*, 1860–'61. Edited by FRANK MOORE, Author of "Diary of the American Revolution." New York: George P. Putnam.

2. *A Narrative of the Campaigns of the British Army at Washington and New Orleans, under Generals Ross, Packenham, and Lambert, in the years* 1814 *and* 1815. By the author of "The Subaltern." 12mo. London: 1827.

3. *Réserches sur les Bouches a feu en fonte de fer.* Par le GENERAL TIRLET. Paris: 1857.

UNDER all circumstances, war is a calamity as long as it lasts. But peace is not always a blessing. It is never such when maintained or secured at the expense of national honor or national dismemberment. Nay it is rather a curse—certainly a disgrace, to those who would sacrifice all to it. We are all suffering more or less just now from the existing war. But how much better it is that we should undergo privations for a while, than that we should submit to see our noble Republic torn to pieces without raising a hand to save it! The Government, and the millions who sustain it, have, therefore, reason rather to congratulate themselves that they did not hesitate to draw the sword when they saw that the enemies of the Union were in earnest. The only cause of regret is that the former permitted the rebels to have their own way so long, allowing them to seize upon fort after fort—upon United States property of every kind—without adopting any effective means to prevent them.

It would have been better for all concerned that a different course had been pursued. Had Mr. Buchanan acted towards South Carolina as Jackson had done in similar circumstances, she would have found her interest in keeping quiet; it was sufficiently easy to convince her at the outset, that however disposed to rebel, it was impossible for her to set the Federal Government at defiance without involving herself in ruin. Had she been taught this lesson, the several other States that have since, one by one, joined her in rebellion, would have profited by it without any loss to themselves, and the whole country would have been saved from the miseries of civil war. But seeing that instead of this she was allowed to proceed from one overt act to another against the United States, and not only declare herself out of the

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Union, but do all in her power to induce other States to follow her example, the wonder would have been had Georgia, Alabama, and Louisiana done otherwise than what they have done. But it does not follow from this that Mr. Buchanan was in favor of the dissolution of the Union. It is more logical, as well as more charitable, to suppose that he did not believe the Secessionists meant any thing more than to frighten the North to make concessions to the South. Indeed, this is the only theory upon which he can be acquitted of treason, especially in view of the conduct of Secretaries Cobb and Floyd, who were enabled to afford such important aid and encouragement to the rebels in his name. In other words, we must believe that Mr. Buchanan had not the sagacity to understand what was passing around him, rather than that he would willingly see the treasury and arsenals of the United States robbed and plundered for the benefit of those whose avowed object it was to overthrow the Government which he was sworn to uphold in its integrity.

Had he adopted a resolute and vigorous policy, even when Major Anderson retired from Fort Moultrie and took possession of Fort Sumter, the secession movement might have been checked. The movement of the gallant Major was worthy of all the praise it elicited at the time throughout the free States. It was of the greatest importance to possess the principal fort in the harbor. Once in Fort Sumter, even that handful of brave men could have effectually closed the port of Charleston, and dictated terms to the city, at the same time securing the way for ample reinforcements. The rebels themselves felt that they were hemmed in; and they execrated Anderson accordingly. But when they saw that nothing further was done—that they were permitted to erect batteries, and make all preparations for war which they deemed necessary, they soon changed their views, coming to the very natural conclusion that they might still do what they liked —that the Government would not dare to coerce them. It was under this impression they fired upon the Star of the West; and the result was but too well calculated to prove to them that it was not an erroneous one.

We confess we have always thought that Major Anderson should have opened his batteries at once, as soon as he saw the flag of the United States fired upon in this way, even though he was not aware that the vessel attacked came with reinforce-

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ments and provisions for himself. The firing was clearly an act of war, and it was boasted of as such. If it shed no blood, it was simply because the rebels were not successful in their attempt, or because the ship turned about and put to sea. That she had to do so was a great humiliation by itself; it was hailed throughout the South as a triumph to the secession cause, though even the South Carolinians seemed to have no doubt that retribution would be sought for the act. Seeing that no attempt of this kind was made, however, on the part of the Federal Government, Alabama, Georgia, and Louisiana became more and more defiant. Whatever hesitancy there had been previously as to the advisableness of seizing United States forts or arsenals, there was none now. The rebels felt that they could commit any outrages with impunity, and accordingly, not content with taking forts and arsenals, they soon commenced to seize on the revenue cutters—in short, on every thing belonging to the Government that happened to be unprotected. The effect of this was pernicious in Europe as well as throughout the South; since it seemed to show either that the Government was powerless to resist the rebellion, or otherwise that it had no disposition to do so.

It is now well understood that Major Anderson did all he was ordered by the Government. Under other circumstances, this would not have been sufficient. An officer who sees the flag of his country fired upon under his guns, is supposed to need no special orders from head-quarters to avenge the insult or to punish the aggressor. Even a private citizen is justified in repelling force by force, if attacked, whether the attack be made on his life, his property, or the life or property of any one else left in his charge. It would be absurd to say that he ought not to fire, though fired upon, or sought to be injured in some other way, lest he might hurt or exasperate his assailant. But, seeing that for some two or three weeks Major Anderson had reason to apprehend that he would receive censure rather than thanks for the important movement which he had made on his own responsibility, it was not to be expected that he would act in a manner equally independent again for some time. This, indeed, is the only ground upon which he can be said to have done his duty as the commandant of a fort, while he permitted the enemy to construct battery after battery within easy range of his guns, with the avowed object of attacking himself and dishonoring

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the flag which he was sworn to protect, except it be true, as is generally supposed, that he had orders not to fire, let the rebels do what they might.

But, since the spirit of rebellion was not extinguished at once, as indicated, nothing better could have been done at the eleventh hour than to let the rebels do their worst against Fort Sumter and the gallant band that defended it, until it would have been recklessness rather than bravery to have held out any longer against the overwhelming forces that surrounded them on all sides. Whether it was intentional or not on the part of the Government that South Carolina should have an opportunity of exciting the indignation of the whole North by bombarding Sumter before any attempt worthy of the name had been made to reinforce it, the result was all that could have been desired. Never were a people more thoroughly aroused. Those most attached to the Union, and who had most confidence in the patriotism and loyalty of the free States, were agreeably surprised at the unanimity of all classes, foreigners as well as natives, in their almost frantic enthusiasm in favor of avenging the insult offered to the American flag, and of defending the Union against all enemies. It is not necessary for us to describe the spectacle thus presented. The world is familiar with it now. Suffice to say that a more sublime and eloquent expression of attachment and devotion, on the part of a brave and enlightened people, to their institutions and government, has never been witnessed in ancient or modern times.

History affords no parallel for the extraordinary promptitude with which thousands rushed to arms, formed themselves into large battalions, and hurried to the defence of the national capital. The difficulty has been, not to find willing hearts and strong arms in abundance to defend our flag, but to restrain those who are eager for the honor of taking part in doing so. In other words, for every hundred men called for by the President in his proclamation, thousands were and are ready to offer their services. This had been equally unexpected by the Secessionists, and those nations of Europe which have taken most interest in the progress of the rebellion. The former, especially, were taken by surprise. Depending on the statements of men like Fernando Wood, whose highest ambition is to forward their own personal interests, the rebels had calculated on large reinforcements from the principal cities of the North. It is evident that

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England had made similar calculations, and that they have had considerable effect in determining her on the course of policy which she has lately promulgated by royal proclamation. First, there was a large English party in favor of recognizing the Southern Confederacy as an independent nation, partly on the ground, as we have already seen, that the revolted States were successful, since they met with no opposition worthy of the name, and partly on account of those large reinforcements which Jefferson Davis was to have had at once from the free States as soon as the Federal Government made any effort to force back the rebels to their allegiance. When it was seen that, however eager the Secessionists are to found a new republic, with slavery as its basis, the Northerners are still more eager to defend the old Republic, it was concluded that it was better to do no more for the present, in the way of interfering in our domestic affairs, than to recognize the seceded States simply as belligerents.

No other nation has felt called upon to interfere at all. England alone has evinced sympathy for the South—that very England, who for a quarter of a century has been doing all in her power to excite the hatred of the North against the institution of slavery. The public has little idea of the enormous amount of gold she has contributed, directly and indirectly, though, of course, not officially, for this purpose. Nor did those who know her best wonder at it, being aware that *divide et impira* has always been her policy at home and abroad. As for believing that she has taken this interest in slavery merely for humanity's sake, no intelligent, thoughtful person, acquainted with her history, entertains any such erroneous idea. She has long regarded the great Republic of the West with jealousy, and whatever after-dinner compliments she has condescended to bestow from time to time on her "American cousins," it is more than probable that she would wish to see us shorn of a good part of our strength, if only that she might be enabled to pity our fallen condition!

That England would be valuable as an ally, and formidable as an enemy in any war, is not to be denied. There is no disposition, on the part of our government or people, to be on any other terms with her than those of friendship. Nothing has been done, and nothing will be done, willingly to excite her hostility against us. We wish to be at peace with her, partly because it is our interest as a commercial nation to be so, and partly because we regard her people as our kindred.

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But, as for being afraid of her, we entertain no such feeling, nor is there any sufficient reason why we should. While the whole population of the colonies was less than one-fifth that of the free States at the present day, it was in vain that England made incessant war on our ancestors by sea and land for seven years; she was finally obliged to admit her inability to subdue them. A similar result might be apprehended now, were the government of the United States separated by three thousand miles of ocean from the Southern States that are in revolt against its authority. But, instead of this, they are separated by no sea—in general by no natural barrier. The different States, North and South, form geographically, as well as politically, as much one country as the different counties of England. Scotland stands much more apart from England than do any of the border slave States from the free States. It is not necessary for our goverment to fit out a single vessel in order to pour troops into almost any of the seceded States, whereas England had to send every regiment a distance of three thousand miles before it could take any part in the war against the colonies; and finally, when that regiment did enter the field, it is well known that it had a brave and vigorous, if not a numerically powerful, enemy to contend with. To this the British writers themselves bear ample testimony. Nor need we go back to the Revolutionary war to see who fought best against the foreign invader.

Far be it from us to undervalue the bravery of the Southern people. On the contrary, we readily admit that they are excellent soldiers; but, far from being superior to Northerners, as they boast themselves, the history of all the wars in which both have fought, side by side, against the common enemy, shows that the superiority is quite on the other side. A glance at the war of 1812 will satisfy any one, willing to be convinced of the truth, that nine-tenths of the advantages gained over the enemy were the results of the cool intrepidity and undaunted courage of Northern troops. That the British understood this themselves is sufficiently evident from their decided preference to make inroads in Southern rather than in Northern states. The events which took place on Lake Champlain would show what Northern sailors as well as soldiers were capable of. If we compare their efforts with those of the Southerners, whose duty it was to protect Washington, then we shall be able to understand pretty fully the precise difference between Southern 'chivalry' and Northern

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bravery. The author of the "Narrative," the full title of which stands at the head of our article, describes the opposition experienced by the British in their raid upon Washington in a manner any thing but complimentary either to Virginian or Kentuckian valor; contrasting it strongly with the reception received from Northerners on Lake Champlain and elsewhere. "Early in August," he says, "this small force (that ordered to capture Washington) entered, under discretionary orders, the waters of the Chesapeake, one of those vast arms of the sea which indent the coast of the United States, and on or near which are situated Norfolk, Annapolis, Alexandria, Philadelphia, and Washington. The latter was chosen as the first point of attack—a material inducement to this selection being the political effect anticipated from exhibiting in a glaring manner *the vulnerable state of the enemy* even in the heart of their territory, and at the seat of their government. A corps computed at nine thousand men, including five or six hundred cavalry, was hastily assembled and drawn up in three lines on a lofty and partly wooded eminence, a few miles in advance of the capital, and about five days' march from our shipping. The village of Bladensburgh lay in the valley on one side, but within cannon range of the enemy. The ground thus judiciously selected for defence was most formidable and of difficult access. To the crest it was about three-quarters of a mile in ascent; over the centre passed the high road, and along its base ran a deep and rapid river, passable only by a narrow wooden bridge. This, though additionally protected by a fortified house, our advance forced without delay, carrying also, at a rush, a two-gun battery, by which it was more immediately enfiladed. In little more that one hour the enemy were dislodged and routed. Our men, having already marched under a broiling sun some fourteen or fifteen miles, were no longer a match *in speed for the fugitives*, and we had no cavalry. The little invading column, being quickly re-formed, pushed on to Washington. *No opposition except an inconsiderable fire of musketry was encountered.* The government (protected (?) by those who are now Secessionists) was dispersed. A line of battle ship on the stocks, timber for several others, a sixty-gun frigate, a sloop of war, two hundred pieces of ordnance, and two or three millions' worth of public property of all kinds, were destroyed. The force employed on this occasion scarcely amounted to three thousand bayonets." It is evident that when Mr. Jefferson Davis threatened

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to take not only Washington but Philadelphia, New York and Boston, he must have calculated on no more soldierly resistance than that made by the Virginians against the British. Nor will it do to say that justice has not been done to the defenders (?) of the capital in this case; for we find something very similar in the dispatches of General Jackson: "Simultaneously," says the General, "with his advance upon my lines, he had *thrown over in his boats* a considerable force to the other side of the river. These, having landed, were hardly enough to advance against the works of General Morgan; and what is strange and difficult to account for, at the very moment when their entire discomfiture was looked for, with a confidence approaching to certainty, the Kentucky reinforcements, on whom so much reliance had been placed, ingloriously fled, drawing after them, by their example, the remainder of the forces; and thus yielding to the enemy that *most formidable position*." It is a remarkable fact that the Kentuckians, who thus ingloriously fled, were from those very counties of Kentucky where the secession mania rages at present with a degree of violence scarcely less intense than that which characterized its worst manifestations even in South Carolina. Without taking further notice for the present of the sort of valor that displays itself chiefly, if not exclusively, in high sounding words, we will see what the "Narrative" already quoted says in reference to the very different manner in which the so-called "Yankees" account for themselves in similar circumstances. The following extract will serve as a specimen:

"Darkness having set in, the fires were made to blaze with increased splendor, our evening meal was eat, and we prepared to sleep. But about half-past seven o'clock the attention of several individuals was drawn to a large vessel, which seemed to be stealing up the river till she came opposite to our camp; when her anchor was dropped, and her sails leisurely furled. At first we were doubtful whether she might not be one of our own cruisers which had passed the port unobserved, and had arrived to render her assistance in our future operations. To satisfy this doubt she was repeatedly hailed, but returned no answer, when, an alarm spreading through the bivouac, all thought of sleep was laid aside. Several musket shots were now fired at her, with a design of exacting a reply, of which no notice was taken; till at length having fastened all her sails, and swung her broadside toward us, we could distinctly hear some one cry out in a commanding voice, 'Give them this for the honor of America.' The words were instantly followed by the flashes of her guns, and a deadly shower of grape swept down numbers in the camp.

"Against this dreadful fire we had nothing whatever to oppose. The artillery which we had landed was too light to bring into competition

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with an adversary so powerful; and as she had anchored within a short distance of the opposite bank, no musketry could reach her with any precision of effect. A few rockets were discharged, which made a beautiful appearance in the air, but the rocket is an uncertain weapon, and these deviated too far from their object to produce even terror among those against whom they were directed. Under these circumstances, as nothing could be done offensively, our sole object was to shelter the men as much as possible from this iron hail. With this view, they were commanded to leave the fires, and to hasten under the dyke. Thither all, accordingly, repaired, without much regard to order and regularity, and laying ourselves along wherever we could find room, we listened in painful silence to the scattering of grape shot among our huts, and to the shrieks and groans of those who lay wounded beside them.

"The night was now as dark as pitch, the moon being but young, and totally obscured with clouds. Our fires, deserted by us, and beat about by the enemy's shot, began to burn red and dull, and except when the flashes of those guns which played upon us cast a momentary glare, not an object could be distinguished at the distance of a yard. In this state we lay for nearly an hour, unable to move from our ground, or offer any opposition to those who kept us there, when a straggling fire of musketry called our attention towards the piquets, and warned us to prepare for a closer and more desperate strife. As yet, however, it was uncertain from what cause this dropping fire arose. It might proceed from the sentinels, who, alarmed by the cannonade from the river, mistook every tree for an American; and, till this should be more fully ascertained, it would be improper to expose the troops by moving any of them from the shelter which the bank afforded. But these doubts were not permitted to continue long in existence. The dropping fire having paused for a few moments was succeeded by a fearful yell, and the heavens were illuminated on all sides, by a semi-circular blaze of musketry. It was now clear that we were surrounded, and that by a very superior force, and, therefore, no alternative remaining, but either to surrender at discretion, or to beat back the assailants."

This may be regarded as a fair specimen of the experience of British troops in their encounters with those whom it has recently been so much the habit in the South to despise as "pusillanimous Yankees." We suspect that before the present war is over, the historians of the Confederate States will be forced to pay similar tributes to Northern valor. Already has old Massachusetts vindicated her ancient fame. The Puritans who distinguished themselves most gallantly in Cromwell's armies, have not given more proof of undaunted courage and resolution than the noble little band of her sons that so heroically cut their way through the infuriated mob of Baltimore "Plug-Uglies." The friends of civilization throughout the world have reason to rejoice at the conduct of Massachusetts, since it affords a new proof that superior education and culture, far from having a tendency to render

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man effeminate and timid,* tend, on the contrary, to inspire courage and resolution, showing, as it does, that the State whose citizens are best educated and most enlightened, excels in bravery in proportion as it excels in intelligence. We do not believe with Montesquieu, that "the people of warm climates are timid like old women" (*Esprit du Loi*), however much truth there may be in what he adds in the same sentence, namely, that "those of cold countries are courageous like young ones." As already remarked, we have the utmost respect for the courage and intrepidity of our rebellious brethren of "the sunny South;" but we would remind them that Northerners, fighting in defence of the Union cemented by the blood of their fathers, are a very different foe to encounter from Mexicans or Indians.

Should England see fit to take part with the South under one pretext or other (which, for her own sake, she is not likely to do), even then the Federal Government and its supporters would have little to fear if true to themselves; in other words, it would be by no means certain that the rebels would prevail. If we glance at all the wars in which England has been engaged on the continent of Europe since the first French revolution, we shall find that she has never proved so powerful as it is the habit, especially in this country, to regard her. Her wars against France alone would illustrate this. Against this one nation, which is within an hour's sail of her fleets, she entered into five coalitions in less than twenty years; and yet, what very serious injury was she able to do her, until Napoleon, by his ill-advised invasion of Russia, had left himself almost without an army to defend his frontiers? Thus France was not in the least terrified when she found, in 1799, that not fewer than six powers, namely, Great Britain, Germany, Russia, Naples, Portugal, and Turkey, had turned their combined arms against her. Far from being frightened, she attacked each in turn, and England alone, whose insular

* This was the opinion of Montaigne, who says in one of his Essays: "The strongest government now existing in the world is the Turkish; for there the people are trained to prize arms and *to look with contempt upon learning.*" According to him, ignorance rather than knowledge, is power. But fortunately he stands alone among philosophers in his estimate of the effect of culture on both the human mind and body. Old Massachusetts fully illustrates the apothegm of Bacon, and also those lines of Horace which so happily embody the views of the greatest sages of antiquity on the same subject:

> Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
> Rectique cultus pectora roborant:
> Utcumque defecere mores,
> Dedecorant bene nata culpæ.—*Carmin*, Lib. IV. 4.

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position saved her, escaped the humiliation of seeing her territory occupied by French troops; and with the additional exception of Russia, whose immense fastnesses and inhospitable climate saved her, there was not one of the allies whom that one nation did not strike down and place at her mercy. Nor was the coalition of 1805, which consisted of Great Britain, Russia, Austria, and Naples, a whit more successful in its efforts to dismember France. Austria and Naples were soon forced to submit. It was in vain that Prussia and Saxony were induced to take their place in 1806. Both were abundantly punished for their rashness; so that in 1809, England had no Power to join her but Austria.

Now, let us see what England was able to do for the Powers with which she was allied in this way; or what they were able to do for themselves with her aid. Taking Prussia and Austria as examples, we will state a few facts which sufficiently illustrate this branch of our subject. What Prussia gained in the first place by joining England in 1806, was to have the flower of her army cut to pieces at the fatal battle of Jena—fought just eight days after the treaty of alliance was promulgated. This was a bad beginning; but still more deplorable events followed in rapid succession. In little more than six weeks the whole Prussian army was reduced to a skeleton. Not only did the conqueror take Berlin, issuing therefrom his famous Berlin Decree, but he reduced the Prussian monarchy to a single province. England was powerless to avert a single one of these calamities. All she could do was to pay Frederick William an annuity of £8,000 for the support of himself and his family.

Still more severe, if possible, was the chastisement inflicted on Austria. The cost of her joining in the first coalition was nothing less than the loss of Northern Italy, Belgium, Flanders and Holland, and all the left bank of the Rhine. Such was the result to her of five years' war, aided by England and the various other Powers mentioned, against France. Passing over the period from 1797 to 1805, we come to the third war against France, in which Austria took part. The result of this was that at the peace of Presburg she was forced not only to recognize Bavaria and Wirtemberg as independent kingdoms, but also to surrender the Venetian States and Dalmatia to the new kingdom of Italy. Still refusing to profit by these severe lessons, she takes part in the fourth coalition. Napoleon in return dissolves the German empire, depriving Francis II. of all his hereditary dominions,

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and compelling him to give him his daughter, Maria Louisa, in marriage, though a married man already. In addition to all this, the Austrian capital was twice captured and occupied by the French, and its fortifications, the strongest in Europe, the work of nearly a quarter of a century, were blown up by the conqueror. During this whole period England was "mistress of the seas;" but how little did her mistress-ship avail either Prussia or Austria!

Now, does any intelligent person doubt that she would prove equally powerless, did she attempt to interfere in the present war as an ally of the Confederate States? As a matter of course, she could do us harm; she could inflict great injury on our commerce, and, perhaps, force us to abandon the blockade of the Southern ports. But to prevent us from occupying any of the seceded States, or from forcing them to recognize the Federal authority, is more than all the armies at her disposal could accomplish. It would be quite as feasible an undertaking on her part to attempt to prevent the French from crossing the Rhine, or the Belgian or Sardinian frontier, as to prevent our Federal armies from crossing the Potomac, the Ohio, or the Mississippi. Any one of the larger seceded States could offer more formidable opposition in this way than she, and could continue the opposition longer, the same as the small state of Bavaria could more effectually resist the inroads of the French than all the demonstrations that England could make, in her palmiest days, by sea and land, aided by her allies, to keep them off.

In short, she would be formidable to us only on sea. Her war navy is so much more powerful than ours, that she could inflict incalculable injury on our commerce; that is, provided we could not turn our merchantmen into war vessels with as much facility as we can raise armies of from 60,000 to 500,000 men, seeing that our resources, both in ships, and experienced seamen to man them, are pretty nearly, if not quite as boundless as her own. But assuming that, instead of being able to add to our war vessels, those we already have could be destroyed, we have the example of France in this case too, to show that the evil would not be so great as is commonly supposed. It is now almost universally admitted by political economists, that Napoleon I. showed as much foresight and skill by the promulgation of his celebrated Berlin Decree, as he did in planning any of his greatest battles, not because the decree possessed any force by itself, but that it led England to do what had force, against herself. In sub-

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stance, it declared the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland to be in a state of blockade—that all commodities belonging to Englishmen were lawful prize; and that no ship from England, or her colonies, or which should have touched there, should be admitted into any harbor belonging to France or occupied by her troops. Be it observed, that at this time, France was utterly powerless on sea, for the naval battles at Gibralter, Cadiz, Trafalgar, and the West Indies, had already been fought, resulting in the total destruction of the French navy. It was impossible, therefore, for Napoleon to carry out his threat of making prizes of neutrals attempting to enter British ports. But the Orders in Council issued in retaliation by Great Britain, had the almost immediate effect of causing "a scene of unmixed and extended misery never before exhibited to the Government of any nation, as the result of its own infatuated policy." By the first Order in Council, promulgated in January, 1807, all neutrals were interdicted from the coasting trade of France. In November of the same year, a whole series of Orders were promulgated, the substance of which was that no trade with France or her dependencies could be permitted except through England. The design of this was to make all vessels engaged in any trade with France pay duty to England. Then followed the Milan Decree, which declared that any vessel which submitted directly or indirectly to the British "Orders," or which had been searched in the course of her voyage by an English cruiser, should be considered as lawful prize.

England thought that by her Orders in Council she could ruin France; but she was very glad to have a pretext to rescind them, substituting in their stead a general blockade of the greater part of Europe. This had the effect of excluding neutrals; while, by a system of *Licenses* adopted at the same time, French sailors and French vessels were permitted to carry on the trade in which they had been engaged. Thus both the Orders in Council and the blockade were designed, as we have said, to ruin the commerce of France, but in practice they did her more service than injury; the neutrals and England herself being the chief sufferers from their operation.

When the whole matter came before Parliament for investigation, it was clearly proved, that since the destruction of the French war navy, France did infinitely more harm to British commerce than at any previous period, having com-

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missioned ten privateers for every man-of-war taken or sunk by England. The result of the parliamentary proceedings on the subject, was a virtual acknowledgment on the part of both houses, of the utter hopelessness of attempting to inflict any serious injury on France as a nation, by naval demonstrations. In a pamphlet published by Brougham the same year, the following passages occur: "If we are to fight, let us know the *length of our weapon and the distance* of our adversary. To talk of beating some millions of soldiers by campaigning on the sea, is about as wise as to brandish a sword in the air when your adversary is about two sword's length off. * * * * We shall probably see how much more excusable the hopes of ruining the French resources, by capturing ships and sugar-islands, were in those days when St. Domingo had not been lost, and the French navy, both military and commercial, was entire. Extending the same survey, we may possibly discover the difference between hampering our enemy's trade, which is possible, and entirely preventing him from importing and exporting, *which no naval superiority can effect.* We may also learn how easy it is to injure a number of individuals without ruining a nation in its trade, and destroying, or even materially affecting, its military power. * * * It will likewise occur, that for political purposes, naval power is in its own nature defensive; while military greatness *is calculated for attack, and meets with no limits until it has overrun the world.*"

From all this we may learn two useful lessons: first, that we should not attach so much importance to what is called the naval superiority of England, as we are wont to do, and secondly, that we should not place too much reliance on our own blockade of the Southern ports. We have abundant military strength for all contingencies. We can bring armies enough into the field, not only to chastise our rebellious fellow-citizens of the South, and bring them back to their allegiance, but also to teach England, should she prove in need of the lesson, that she had better look to Canada, to Hindostan, and to Ireland, than to interfere in any way in our domestic affairs.

It is very generally believed, while we write, that the Federal Government ought not to hesitate any longer to make a decisive movement—that it is high time the rebels should be compelled to fight, or retreat. This would be well for themselves, as well as for us, since it would hasten the restoration of peace. Were it possible to end the war, and bring back the secessionists to their allegiance, without blood-

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shed, then it would be well to avoid a great battle; but all are agreed that it is not. Why procrastinate then? It will not do to say that it is best to wait until we have an overwhelming force in the field. We should rather remember that the rebels, as well as we, are gaining strength every day; though not to the same extent. In short, if only to guard against the violation of the Monroe doctrine, the sooner the rebellion is crushed, the better. And the South has a still greater interest in the enforcement of that doctrine than the North. Let only England or France establish a foothold under any pretence in Central America, and Southern filibustering would be at an end. And yet who doubts that such would be done could the South be separated from the North? And let us assume, for argument's sake, that a separation had actually taken place. No matter what treaties were made, the North would be opposed to the extension of Slavery; England could not help assuming a similar attitude. If she did not, France would, so that, in any case, the Southern Republic would be hemmed in. As for the right of the Federal Government to maintain its authority, and consequently to put down rebellion, no loyal citizen questions it any longer. To do otherwise would be to ignore the Government altogether; for what are the objects of government at all, if they do not include *preservation and security*?*

* Probably the best modern writer on this branch of our subject is Guetano Filangieri, who says, that the government or nation that fails to protect itself against all foes, whether foreign or domestic, deserves to perish ingloriously. In short, he insists that the laws shall be vindicated against all who would violate them.

"Cominaciando dal distinguere la *bontà assoluta* delle leggi, della *bontà* relativa, determinando l'idea precisa dell' una e dell' altra; distinguendo l'armonia, che deve avere la legge co' principj della natura, dal rapporto, che essa deve avere collo stato della nazione, alla quale si emana, sviluppando i principj più generali, che dipendono da questo doppio carattere di bontà che deve avere ogni legge; osservando le consequenze, che ne derivano; deducendone gli errori delle leggi, la diversità necessaria, l'opposizione anche frequente delle legislazioni; le vicende de' codice, la necessità di correggerli; gli ostacoli che rendono difficili queste correzioni, le precauzioni, che fanno svanire questi ostacoli: prendendo, io dico di mira tutti questi oggetti, noi non faremo altro, che dare un' idea generale della teoria della *bontà assoluta* delle leggi, e disporle alto sviluppo della teoria molto più complicata della lors *bontà* relativa, che è per così dire, l'aggregate di tutto le regole generali della scienza della legislazione.

"Se questa bontà consiste nel rapporto dell leggi collo stato della nazione, alla quale vengono emanate, bisogna vedere quali sono i componenti di questo stato. Noi li troveremo nella natura del governo, e per consequenza nel principio, che lo fa agire; nel genio, e nell' indole de' popoli; nel clima, forza sempre attiva, e sempre nascosta; nella natura del terreno; nella situazione locate; nella maggiore, e minore estensione del paese; nell' infanzia o nella maturità del popolo, e nella religione, in questa forza divina, che influendo su i costumi de popoli deve richia more le prime cure del legislatore."—*The Science of Legislation*, by G. Filangieri, Vol. I., pp. 150-1.

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Art. X.—NOTICES AND CRITICISMS.

LEXICOGRAPHY.

A Dictionary of the English Language. By Joseph E. Worcester, LL.D. Quarto, pp. 1786. Boston: Swan, Brewer & Tileston. 1860.

It is but recently "Worcester's Dictionary" has fallen into our hands. Until we examined it, we had conscientiously regarded Webster's as, upon the whole, the best Dictionary of the English language; although we have at no time adopted either its peculiar system of spelling, or pronunciation. We valued it chiefly, if not exclusively, for it definitions and derivations; for in these respects it was undoubtedly superior to any of the various other English dictionaries with which we were acquainted. Nor did we believe that "Worcester" was equal to it. Thus, we frankly confess, that we took up the latter with some feeling of prejudice against it. From all we had read and heard on the subject, we were indeed prepared to find the new work a more correct standard of orthography and orthoepy, than the old. We are now satisfied that in this we were right; but equally satisfied that we were wrong in assuming the definitions and derivations of the latter to be superior to those of the former.

In general the definitions of Webster are perhaps longer than those of Worcester. But what the latter lacks in length, he fully makes amends for in precision and force. This, however, does not fairly state the case; for if Worcester has, in general, more regard for brevity than Webster, there are occasions, and not a few, in which he is also more copious and elaborate. Indeed, he exhibits the two latter qualities whenever they are necessary. The difference is, that one is constantly using heavy artillery, where the musket, or even the pocket pistol, would do quite as well, if not better. The other has no objection to use heavy guns when a fortress or an entrenched camp has to be assailed, but he evidently thinks that it is a needless expenditure of powder to make a demonstration on a fishing-boat sufficient to overwhelm a man-of-war. An example, taken here and there, from each work, will serve to illustrate our remarks. Thus we take first the word *bail*, the signification of which is pretty generally understood, and see how it is defined by both lexicographers. It will be observed that Webster is much more copious than Worcester, but it will be admitted that the latter gives all the explanation that is necessary—certainly all that need be expected in a work which is not a treatise on jurisprudence, but a Dictionary of the English language.

WORCESTER.	WEBSTER.
BAIL, v. a. [Low Lat. *balliare*, to deliver; Fr. *bailler*.] [i. Bailed; pp. Bailing, Bailed.] 1. (Law). To release on security	BAIL, v. t. [Fr. and Norm. *bailler*, to deliver, to lease; Arm. *bahailhat;* Ar. *bahala;* Eth. *baleah*, to deliver, free, liberate, permit to go.]

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given for appearance in court; to admit to bail.—*Blackstone.*

2. (Law). To give bail for.

Let me be their bail.
Thou shalt not bail them.—*Shak.*

3. (Law). To deliver in trust for a certain purpose, as goods.—*Blackstone.*

4. [Fr. *baille*, a tub or bucket.] To free from water, with a bucket or dipper; as, to bail a boat.

1. To set free, deliver, or liberate from arrest and imprisonment, upon security given that the person bailed shall appear and answer in court. The word is applied to the magistrate or the surety. The magistrate bails a man, when he liberates him from arrest or imprisonment, upon bond given with sureties. The surety bails a person, when he procures his release from arrest, by giving bond for his appearance.—*Blackstone.*

2. To deliver goods in trust, upon a contract, expressed or implied, that the trust shall be faithfully executed on the part of the bailee, or person intrusted; as, to bail cloth to a tailor to be made into a garment, or to bail goods to a carrier.—*Blackstone.*

3. To free from water; as, to bail a boat. This word is improperly written bale. The word is probably the same as bail in law, to free, or liberate, and signifies to throw out water, as with a bucket or shovel.

A still greater difference will be found between the definitions of Webster and Worcester, of the plain Anglo-Saxon *if*—one of the last words that anybody, claiming any acquaintance with the English language would think it necessary to refer to a dictionary for:

WEBSTER.

IF, v. t. Imperative, contracted from Sax. *gif*, from *gifan*, Goth. *gibum*, to give. It introduces a conditional sentence. It is a verb, without a specified nominative. In like manner we use grant, admit, suppose. Regularly, if should be followed, as it was formerly, by the substitute or pronoun *that*, referring to the succeeding sentence or proposition. If that John shall arrive in season, I will send him with a message. But *that* is now omitted, and the subsequent sentence, proposition, or affirmation, may be considered as the object of the verb. Give John shall arrive; grant, suppose, admit that he shall arrive, I will send him with a message. The sense of if, or give, in this use, is grant, admit, cause to be, let the fact be, let the thing take place. If, then, is equivalent to grant, allow, admit. If thou wilt, thou canst make me whole," that is, thou canst make me whole, give the fact, that thou wilt.

If thou art the Son of God, command that these tones be made bread.—*Matt.* 14.

2. Whether or not.

Uncertain if by augury or chance.—*Dryden.*

So in French, *soit que*, let it be that.

WORCESTER.

IF, conj. [A. S. *gif*, the imperative word of the A. S. *gifan*, to give. Skinner, Tooke, Bosworth.—See give. In the cognate languages, this word seems not to be connected with the verb to give, etc., etc.

1. Give or suppose that; allowing that; used as the sign of condition.

How will the weather dispose of you to-morrow?

"If fair, (i. e., give fair weather), it will send me abroad; if foul, (i. e., give foul weather), it will keep me at home." Or making the datum (a thing given) a sentence thus: "If it is fair," etc., "If it is foul," etc., the resolution will be: "It is fine weather; give that, it will," etc.; "It is foul weather; give that, it will," etc.—*Richardson.*

2. Whether or not.

She doubts if two and two make four.—*Prior.*

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It will, we think, be admitted that Worcester has sufficiently defined the term; and, if so, it must follow that Webster has been needlessly profuse of words. But which definition is most distinguished for its perspicuity and precision? Is it not the briefer one?

Now, if we turn to such words as require to be fully defined, we shall find Worcester copious and Webster the reverse—not unfrequently obscure. Take, for instance, the word *synonyme:*

WORCESTER.

SĬN'O-NŸME (sĭn'o-nĭm), *n.*; pl. SĬN'O-NŸMES. (Gr. συνωνυμα, synonymes; συνώνυμος, of like name meaning; σύν, with, together, and ονομα, a name; Fr. *synonyme.*] One of two or more words, particularly words of the same language, which have the same or a similar signification, or which have a shade of difference, yet with a sufficient resemblance of meaning to make them liable to be confounded together;—written also *synonym.*

Many words cannot be explained by *synonymes*, because the idea signified by them has not more than one application. *Johnson.*

Most *synonymes* have some minute distinction. *Reid.*

☞ "The word *synonyme* is, in fact, a misnomer. . . . Literally, it implies an exact coincidence of meaning in two or more words, in which case there would be no room for discussion; but it is generally applied to words which would be more correctly termed *pseudo-synonymes*, i. e. words having a shade of difference, yet with a sufficient resemblance of meaning to make them liable to be confounded together; and it is in the number and variety of these that (as the Abbé Girard well remarks) the richness of a language consists." *Abp. Whately.*—"*Synonymes*, properly speaking, if etymology be a rule, signify different things under one common name; but as used, and the conventional law is irresistible, *synonymes* signify different words having a common idea." *R. W. Hamilton.*—"*Synonyme*, in the singular number, hardly admits of an independent definition, for the notion of synonymy implies two correlative words, and therefore, though there are *synonymes*, there is in strictness no such thing as a *synonyme*, absolutely taken. Properly defined, *synonymes* are words of the same language and the same grammatical class, identical in meaning." *G. P. Marsh.*

WEBSTER.

SYN'O-NYM, *n.* [Gr. συνωνυμος; συν, with, and ονομα, name.]

A noun, or other word, having the same signification as another, is its *synonym.* Two words containing the same idea are *synonyms.*

He has extricated the *synonyms* of former authors. *Coxe's Russ.*

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☞ *Synonyme* is a modern word: it was not inserted by Johnson in his Dictionary; and with respect to its orthography, usage is divided. In the dictionaries of Johnson (edited by Todd), Walker, Smart, Richardson, and the other principal English dictionaries which have the word, it is spelt *synonyme*; and of the different authors who have written works on English Synonymes, Blair, Crabb, Platts, Booth, Graham, and Carpenter spell the word with the final *e*—*synonyme*; and Taylor, Whately, and Mackenzie, *synonym*.

Syn.—Words which have the same or a similar signification are *synonymes*. Words which agree in sound, but differ in signification, are *homonymes*. *Happiness* and *felicity* are *synonymes*; the substantive *bear* and the verb to *bear* are *homonymes*.

We might easily multiply examples of both kinds if we had only time and space; but the above will be sufficient for our present purpose. We have been still more agreeably disappointed in our examination of Dr. Worcester's derivations. This, however, is no reflection on Webster—at least, he is not to be blamed for having erroneously classified his roots, even in those instances in which each that he has given is correct in itself. Comparative philology, to which modern science owes so much,* was in its infancy in his time. The system, if such it could be called, that he studied, was that in which, as Voltaire characteristically observes, "La voyelle ne fait rien, et la consonne fort peu de chose." That Webster was an accomplished linguist is not to be doubted. There is sufficient evidence that he was more or less acquainted with, at least, twenty languages; but it does not appear that he knew more than four or five grammatically. This will account for his total disregard of system in giving what he assumed to be the roots of particular words, often placing a French, Spanish, or German root before a Sanscrit, Persian, or Greek root. Worcester, on the contrary, attends to the order of time—in other words, he avoids the anachronisms which so much abound in Webster, knowing that it is as absurd to place a French or German root before a Sanscrit or Zend root, as

* "Languages compared with each other," says Humboldt, "and considered as objects of the natural history of the human mind, being divided into families according to the analogy of their internal structure, have become (and it is one of the most brilliant results of modern studies) a rich source of historical knowledge. Products of the mental power, *they lead us back, by the fundamental characters of their organization*, to an obscure and otherwise unknown distance. The comparative study of languages shows how races or nations, now separated by wide regions, are related to each other, and have proceeded from a common seat; it discloses the direction and the path of ancient migrations; in tracing out epochs of development, it recognises, *in the more or less altered characters of the language*, in the permanency of certain forms, or in the already advanced departure from them, which portion of the race has preserved a language nearest to that of their former dwelling-place."—*Kosmos*, Vol. II., p. 1425.

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to place the battle of Bunker Hill before the siege of Troy in a chronological chart. The German philologists, if only showing the form of the same word in different languages, observe the order of time, giving the Sanscrit the first place; then follow the Zend, the Persian, the Greek, the Latin, the Lethunian, the Sclavonic, the Gothic, the Anglo-Saxon, the Welsh, the Finnic, the Lappic, &c.

True, Worcester sometimes transgresses in the same way, but not one-tenth as much as Webster. Even when the former does transgress, he does so far less glaringly than the latter. The derivations given by both of the word "eye," will serve as an example:

WORCESTER.	WEBSTER.
EYE (ī), *n.*; pl. EYES (īz). [Goth. *augo*; A. S. *eage*; Dut. *oog*; Ger. *auge*; Dan. *øje*; Sw. *öga*.—Gr. ὀκος or ὀκαλλος; L. *oculus*; It. *occhio*; Sp. *ojo*; Fr. *œil*.	EYE, (ī,) *n.* [Sax. *eag*, *eah*; Goth. *auga*; D. *oog*; G. *auge*; Sw. *öga*; Dan. *øye*; Russ. *oko*; Sans. *akshi*; L. *oculus*, a diminutive, whence Fr. *œil*, Sp. *ojo*, It. *occhio*, Port. *olho*. The original word must have been *ag*, *eg*, or *hag* or *heg*, coinciding with *egg*. The old English plural was *eyen* or *eyne*.]

Thus Worcester places the Greek root after the Swedish; but Webster does worse still in placing the Sanscrit root after the Gothic, Danish, Swedish, and Russian. None of the great masters in comparative philology give the roots indiscriminately in this manner, but in the order already indicated.

Another grave fault in Webster, which Worcester has avoided, is that of tracing so many words to the Greek, which a little investigation would show have never been derived in any form from that language. Indeed, Webster sometimes allows himself to be so much carried away by imaginary Greek roots, that he reminds one of the Abbé de Lamlin, who has written an elaborate treatise to prove from the etymology of the Greek language that the whole history of the world, from China to Russia, is nothing but an allegorical representation of human life.*

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* The following will serve as a specimen of the manner in which he reasons; and those who examine it will find that it is at least as ingenious as many of Webster's derivations:

La Chine, hiatus, de χαίνω, hisco, représente l'enfant-monde, ouvrant la bouche pour respirer et se nourrir; l'ennui du monde.

L'Egypte, activitas resupina; Αἰγύπτος, de αἴξ, αἰγός, cap. le grand symbol de la vivacité, d'esprit, dans le langage allégorique, et de ὕπτιος, resupinus, représente l'enfant-monde au berceau, soumis comme on sait qu'étaient les Egyptiens.

La Babylonie, inarticulation des paroles et confusion des pensées; de baba, vox inarticulata, et ὕλαον de ὕλη materia, sylva, symbole des idées croissantes comme des arbres.

L' Assyrie, qui avance vers l'ordre et l'arrangement des idées; de ἄσσον, prope, et ὕριον, favus, les cellules hexagones.

La Medie, qui commence à mediter en soi-même, a former des desseins; de μῆδος, consilium.

La Perse, la première jeunesse, fougueuse, emportée; de πέρθω, infinitif actif, περσαι, vasto.

Athenes, la vigueur florissante; ἀθάνα, immortalitas, de à privatif, et θάνατος, mors.

Rome, la virilete forte et robuste de l'animal-monde.

La Russie, les rides de la vieillesse; de ῥυσός, rogosus.

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It is in orthography and pronunciation, however, that the two great American lexicographers differ most essentially from each other. We find, on examination, that this difference is much greater than we had supposed. It extends to almost every class of words, though we must confine ourselves to very few examples; and even these must be cited almost at random. Worcester's name need not be mentioned in connection with his spelling, since, except in the omission of *u* in such words as *favour*, *honour*, &c., his system differs in nothing from that of the standard lexicographical authorities of Great Britain. All that is necessary, therefore, is to indicate the difference as follows:

Webster spells plough *plow*, manœuvre *maneuver*, ambassador *embassador*, pretence *pretense*, travelling *traveling*, theatre *theater*, centre *center*, lustre *luster*, sabre *saber*, &c., &c. There is no more authority for these changes, or any of them, than there is for altering the syntax of our language. According to English usage, the omission of *l* in such words as drivelling, cavilling, &c., lengthens the quantity of the vowel. But is it not a little strange that the *ls* omitted by Webster, in the class of words mentioned, are added in other words in which they are not used by Worcester, Johnson, &c.? Thus fulness is spelt *fullness* by Webster, control *controll*, skilful *skillful*, &c.

Now, is the authority of Webster to set aside the usage of the best writers, American as well as English, in addition to the authority of all other respectable lexicographers? Before attempting to answer this question, it may be well to see what he thought on the subject himself. Few of those who have taken most active part in the Dictionary war seem to be aware that in point of fact Webster had no settled system, but that he was continually wavering between one *theory* and another. We find that in 1790 he published a "Collection of Essays and *Fugitiv Peeces*," in which nearly, if not quite, all words ending in *ve* are without the final *e*, as *primitiv*, *derivativ*, *positiv*, *deserv*, *prcov*, *luv*, *hav*, *liv*, &., &c. Was this right, or was it not? He admitted the latter himself, after some time. But let us give a brief specimen of his peculiar system of orthography, as used by himself:

"During the course of ten or *twelv yeers*," he says, "I *hav* been laboring to correct popular errors, and to assist my *yung* brethren in the road to truth and virtue; my publications for *theze* purposes *hav* been numerous; much time *haz* been spent, which I do not regret, and much censure incurred which my *har* tells me I do not *deserv*."

There can be no doubt but he meant well; his good intentions, and his undeniable right of differing from all the world besides, ought to have secured him from annoyance or censure, although his innovations have undoubtedly been a source of much confusion to students of the English language. But let us quote another sentence or two:

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"The *reader*," he says, "*wil observ* that the orthography of the *volum* is not uniform. The *reezon iz* that many of the essays *hav* been published before in the common orthography, and it would *hev* been a laborious task to copy the whole for the sake of changing the spelling. In the essays *ritten* the last *yeer*, a considerable change of spelling *iz* introduced *by way of experiment*. * * * There *iz* no *alternativ*. Every possible *reezon* that could ever be offered for altering the spelling of *wurds stil* exists in full force; and if a gradual change should not be made in our language, it *wil proov* that we are less under the influence of *reezon* than our ancestors."—*Essays by Noah Webster. Preface*, p. xi.

Now, if it be proper to write *beveling* instead of bevelling, *plow* instead of plough, *ax* instead of axe, *mold* instead of mould, because so written by Webster, it must follow that we should write *iz* instead of is, *hav* instead of have, *wurds* instead of words, *reezon* instead of reason, &c., &c.? Knowing that there can be but one answer, we ask this question earnestly; for we feel that it is of the utmost importance to the cause of education that there should be a universally recognized standard of our language. At present, indeed, the general standard is Worcester. The educated classes both in England and this country regard his work as the true *norma loquendi*. At the same time there are thousands who find the most glaring inconsistencies and errors of Webster his greatest perfections. That his Unabridged Dictionary is a great work, far be it from us to deny. On the contrary, we yield to none in our admiration of its many excellencies. We speak of its faults only in comparing it with Worcester's Dictionary. The former was undoubtedly the best in its author's time; but the latter is the best at the present time. It would not, indeed, require much labor on the part of a competent scholar to render Webster quite as good an authority as Worcester. He would have to do little more than to alter what is called the Websterian spelling and pronunciation, and arrange the foreign roots so as to avoid anachronisms. It would, also, be desirable that the pictorial illustrations could be diffused throughout the work, as they are in Worcester's Dictionary; although, until we had compared the two, we thought differently.

BELLES-LETTRES.

The Methodist Quarterly Review. Numbers for January and April, 1861. D. D. Whedon, D.D., Editor. New York: Carlton & Porter.

An esteemed lady friend, who is an admirer of the "Methodist Quarterly," has requested us to "notice" that journal. Wishing to be as obliging as possible, and not knowing any particular reason why we should not give our opinion of a periodical as well as a book, we did not hesitate to promise that we would comply. We have accordingly examined the two numbers before us, as carefully as a due regard to the division of labor would allow. The result is, that we are sorry for having undertaken the task, because our friend evidently expected that we

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should have nothing but praise to bestow on the work, and that we find, on the contrary, we have none at all of that article for it. If a book comes before us, the author of which is modest and unassuming, we do not feel called upon to point out all its defects. To do so even without undue harshness, would sometimes be injurious to literature (from its discouraging tendency), as well as unkind in itself. But in dealing with a Review it is different, especially with one which, like that under consideration, assumes to excel all others, alike in learning, talent, morality, piety, &c. With the piety or theological views of the "Methodist Quarterly" we have nothing to do; it is none of our business to criticise either, even when they seem rather earthly in their character. But here its immunities end. Let us see, therefore, what are the grounds of its pretensions to literary excellence; and its morality will exhibit itself during the examination.

The January* number we must pass over with a few brief observations, reserving all the space we can, at the present stage of our labors, for the April number. On the second page of the cover of the former, we are informed that "This periodical aims at a *high style* of literature," and that its review of the current literature is acknowledged on all hands to take "the *first rank* in cotemporary journalism." Under the head of "Quarterly Book Table," it is stated editorially that a book by the Rev. Dr. Whedon (the editor of the Review), "will appear the coming quarter. * * It is intended for popular use, *avoiding a parade of learning*," &c. This dispensing with needless erudition, is something like making a virtue of necessity. On the same page we are told that

"Appleton & Co. have sent us six different catalogues announcing their *splendid* collection of 'choice, curious, and valuable books.' *Their importations* embrace a large body of standard English literature *and fine illustrated works*, with many scarce and curious volumes; the whole selected *from the various continental libraries. The six catalogues may be obtained by sending six cents to the publishers.*"

A similarly handsome "notice" is given to Mr. John Wiley. It is probably things of this kind that are meant by a "high style of literature." But let us pass on to the last number.

On the second page of the cover of this, we are told that certain parts of the work "*by the distinguished editor*, are of great value to any man that wishes to keep up with the times," and that "this number contains a single article by a layman which will be worth more than the cost of the entire volume!" The performance thus recommended is a sort of "elaborate appreciative notice" of a book entitled "Old Mackinaw." To the publishers, or the author of this work, the article may be worth "more than the cost of the entire volume of the Quarterly," but certainly to nobody

* After the above was written, under the impression that both numbers belonged to 1861, we found that the January number is that for 1860.

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else. This we could easily prove, had we space and time; and what then may be said of all the remaining articles, officially acknowledged, as they are, to be inferior to this? One is a eulogy of some twelve or thirteen pages on Fowler's English Grammars, published by the Messrs. Harpers; another a similar eulogy of twenty-one pages on a book of Robert Carter & Brothers, a third admires "Barth's Travels" through an extent of some twenty-six pages, &c.

Hitherto our observations have been general; it is now time to enter *in medias res*, and show, if we can, that our strictures are just. We will try to do so accordingly. What is called Art. XII., merely consists of the tables of contents of the American and English Quarterlies, together with some bombastic praise of one or two favorites. Even the running title of the so-called article is not correct English. It reads as follows: "Synopsis of the Quarterlies and *others* of the higher Periodicals (p. 331, et seq.) Need we say that *others* should be *other*? The word should be an adjective, not a noun, for what is meant is, "other periodicals of the higher class."

Now we come to the criticisms (?). It matters little which of these we notice. Thus, we are told that the topics in Dr. Palmer's book "only need to be brought in contact with the *proper minds*, to produce an impressive and *beneficent effect*" (p. 341). But is it not the minds that are not "proper" that have most need of "beneficent effect"? In the same brief notice, we are told that the arguments of the author bear "*the stamp of productive ability.*" Dr. Tholuck's Commentary on the Sermon on the Mount, is spoken of as one of "the masterpieces of that distinguished author" (p. 342). "It is a great mistake," says our critic, "to suppose that that passage of the sacred word (the sermon) is a simple essay *made up of the platitudes of an elementary morality*," &c. (*ib.*) We quote the notice of Appleton's Cyclopædia entire, and leave it to any intelligent person to say how like or unlike honest, truthful criticism, or any criticism, it is:

"The American Cyclopedia *marches into completed existence with a very stately and inevitable progress.* With an able corps of contributors, upon a large and liberal foundation, the work has already *passed the ordeal of general criticism*, and secured a permanent and commanding position as the *completest work* of the kind in *our language.* As a work of reference it will be invaluable to every literary man" (p. 344).

The march into "completed existence" and "inevitable progress" are things that might have puzzled Longinus—not to mention the "able corps of contributors, *upon a large and liberal foundation*," &c., whatever that may mean. Of Motley's United Netherlands it is said: "The *concurrent voice of contemporary criticism pronounces* that the present volumes will confirm the reputation of its author as a *standard historian* (p. 347). As Molière would say:

"Ah! tout doux; laissez-moi, de grace, respirer!"

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What teacher, we would ask, in any of our respectable seminaries would fail to reprimand the school-boy who used so bombastic a sentence in his "composition"? Of Macaulay's Essays and Poems it is said, "They exhibit, &c., with all *the versatility* of his *varied erudition and varied talents*" (p. 351). We are told that "the American Theological Review exhibits *manifest signs*, not only of *permanence*, but prosperity. * * The article by the editor, &c., is *marked by a very complete mastery of the subject*," &c. As a proof of the excellence of this Review, a long extract is quoted from it, of which we transcribe the first paragraph as a specimen, merely premising, how remarkably lucid it is!

"In the first Epistle to the Corinthians, where Adam is named the first man, the language is figurative, and has its counterpart in the designation of Christ as the 'second man.' Adam and Christ are here set as landmarks in the judicial history of the race—*opposite termini of imputation*—and as, by the one, sin, which is the transgression of the law, entered into the world, and through sin death; so, by the other, deliverance from sin came into the world, and by that deliverance life. As Christ was not the last man in time, so Adam was not the first man, but each stands in a definite relation to all men who have existed, or are yet to be."

We had intended to take the liberty of counting the number of eulogies on the Messers. Carlton & Porter's own publications, in each number, but we find the task would occupy us too long. Let it suffice, then, to give the conclusion of one as a specimen:

"The volume is *externally finished* in various styles. In its best style it is one of the finest annuals *for any year, of any century, of future time.* The book is one of the multiplying proofs that when Carlton & Porter *lay out* for the business, their workmanship is unsurpassed" (p. 351).

The modesty and decency of this require no comment. We have heard old ladies say that hens sometimes "*lay out*," but it seems that the Messrs. Carlton & Porter occasionally do something similar. Be this as it may, we have done for the present with "The Methodist Quarterly Review" and its "high style of literature."

The Poetical Works of Samuel Woodworth. Edited by his Son. In two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner. 1861.

Woodworth, best known to the general public as the author of that charmingly simple, yet world-famous poem, "The Old Oaken Bucket," is, in these volumes, most agreeably introduced to our notice—firstly, by an interesting life sketch, from the pen of Gorge P. Morris, written in the General's own genial and characteristic style; and, secondly, by the poems themselves, carefully selected and prepared for republication from the three previous, but now exhausted, editions of his writings. Forty years ago Woodworth's name was a familiar one both in our social and literary circles, and by many, who then met him in the intercourse of daily life, he is still remembered as a valued friend and associate, as well as prolific writer. But, for the last twenty years, his name and writings

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have alike been growing less and less familiar to the masses, until their very existence has become almost unknown. This new and complete edition of his poetical works, therefore, will possess for the present generation the charm, at least, of novelty.

"Samuel Woodworth," to quote from the well-written introductory notice, "was born at Scituate, Plymouth county, in the State of Massachusetts, on the thirteenth of January, 1785. His father was a soldier of the Revolution.

"At the age of fourteen, young Woodworth having produced several effusions in verse, which betrayed traits of genius deserving encouragement and cultivation, he was placed under the care of the Rev. Nehemiah Thomas, with whom he remained one year, acquiring a knowledge of the English and Latin Grammar, and making great proficiency in the study of the classics."

He afterwards "chose the profession of a printer, and, bidding adieu to his native town, proceeded to Boston, where he bound himself as apprentice to Benjamin Russell, editor and proprietor of the 'Columbian Centinel.'" Here he continued until 1806, employing "his leisure hours in writing poetry for the different periodical publications then issued in that city, under the signature of 'Selim,' a *nom de plume* he continued to use for most of his writings in after life, and by which name he was often called among his intimate friends."

"In 1807 he published a weekly sheet at New Haven, entitled the 'Belles-Lettres Repository,' and wrote a long poem, from which several selections will be found in these volumes."

He passed the following year at Baltimore, and in 1809 removed to New York, where, in 1810, he was married.

"Several of his poems were attributed to Wordsworth, and, as such, became popular in England, from the newspapers of which country they were recopied in the United States as productions of the great lake-poet.

"As a critic, he was ever ready to discern, welcome and encourage true merit wherever he found it."

As expressive of his mental condition during afflicting sickness, we quote, from among the more serious poems of the first volume, the following lines:

"Father of mercies! humbled to the dust,
I here confess the visitation just;
For I have sinned against thy truth and grace,
And thus before thee lowly bow my face;
Confusion seals my lips, and ties my tongue,
But oh! remember what Thy prophet sung:
That 'Thou art merciful and gracious' still
To all who bow submissive to Thy will;
Still 'slow to anger,' merciful as just,
Oh, give me hope! remember I am dust!
Thou wilt not always chide, nor anger bear
To crush a wretch that pleads with Thee in prayer;
For, like the royal bard, by truth convicted,
I feel 'tis good for me to be afflicted,
That I might learn Thy statutes' and thy law,
Whence all my consolations now I draw.
For ere affliction's cloud obscured my day,

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How oft temptations lured my steps astray!
But now, I keep thy word with zealous fear:
Oh, with Thy pard'ning mercy still be near,
According to Thy loving-kindness, Lord,
As Thou hast promised sinners in Thy word:
Oh blot out my transgressions; wash my soul
From its pollutions—make the leper whole!
Hear my petition! make me to know once more,
The 'joy and gladness' that I knew before;
So shall my 'broken bones again rejoice,'
And I will praise Thee with a grateful voice!"

In the volumes now before us, the poems of the author, under the supervision of his son, Frederick A. Woodworth, have been carefully classified and arranged, and are thus presented to us in the most convenient and attractive form. That they embrace a great variety of subjects, will be seen from the following divisions, under which they appear; as, Pastoral, Sentimental, Religious and Elegiac Poems, Ballads and Humorous Stanzas, Convivial Songs and Glees, Martial and Patriotic Lyrics, Odes on Naval Victories, Typographical Odes, Sonnets, Acrostics, Dramatic, Theatrical, and Miscellaneous Pieces.

Many of the minor pieces are well fitted for musical adaptation, and, indeed, not a few have long been familiar among our popular songs. Similar in versification to "The Old Oaken Bucket," and possessing somewhat of the same dash and spirit (to say nothing of the *morale* and point), is the little poem entitled

THE NEEDLE.

"The gay belles of fashion may boast of excelling
In waltz or cotillion—at whist or quadrille;
And seek admiration, by vauntingly telling,
Of drawing and painting, and musical skill;
But give me the fair one, in country or city,
Whose home and its duties are dear to her heart,
Who cheerfully warbles some rustical ditty,
While plying the needle with exquisite art.
The bright little needle—the swift-flying needle,
The needle directed by beauty and art!

"If love have a potent, a magical token,
A talisman ever resistless and true—
A charm that is never evaded or broken,
A witchery certain the heart to subdue—
'Tis this—and his armory never has furnished
So keen and unerring, or polished a dart;
Let Beauty direct it, so pointed and burnished,
And oh! it is certain of touching the heart!

"Be wise then, ye maidens, nor seek admiration
By dressing for conquest, and flirting with all;
You never, whatever your fortune or station,
Appear half so lovely at rout or at ball,
As gayly convened at a work-covered table,
Each cheerfully active and playing her part,
Beguiling the task with a song or a fable,
And plying the needle with exquisite art."—Vol. i., pp. 122-3.

Woodworth exhibits a great diversity of style and metre, as well as of subjects treated. From among the humorous stanzas, "The Krout Feast"—though a parody only—we would recommend to the perusal of all good Knickerbockers, who still revere, by observance, the time-honored festival there commemorated. The popular favor with which many of the lyrics, written during the war of 1812, were greeted, is still remembered

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by our older citizens; and the odes in memory of our naval victories betray the author's enthusiastic devotion to his country's cause. As not inappropriate reading for the present time, and breathing the spirit of patriotism, we select

FREEDOM'S STAR.

"Hail, Star of Freedom, hail!
Whose splendor ne'er shall fail,
In peace or war:
Long shall thy golden ray
O'er these blessed regions play,
While millions own the sway
Of Freedom's Star.

"Our sires, a pilgrim band,
Who sought this promised land,
From realms afar,
Spurned fell oppression's sway,
And dared the pathless way,
Led by the golden ray
Of Freedom's Star.

"Their sons with kindred flame,
Have earned an equal fame,
In peace and war!
Determined to be free,
Have fought by land and sea,
Led on to victory
By Freedom's Star!

"Beneath her temple's dome,
Here wanderers find a home
From realms afar!
Blest in their happy choice,
Here will they long rejoice,
And with united voice
Hail Freedom's Star!"—Vol. ii. pp. 87–8.

Of a more domestic and sentimental nature, and differing entirely in style and movement, are the lines entitled

THE WHITE COTTAGE.

"Thou peaceful cot beneath whose roof
The calmest, purest joys are mine;
Where sweetest smiles, affection's proof,
Their sunny rays, for my behoof,
With mildest, purest lustre shine;
No pilgrim of the stormy main,
Enters his haven with such joy
As fills my bosom when I gain
Thy evening shelter, and obtain
The kiss of welcome from my boy.

"Thy snow-white walls—the lattice green,
Which veils each modest eye of thine;
The trees which throw their shade between,
On which the ripening fruit is seen,
The gay rose-melons, and the vine—
All, all delight me—but the door
Admits me to a heaven within;
No fretted ceiling, fitted floor,
Nor gorgeous trappings—but there's more
Of real bliss than monarchs win.

"Connubial joys and filial love
Await my evening welcome home—
Delights the virtuous prize above
The brightest chaplets ever wove
For demigods of Greece or Rome.
This is my empire—here enthroned,
I envy not the proudest king;
My sceptre ne'er can be disowned,
For hearts of love, the sweetest toned,
To me their joyful anthems sing."—Vol. i., pp. 161–2.

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Among the longer poems, and prepared (we are told in an appended note), as a recitation in public, is the "Tribute to Lafayette"—one of the finest among the many paid by the poetic genius of America to the worth and memory of that patriot-hero, so pre-eminently noble both by rank and nature. Well does the poet say:

"No blemish stained the escutcheon which he bore;
If he loved glory—he loved virtue more:
Heir to a splendid name, rank, title, power,
And princely fortune—from the Elysian bower
Of youthful wedlock, which an Eden bloomed,
By breath of angel tenderness perfumed,
He tore himself away—at Freedom's call,
In Freedom's cause resolved to stand or fall:
From a voluptuous court where all caressed,
He flew to join her votaries in the West;
Here with a stripling's arm he bared the blade
The drooping cause of liberty to aid:
Resolved for glory's dazzling goal to run,
And share the prize with none but Washington."

It is a much pleasanter task to us to point out beauties than to expose defects; but we must bear in mind that the latter is as much our duty as the former. We have every disposition to admire all that is admirable in the volumes before us; but to praise indiscriminately all they contain were not criticism. We confess, in the first place, that it was the biography of Morris, rather than the Poems of Woodworth, that attracted our attention. The generous warmth with which the former praises a brother poet does him honor; but in our opinion one poem by the present biographer is worth at least one of the volumes before us. And this would have been the case, it seems to us, had "Woodman Spare that Tree" never been written. "The Cottager's Welcome" would fully justify the comparison—we mean the charming lyric of which the following is the first stanza:

"Hard by I've a cottage that stands near the wood—
A stream glides in peace at the door—
Where all who will tarry, 'tis well understood,
Receive hospitality's store.
To the cheer that the brook and the thicket afford,
The stranger we ever invite;
They're welcome to freely partake at the board,
And afterwards rest for the night." *

We are second to none in our appreciation of "The Bucket;" but it is much more a "happy hit" than a proof of poetical genius of a high order. Far be it from us to deny that there are many pieces in these volumes which would do no discredit to the best living poets of England or America; but such form the exception rather than the rule. The majority are crude and inharmonious, defective in rhythm, and inflated in style. This may seem harsh; but that it is the simple truth is easily proved. Thus, for instance, we turn to "The Minstrel's Farewell to his Lyre," re-

* *Morris's Poems*, p. 66.

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membering that no subject has inspired nobler strains. But what do we find? Let the opening stanza answer the question, and *ex uno disce omnes:*

"When *fate's stern fiat dooms* fond friends to part,
What *thrilling pangs pervade the feeling heart!*
With ardent glow the proffered hand is pressed,
While the *moist eye bespeaks the aching breast*,
The *final gaze*, we lingering *still renew*,
Dreading the last, the painful word—Adieu!"—Vol. i., p. 286.

Alas! this is not poetry, but what is vulgarly called prose run mad, put in the form of rhyme without a particle of reason. Passing over the process by which "fate's stern fiat dooms fond friends," &c., and "thrilling pangs pervade," &c., we may remark that "the moist eye does not always bespeak the aching heart," as almost any of our fair readers will bear testimony. Nay, do not even men weep for joy? And what sweeter balm does Heaven afford than the tear of sympathy? But to "still renew" "the final gaze" is worse than all—something like "more last words."

We turn back a few pages (271), and find our modest city addressed as follows:

NEW YORK.

"Hail! happy city! *where the arts convene*,
And busy commerce animates the scene;
Where taste and elegance *with wealth combine*
To perfect art, *in every bright design*," &c.

It may be doubted whether Mr. Woodworth was ever in love, since a kiss suggests to him no more lively or "thrilling" thoughts than the following:

"Familiar to me is the sweet recollection,
I well can remember the thrill and the glow,
The flush and the smile that *illumed her complexion*,
Like the first ray of morning *reflected on snow*." —p. 72.

That a smile should illume a lady's "complexion" when she is kissed, is perfectly natural; but that such smile should bear the least resemblance to any thing reflected from *snow*, is a *cold*, if not an absurd, idea.

We find many such uncouth lines as—

"The shepherd seeks his *fleecy flock*."—Vol. i., p. 33.

Mr. Woodworth is very unhappy in his rhymes. Thus, to give an example or two, almost at random, he makes *Ellen* rhyme with *dwelling* (vol. i. p. 46), *gratitude* with *endued* (p. 56), *horn* with *dawn* (p. 33), &c., &c.

But as we have already observed, there are beauties enough in Woodworth to make amends for his defects and blemishes; though, we fear, not sufficient to entitle him to any enduring rank as a poet. By this we do not mean that he is not better than dozens who call themselves poets at the present day, merely because they have learned "the knack of rhyme." Neither Byron nor Moore has compressed so much truth and poetry relative to the fair sex into any equal number of humorous lines, as Woodworth has into the following two stanzas, though it may be said that he ought not to have introduced their "limbs" into the very first line:

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OH! WOMEN ARE ANGELS.

"Oh, women are angels, in limbs,
In persons, in manners, and features,
But what shall we say of the whims,
That govern these comical creatures?
By turns they will fondle and tease—
With what would you have me compare them?
Though buzzing and stinging like bees,
For the sake of the honey we bear them.
Yet women are angels, you see,
There's something so charming about them,
Whatever their oddities be,
Oh, we never could manage without them.

"There are some that resemble ice-cream,
Which coldly forbids you to sip, sir;
But however frosty it seem,
It will melt with the warmth of your lip, sir.
While others like counterfeit grapes,
The best imitations are hollow,
With beautiful colors and shapes,
But oh, they're the devil to swallow.
Yet women are angels," &c.

The volumes are got up in the "blue and gold" style; but rather coarsely. If we may take the liberty of making a suggestion, Mr. Scribner has too much confidence in cheapness; not indeed in selling his books (which, with the sole exception of Morris's Works, are abundantly dear); but in preparing them for the market.

Nina; or, Life's Caprices. A Story founded on Fact. By F. I. Burge Smith. 12mo, pp. 426. New York: Daniel Dana, 1861.

The title of this volume did not seem to promise much. We took it up with some misgivings as to whether it would be worth while to turn over its pages even in war times, when new books are so much like angels' visits. Nor would the preface have encouraged us much had we been disposed to regard modesty and diffidence on the part of the authoress as a consciousness that she had not fulfilled her task, even according to her own expectations. But bearing in mind that it is those who promise most that perform least, we were encouraged to glance at a passage here and there; then read a chapter in the middle, and then commence at the beginning (as we ought to have done first), and read the greater part of the book.

We have not indeed found in it any thing very remarkable. It contains nothing extraordinary or startling; but there is a certain charm in its earnest, vivid narrative, its graphic pictures of home life, and its interesting and impressive moral lessons, which to us would have been a sufficient incentive to peruse it, though we had no duty to perform in doing so. But it is not alone by the influence of Nina's story the book was intended to do good; pecuniarily, as well as intellectually, it is devoted to a noble cause. "It was written," says the author, "with the design of beguiling the old and weary heart of its heroine, by the retrospect of her youthful days, and also with the hope of affording her some pecuniary advantage. My pur-

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pose towards her having failed, as she has been recently freed from the inclemencies and necessities of this mortal life, my next legitimate aim in the issue of this volume is the noble institution* of which she was for several years an inmate." This might well disarm criticism, though the story of "Nina" were not only entirely devoid of merit, but marred by positive defects. For our own part we confess that we should have no disposition to find fault with it, though we could not recommend it (as we do heartily), did its only merits consist in the philanthropic disposition of its author. It is, in a word, a well-written book—the production of a cultivated and thoughtful mind.

Kaloolah: An Autobiography of Jonathan Romer. Edited by W. S. Mayo. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1861.

The title of this volume is one which we find denominates the "ladye-love" of the scene. We have perused (not very diligently, it may be) and re-perused multifarious passages to test and verify our first impressions. We examined and re-examined the title-page, in doubt whether it might not be a republication of Munchausen. We are informed that it was intended to edit the work with copious notes, to contain "humor" (the vein is inscrutably *latent*), a fair dash of "sentiment and *philosophy*" (the *sources of supply* are no where suggested by the character of the composition), and a great deal of "*invention* and information" (the latter is certainly and seriously a desideratum of the former: from the specimens we possess, the public will sustain no great loss from leaving the vein unwrought). Still we may be precipitate in repudiating any further aids as to the exposition of our author's meaning. There are numerous passages in the work that need a revelation, but we require other grounds for conviction, than those furnished by the present volume, that we could derive any new light from the author's comments even on his own text.

The polysyllabic propensities which cumber the pages of "Kaloolah" with verbiage and euphuism, are so utterly at variance with every principle of judgment and taste, that we have adverted more than once to the respected name of the publisher to assure ourselves of the fact that there could be (in the absence of every other title to public attention) any thing marketable in this inept effusion.

The book-trade was once a term inharmonious to the ears of literary and scientific taste, synonymous in its signification with the bathos of Grubstreet; nay, it has even been a matter of doubt among jurists, whether in any of the customary institutes of jurisprudence, or even by the common law of America, the effusions of the intellect or literary

* Home for the Aged and Orphans.

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labor, if once delivered to indiscriminate perusal, possessed any immunity from piracy or plagiarism, than such as it might derive from statutory provision; so high was the estimate of an author's character, so æsthetic the appreciation of mental labor, that any disparaging criterion, such as that of price or purchase, was not to be tolerated.

The progress of opinion has worn off these æruginous tints, engendered by the darkness of mediæval jurisprudence, and has established "*marché ouvert*" for letters as well as for linens, for science as for sugars, a fact to which we owe the appearance of so many chapmen and critics, peddlers, pedants, and plagiarists in the thoroughfares of life.

We have, we fear, allowed ourselves to be detained too long *in limine* by speculative theories, though suggested by the volume before us. If we were permitted to follow out the train of our reflections, we might find ourselves tempted to examine how far, when actual price is given for supposed value, if the latter fail, restitution should not be exigible. If a *colt* is sold, which a purchaser had an opportunity to examine, and is subsequently discovered to be defective in his symmetry from the absence of an ear, there is no remedy. The purchaser had his sense of sight, and should have protected himself from imposture by its vigilance; but if the same animal is sold, and a donkey is delivered, the imposture finds no plea in the sanctions of the law.

Volumes of humor, and works teeming with fictitious narrative, have, of late years, appeared in rich profusion. Travellers have sought to jostle Munchausen in the exclusive occupancy of his throne, and even Cervantes, a sealed book to so many in the original, has quickened, by the diversity of references and versions, a spurious brood of bantlings into vitality, whose ephemeral existence only serves to attest the degeneracy of the lineage. We hope we may be saved from the necessity of adding,

"Mox daturus prolem vitiosorem."

We cannot assume to offer a series of annotations upon the work now before us. The commentary would be necessarily influenced by the spirit of the text, and, like the disturbance of a nuisance for its removal, we should let abroad the mischiefs of miasm, otherwise latent in the deposit. We shall warily approach and briefly say: that every variety of incident and diversity of personage are narrated and presented. "British blockade" (we had nearly written "blockhead," as we cannot forget the subject of our notice) and "Nantucket Whalemen" vary the earlier scenes of the work; "Deer-shooting by Moonlight" (we had our suspicions of lunacy) and the way to "*cook a seafish*" fill some space in antithetic collocation—the said chapter being redolent of both *game* and *chowder;* yet

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awhile, and what a transition to the taste which gloats over "the *fascinations* of anatomy." Its "theatre" is represented "as a splendid saloon," richly embellished with "snowy skeletons" (imported, we presume, from the glaciers of the Alps where such cadavera abound—the New York specimens are not very *niveous* under the knife); the "Hospital is a palace, with wards in geometric style" (the architect must have been proficient in Euclid), and "with *beautiful beds* upon which reposed the most *fascinating forms* of disease." The repose of disease in its most fascinating form on beds of beauty—this sentence should be referred to the learned author of medical jurisprudence, for the next series of notes elucidatory of monomania. Huntingdon was defended upon the plea of an insane penchant for making negotiable paper. The precedents so ably produced by his counsel, and the authority of medical specialists, well-nigh baffled the bench, and perplexed the jury. The mania for writing books, such as "Kaloolah," may be discovered, we have very little doubt, in some cognate category of diseases, and serve more conclusively, than the defence of the culprit, to protect our tourist from the judgment of the public. We are perhaps somewhat harsh, but not from any emotions of complacency. We experience no such feelings—unless there be a sense of satisfaction in the discharge of an unwelcome but imperative duty.

We remember to have read an anecdote of an author whose name escapes our memory, who cherished a bitter hostility to the very name of the first Bonaparte, who believed in every imputation which fugitive rumor or suspicious prejudice ascribed to his policy, and would never recognize any solitary merit in his character until upon authentic testimony he was assured that he had once ordered a bookseller to be shot. This redeeming incident in the Napoleonic policy inspired a new phasis of feeling highly favorable to his character. History does not inform us as to the specific guilt in this vendor of volumes, and we should be sorry to see any of our many worthy and valuable friends in the trade exposed to such perils, but upon pseudo-authors, by whom, amidst the pressure of business and the multiplicity of claims upon the trade, they are sometimes beguiled into a waste and misapplication of their moneys, we care not how exemplary and severe may be the penalties adjudged to such delinquents.

It is something new to find a frothy book bearing the imprint of Mr. Putnam. This is the first we have seen. But it is a peculiar case. Its very faults give it a certain attraction. Many will read it as a curiosity of literature; many will laugh over its extravagant conceits; and if it does no further good, it will, at all events, do no harm, which is more than could be said of three-fourths of our modern novels.

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Coleccion de Autores Españoles—Cuentos y Poesias Populares Andaluces, Coleccionados por FERNAN CABALLERO. 16mo, pp. 296. Leipzic: F. A. Brockhaus, 1861.

It is remarkable that more Spanish books are printed in Germany at the present day, than in Spain. During the last three years, several of the standard authors of the Peninsula, Portuguese as well as Spanish, have been issued at Berlin and Leipzic. The volume now before us is number eight of a new series which is passing through the press of the latter city. It is composed of brief popular tales, anecdotes, patriotic, amatory, and religious lyrics, &c. The present edition has the advantage of an excellent essay on the ballad poetry of Spain, in which many of the best songs, still popular throughout the Peninsula, are shown to be of Moorish origin. For the benefit of those of our fair readers acquainted with the Castilian, we extract a stanza or two, from one of the amatory pieces:

AMOROSAS TRISTES.

Yo quisiera morirme
Y oir mi doble,
Por ver quien me dicea:
Dios te perdone.

De tu ventana á la mia
Me tirastes un limon,
El limon cayó en la calle,
El sumo en mi corason.

Como Sevilla tiene
Fuertes murallas,
No pueden mis suspiros
Atravesallas.

Dicen de que no cuesta
La despedida;
Díle al que te lo ha dicho
Que se despida.

Mi amante con la luna
Me envía cartas,
Y yo con el lucero
Penas á mantas.

Son tan grandes mis fatigas
Que me tienden á ahogar,
Se siguen unas á otras
Como las olas del mar.

—pp. 186-7.

The poem is quite long, extending to some sixty stanzas; but it increases in tenderness and pathos as it proceeds.

A Message to "the Sovereign People" of the United States, by CALVIN BLANCHARD. New York: Calvin Blanchard.

The pamphlet, of whose title the above is a portion, is one of the vilest productions we have ever been called upon to examine. The sentiments which it seeks to inculcate are so odious, that we should not feel justified in alluding to it at all, were it not that its stupidity, coarseness, and vulgarity serve as an antidote against the poison with which it would fain inoculate the whole body politic, social, moral, and religious. That we do not exaggerate the infamy of its character might be inferred from the title alone. We did not like to copy the latter in full, without interposing a word to put the unwary on their guard. This being done, we now transcribe the remainder, which is as follows (the Message): "exhibiting to their Majesties (the people) the *infernal* treachery or *worse* inability (*sic*) of their religious counsellors, and of their political 'servants,

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proving the identity of theological and ethical *delusions*, exposing the elective franchise *hoax*, and revealing a new and self-evidently efficient remedy for superstition, despotism, and evil."

Such is the object of a person who, without the ability of writing a correct sentence of his vernacular tongue, assumes the airs of a philosopher. Mr. Calvin Blanchard would have us believe that he is a sort of New York Voltaire; but there is as much difference in point of intellectual capacity and learning between himself and his pretended prototype as there is between a monkey of the baboon species and an ordinary man. If Voltaire has done harm by his attacks on Christianity, it is not the less true that his admirable writings—replete as they are with wit and wisdom, and abounding with information on multifarious subjects—entitle him to rank among the benefactors of mankind. But even Tom Paine was modest and conservative compared to our new philosopher. If the author of "The Crisis" was the enemy of Christianity, he was the uncompromising friend and advocate of representative government and constitutional liberty. Whatever were his opinions of "ethical delusions," he never pretended to prove the elective franchise a "hoax," as Mr. Calvin Blanchard does.

But lest it might be supposed that we are doing injustice to our New York sage, we will try to find a decent passage or two in his pamphlet to serve as specimens. That we undertake so difficult a task may, we think, be taken as satisfactory evidence that, repulsive as he is both in his sentiments and language, we have every disposition to deal fairly with him. Having stolen some thoughts from Buckle, which he has spoiled in trying to conceal the theft, he informs us that:

"All the current forms of religion and government have *become productive of evil, under pretence of preventing it. No class* of men furnish *so many failures with respect to 'virtue' as do the clergy.* Three hundred of these failures have the newspapers recorded as occurring among the Protestant clergy in the United States during the preceding year. How many unrecorded ones are there?"—p. 11.

According to Mr. Blanchard, those who drew up the Declaration of American Independence were stupid blunderers. They knew not what they were doing—otherwise they would have secured to both men and women the right of doing just what they liked, without any restraint, either public or private. But hear our oracle:

"The plain truth of the matter is, that all men, women, and children, have an inalienable right to the *liberty to be happy*. All liberty *short of this is a hoax*, and all governments instituted except on the grounds of their capacity to secure to the people *happiness itself*, are but abominably expensive, utterly un'necessary evils,' *and humbugs*. When the people know enough to demand the *liberty to be happy*, their rulers will be constituted by neither monarchy nor caucus-and-ballot-boxism; and government will rapidly become precisely as different from what it now is anywhere, as perfect good is from the greatest possible evil. Of all Utopias, elective franchise is most Utopian. *Of all impostures, it is most in-*

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sulting. Of all speculations, it is the wildest. Of all experiments, it has most signally failed, except where 'tis but *a mere question of time when it will become more abhorrent than military despotism itself.*"—p. 12.

It would be superfluous to comment on raving like this. A government that fails to allow the people to be as licentious as cattle, is, according to Mr. Blanchard, not only "abominably expensive," but a "humbug." For the rest, all nations who enjoy the elective franchise ought to rebel against it at once as an "insulting imposture." May not this serve to throw some light on the cause of the present rebellion? The secessionists, it would seem, discovered that the elective franchise would be the ruin of them, and consequently employed Jefferson Davis and his friends to destroy it.

Women in particular are grievously oppressed by the existing state of things. "We want a religion and government," says Mr. Blanchard, "which shall emancipate woman" (p. 15), and "provide for offspring, so that every child born shall be a valuable acquisition to the state" (*ibid*), not depreciated by "illegitimacy," or any such vulgar superstition. But it is not worth while to pursue the subject. Indeed, we have noticed the repulsive thing before us at all more as a curiosity than any thing else; as one would a reptile which, however willing to do mischief, cannot use its fangs. It would be worthy only of a maniac to call the government "a despotism" that tolerates the publication of a production at once so treasonable, profane, stupid, and indecent as this same "Message to the Sovereign People."

AUTOBIOGRAPHY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVELS.

Memoir of the Rev. David T. Stoddard, Missionary to the Nestorians. By Joseph P. Thompson, D. D. Boston: American Tract Society. New York: J. W. Brinkerhoff.

The descent of Dr. Stoddard from the old Puritan stock vindicates its legitimacy through every page of this memoir. Yale College, the *alma mater* of many whose memory the world will not willingly let die, prepared him for his intended position in society. It is not without some emotion of interest that we notice in the pedigree of his family the name of Benjamin Franklin, from whom (*parte materna*) he derives his descent. This reminiscence must, by itself, have constituted an incentive to a course of action worthy of a lineage so accredited. Experimental philosophy seems early to have engaged his attention, and, throughout life, to have occupied no small space of his time. His attainments in science, and the fervor with which he persevered at interrogating nature by experiment, manifest an assiduity in scientific pursuits not to be easily diverted or discouraged; his zeal for spiritual conversion shrinks from no auxiliary that can be enlisted as an agent for the attainment of his purpose. His academic career is related with a minuteness, to readers not particularly solicitous about the habits of a student, rather irksome; but the duties of

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biography are not at all times adequately estimated by those writers who, from the impulse of predilection or friendship, assume the responsibility. The influence produced upon the mind of the student by the habits of his *commensale*, and its ulterior agency in causing a dedication of his future cares to the ministry, are narrated with a spirit and in a style suitable to the solemnity of such a decision. The reasoning used in determining his course as to a foreign mission, rather than an assumption of the responsibilities attendant upon an American church, is worthy of more than a transient notice. The home destitution is perceived to be alarming, and young men are needed to go forth to the West, and other sections of the country, in mighty armies. This is full of matter for serious thought, and not a few of the religious economists who have profoundly meditated upon the subject seem disposed to think that some little amount of the spiritual energy expended upon the unbelievers abroad might be wholesomely applied to the edification of the heathen at *home*.

We now pass to the more secular passages of the volume, which seem to lie within the literary supervision of our journal, and find Mr. Stoddard, "as to worldly matters, enjoying himself very highly." Professors Olmstead and Silliman, having observed in him an aptitude for astronomical pursuits, encouraged his taste, and, by the freedom of access which they afforded to the college observatory and philosophic instruments, greatly facilitated the progress of his scientific pursuits. We feel disposed to quote a passage from the volume which exhibits the position and habits of Mr. Stoddard at this crisis:

"At this time Mr. S. occupied a room in the North College, directly under that of the writer. The room was converted into a machine shop, and at every interval of the class recitations, and even to the prejudice of regular studies, he was at work, grinding his mirrors or framing his tubes, and his conversation was so much on those topics that he gained for himself in the college the sobriquet of '*Speculum*'" (p. 67).

The turning-point in the destinies of Mr. Stoddard here presents itself—the purpose which imparts its complexion to the biography, and adjusts his future position in relation to society. We know no language more significant than his own to announce the settled purpose of his heart:

"The question then came up, Will you spend your life in chemical experiments, or in laboring as a minister of the gospel for the conversion of souls? Ever since I professed religion I had expected to become a minister; but had never solemnly and fully considered the question. I did at this time, and the result was a determination to preach Christ and him crucified."

This purpose draws from the editor a comment in reference to the efficacy produced by religious conviction upon the minds of some men conspicuous in the literary world: "a Brewster, a Day, a Silliman, a Guyot." Why thus limit the list? Why omit the illustrious names of a Bacon and a Newton, whose works are vital with the influences of a Christian's faith? Sir Humphrey Davy, also, we are assured by his

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nephew and biographer, had contemplated, some brief time before his death, even a retirement to ascetic privacy. If the *argumentum ad hominem* seems required to sustain the evidences of religious conviction, a restricted use of it is scarcely judicious.

It is with no little interest that we find the object of our notice become dissatisfied with his astronomical inspections, as failing to appease the cravings of a mind whose spirit ascended even beyond such spectacles. A tutorship in Yale College, once the summit of his hopes, fails, in the fruition of its earthly honors, to retain its original attractiveness. The improvement of his tubes, the polish of his lenses, and other "late labors of love," have lost their charms. "The *glory* is *all over*." "The pop-gun is fired," and he "*has* to regret that so many precious hours were almost lost." The work of the ministry becomes his determined choice. The earnestness of purpose and singleness of heart with which he applies himself to the task of self-preparation for his change of position in life are graphically related.

When the candidate for admission into the ministry presents himself before the "Association of Congregational Ministers in Massachusetts," by whom he "was well-nigh refused a certificate of approbation," the scene is presented to the reader with no slight tincture of *naïveté*:

"Before we had been long together, I saw very plainly that I had a stiff set to deal with, who abhorred New Haven and New Haven divinity. They examined me two hours and a half, particularly on regeneration and total depravity. They bade me *retire*, and, after discussing nearly an hour over my case, called me in again. They had concluded to license me, but told me, in substance, that I was very *heretical* on some *points*, and that as I was a young man they hoped I would *live* to *repent*. I do not mean to *ridicule* them at all, for I must say they breathed a good spirit, and treated me very kindly; but I think *they were prejudiced* and inclined to be suspicious at the outset. I was barely passable in their view, not from a deficiency in knowledge so much as from heretical notions." (p. 87.)

After the lapse of a very short period spent in the ministrations of the home service, we find Mr. Stoddard, at his own election, designated for a foreign mission. His departure for, voyage, and arrival at, his Eastern scene of spiritual labors, are related with animation and hopefulness.

We should transcend the space at our disposal, did we attempt a consecutive commentary upon the various details of this volume: "Wanderings among the lakes," and "nooks and valleys of the Kurdish mountains." The waters "studded with islands, and reflecting the pure azure of an Italian sky;" and then, "the aroma of the fruitage" diffusely exhaled from "apricots, nectarines, peach, melon, pomegranate, and almond," is redolent of promise to relieve the arduous labors of the mission.

We cannot dilate on the outline of troubles, which seem to have assailed our American friends—a jealousy between the clerics of the various denominations whose sickles clashed in seeking to gather in the

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same harvest, was to be expected, and the interruption of harmony which results, is legible in the acerbity of spirit, now perceived to tinge these pages. Russian intrigue and the jealousies of French propagandists are sharply denounced. In fact, the genial softness of the climate does not seem to have shed its balmy influences upon the mind of our missionary, to soothe his disappointments. "Popery and Puseyism, Formalism and the *Devil*," are found forming an unholy alliance on one side, against God and "his servants on the other."

These feelings, however, did not last long. The good missionary was soon himself again—as kind and conciliatory to all with whom he had any intercourse, as he was zealous and untiring in the work to which he had devoted his life. The "Memoir" is got up in tasteful style. The amount of space and time we have devoted to it may show how highly we value the excellent lessons which it teaches.

The Budget Closed. By JANE ANTHONY EAMES. 12mo, pp. 368. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1860.

As this volume is the production of a lady, we were prepared for a series of pictures as "sights and scenes" of Orientalism, lucid and lustrous. Stamboul, with its mosques and minarets, obelisks and hippodromes, was fully revealed to the view ere we unclasped the pages. Nor can we say that our anticipations have been altogether disappointed. Though steam has converted the Mediterranean into a lake, and made the "Isles of the Ægean," even to the American tourist, familiar as "*household words*," we are still pleased to say, that we have perused these pages with not a little interest. The bazaars of Constantinople, in all their brilliancy, with their costly wares and precious merchandise, set forth for display in an "*artistic style*;" "*true silks*" and embroidered muslins, unfolded to fascinated eyes, challenging any and every inspection of connoisseur and critic, seem to rustle (even at this distance) upon the ear, as we turn the pages. Again, we have table-cloths of crimson and purple velvet, actually rigid with gold—veils and kerchiefs of gauze, sprinkled with silver. In short, language seems to exhaust its powers, in the attempt to enumerate a moiety of the "beautiful things" with which our vision becomes spell-bound. All is not yet: even "if the eyes had been shut, another sense would have told what bazaar was approaching, for the air was loaded with fragrance." Who but a lady could dwell so glowingly, as if with a pen of pearl, upon this gorgeous spectacle? Nor are even "the dear little ones" at home in the nursery, excluded from the mind by this pressure upon the senses: "confectionery of every shape and hue is arranged in heaps and masses, sufficient to satisfy even candy-loving children in the whole of New England."

We are sorry we cannot do justice to the merits of this work—gladly we would, if space permitted, accompany Mrs. Eames in her lively description of

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Greece. Her visit to and sojourn in many a classic spot, are narrated with elegance and animation. Her style becomes more vivid and vigorous, by the inspiration of the land

"Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung."

With our fair traveller we now arrive at Vienna, a city, compared in the arrangement of its streets to a spider's web. The *coup d'œil*, which includes Napoleon's battle-fields of Wagram and Esling, are mentioned with enthusiasm. The æsthetic taste of our author is here exercised upon the works of art from the Italian, Flemish, Venetian, and Dutch schools, which line the walls of the Belvidere Palace, but in the true spirit of the American woman, her attention is not utterly engrossed by the "dulce." The "*utile*" exacts its fair proportion of notice, and the Imperial printing-office, despite the perils of blotches and ink-stains to the amplitude of silken skirts from the miscellaneous mechanism of the labor-rooms, is duly visited. Types for two hundred and six different languages (what an arithmetical commentary upon the polyglotic confusion prevailing at Babel) were here found, and utensils for photograph and lithograph in every variety.

At Munich, with the
Iser rolling rapidly,

which our authoress quotes, we are detained by many graphic and interesting pages. The abdication of King Louis, and his previous munificence in the patronage of the arts, are fully acknowledged, and here a brief pause is made to animadvert upon the court where the "famous, or rather infamous, Lola Montez flourished for a while."

Autobiography, Letters and Literary Remains of Mrs. Piozzi (Thrale). Edited, with Notes and an Introductory Account of her Life and Writings, by A. HAYWARD, Esq., Q. C. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861.

However familiar the world may be with the portrait of the celebrated Mrs. Piozzi, as drawn by her cotemporaries, the delineation by her own pencil is most welcome. Her illustrious friend Johnson, himself, has said that "a man is his own best biographer;" and from these "Literary Remains," many of which have never before been open to the public, we have a far truer idea of Mrs. Thrale's character and ability than either the jealousy of a Boswell or the caprice of a Burney could give.

The editor, in his introduction, gathers from various authors—Wraxhall, Croker, Boswell, D'Arblay, Moore, Macaulay—much that is curious and interesting, both concerning Mrs. Piozzi and the Johnsonian galaxy; but, as most of our readers are acquainted with the views of these writers in a more connected form, we will confine our extracts to the latter portion of this entertaining volume. Mrs. Thrale's own account of her

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voluminous diary, kept for more than fifty years, is contained in the first entry, thus:

"It is many years since Dr. Samuel Johnson advised me to get a little book and write in it all the little anecdotes which might come to my knowledge, all the observations I might make or hear, all the verses never likely to be published, and, in fine, every thing that struck me at the time. Mr. Thrale has now treated me with a repository, and provided it with the pompous title of 'Thraliana.' I must endeavor to fill it with nonsense, new and old. 15th Sept., 1776."

The last entry in this copious diary is:

"30th March, 1809.—Everything most dreaded has ensued. All is over, and my second husband's death is recorded in my first husband's present. Cruel death!"

There are some very amusing passages, which, however, reveal to us many a serious domestic trial:

"Jan., 1779.—Mr. Thrale has fallen in love, really and seriously, with Sophy Streatfield; but there is no wonder in that; she is very pretty, very gentle, soft, and insinuating, hangs about him, dances round him, cries when she parts from him, squeezes his hand slyly, and with her sweet eyes, full of tears, looks so fondly in his face—and all for love of me, as she pretends—that I can hardly sometimes help laughing in his face. A man must not be a *man* but an *it* to resist such artillery. Marriott said very well:

'Man, flatt'ring man, not always can prevail,
But woman, flatt'ring man, can never fail.'

"Murphy did not use, I think, to have a good opinion of me, but he seems to have changed his mind this Christmas, and to believe better of me. I'm glad on't, to be sure; the suffrage of such a man is well worth having; he sees Thrale's love of the fair S. S., I suppose; approves my silent and patient endurance of what I could not prevent by more rough and sincere behavior."

"May, 1781.—Sophy Streatfield is an incomprehensible girl; here has she been telling me such tender passages of what passed between her and Mr. Thrale, that she half frights me somehow, at the same time declaring her attachment to Vyse, yet her willingness to marry Lord Loughborough. Good God! what an uncommon girl! and handsome almost to perfection, I think, delicate in her manners, soft in her voice, and strict in her principles. I never saw such a character. She is wholly out of my reach; and I can only say that the man who runs mad for Sophy Streatfield has no reason to be ashamed of his passion. Few people, however, seem disposed to take her for life—every body's admiration, as Mrs. Byron says, and nobody's choice."

Later Dr. Burney is included in the Streatfield conquests:

"1st Jan., 1782.—Poor dear Dr. Burney! he is now the reigning favorite, and she spares neither pains nor caresses to turn that good man's head, much to the vexation of his family, particularly my Fanny, who is naturally provoked to see sport made of her father in his last stage of life, by a young coquette whose sole employment in this world seems to have boen winning men's hearts on purpose to fling them away. How she contrives to keep bishops and brewers, and doctors, and Directors of the East India Company, all in chains so, and almost all at the same time, would amaze a wiser person than me. I can only say, let us mark the end! Hester will perhaps see her out, and pronounce, like Solon, on her wisdom and conduct."

Of Baretti, the tutor of her children and an inmate of her house for nearly three years, she says:

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"Not a servant, not a child did he leave me any authority over. If I would attempt to correct or dismiss them, there was instant appeal to Mr. Baretti, who was sure always to be against me in every dispute. With Mr. Thrale I was ever cautious of contending, conscious that a misunderstanding there could never answer, as I have no friend or relation in the world to protect me from the rough treatment of a husband, should he choose to exert his prerogatives; but when I saw Baretti openly urging Mr. Thrale to cut down some little fruit trees my mother had planted, and I had begged might stand, I confess I did take an aversion to the creature, and secretly resolved his stay should not be prolonged by my entreaties whenever his greatness chose to take huff and be gone."

We know not whether to attribute to amiability or weakness this endurance of an insolent Italian's assumption, as well as the insult of Sophy Streatfield's bare-faced coquetry.

Her friendship for Miss Burney seems to lack the peculiar quality that makes a perfect bond:

"August, 1779.—Fanny Burney has been a long time from me; I was glad to see her again; yet she makes me miserable too in many respects, so restlessly and apparently anxious lest I should give myself airs of patronage, or load her with the shackles of dependence. I live with her always in a degree of pain that precludes friendship—dare not ask her to buy me a ribbon—dare not desire her to touch the bell, lest she should think herself injured, lest she should forsooth appear in the character of Miss Neville, and I in that of the Widow Bromley."

"1st July, 1780.—Mrs. Byron, who really loves me, was disgusted at Miss Burney's carriage to me, who have been such a friend and benefactress to her. Not an article of dress, not a ticket for public places, not a thing in the world that she could not command, from me; yet always insolent, always pining for home, always preferring the mode of life in St. Martin's St. to all I could do for her. She is a saucy, spirited little puss, to be sure, but I love her dearly for all that, and I fancy she has a real regard for me, if she did not think it beneath the dignity of a Witmore, the dignity of Dr. Burney's daughter, to indulge it. Such dignity! the Lady Louisa of Leicester Square! in good time."

Her "Verse Characters" of the Streatham portraits give a good impression of her discernment:

"Of Reynolds, all good should be said and no harm,
Though the heart is too frigid, the pencil too warm;
Yet each fault from his converse we still must disclaim,
As his temper, 'tis peaceful, and pure as his fame;
Nothing in it o'erflows, nothing ever is wanting,
It nor chills like his kindness, nor glows like his painting:
When Johnson by strength overpowers our mind,
When Montague dazzles, and Burke strikes us blind;
To Reynolds, well pleased, for relief we must run,
Rejoice in his shadow, and shrink from the sun."

In no less felicitous a manner does she portray Goldsmith, Garrick, Sandys, Lyttleton, Murphy, and all the celebrities whose faces adorned the Streatham gallery.

Mr. Hayward's compilation is made without regard to order; but, taking the detached passages and forming of them a connected chain, we get a better history of Mrs. Piozzi's life than we have hitherto seen. Her early training, her constrained marriage with Mr. Thrale, who had scarce-

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ly a sentiment in common with her own, her literary and social distinction, the influence over her of the great man, in whose mind, she says, her own "was swallowed up and lost"—the alienation of her friends on her union with Piozzi, "twenty years of whose enchanting society passed with her like a dream of twenty hours"—the estrangement of her children, the coldness of him who had shared her roof and her kindness so long, long time, her wanderings in other lands, and her final restoration in triumph to home and friends—all these things are brought vividly before us, and give us unwonted interest in the volume.

Her letters written to Sir James Fellowes, at the advanced age of eighty, have the sprightliness of youth, and exhibit a wonderful preservation of her intellectual faculties.

Her marginal notes on two volumes of letters, and also on "Wraxhall," are contained in this compilation, together with many efforts in prose and verse, not embraced in previous works.

We cannot forbear one more quotation from her diary, when she was in the full flush of triumphant joy.

"1788, Jan. 1st.—How little I thought this day, four years ago, that I should celebrate this 1st of Jan., 1788, here, at Bath, surrounded with friends and admirers; the public partial to *me*, and almost every individual, whose kindness is worth wishing for, sincerely attached to my husband. Mrs. Byron is converted by Piozzi's assiduity; she really likes him now; and sweet Mrs. Lambert told every body at Bath she was in love with him. I have passed a delightful winter, in spite of them, caressed by my friends, adored by my husband, amused with every entertainment that is going forward. What need I think about three sullen misses? . . . and yet!"——

"1789, May 1st.—Mrs. Montague wants to make up with me again. I dare say she does; but I will not be taken and left, even at the pleasure of those who are much nearer and dearer to me than Mrs. Montague. We want no flash, no flattery. I never had more of either in my life, nor ever lived half so happily. Mrs. Montague wrote creeping letters when she wanted my help, or foolishly thought she did, and then turned her back on me, and sent her adherents to do the same. I despise such conduct, and Mr. Pepys, Mrs. Ord, &c., now sneak about and look ashamed of themselves—Well they may!"

"1790, March 18th.—I met Miss Burney at an assembly last night—'tis six years since I have seen her; she appeared most fondly rejoiced in good time; and Mrs. Locke, at whose house we stumbled on each other, pretended that she had such a regard for me. The Pepyses find out that they have used me very ill. . . . I hope they find out too that I do not care. Seward, too, sues for reconcilement underhand . . . so they do all, and I sincerely forgive them; but, like the linnet in Metastasio—

'Canto divien per prova
Nè più tradir si fa.'

'When liss'd, the poor bird thus with eagerness strains,
Nor regrets his torn wing while his freedom he gains;
The loss of his plumage small time will restore,
And once tried the false twig, it shall cheat him no more.'"

"1790, July 28th.—We have kept our seventh wedding-day, and celebrated our return to this house (Streatham) with prodigious splendor and gayety. Seventy people to dinner. . . . Never was a pleasanter day seen; and at night the trees and front of the house were illuminated with colored lamps,

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that called forth our neighbors from all the adjacent villages to admire and enjoy the diversion."

Although our extracts are far more copious than we had intended, we will make no apology, feeling that those who have not seen the book will rather thank than censure us. It is instructive, as well as interesting, to read an autobiography like that of Mrs. Piozzi, if only for the light it sheds on the character and habits of the great Johnson alone.

SCIENCE.

L'Année Scientifique et Industrielle. Par Louis Figuzier. Cinquième Année. 12mo. pp. 525. Paris: L. Hachette et Cie. 1860.

None excel the French in preserving records of scientific discoveries and inventions at home and abroad. The volume now before us is somewhat similar in its aim to the American "Annual of Scientific Discovery;" but it is more cosmopolitan than the latter, and, consequently, contains a larger variety of curious and interesting facts. Its table of contents embraces astronomy, physics, mechanics, chemistry, natural history, physiology, medicine, public hygiene, agriculture, the industrial arts, &c., each receiving a considerable amount of attention in the text. M. Figuzier thinks that the Armstrong cannon, so much spoken of in England, is simply an imitation of the French rifled cannon (p. 121). Its importance, however, is fully recognized, and much space is devoted to it. In the department of chemistry it is noted, that several chemists have proved the existence of copper in various mineral waters previously deemed not only wholesome but possessing highly valuable medicinal properties:

"M. Bechamp, professeur de chimie à la faculté de médecine de Montpellier, a annoncé, dans une lettre à l'Académie des Sciences, avoir découvert une certaine proportion d'oxyde de cuivre dans l'eau thermal et saline de Balaruc. Trois dosages différents ont été faits dans trois saisons differentes de la même année: les soins les plus minutiaux ont été pris contre toute chance d'erreurs; aussi l'auteur annonce-t-il avec confiance que *le cuivre* est un élément constant de l'eau de Balaruc. Depuis que ce fait a été reconnu, un autre chimiste, M. Moitessier, a trouvé *du cuivre dans d'autres eaux naturelles.* Voilà un voie interessante ouverte aux recherches des chimistes."—p. 161.

There has long been good reason to suspect that some of our own mineral waters, represented by interested parties as possessing wonderful virtues, contain ingredients which produce rather than remove diseases. Indeed, not a few of those "waters" advertised by "sole agents," as coming from "acid springs," "saline springs," &c., are positively deleterious. Sometimes if they are not sufficiently "acid," or "saline," they are drugged in order to improve their flavor. What seems strange is, that persons who could not be induced to use patent medicines in any form do not hesitate to pay high prices for cases of mineral waters. In general, the latter do not, perhaps, do as much harm as the former, but it is because they are not so popular with the masses. At all events, if scientific

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works were more generally read—especially works on chemistry—quackery in either form would not flourish as it does, nor would the annual bills of mortality be one-tenth as large as they are.

An Improved Method of Constructing Artificial Dentitures, together with directions for the Development and Subsequent Preservation of the Natural Teeth, by Dr. J. ALLEN, late Professor in the Ohio College of Dental Surgery. New York.

Feeling some interest, from painful experience in all that relates to the preservation of the teeth, we took up this pamphlet with mingled feelings of curiosity and hope. Pretension and imposture are so prevalent at the present day that those who thirst most for knowledge have little inducement to examine even what appears to be an elaborate professional treatise, especially if its subject be the healing art in any form. However much, therefore, our readers or ourselves may have suffered *in dentibus*, it is more than probable that "Allen's Method" would have found its way into the same receptacle to which we have consigned scores of others, had it not occurred to us that, if something superior is not to be expected from a college professor, his Prestige as such affords a guarantee that at least the views he presents are not those of the mountebank or the charlatan. Nor have we been disappointed in our expectations. In no other pamphlet of equal size, on the same subject, have we found so much that is interesting; and whether it does not embrace what is valuable withal, we shall leave our readers to infer for themselves from a brief extract or two. The manner in which the premature sinking of the cheeks is influenced by the condition of the teeth is thus explained:

"The face is formed of different muscles, which give it shape and expression. These muscles rest upon the teeth and alveolar processes, which sustain them in their proper position.

"When the teeth are lost, and a consequent absorption of the alveolus takes place, the muscles fall in, or become sunken in a greater or less degree, according to the temperament of the person. If the lymphatic predominates, the change will be but slight. If nervous sanguine, it may be very great.

"There are four points of the face which the mere insertion of the teeth does not always restore, viz.: one upon each side, beneath the malar or cheek bone; and one upon each side of the base of the nose, in a line towards the front portion of the malar bone.

"The muscles situated upon the sides of the face, and which rest upon the molar or back teeth, are the Zygomaticus major, Masseter, and Buccinator. The loss of the above teeth causes these muscles to fall in.

"The principal muscles which form the front portion of the face and lips are the Zygomaticus minor, Levator labii superioris alæque nasi and Orbicularis oris.

"These rest upon the front, eye, and bicuspid teeth; which, when lost, allow the muscles to sink in, thereby changing the form and expression of the mouth.

"The insertion of the front teeth will, in a great measure, bring out the lips, but there are *two muscles* in the front portion of the face which cannot, in many cases, be thus restored to their original position; one is the Zygomaticus minor, which arises from the front part of the malar bone, and is inserted into the upper lip above the angle of the mouth. The other is the Levator labii superioris alæque nasi, which arises from the nasal process and from the edge of the

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orbit above the infra orbitar foramen. It is inserted into the ala nasi or wing of the nose and upper lip."—pp. 7, 8.

There are many who, if they see their neighbor much improved in appearance by a new set of teeth, think that a set exactly similar would equally improve their looks. This causes many disappointments, for the simple reason that the style of a set of teeth requires to be as well adapted to the face of the owner as that of a dress coat, or robe, to the general form of the wearer. On this point Dr. Allen truly and forcibly remarks:

"It is not always the most beautiful and symmetrical artificial teeth which appear best in the mouth. On the contrary, slight irregularities often appear the most natural. The teeth give character to the physiognomy of persons; therefore, as great a variety of expressions should be given to them as there are individuals for whom they are intended. Those of bold and strongly marked features require prominent and irregular teeth; persons of thin, small visage should have small convex teeth; and a broad full face should have larger teeth with less convexity. If the teeth are set very true and even, they will appear stiff and mechanical, and serve as a walking advertisement for the dentist who inserted them. There should be a graceful irregularity in most cases, so that each tooth may display its natural individuality."

Even in cases where the expression of the countenance is improved by a particular style of teeth, it sometimes happens that it is at the expense of something more useful than the beauty of a particular feature.

"If," says Dr. Allen, "an artificial denture be so constructed as to be *unnatural in form*, the tongue will not play upon it so as to produce distinct enunciation. Hence, the *muffled* or hissing sounds which are often observed in speaking, singing, and conversation. In the construction of a musical instrument (with reeds or tongues) the most perfect adaptation of the surrounding parts is necessary in order that each note should have a round, full, and clear tone; the slightest defect, in this respect, throws the instrument out of tune, and discordant notes are thus produced. So with the human voice. In order that the notes and words be clear, full, and melodious, a perfectly natural form should be given to artificial teeth and gums, that they may be properly adapted to the tongue."

This is the result of experience—the opinion of one who has probably done more for the science of dental surgery than any other member of the profession in America. 1861.

Le Cavalier Cours d'Equitation Pratique. Par VICTOR FRANCONI. Paris: Michel Levy Freres. 1861.

This treatise on the art of riding is not confined to an instructive routine of rules and directions, but, assuming a character superior to that of a mere manual, it professes to treat the subject in its duplicate aspect, as an art and a science. The work is evidently the production of a mind which has made the horse and his habits a subject of diligent study. The philosophic theory of analyzing the effect produced upon the spirit of that animal by the temperament of the rider, is not the least interesting passage in this little *tome*. Harshness of treatment, instead of mildness, when

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applied to the cure of a perverse spirit, is ably examined, and imparts an attractive interest to these pages. The character of that noble animal is demonstrated as generally dependent upon that of its master. We are instructed to believe, that

"L'ideal de l'art equestre est la fable du centaur; et non l'histoire de maseppa, qui fut lie au cheval." [The exact posture of the rider is designated with precision, and illustrated by analogies which we shall not venture to enfeeble by a translation, as they evince so much of national enthusiasm.] "La position du cavalier est à l'equitation ce que la grammaire est a l'art de parler et d'ecrire. On peut ecrire sans savoir l'orthographie, parler sans etre grammarien, et monter a cheval sans etre cavalier."—p. 16.

There is an earnestness in the manner of the author, which indicates the possession which the subject has taken of his mind. He has obviously made himself master of both the theory and practice of his art, and writes with the same ease and grace with which he rides, we will venture to affirm; plain lessons and intelligible rules for the "manège" are prescribed, and the habitual horseman, as well as the novice in the art, may profit by the perusal.

Works upon the subject of horsemanship, ambitious in their aspirations and obscurely *erudite*, with a series of abstract theories, are sharply repudiated as vehicles of instruction:

"La science obscure de ces livres abstraits ne s'addresse qu'aux cavaliers qui habiler deja, ont l'ambition de devenir ecuyers, c'est à dire d'aborder la partie scientifique de l'equitation *metaphysique* equestre, dont *l'obscura* profondeur egare souvent l'intelligence du lecteur, ecrire dans le meme sense serait ajouter un livre inutile a tous ceux qui existent deja."—p. 65.

We require no better testimony than the spirit of this passage to convince us that the author can use the *rowel* as well as the *rein*. We know not how it is—whether it be that the language in which this little volume is written is more clear and impressive than is usually found in treatises of its class—but we have perused it with a pleasure and interest which we do not often experience in reading on more attractive subjects.

The history of the generous steed—his capacity for such diversities of instruction—the applicability of his powers to such a variety of uses, are topics for thought and theory, never, it would seem, to be exhausted. When we reflect upon the extent to which pride in the turf prevailed in Great Britain and Ireland, formerly, and when we remember the solicitude evinced to preserve even the pedigree of the studs, it is matter of surprise to find that France was the first to institute a system of academic instruction in the veterinary art, as early as the year 1762, and that even when the School of St. Pancras, near London, was established, it was committed to the care of Saintbel, as its principal professor; while Bougelat, fondateur de l'art veterinaire, attracted to his chambers of instruction pupils from Great Britain and elsewhere. The names also of Soleysel and La

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Fosse are authorities held in high repute throughout the continent of Europe. With such predecessors, interested in the treatment and cure of the noble animal committed to their care, we must smile complacently upon the enthusiasm of our author, when he exclaims: "Je crois avoir demontré que le cheval est loin de manquer d' intelligence; on reconnaitra meme qu'il est plein de logique."

THEOLOGY AND ETHICS.

La Crise Religieuse en Hollande.—Souvenirs et Impressions. Par D. CHANTEPIE DE LA SAUSSAYE, l'un des pasteurs de l'Eglise Wallonne de Leyde. London: Williams & Norgate. 1860.

The good people of Holland do not seem to be very successful in their efforts to be more pious than their neighbors. They are always more or less in trouble about dark points in theology. Occasionally, they make the discovery that they have cut the Gordian Knot; and the result is a very extensive religious revival. But there are so many sects, that, unfortunately, there are always more knots than one to be cut. From this it results that while one sect is exulting in being the recipient of a new revelation, it is jeered at by its rival, and denounced as being in league with Satan. The author of the present volume very much deplores all this; although he has still hopes that those who differ from the views of the sect to which he belongs himself will be convinced of the truth, and abandon their present unhappy vagaries. What those views are is not very clear from *La Crise Religieuse*. They belong to what is called the ethical school, one of whose objects it is to reconcile science and theology, psychology and Methodism. The most formidable rival this sect has to contend with is that founded by Van Heusde, of Utrecht, and whose doctrine is described as a sort of mystic Arianism pretending to have a philosophic and practical basis. At all events, we are assured by our author that it is a doctrine founded on error, and calculated to endanger the whole fabric of Christianity.

"En face," he says, "d'une christologie defecteuse, la seule declaration que Christ était le centre de la vie Chrétienne comme de la theologie, était un incotestable progrès. En présence de grandes lacunes de la théorie de la regeneration, et de l'oeuvre du Saint-Esprit, c' était encore un progrès que de vouloir inprimer à l'Eglise un caractère d'actualité, et de la considérer, non comme une institution, mais comme une société, le corps du Christ vivant."

It is not Van Heusde, however, who, it seems, has been most heterodox, or rather most anti-christian, but M. Opzoomer, his successor in the chair of theology in the University of Utrecht, who, in his inaugural discourse, had the temerity to undertake "la reconciliation de l'homme avec lui-même, par l' intermédiere de la philosophie." The

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attempt to show that philosophy *per se* could have any thing to do with reconciling man to himself, except through the medium of the Bible, gave great scandal, and every pious Hollander asked, "What next?" Yet this is by no means the only recent difficulty which has seriously disturbed the religious mind of Holland. Mr. Kuenen, Professor of Oriental languages in Leyden University, has published a pamphlet, in which he altogether rejects the Divine inspiration of the Hebrew prophets, except so far as all men of genius may be said to be more or less inspired. He flatly denies that their mission was to foretell, or that they ever have foretold any thing more than intelligent men, or preachers, of our own time, might not have supposed likely to happen in the lapse of time. This has led to a bitter controversy, which is not likely to be settled for some time to come. In the mean time the book is undoubtedly worth reading—nay, worth translating into English.

The Churchman's Calendar for the year of our Lord 1861, *designed to exhibit an actual view of the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church in all the World.* New York: F. D. Harriman, 1861.

An incredible amount of information, which is more or less interesting to all denominations of Christians, has been compressed into this slender volume, though it is intended mainly, if not exclusively, for members lay and clerical of the Episcopal Church. Its historical sketches of the progress of the Church, though necessarily brief, embrace the essence of all that is most interesting in ecclesiastical history. The outline which it gives of the Church in France, is so interesting, and, in our opinion, so free from prejudice, that we do not hesitate to present it to our readers, merely omitting a note or two:

France.—The Church of France was of Greek origin, and was founded in the second century, by Pothinus, at Lyons and Vienne. Arles became the chief See, and Vienne, Lyons, Besançon, Bourges, Eauze, Narbonne, Aix, Rouen, Tours, and Sens are said to have been Metropolitical Sees in the fourth century.

The Sardican Canon enabled the Bishop of Rome to extend his patriarchal power into Gaul at an early period, and yet there are not wanting proofs that the Gallic Church felt her rights, and could at times maintain them with dignity and independence. After the Papacy was fully established on the basis of the Decretals, this ancient spirit showed itself in the foundation of the *Gallican Liberties*, by Louis IX. (St. Louis) in 1268. These liberties are expressed in *two primary maxims*, as follows:

1. "The Kings of France are independent of the Pope in matters temporal," *i. e.*, they are the head of temporalities in the Church of France.

2. "The power of the Pope is limited by the Sacred Canons," *i. e.*, the Pope is subject to General Councils, and has no power save what they confer.

Note.—Under this maxim, to destroy the Papal power entirely, it is only necessary to understand that there never was a General Council, subsequent to the division of the East and West.

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The Gallican Liberties are more fully expressed in eighty-three articles, which have been for many centuries reduced to a digest. After the Council of Trent, to which the Church of France reluctantly subscribed, the operation of the new system threatened the extinction of the Gallican Church, and the absorption of its Episcopate into the Tridentine Vicariate. Hence, in 1682, was sent forth the famous *Declaration*, reaffirming the Liberties of the Gallacian Church, and preserving her corporate existence.

By the Concordat of 1801, the Pope, by the aid of the First Consul, suppressed the ancient Sees of France, and erected a *new* Church, which he endeavored to render purely Tridentine. The policy of the First Consul defeated this project, however, and the Pope himself was forced to recognise the *Gallican Liberties*, and to promise conformity thereunto.

Consequently, though the Pope suppressed a Church of 23 Archbishoprics and 133 suffragans, in a manner which even the Court of Rome allowed to be *without law or precedent in the eighteen centuries of the Church*—the Gallicans still claim that the modern Church of France (which was founded with only 10 Archbishoprics and 50 suffragans) is nevertheless the Gallican Church, as aforetime. On this principle the government, through all its changes, has continued to act; and, accordingly, *no bull, brief, rescript, or other Pontifical act, is of any force in France without the imperial permission and sanction*, which is never granted without the formula—"saving and excepting that nothing therein shall be construed or understood against the liberties of the Gallican Church."

NOTE.—The union of Savoy and Nice with the French empire has added to the French Church the Archbishopric of Chamberry, and the Sees of Annecy, St. Jean-de-Maurienne, Tarentaise, and Nice. But Nice is still claimed as an ecclesiastical appendage of Genoa.

The dioceses of France are 90 in number, distributed in seventeen provinces as follow: (1) Aix, (2) Alby, (3) Auch, (4) Avignon, (5) Besançon, (6) Bordeaux, (7) Bourges, (8) Chambrai, (9) Chamberry, (10) Lyons, (11) Paris, (12) Reims, (13) Rennes, (14) Rouen, (15) Sens, (16) Toulouse, and (17) Tours.

NOTE.—By imperial rule, the Bishops of France are ranked as follows:

1. Such as belong to the court of Rome—i. e., Cardinals.
2. The Archbishops, in the order of their promotion to their respective Metropolitical Sees.
3. The Bishops, in the order of their consecration.

The Archbishops are as follows:

LYONS	de Bonald,*	Born in 1787
BESANÇON	Mathieu,*	" 1796
REIMS	Gousset,*	" 1792
BORDEAUX	Donnet,*	" 1795
PARIS	Morlot,*	" 1795
CHAMBERRY	Billiet	" 1753
ALBY	de Jerphanion	" 1796
SENS	Joly	" 1795
ROUEN	Blanquart de Bailleul	" 1795
AVIGNON	Debelay	" 1800
CAMBRAI	Regnier	" 1794
AUCH	de Salinis	" 1792
TOURS	Guibert	" 1802
AIX	Chalandon	" 1804
RENNES	Brossais St. Marc	" 1803
BOURGES	Menjaud	" 1791
TOULOUSE	Desprez	" 1807

NOTE.—The Archbishop of Rouen is a "demissionnaire," and his diocese is actually in charge of Archbishop de Bonnechose.

The oldest French prelate is de Mazenod of *Marseilles*, born in 1782; and the youngest is Fillion of *St. Claude*, born in 1817. The Bishop who ranks first in order of consecration was consecrated (only 29 years of age) in 1832. *Six Sees are now vacant* owing to the *démêlé* of the Pope with the Emperor, and the interesting position of this Church at the present moment seems to justify the degree of detail with which its state is here exhibited. The Bishops have generally been raised to their Sees by virtue of their Ultramontane fanaticism,

* These five are "Cardinals."

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but among them there are a few who are counted Gallicans. Among the more rabid of the Ultramontane prelates are De Bonald and Gousset (Cardinals), and Parisis, of *Arras*. The late Bishop of Troyes (Cœur) was honorably distinguished as a Gallican, and at the time of his sudden decease is said to have entertained a project of the Emperor, for the establishment of a Gallican Patriarchate, independent of the Papacy.

This notice of the Episcopate must be balanced by the fact that many among the clergy and laity are faithful to the Gallican Liberties, and are laboring with zeal, and not without some signs of success, to awaken a spirit of reform. Pre-eminent among such is the learned Abbé Guettée, the Fleury of the century, and the able editor of the *Observateur Catholique*, and the *Union Chrétienne*, periodicals which would do honor to any Church or country, and which are full of a genuine catholicity.

La Morale des Philosophes Grecs et la Morale Chrètienne. Par A. NEANDER. Tradnit de l'Allemand par CH. BERTHOND, V.D.M. London: Williams & Norgate. 1861.

It is remarkable that we have no English translation of the works of Neander, one of the most acute and profound of German thinkers. The volume now before us—one of the latest of his productions—has been translated into five different languages, and none who read it that are capable of judging impartially, will deny that it deserves the distinction. It is not, however, as a theological work it is thus valuable, for it is by no means orthodox. Many of the views it puts forward have been condemned by clergymen of different denominations; but almost all admit that its general tendency is good—calculated to advance the cause of religion.

It is for no want of reverence for the great founder of the Christian religion, or for Christianity itself, that he has been censured; but for comparing the Pagan philosophers to Christ. This, indeed, were wrong, if the former were placed on an equality with the Saviour; but nothing of the kind is sought to be done. The chief object of Neander, in the present instance, is to show that it was not the Hebrew prophets alone who, by their teachings, prepared the way for Christianity—that the Pagan moralists, especially Socrates, contributed much to the same end. In comparing the Greek philosopher to Jesus, he gives us a criticism on the different pictures drawn by Xenophon and Plato of the former, which, it is not too much to say, is worth a volume by itself. He shows that the Socrates of the one is as different from the Socrates of the other, as almost any two historical personages could be. With similar ingenuity, he shows that Socrates and Jesus are at once remarkably similar and remarkably dissimilar, both in their life and teachings.

Nor is he less learned and critical in his analysis of the character of Aristotle, whose philosophy he holds to be strictly inductive—quite as much so as that of Bacon, whom it is so much the fashion to regard as the original founder of the inductive system. The Stagyrite, according to Neander, made a broad distinction between the human and the divine,

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the mortal and the immortal, the theoretical and the practical. The view our author takes of the philosophy of Plato is equally original and interesting. With him all virtue consisted in the contemplation of the great First Cause; while Socrates regarded the virtues as sciences, and Aristotle held that morality was merely a thing of earth—that all men were good or bad only as compared with each other, and that the truest test of virtue consisted in the pleasant consciousness of having done what is right.

From all these theories Greek morality is deduced, and compared with the Christian morality, the superiority of the latter to the former being satisfactorily proved. It will be seen that the author wanders over a wide field; but there is no topic he introduces, if only by a passing remark, which is not more or less calculated to awaken a new train of thought.

Hints on the Formation of Religious Opinion, addressed especially to Young Men and Women of Christian Education. By Rev. Ray Palmer, D. D. 12mo, pp. 324. Boston: American Tract Society. New York: J. W. Brinkerhoff. 1861.

Some fifteen thoughtful discourses constitute the "Hints." They embrace various subjects, such as the responsibility of men for their opinions, practical value of opinions, the value of life as related to our time, &c., &c. Works of this character require no criticism at our hands. Though containing nothing remarkable—seldom any thing original, they embody useful precepts and good advice; things not to be found fault with, even when they are not clothed in the chastest or most appropriate language. Dr. Palmer's book is well calculated for family reading, especially at the present time, when, unhappily, young and old need all the good advice and consolation they can receive.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The World's Progress: A Dictionary of Dates, being a Chronological and Alphabetical Record of all essential Facts in the Progress of Society, from the Creation of the World to the Inauguration of Lincoln, with a Chart. Edited by GEORGE P. PUTNAM, A.M. Large 12mo, pp. 869. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1861.

This is a new, enlarged, and improved edition of a work of reference, which possesses a standard character. We know no other volume of its size that embraces so large an amount of multifarious information. Its table of contents includes tabular views of universal history—first divided into ancient history and modern history, and then subdivided into periods, each varying in length, according as it has been more or less productive of important events. This department is followed, in order, by a dictionary of Dates, Literary Chronology, a list of the Heathen Deities, and a Biographical Index.

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The amount of accurately prepared statistics alone, which the work contains, is of considerable value, and, like the historical, biographical, chronological, and literary facts in the same volume, it is so well arranged that "he who runs may read." In short, there is scarcely an event of any importance that occurred in ancient or modern times of which history has preserved any record, which is not to be found at a glance in alphabetical order in "The World's Progress," generally accompanied with brief quotations from different authors. It is eminently cosmopolitan and liberal, treating all nations according to their merits, as attested by all that is known of what they have accomplished. To students, editors, and the literary profession in general—nay, to all who read for information, it is worth a score of octavos, not only for the amount of time and labor it spares, but also for those interesting and instructive comparative views of different nations, which it exhibits at a glance, showing how one outstrips another now in civilization, and is anon outstripped itself, how one nation rises while another falls, &c. Most of our readers are aware that this is not the only editorial labor Mr. Putnam has performed judiciously and well, but in our opinion it is decidedly the most useful, and that whose value is most enduring.

Verschollene Inseln (*Forgotten Isles*). Von JULIUS RODENBERG. Berlin: Julius Springer, 1861.

This is a curious book. The author is one of those travellers who think that, in order to qualify themselves to sit in judgment on the manners and customs of a nation, they need only take the next train of cars, and make all possible haste through the particular country they pretend to describe. Rodenberg has done this in several instances, but he is not the less interesting on this account. Not that in any case he gives very accurate information; it is his blunders much more than his facts that secure him readers. It must not be inferred from this, however, that he is either stupid or thoughtless; few Germans can boast so much humor, or so lively, not to say inventive, an imagination. Before attempting his "Forgotten Isles," he had tried his hand on different occasions at sketches of Ireland, Wales, and England. His work on Ireland, entitled "*Die Insel der Heiligen*" (The Isle of Saints), was designed to be a sort of hand-book for all future travellers in that country; though the greater portion is taken up with his adventures among the pretty girls, the dinners to which their papas invited him, &c. One of the latter figures in his Irish book under the name of Macrie; a personage represented as having two pretty daughters, with both of whom our traveller condescends to fall in love. But to make amends for these little indiscretions, he translates several of Moore's melodies, and, what is more, his versions are very good. His next attempt at a hand-book, his *Alltagsleben in London* (Daily Life in London), is calculated rather to show how young men who have money may

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lead a vicious life in the British capital, and at the same time be "highly respectable," than how any one can enjoy rational pleasure, or serve either himself or his neighbors. But in his "Forgotten Islands," the volume now before us, he is much more cautious in his statements, giving us facts, rather than wild fancies. In other words, he draws less on his imagination, and depends more on his eyes and ears. True, there is still a tinge of exaggeration in his descriptions; but, after all due allowance has been made for the ruling passion, it will be admitted by those who examine the book that his sketches of Heligoland, Thanet, Sylt, and the Channel Islands are not the productions of an ordinary mind.

Life of Dr. Franklin. By JOHN N. NORTON, A. M., Rector of Ascension Church, Frankfort, Kentucky; author of "Full Proof of Ministry," "Short Sermons," "Life of Washington," &c. 16mo, pp. 258. New York: F. D. Harriman, 1861.

Of the many Lives of the great American philosopher that have issued from the press in recent years, we doubt whether there is one so well suited for the school and family library as the tiny, neat volume now before us. It contains all that relates to the illustrious subject which boys and girls can be supposed capable of understanding, or which seems necessary to illustrate the importance of perseverance in well-doing. It is embellished with a well-engraved portrait of the philosopher, or, as he is more appropriately called in this instance, "the self-educated man." Among the illustrations in the body of the work is one representing Franklin and his daughter Sallie, on a journey.

The Old Cabinet, or Leigh Thornton's Choice. By HELEN WALL PIERSON. New York: F. D. Harriman, 1861.

This beautiful "juvenile," issued by the Church Book Society, is designed to illustrate the triumphs of Grace over the natural inclinations of the human heart. In the commencement of the story, Mr. Thornton is a broken-down gentleman, absorbed in geological researches to the neglect of all other pursuits and obligations; his children, Leigh and Evelyn, are indebted to a pious mother for the influence of a religious training, which, however, acts very differently upon the two characters, Evelyn giving but an outward assent to the precepts of the Gospel, while her brother receives them as the rule and guide of his daily life.

Suddenly they find in the secret drawer of an old cabinet a parchment roll, that restores to them rich estates confiscated from their ancestors, and sold, in the time of the Puritan rebellion. The father remembers hearing in his childhood, that the full price was afterward paid the rightful owners of the property, but grasps at the temptation before him, in the hope that the present incumbents can find no deed of the purchase.

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The estates become his; but his conscientious son is never quite satisfied of the validity of his right, and when he comes of age, just at the hour when most men would be dazzled by the accession of wealth and power, to the forgetfulness of all higher good, he sacrifices to a godly principle all his earthly ambitions, and yields the estates once more to the proper owners, of whose claims he has convinced himself by reference to family papers. "Aunt Rowena" is a bundle of abstract religious principles; Mrs. Thornton, a sweet impersonation of heavenly truths. The book is decidedly English, and is very attractive.

ART. XI.—RECENT FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Bibliographie des principaux ouvrages relatifs à l'amour, aux femmes, au mariage, indiquant les auteurs de ces ouvrages, leurs éditions, leur valeur et les prohibitions ou les condamnations dont certains d'entre eux ont été l'objet; par le C. *d'I****. *Paris*, 1861. 8o. VIII, 150 pp.

Om de i det danske sprog forekommende ord, samt tyskagtigheder, andre ufuldkommenheder og sprogs- og retskrivningsfeil. Et blik paa modersmaalets nærværende tilstand og muligheden af dets fuldkommnere udvikling herefter. 1ste—3die hefte. *Kjobenhavn*, 1859—60. 8o. 488 pp.

Bibliotheca hortensis. Vollständige Garten-Bibliothek oder alphabetisches Verzeichniss aller Bücher, welche über Gärtnerei, Blumen- und Gemüsebau, Obst- und Weinbau, Gartenbotanik und bildende Gartenkunst von 1750 bis 1860 in Deutschland erschienen sind. Mit Angabe der Verleger und Preise. Nebst einem chronologischen Sachregister. Hrsg. von *F. Jak. Doc'tnahl. Nürnberg*, 1861. W. *Schmid*. 8o. LX, 180 pp.

Lettres historiques des archives communales de la ville de Tours, depuis Charles VI jusqu'à la fin du règne de Henri IV, 1416—1594; publiées par *Vet. Luzarche*. *Tours*, 1861. 8o. XI, 204 pp.

Kunst und Handwerk. Ein Roman vom Verf. der, Abenteuer eines Emporkömmlings'. 3 Bde. *Frankfurt a. M.*, 1861. *Sauerländer*. 8o. 1127 pp.

Relation des siéges et des blocus de La Mothe (1634—1642—1645); suivie des relations officielles des trois siéges, publiées dans le Mercure et la Gazette de France. Édition entièrement revue sur les textes originaux et augmentée d'une introduction à l'histoire de La Mothe, et de nombreux documents inédits, par *J. Simonnet*. *Chaumont*, 1861. 8o. XII, 472 pp. *Mit.* 3 *Tuf.*

Zur Geschichte der Musik und des Theaters am Hofe zu Dresden. Nach archivalischen Quellen. 1. Thl. *Dresden*, 1861. *Kuntze*. 8o. XV, 328 pp.

Biographie du Dauphiné, contenant l'histoire des hommes nes dans cette province qui se sont fait remarquer dans les lettres, les sciences, les arts, etc., avec le catalogue de leurs ouvrages et la description de leurs portraits. *Paris*, 1861. 8o. XII, 972 pp.

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Geschichte der liturgischen Gewänder des Mittelalters oder Entstehung und Entwickelung der kirchlichen Ornate und Paramente in Rücksicht auf Stoff, Gewebe, Farbe, Zeichnung, Schnitt und rituelle Bedenutung nachgewiesen und durch zahlreiche Abbildgn. erläutert. 4. Lfg. (od. 2. Bd. 1. Lfg.) *Bonn*, 1861. *Henry & Cohen.* 8o. p. 1—130.

Œuvres posthumes; publiées avec une introduction et des notes par *F. Huet.* 2 vol. *Paris*, 1861. 8o. XXIII, 917 pp.

Mémoires historiques sur la ville d'Alençon et sur ces seigneurs, précédés d'une dissertation sur les peuples qui ont habité anciennement le duché d'Alençon et le comté du Perche, et sur l'état ancien de ces pays. 2e édition, publiée d'après les corrections et les additions manuscrites de l'auteur, et annotée par M. *Léon de la Sicotière.* Suivie d'une biographie alençonnaise, de la recherche de la noblesse et de la généralité d'Alençon et d'autres pièces justificatives. 2e livr. (Fin du tome Ier.) *Alençon et Paris*, 1861. 8o. p. 241—445.

Nouveau traité théorique et pratique des maladies vénériennes, d'après les documents puisés dans la clinique de M. Ricord et dans les services hospitaliers de Marseille, suivi d'un appendice sur la syphilisation et la prophylaxie syphilitique, et d'un formulaire spécial. In-8. *Ibid.*

Le Bel inconnu, ou Giglain, fils de messire Gauvain et de la Fée aux blanches mains, poëme de la Table ronde; publié d'après le manuscrit unique de Londres, avec une introduction et un glossaire, par C. Hippeau. In-8. *Aubry.*

La Vie dans l'homme; existence, fonctions, nature, condition présente, forme, origine et destinée future du principe de la vie; esquisse historique de l'animisme. In-8. *V. Masson et fils.*

Lettre sur le commerce de la librairie, publiée pour la première fois par le comité de l'association pour la défense de la propriété, littéraire et artistique, avec une introduction par G. Guiffrey. In-8. *L. Hachette et Ce.*

Manuel de correspondance administrative, commerciale et familière; modèles de pétitions, mémoires, réclamations et actes sous seing privé, préceptes, généraux sur le cérémonial des lettres, le service des postes, la correspondance télégraphique, le timbre et l'enregistrement. In-12. *P. Dupont.*

Dictionnaire universel des contemporains. 2e édition, revue, corrigée et augmentée; publiée en 54 livraisons. Livraisons 1 à 5. In-8. *L. Hachette et Ce.*

Notre-Dame de France, ou Histoire du culte de la sainte Vierge en France depuis l'origine du christianisme jusqu'à nos jours. Tome 1er. Histoire du culte de la sainte Vierge dans les six diocèses dont se compose la province ecclésiastique de Paris, par M. le curé de Saint-Sulpice. In-8, avec vignettes. *H. Plon.*

Traité d'économie politique, ou simple exposition de la manière dont se forment, se distribuent et se consomment les richesses. 7e édition, précédée d'une notice biographique sur l'auteur, par A. Clément. In-12. *Guillaumin et Ce.*

Les aventures de maitre Renart et d'Ysengrin son compere, mises en nouveau langage, racontées dans un nouvel ordre et suivies de nouvelles recherches sur le roman du Renart. In-12. *Techener, Paris*, A. Paulin.

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ART. XII.—PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Sable Cloud: A Southern Tale, with Northern Comments. By the author of "A South-side View of Slavery." pp. 275. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861.

The Poetical Works of Samuel Woodworth, edited by his Son. In two volumes. pp. 288. New York: Charles Scribner. 1861.

Memoir of the Rev. David Tappan Stoddard, Missionary to the Nestorians. By Joseph P. Thompson, D. D., Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, New York. pp. 420. Boston: published by the American Tract Society.

The History of England, from the Accession of James II. By Lord Macaulay. Volume V. Edited by his sister, Lady Trevelyan. With a complete Index to the entire work. pp. 298. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1861.

Autobiography, Letters, and Literary Remains of Mrs. Piozzi (Thrale). Edited with Notes and an Introductory Account of her Life and Writings. By A. Hayward, Esq., Q. C. pp. 531. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861.

Metrical Musings. By M. & C. M. Morris. pp. 188. New York: R. Craighead. 1856.

Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. By John Gibson Lockhart. A new edition. Vol. 1. pp. 318. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861.

Aunt Katie's Talks at Bed-time. No. 1: What kind of a place is Heaven? With Illustrations. pp. 32. Boston: published by the American Tract Society.

The Life and Career of Major John Andre, Adjutant General of the British Army in America. By Winthrop Sargent. pp. 471. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861.

The World's Progress: A Dictionary of Dates. Being a Chronological and Alphabetical Record of all Essential Facts in the Progress of Society, from the Creation of the World to the Inauguration of Lincoln. With a Chart. Edited by George P. Putnam, A. M. pp. 869. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1861.

Kaloolah: An Autobiography of Jonathan Romer. Edited by W. S. Mayo, M. D. pp. 514. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1861.

The Alhambra. By Washington Irving. Author's Revised Edition. With Illustrations. 12mo. pp. 425. New York: G. P. Putnam.

Walks and Talks: or Uncle Walter's Conversations with the Boys. By Rev. W. T. Sleeper, late Chaplain of the Reform School at Westboro', Mass. With Illustrations. pp. 168. Boston: published by the American Tract Society.

Nina; or Life's Caprices. A Story founded on Fact. By F. J. Burge Smith. pp. 426. New York: Daniel Dana. 1861.

Silas Marner, the Weaver of Raveloe. By the author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," and "Scenes of Clerical Life." pp. 265. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1861.

Hints on the Formation of Religious Opinions. Addressed especially to Young Men and Women of Christian Education. By Rev. Ray Palmer, D. D., Pastor of the First Congregational Church, Albany. pp. 324. Boston: American Tract Society. 1861.

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The Budget Closed. By Jane Anthony Eames, author of "A Budget of Letters," "Another Budget," &c. pp. 368. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

Elementary Instruction in the Schools of the Soldier, Company and Battalion, as per Extracts from Hardee. With Manual of Arms. Compiled by H. H. Allen. pp. 241. New York: M. Doolady. 1861.

The Golden Rule and its Fruits. By Mrs. M. F. Goodwin. pp. 64. Boston: published by the American Tract Society.

Currents and Counter-Currents in Medical Science. With other Addresses and Essays. By Oliver Wendell Holmes, Parkman Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Harvard University, late Physician in the Massachusetts General Hospital, Member of the Society for Medical Observation at Paris, Fellow of the Massachusetts Medical Society, Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. pp. 406. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861.

Ten Years of the World's Progress (1850 to 1861.) With more than 50,000 Facts. Arranged for Convenient Reference. 12mo. pp. 216. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1861.

Afloat and Ashore. A Sea Tale. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. Darley. 12mo. pp. 549. New York: W. A. Townsend. 1861.

An Outcast. A Novel. By F. Colburn Adams. 12mo. pp. 436. New York: M. Doolady. 1861.

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THE

NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. VI.

SEPTEMBER, 1861.

ART. I.—1. *Biblioteca Española.* Por D. JOSEPH RODRIGUEZ de Castro. Madrid: 1858.

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3. *Bibliotheca Hispana Vetus, sive Hispani Scriptores, qui ab Octaviani Augusti Ævo ad Annum Christi, M. D. floruerunt. Auctore,* D. NICOLAO ANTONIO, &c. Madrid: 1817.

4. *Bibliotheca Arabico-Hispana Escurialensis.* Madrid: 1760.

5. *Origines de la Poesía Castellana.* Malaga: 1754.

THE early literary history of Spain is less generally known than that of any other country of modern Europe; although it was the first to form a national literature after the downfall of Greece and Rome. That great intellectual progress was made at an early period of our era on the Spanish peninsula is not denied by any competent person who has investigated the subject. The chief difficulty has been to point out the origin of that progress; because of the different races which in turn made themselves masters of the country, each have claimed to be the architects of Spanish civilization. This, indeed, is no more than might have been expected. Every country that has had to own different masters, from time to time, affords examples of similar claims. But the case of Spain is peculiar. In no other country have such violent struggles taken place between the dominant and subject races. The mutual animosities thus excited have been so great, that neither belligerent would admit

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that the other had produced anything worthy of preservation. Many a fine poem and work of art has been destroyed in accordance with this feeling; and of those which have escaped, not a few are claimed by those who had no part in their production. This would be of little importance, however, were it not that modern historians and critics become the champions of one party or another, according to their own predilections.

Thus one writer informs us that the germs of intellectual greatness were implanted in the Peninsula by Ancient Rome; another goes still farther back, and gives the credit to the Phœnicians and Carthaginians; a third is convinced that the Celtibereans are the only race that are entitled to any credit, for whatever greatness Spain attained to in her palmiest days; a fourth undertakes to vindicate the Moors, proving, at least to his own satisfaction, that it was they who civilized, not only Spain, but nearly all Europe; a fifth is astonished how anybody making any pretensions to intelligence and candor, could withhold from the Goths the credit of being the civilizing and intellectual race, whether they be called Vandals, Alans, Suevi, or Visigoths, &c.!

What is much nearer the truth is, that each of the races mentioned has contributed more or less to the glory of Spain; but that the amount of credit due to the last-mentioned tribes is comparatively slight, those entitled to the chief credit being the early inhabitants (who were subdued by the Romans) and the Moors. That the influence of Roman culture was very great in the Peninsula is not to be denied; indeed, the fact is sufficiently evident. Thus, we have it on the testimony of Louitprandus that in the time of Augustus ten languages were not only spoken in Spain, but taught grammatically by competent professors. He enumerates the languages as follows: "Vetus Hispana, Cantabrica, Græca, Latina, Arabica, Chaldæa, Hebreæ, Celtiberica, Valentina, Cathalaunica; de quibus Strabo in lib. iii. ubi docet plures fuisse litterarum formas et linguas in Hispaniis."

A people who cultivated such languages as the Greek, the Chaldean, and Hebrew, must undoubtedly have attained a respectable stage of civilization. We must remember, besides, that some of the best Latin writers whose works have come down to us, and are ranked among the classic models, were natives of Spain; including the two Senecas, Lucan, and

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Caius Julius Hyginus, the grammarian. We have the authority of Eusebius for believing that Quintillian was a Spaniard, a native of the town of Calahorra. Be this as it may, it is beyond question that Martial, the Roman epigrammatic poet, was a native of the same country, and in his writings he speaks of several other Spanish poets, who wrote in the Latin language in his time—that is, the first century of the Christian era—more than three hundred years before the Vandals, Suevi, or Alans were heard of in the Peninsula, and nearly four centuries before the invasion and conquest of the country by the Saracens.

The first Christian writer that has any claim to the title of a poet is Aurelius Prudentius, who, with the aid of Juvenius Presbiteros, translated the whole of the New Testament, and a part of the Old Testament, into Latin hexameters. We have sufficient evidence in *Paradise Regained* that Milton did not disdain to borrow some of his happiest images from both writers. Nor is their version of the New Testament the only poetical effort of theirs that is still read. A poem by Prudentius, on "The Vanity of Life," is said to have suggested to Dr. Johnson his best poem—that entitled "The Vanity of Human Wishes." At all events, it is certain that many of the thoughts in the latter have a striking resemblance to those in some passages of the former. The similarity may, indeed, be accidental; and it is quite possible that the great lexicographer had never seen the production of Prudentius. At any rate, we think our readers will be glad to see a specimen of the older poem. We subjoin a translation accordingly, giving the original at the bottom of the page, for the benefit of those capable of seeing how much o the poetry is lost in the effort to render it into English:

"For time is ever hurrying on;
To the hour of death our moments run;
What in our long career—what useful have we done?
My youth beneath a master's rod
Trembled. In riper years I trod
The paths of vice; the toga drove my thoughts from God.
Days of lascivious pleasure came,
And luxury; then (oh sin, oh shame!)
I sunk in the deep slough of infamy and blame.

* * * * *

"'Tis vanished all—in hurried flight—
Ere yet I felt time's trophies white

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Were sprinkled on my brow—or thought, that since the light
Beamed on me, what long years had flown;
Time's snows are on my forehead thrown—
And many a winter now, and many a spring are gone.
But what doth this, all this, avail?
For soon, too soon, oblivion's pall
Will blot alike the good and evil of my tale.
'Twill then be said—Whoe'er thou be,
That world is lost which flattered thee,
And all thou hast pursued is fruitless vanity.

"Oh! while thy sinful soul can cast
Sin's robes away, redeem the past.
If not in deeds, in words, to praise thy Maker, haston.
In sacred hymns employ the day,
In praises pass the night away;
And let the Martyr's praise attune the willing lay.
O, what a privilege, could I
The prison of mortality
Thus burst, and breathing forth this language, die."*

It cannot be denied that the Goths brought darkness in their train. If they had as much as a language of their own worthy of the name when they entered Spain, they retained scarcely a trace of it. As for a national literature, they had nothing of the kind. Their most zealous champions can show no specimens of their intellectual productions, save a few martial speeches and funeral orations, such as those attributed by modern writers to the chiefs of some of the Indian tribes on our continent. Even these are in the Latin language.

It is not any want of intellect, however, that caused the Goths to be thus ignorant; at least such is the opin-

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* Instat terminus, et diem
Vicinum senio jam Deus applicat.
Quid nos utile tanti spatio temporis egimus?
Ætas prima crepantibus
Flevit sub ferulis. Mox docuit toga
Infectum vitiis falsa loqui, non sine crimine:
Tum lasciva protervitas
Et luxus petulans (heu pudet ac piget!)
Fœdavit juvenem nequitiæ sordibus ac luto.
o o o o o
Hæc dum vita volans agit;
Irrepsit subito canities seni
Oblitum veteris me Saliæ Consulis arguens:
Sub quo prima dies mihi
Quam multas hiemes volverit, et rosas
Pratis post glaciem reddiderit, nix capitis probat
Numquid talia proderunt
Carnis post obitum vel bona vel mala?
Cum jam, quidquid id est, quod fueram, mors aboleverit.

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ion of the most credible historians of their time. We are assured that it was their pride to pay no attention to letters. As a notable illustration of this, it is stated on the best authority that Alaric's mother Amalasunta, who was either a Celtiberian or a Roman, desired to secure for her son the advantages of a liberal education. But before attempting to do so, she deemed it prudent to call a meeting of the Gothic warriors. Some five hundred obeyed the summons. She addressed them in person in the Latin language, in a speech which occupied nearly two hours in the delivery; but the almost unanimous reply was: "No, no! The idleness of study is unworthy of a Goth; high thoughts of glory are not fed by books, but by deeds of valor. He is to be a king whom all should dread—shall he be compelled to dread his instructors? No, no!"

True to this creed, they not only gave no encouragement to literature, or intellectual culture in any form, but their first care was to destroy the best of those noble institutions of various kinds which it was ever the pride of the Romans to bestow on all whom their arms subdued; so that, before the Goths were half a century in the ascendant in Spain, there was scarcely a respectable college, theatre, circus, or lyceum which had not crumbled into ruin. In their opinion, the only science worth cultivating was that of war. Even this they thought could be learned by practice, not by books. Their notions in regard to amusements were of kindred character. They held that it was effeminate to attend theatres; that sports, in order to be manly, not only should be indulged in the field, but should be attended with more or less personal danger. And here we have the origin of the bull-fights, which are among the chief national amusements of Spain to the present day.

Dicendum mihi, quisquis es:
Mundum, quem coluit, mens tua, perdidit.
Non sunt illa Dei, quæ studuit cujus habeberis.
Atque fine sub ultimo
Peccatrix anima stultitiam exuat;
Saltem voce Deum concelebret, si meritis nequit:
Hymnis continuet dies
Nec vox ulla vacet, quin Dominum canat:
o o o o o
Carmen Martyribus devoveat:
o o o o o
Hæc dum scribo vel eloquor
Vinclis o utinam corporis enucem
Liber, quo tulerit lingua sono mobilis ultima!

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Now, when it is borne in mind that the same Goths had overrun the whole Roman empire, not excepting "the Eternal City" itself, and that Greece also had to submit to their marauding propensities, it cannot seem strange that those, who have taken most pains to investigate the history of their domination in Spain, are of opinion that they destroyed far more treasures of art and literature than even the Alexandrine Library, destroyed by the Turks, contained. The fact will at least give an idea of the state of the Peninsula, if not of all Europe, at the time of the arrival of the Moors, and show that if the latter brought the arts and sciences with them, and proceeded at once to teach them to those whom they subdued, it does not follow that the Romans had not done the same before them. It is too much the habit to forget that before the art of printing was known, it was easy to destroy not only scientific treatises, but historical works, poems, &c., so that in one generation it could not be known that they had ever existed. One of the most obvious results of such destruction would be, that those who discovered an art or science in a future age would naturally think that the same had never been known before; and hence it is that the theory of unlimited human progress has so many believers, and that most of us are so apt to believe that the age in which we happen to live ourselves is the most brilliant in the world's history.

As ignorance is seldom if ever liberal, it is not strange that the Goths were superstitious and ignorant. They were the first Christians who made the discovery that it was Satan who built all the theatres and inspired all the dramatic writers; they were also the first to discover that it was a good and righteous thing to persecute the Jews, in every possible way—even to the extent of murdering them in cold blood, and outraging their wives and daughters.* And it is worthy of remark that the Moors in Europe were the first to

* The Jews, however, could hardly blame them much; for they treated each other no better. Even their kings distinguished themselves principally by murders and assassinations. Thus, for example, both Theudric, and Thurismond, fell by the hand of their own brothers. Sigeric, Athaulf, Amaralic, Agila, Theudesslus, and Theudius were each murdered under circumstances of more or less barbarity and horror; and the list might easily be extended among the ferocious Visigothic kings. But even if the kings had been well disposed, they could hardly have avoided persecuting the Jews. The fifth council of Toledo passed a sort of resolution by which every future Gothic king was to be compelled to swear, before being crowned, that he would do all in his power to

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afford protection to the same race, and allow them the rights of citizens.

Had the Saracens done nothing but to set this example of toleration and humanity to the degenerate Christians, they would have deserved the gratitude of every philanthropist. Nor did the Jews fail to prove that the encouragement extended to them was not unmerited; for they soon ranked not only among the best scholars, but also among the best authors of their time, both in poetry and prose. Their brethren who were suffering persecution in other parts of Europe, learning how well they were treated, repaired in large numbers to Spain, where they were made welcome by the Caliph, especially if they possessed either learning or genius. The schools of Cordova and Toledo, which, under the liberal and enlightened patronage of the Moorish kings, soon became the most famous in the world, owed much of their eminence to the Jewish professors, who were styled *Sapientissimi* by common consent throughout Europe.

But it is not alone as learned men and cultivators of literature that the Jews were encouraged by the caliphs. Between the tenth and fifteenth centuries, many of them were intrusted with the highest offices of the government. Samuel Haleir was prime minister to the king of Granada, in which high office he was succeeded by his son Joseph. Under the auspices of the same Moorish prince, the Old Testament was translated into Arabic by Joseph Ben Isaac Ben Schatnez. This is one of the best as well as one of the earliest Arabic versions of the Hebrew Scriptures, and it is carefully preserved as such in most of the libraries of Europe. So early as the beginning of the eleventh century, R. Solomon Ben Gabriel, a native of Malaga, wrote a volume of *Exhortations*, in pure Hebrew verse, and another of Hebrew hymns, entitled the *Crown of the Kingdom*, both of which have been liberally plagiarized by Christian writers; although they have been reprinted more than once in modern times—at Berlin in 1792, and at Leipsic in 1800. Passing over a dozen of Jewish

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extirpate the Jews—a proceeding of which Lope de Vega takes occasion to boast in one of his finest poems, as follows:

> "The sceptre was denied in days of yore
> To the elected king, until he swore,
> With his own royal hand,
> To purge the fertile land
> Of *the vile tares that choke the genuine grain*,
> And write the holy law upon the crown of Spain."

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writers of eminence to whom the literature of Spain is not a little indebted, we come to the beginning of the fourteenth century, when R. Sen Tob de Carrion, a converted Jew, distinguished himself as one of the ablest and most eloquent of the Spanish troubadours. His *Dance of Death* has been translated into almost every language in Europe, and is still admired for its simplicity and beauty, as well as for its elevated sentiments, and the tinge of deep but soothing melancholy which everywhere prevades it. The poem is introduced to the reader by a sort of prologue in prose. Its object being thus duly explained, Death is made to announce himself:

"Lo, I am Death—with aim as sure as steady,
All beings that are and shall be, I draw near me—
I call thee—I require thee, man! be ready!
Why build upon this fragile life?—Now hear me!
Where is the power that does not own me—fear me?
Who can escape me when I bend my bow?
I pull the string—thou liest in dust below,
Smitten by the barb my minist'ring angels bear me." *

This solemn warning is continued through nine stanzas, the poet becoming more and more fervid, eloquent, and startling as he proceeds; then a minister of the Gospel is introduced, who gives excellent advice to his hearers, teaching them how they can avoid a vicious course; and his statements are fully concurred in by Death:

"Come to the dance of Death—come hither even
The last, the lowliest—of all rank, station;
Who will not come, shall be by scourges driven;
I hold no parley with disinclination!
List to yon friar who preaches of salvation,
And hie ye to your penitential post:
For who delays—who lingers—he is lost,
And handed o'er to hopeless reprobation."†

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* "Io so la muerte cierta à todas criaturas
Que son y seran en el mundo durante
Demando y digo, O omé, porque curas
De vida tan breve en punto pasante
Pues non ay tan fuerte ni Resio givante
Que deste mi arco se puede anparar
Conniene que mueras quando lo tirar
Con esta mifrecha cruel transpasante."

† "A la danca mortal venit los nascidos
Que en el mundo soes de qualquiera estado,
El que non quisiere a fuerga e amidos;
Faserle he vinir muy toste parado,
Pues que ya el frayre vos ha pedricado
Que todos vayays a faser penitencia,
El que non quisiere poner diligencia
Non puede ser ya mas esperado."

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Further on, Death is introduced inviting an individual to his dance. The latter complains bitterly—pleads his youth, his attachment to friends, his love for his young mistress, &c. But in vain. Death is inexorable, though in one instance he seems to parley, and here we are reminded of Mrs. Thrale's "Three Warnings," of which several of the stanzas bear a remarkable resemblance to a passage in the "Dance of Death." But we prefer quoting the reason assigned by the Destroyer for not listening to the petition of the individual referred to:

"I to my dance—my mortal dance—have brought
Two nymphs all bright in beauty and in bloom.
They listened, fear-struck, to my songs, methought,
And truly songs like mine are tinged with gloom:
But neither roseate hues nor flowers' perfume
Will now avail them—nor the thousand charms
Of worldly vanity—they fill my arms—
They are my brides—their bridal bed the tomb."*

This brief glance gives but a faint idea of what the Jews have done for Spanish literature and civilization, under the mild and encouraging rule of the Moorish princes. This branch of our subject would require an article by itself, and we intend to devote one to it before long; for we have abundant materials at hand; and there are but few who are aware that such has been the influence of the Hebrew element in Spain, that there is scarcely an illustrious family in the whole country which may not be traced, directly or indirectly, to Jewish ancestry. This, however, did not save the Jews after the domination of the Moors had passed away. Even Ferdinand and Isabella, the most liberal and enlightened of all the sovereigns of their time, did not scruple to issue decrees expatriating the Jews from Spain forever—decrees which were carried into effect with a degree of barbarous cruelty which makes one shudder, after the lapse of so many centuries; not fewer than 600,000 having been torn from their homes, robbed and plundered, and then sent adrift on the world.

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* "A esta mi danca traxe de presente
Esta dos donsellas, que bedes formosas;
Ellas vinieron de muy mala mente
A oyr mis cançiones que son dolorosas,
Mas non les baldran flores, nin rosas,
Nin las composturas que poner solian
De mi sy pudieren partirse queirian
Mas non puede ser que son mios eposas."

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The Moors made a very different impression in Spain from that made by the Goths. Strong as are the prejudices always entertained against the former on account of their being Mahometans, their intellectual superiority cannot be disputed. To the present day the fruits of their civilization are to be seen throughout every part of the Spanish peninsula—in castles, towers, palaces, aqueducts, viaducts, mosques, oratories, mesquitas, &c. The famous Alhambra alone is worth all the productions of Gothic art and science which can be traced to a period of nearly four centuries of Gothic domination. The Moors brought with them and left behind a spirit of inquiry and love of literature, which have produced their effect throughout Europe. They invited learned men from all parts of the world, without reference to race or creed, offering liberal premiums to those who were most successful in teaching the arts and sciences, including agriculture, domestic chemistry, arithmetic, land-surveying, navigation, &c. But, what has more to do with our present subject—they introduced a new order of metrical compositions, which have tinged all the national poetry of Spain, and given it that Oriental coloring and fervid romantic character which distinguish it from that of all other European countries. We are told by Alvaro Cordubensa, that the Latin had fallen into complete disuse—that it was only with great difficulty an individual could be found capable of writing a Latin letter; whereas everybody who had any ambition studied Arabic, and spoke and wrote it with the utmost purity. A work in four folio volumes was compiled so early as the eighth century of the Hegira, by Mohammed Ben Abdallah, containing biographical sketches of the celebrated caliphs, warriors, philosophers, poets, and historians of that period, with brief extracts from the works of the principal authors. There are four copies of this still extant—one in the National Library of Madrid, one in the Library of the Vatican, one in the Imperial Library at Paris, and one in the Library of Gottingen University.

We would here gladly introduce a sketch of Arabic literature at this period, and endeavor to show its effect on the national literature and language of Spain. But this would lead us too far, and still not answer our purpose, or satisfy our readers. We think it better, therefore, to defer it to a future occasion, until we can give it our undivided attention in at least one paper; for, be it remembered that it would require an octavo volume to do justice to the subject. Let

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it suffice to remark now in passing, what a melancholy reflection it is that the people who did so much for European civilization when it was most in need of aid—nay, who gave such an impetus to the progress of the human mind, after Greece and Rome had in turn been prostrated in the dust—no longer exist as a civilized community! Like the Jews, whom they had so long and so generously protected, their posterity is scattered throughout the world. Assuming it to be true, as some writers assert, that the majority settled in that part of South Africa now known as the Empire of Morocco, their fate should be a lesson to the vain and thoughtless boasters of nationality, since there is scarcely a country in the world where the people are more ignorant and barbarous, or more grievously oppressed.

In no other country in Europe did poetry assume the dramatic form so early as in Spain. The facts we have already mentioned would go far to account for this. If, as we have said, the Goths did little by their own intellectual efforts for the cause of literature, it is not the less true that their chivalry and daring feats of arms had great influence on the poetry of their time, especially on the dramatic poetry. In short, they furnished the most startling of the incidents, and Arabian romance, mellowed with Arabian culture, did the rest. Nowhere else, save in ancient Greece, were all the ingredients necessary to form a national drama existing in such abundance; and it may be added, that nowhere else have they been so happily blended. In Italy, France, England, and Germany, the best poems, not excepting even *Paradise Lost*, *Gerusalemme Liberata*, *&c.*, borrow their most sublime ideas from the great epics of Greece and Rome. Although we are told that Shakespeare knew "little Latin, and less Greek," there is scarcely one of his great tragedies which is not more or less enriched with classic allusions. Not unfrequently does he borrow whole passages from the great thinkers of antiquity. Instance the noble soliloquy put into the mouth of Hamlet, and commencing "To be or not to be," &c., which is taken almost verbatim from Plato. From the Greek and Roman historians, as well as the poets, the great English dramatist has borrowed largely. In proof of this we need only refer to the oration of Mark Antony over the dead body of Cæsar, not to mention his description of Cleopatra's barge, &c. Even that passage in Hamlet where the ghost is described as having "vanished into the air," which certain

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critics so much admire for its originality, the very line most praised is taken word for word from Virgil's description of the ghost of Creusa.*

The Spanish drama is peculiar in this respect, because its original patrons were neither princes nor aristocracies, but the people. For the same reason the poets of Spain have disregarded the unities, thus leaving themselves perfectly free in every respect, and establishing a claim to originality, to which the poets of any other nation can make no just pretension. Far from borrowing from others, the Spaniards have afforded subjects to the poets of almost every other country; for be it remembered, it is to them the French owe the *Cid*, *Geolier de Sui-même*, *Le Menteur*, &c., and there are but few who are aware how much Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson, Massinger, Cowley, and Dryden have derived from the same source. It is well to bear in mind besides, that the greatest geniuses of which Spain can boast have written for the stage, not excepting the author of *Don Quixote*, several of whose dramas are still read, if not acted, in various languages. We have now before us his *Comedias*. They contain many passages embued with the author's characteristic humor; but writing for the stage was not his forte. It is he, however, who has given us the best, most reliable, and most interesting history of the national drama ever written, although it is all embraced in the preface to his comedies. No sketch that we could give ourselves of the Spanish drama would be so acceptable to our readers as this; and accordingly we do not hesitate to transcribe it:

"Gentle reader," says Cervantes, "you must pardon me if, in this prologue, you see me depart a little from my usual modesty. Some time ago I happened to be in a society of my friends where they treated of comedies, and things relating to them. This subject was discussed with so much subtlety and learning, that it seemed to me they arrived at perfection. They spoke also of him who, first of all in Spain, drew Comedy from her swaddling-clothes, and dressed her in pomp and magnificence. As the eldest of the company, I said that I remembered hearing the great Lope de Rueda, a man equally famous for his acting and intelligence. He was born at Seville, and by trade a gold-beater. He was admirable in pastoral poetry, in which style no one surpassed him, either before or

* Hæc ubi dicta dedit, lacrymantem et multa volentem
Dicere deseruit, tenuesque recessit in auras
Ter conatus ibi collo dare brachia circum:
Ter frustra comprensa manus effugit imago.
Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno
Sic domum socios consumptâ nocte reviso.

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since. Although I could not then judge of the goodness of his verses, being a child, there still abide some of them in my memory, which, on reviewing in this my ripe age, I find not unworthy of their reputation. In the time of this celebrated Spaniard, all the furniture of a comedian was held in a sack, and consisted of four white shepherd's pelisses, garnished with gilt copper, four beards, and false heads of hair, and four crooks, more or less. The comedies were only conversations, like eclogues, between two or three swains and shepherdesses, embellished and prolonged by two or three intermedes, with negroes, clowns, and Biscayans. This same Lope made these four parts with all the excellence and truth imaginable. In those days there were no wings to the stage, no combats of Moors and Christians on foot and horseback, no figures which arose, or seemed to arise, from the centre of the earth, by means of the trap-door of the stage, and that was formed by a few benches and planks, which raised it about four palms above the ground. One did not then see descending from the heavens, angels, or souls borne upon clouds. All the ornament of the theatre was an old rug, sustained by cords from one side to the other, which separated the tiring-room from the scene. Behind it were placed the musicians, who sung, without guitar, some old romance or so. Lope de Rueda died, and, on account of his celebrity and excellence, was interred between the two choirs, in the great church of Cordova, in the same spot where that famous clown, Luis Lope, lies buried. Naharro, a native of Toledo, succeeded him, and made himself celebrated above all others for the character of a foolish, cowardly intermeddler. He increased the decorations of the comedies, and changed the sack for the dresses into coffers and chests, and brought on the scene the music, which, prior to that time, sung behind the curtain, and also deprived the farce-players of their beards, for, till his day, no one acted without them. He wished that all should show themselves with uncovered batteries, except those who were to play the parts of old men, or to change their visages. Naharro invented scenes, clouds, thunder, lightning, challenges, and battles; but nothing of all this was carried to the perfection which we see nowadays (and it is here that I may be permitted to depart from the limits of my modesty), at a time when we see acted on the theatres of Madrid, 'The Captives of Algiers,' which I composed, the 'Numantia,' and the 'Naval Battle.' It is there that I ventured to reduce comedies of five acts, of which they had formerly consisted, into four. I was the first who represented the imaginations and secret workings of the soul, and brought forth images of immortality on the stage, with the universal applause of spectators. In that time I composed from twenty to thirty comedies, which were all acted without the public throwing at the actors cucumbers or oranges, or any of those things which the spectators launch at the heads of bad comedians. They followed their career without hisses, confusion, or clamor. I began to occupy myself with other affairs, abandoned the pen and the stage, and thereupon appeared that prodigy of nature, Lope de Vega, who bore away the comic diadem. He subjected and reduced to his dominion all the farce-writers, filled the world with comedies, agreeable, happily arranged, and in so great profusion, that those which he has written are not contained in ten thousand leaves, and, wonderful to tell, he has seen them all acted, or at least has been assured that they were. If all those writers who wished to share his glory were to unite their works together, they would not have written the half of what he has composed alone. Notwithstanding this, as God does not accord all things to all men, one can not cease to esteem the works of Doctor Ramon, who was the greatest

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laborer after the great Lope; the ingenious intrigues of the Licentiate Michael Sanchez; the gravity of the Doctor Mira de Amescua, who does so much honor to our country; the sagacity and prodigious invention of the Canon Tarrga; the sweetness of Guillen de Castro; the finesse of Aguilar; the noise, pageantry, and grandeur of the comedies of Louis de Guevara; the subtle wit of Antonio de Galarya, whose pieces are written in provincial jargon; and, finally, the love-cheats of Gaspar de Avila—for all these, and some others, have assisted the great Lope in the creation of his theatre."

Lope De Vega is one of the most voluminous authors that has ever written. One who has produced so enormous a number of plays as he has—a number "not contained," as Cervantes says, "in ten thousand leaves"—all of which have been *acted*, may well be called "a prodigy of nature." He was born only two years before Shakespeare; but he survived the author of *Hamlet* fifteen years. The two great dramatists were not only contemporaries, but they often wrote on the same subject. Lope de Vega, for example, has written a play that exactly corresponds with Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*. It is not certain which was first produced, though the preponderance of evidence seems in favor of the hypothesis that the Spanish play is the older of the two. This is not of much importance, at all events, for there was not so much intercourse between the two nations at the time as to render it in the least probable that either of the poets could have had an opportunity of borrowing from the other, even had he been so disposed. However, as those of our readers who are not acquainted with the Spanish drama may wish to see what resemblance it has to Shakespeare's, we will give a brief outline of the plot, and an extract from one of the acts.

A ball is given at the palace of Antonio, chief of the Capulets, at Verona. Two young cavaliers of the Montagues, Romeo and Anselmo, are attracted by the music and revelry. Romeo is anxious to enter; but his friend does all he can to dissuade him. "You are not ignorant," says Anselmo, "that an implacable hatred separates for ever the Montagues from the Capulets—an hereditary hatred, which we feel in our cradles, and is envenomed more and more by age; and a hundred times our mutual discords have bathed in blood the plains of Verona. What project do you meditate? How will you excuse yourself to your father for having entered a house which he abhors? Besides, you run to throw yourself into the hands of your most cruel enemies, who, you have reason to fear, will deprive you of life." "My dear Anselmo,"

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replies Romeo, "deign for once to lose sight of your prudence, and grant me this mark of friendship. I feel a supernatural transport urging me to enter the house of Antonio. Doubtless this ball will have assembled all the principal dames of their party, and we shall behold and admire them. I augur to myself some good from it; for it seems heaven has taken the pains to divide her gifts between their faction and ours. The Montagues have ever produced men of incomparable valor; and among the Capulets we have always seen dames of such ravishing beauty, that Nature seems to have stolen their die from the seraphs. O that love would come and end our quarrels! how happy would Verona be!—the most flourishing cities in the world would have cause to envy her!" It is in vain that Anselmo endeavors to convince him that all this is impossible—that it is deadly hatred, not love, he has to expect from female as well as male. He reluctantly consents to accompany him, however, but only on condition that both wear masks to prevent them from being recognized. Here the scene changes to a magnificent garden in which dames and cavaliers are seen wandering about in couples, while at intervals a band of music pours forth its happiest strains. While different cavaliers pay their respects in turn to the same dames, and others are amusing themselves with dancing, Octavio, the son of Teobaldo, takes occasion to engage in a private but earnest and animated conversation with Julia (Juliet), the daughter of Antonio. The two old men, who are the heads of the Capulets, openly rejoice to see their children, whom they wish to unite in marriage, so well pleased with each other. In this they are mistaken; for, although Octavio loves Juliet, she is merely polite and friendly to him in return. Romeo and Anselmo grow bold, and mix with the company. The former is so much struck with the beauty of Juliet, that forgetful of all danger he takes off his mask. Antonio recognizes him at once, but is persuaded by Teobaldo to conceal his indignation. "If ever love descended among men," says Juliet to her maid, "he assumed the air and countenance of this unknown. What trouble invades my spirits? Ah! it is Love himself who comes to banish peace from my heart!" Romeo, in turn, exclaims to Anselmo, "Wherefore am I of the blood of Montague? Would it have cost heaven more to have made a Capulet?" As the ball proceeds both dames and cavaliers grow less formal in their bearing towards each other. Romeo takes advantage of the confusion that

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ensues, and ventures to address the lady. She receives him well; but Octavio becomes jealous, and interrupts their conversation—not, however, until she has managed to slip a ring on Romeo's finger, and promised him an interview in the garden the following night. As night approaches, the company separate. On the stage all disappear, save Juliet and her maid Celia, between whom the following dialogue takes place:

Julia. But how did he venture to enter this house?

Celia. Truly, madam, with great risk.

Julia. Ah, Romeo, Romeo! what was thy design? why show thyself in such a dangerous place? My father will think you came to brave him. I tremble for thy life. Oh, heavens, how I love thee!

Celia. How, Señora! guard your heart better. Consider, the consequences of such an attachment could only be unfortunate for you.

Julia. But how to disengage me! Must I pass in his mind for one without faith or honor?

Celia. Such consideration to a stranger is useless.

Julia. But I have given him a ring.

Celia. An innocent gallantry, which might escape in a day of joy.

Julia. But—

Celia. How, another but, madam?

Julia. Celia, do not vex me; he will come to speak this night in the garden. I have promised to meet him.

Celia. Do not go—his pride will be offended, and you will see him no more. 'Tis the only way to cure your wound speedily.

Julia. You are right. Now that I know I ought to avoid him, I feel that a second interview would only wound my honor, and deprive me of the little tranquillity left. To-morrow thou shalt seek him, and tell him from me, that the blood whence he is sprung places insurmountable barriers between us, and that I beseech him not to approach our mansion.

Celia. I will obey; for, frankly, I was in pain to see you take such pleasure in his conversation.

Julia. Why, then, did you not tell me that he was the son of Frabicio?

Celia. His servant seated himself near me, and I had some inclination to listen to him.

Julia. The servant of Romeo?

Celia. Yes, Señora; and I swear to you, if the master has attractions, the servant does not want for merit also.

Julia. Endeavor, by means of this man, to know if Romeo loves any other lady in this city.

Celia. What can it matter to you?—you have resolved to banish him from your thoughts.

Julia. I had forgotten. But, after all, what harm can it do to inquire if he has paid his homage elsewhere?

Celia. Why give yourself the trouble, since he is not for you? Permit him to love whom he pleases.

Julia. Leave me! thou tormentest me. If I wish him not to love any other one, is it for you to oppose it?

Celia. That were most unjust, truly?

Julia. Still impertinent.

Celia. (*Aside.*) She grows angry. Madam, will you please to enter?

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Julia. No!
Celia. But what do you here?
Julia. Nothing.
Celia. O that Romeo might become—
Julia. What?
Celia. Your spouse.
Julia. Do you not see it is a thing impossible?
Celia. Love hath done greater miracles.
Julia. You jest, Celia; and yet, in deceiving, you please me. When once we give way to our tenderness, the true way not to irritate us is, to speak according to our fancy.

All the incidents which ensue are pretty much the same as in Shakespeare; there is this important difference, however, that the Spanish play ends happily. In the latter, as well as in the former, Juliet's cousin is killed in a brawl by Romeo, who is banished in consequence. Juliet is pressed, in his absence, to accept the hand of Count Paris, her friends having no idea of her secret marriage. She swallows the supposed poison furnished her by the friar, and is laid in the tomb of the Capulets until Romeo comes to rescue her. Finally, after a strange scene in which Juliet remonstrates with her father through a keyhole, in the character of a ghost, for his barbarity, the whole affair is discovered and pardoned; Count Paris gives up all claim to Juliet; the marriage that forboded so much evil to all proves the means of reconciling the rival factions, and in all Verona no man and wife live more happily together than Romeo and Juliet.

But the greatest of Spanish dramatists is Calderon. Nay, there is not a nation in Europe, with the sole exception of England, whose best critics do not place him at the head of modern dramatic writers. The French acknowledge him to be superior to Corneille, Racine, and Molière; and higher praise they could not bestow. The Schlegels, who are confessedly the ablest critics of Germany, confer similar distinction on Calderon; and they are by no means certain that he is not equal to our own Shakespeare. Indeed, Frederick Schlegel goes so far as to pronounce the author of the *Dama Duena* (The Goblin Lady) and *El Medico de su Honra* (The Physician of his Honor) superior, in certain important particulars, to the author of *Hamlet* and *King Lear;* although Shakespeare has no warmer admirer, even in England or America. This will be sufficiently understood from an extract or two: "The third and last mode of dramatic conclusion," says that distinguished critic, "in which extreme suf-

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fering is represented as issuing in a state of spiritual transfig uration, is especially suited to the Christian poet, and of these Calderon *is unquestionably the most eminent.*" Further on, he observes: "The external form of the Spanish drama is not equally available, for our purposes, with the internal structure; in the latter, a more lyric development prevails, and it is altogether more akin to our general tastes than the epic and historic terseness of Shakespeare. * * Were I disposed to start any objections against the dramatic genius of Calderon, as a poet, who is thoroughly romantic in the several species of dramatic composition, it would be the rapidity with which he hurries on his catastrophes. It cannot be doubted that these would be more strikingly effective, if the plot were of more protracted development, if the enigma of life were oftener sketched with the profundity of Shakespeare, and if he had not, from the beginning, given glimpses of the light which should be reserved for the close. Shakespeare, again, is open to the opposite charge of too often placing before our eyes, *in all its mystery and perplexity*, the riddle of life, and leaving us, *like a skeptic*, without any hint of the solution. In those of his dramas which issue in a catastrophe, *recourse is had* to the old tragic solution which represents the hero's utter ruin, or partial expiation of crime, by suffering; rarely, if ever, the glorified purification depicted by Calderon in the glowing tints of love. In inward feeling, and artistic treatment, the great English dramatist resembles the ancient poets, rather than the Christian; *inclining more to the old Northern, or Scandinavian school, than to the Grecian.* * * In this point of view, his profound insight into nature's secret *transports Shakespeare beyond the limits of* dramatic verse; whilst, in point of lucid arrangement, he ranks *next to Calderon*, as a grand type and pattern, commanding the admiration of all ages." Were this the language of a Frenchman, or Italian, it might be attributed to "a fellow-feeling;" it might be said that it is just because Shakespeare does "incline more to the old Northern, or Scandinavian school," rather than to any other, that he is pronounced second, in some respects, to Calderon. But none admire him more than the Germans, on account of this very inclination. Yet Schlegel adds: "With reference to practical application, Calderon is our *highest standard of romantic and lyric beauty*, enlivened by Christian fancy, and he is almost *nearer to the religious tastes of our age than Shakespeare;* though it were ungrateful to *ignore* the services of

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the latter, in having furnished us with a permanent basis for the enduring structure of German poetry."*

There is no other German critic of any eminence who does not entertain an opinion equally exalted of the dramas of Calderon; and that they are appreciated, at least by the cultivated portion of the German public, may be inferred from the fact that not only are there various German versions of them, but they have often been reprinted, and several of them are still frequently acted before delighted audiences on the German stage. It is not the less true, however, that Shakespeare is more popular in Germany than Calderon; but in every other country of continental Europe the latter is much more popular than the former; while England and America are the only countries, possessing a literature, which have no full translation of Calderon's works. Portions of several of his plays have, indeed, been translated into English. Three or four have been rendered *in extenso;* but only by inferior hands.

Nearly as little is known of the personal history of Calderon as of that of Shakespeare, though the former occupied a much more conspicuous position during the greater part of his life than the latter. The Prince of Spanish dramatists was born of a noble family, at Madrid, in the first year of the seventeenth century. All we are told with any certainty in regard to his education is, that "He completed his studies at the University of Salamanca." Independently of any such assurance, it is evident throughout his writings that he was classically educated. Like Æschylus, Xenophon, and others, he had a taste for the sword as well as the pen. He was only nineteen years when he secured patrons at court; yet he was of so romantic a turn that he could not content himself until he enlisted as a private soldier, and served in that capacity in two or three campaigns in Italy and Holland. But carrying the musket, and making the best use of it whenever an opportunity offered, did not prevent him from cultivating his dramatic talents. Vera Tassis, one of his biographers, informs us that it was during a siege, in which he took part, in the Low Countries, that he wrote some of the best passages in the *Dama Duena*, which was first acted in 1629, when the author was twenty-eight years old. Among those pointed out as having been written in camp, without any definite purpose, and subsequently adapted to the play mentioned, is that passage, in which Cosme, the *gracioso*, is

* *Schlegel's Lectures on the History of Literature*, p. 265 *et seq.*

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made to reply to the observation of his master, that they had arrived too late to witness the festivities of the baptism of the Prince of Asturias:

Come las cosas se aciertan,
O se yerran por una hora!
Por una hora que fuera
Antes Piramo a la fuente,
No hallara a su Tisbe mierta
Y las moras no mancharan;
(Porque dicen los poetas,
Que con arrope de moras
So escribio aquella tragedia.)
Per una hora que tardara,
Tarquino hallara a Lucretia
Recogida, con lo cual
Los autores no anduvieran,
Sin ser Vicarios, llevando
A salas de competencias.
La causa sobre saber,
Si hizo fuerza on o hizo fuerza,
Por una hora que pensara,
Si era bien hecho o no era,
Echarse Hero de la torre,
No se echara es cosa cierta,
Con que le hubiera excusado,
El Doctor Mira de Mescua,
De haber dado a los teatros,
Tan bien escrita comedia.

Ah! how many things in life are
Met or miss'd but by an hour!
Pyramus, had he but hasted
One hour sooner to the fountain,
Had not found his Thisbe dead.
And our mulberry dye were wanting—
(For, with mulberry juice, the poets
Say, that tragedy was written;)

Had he come but one hour later,
Tarquin would have found Lucretia
Safe retired within her chamber;
And the tribe of learned authors
Need not have so stoutly wrangled,
Whether 'twere a rape or no.

Had she had an hour's reflection,
Ere she leapt from off the the turret,
Whether she should leap or tarry,
Hero would have wiser been;
And our Doctor Mira Mescua
Might have spared himself the trouble
Of enriching our collections
With so well composed a play.

In this there is more truth than poetry, and more obscurity than brilliancy. It is, perhaps, worthy of being quoted only because it shows that, if the author did not form his plays on classic models, it was not because he was unacquainted with either the classic poets or historians. What we allude to as being obscure was doubtless intelligible enough to those for whose amusement and edification the play was intended. The allusion to Pyramus and Thisbe had probably reference to a play of that name by Pedro Rosete Niño, though this would conflict with the notion that the passage in which it occurs was written while the author was in the army; since Niño wrote his play at a later period. The same remark would apply to the compliment paid to Mira de Mescua, whose comedy, *Ero*, was not produced until after Calderon had been induced to settle permanently at Court.

Vera Tassis informs us that there are passages in the play entitled *Saber del Mal y del Bien* (The Knowledge of Evil and of Good), which had also been written before they were required for the play; or, in other words, that they were occa-

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sional effusions, which were afterwards adapted to it, and embodied in it. If this be true, all we need say on the subject at present is, that Calderon commenced early to imbue his poetry with the essence of philosophy. Thus, for example, Shakespeare himself has seldom nobler thoughts than are to be found in the speech of Don Alvar de Visco, the captive Portuguese knight, from which we subjoin an extract, that will remind the reader of a certain well-known passage in Shakespeare:

En el teatro del mundo	On the theatre of earth
Todos son representantes;	*All mankind are merely players.*
Cual hace un Rey soberano,	*One enacts a sovereign king,*
Cual un principe, un grande,	*One a prince, and one a noble,*
A quien obedecen todos.	Unto whom the rest do homage;
Y aquel punto, aquel instante	For the space and for the instant
Que dura el papel, es dueno	That the part endures, he seems
De todas las voluntades.	Master of the wills of all;
Acabose la comedia	But the play of life played out,
Y come el papel se acabe	With the dropping of the curtain.
La muerte en el vestuario	Death within the green-room brings
A todos los deja iguales.	All the actors to their level.

We will now proceed to give a brief analysis of the plots of one or two of Calderon's plays, giving such extracts here and there as our space will admit. In doing so, we choose those that are least known in this country, in preference to those that are everywhere most admired; but we think it will be admitted that these too deserve admiration. We first take up *El Mayor Monstruo los Zelos*, the scene of which is laid in Jerusalem, the hero being no less a personage than Herod the Tetrarch; but Herod completely metamorphosed into a Spaniard. In other words, the hero is a foreign historical personage in little more than a name; his sentiments, mode of thinking, and general character, being essentially Spanish. Nay, he is more than a modern Spaniard; for one thinks he almost sees the traces of Arabic blood, which excites such furious passions.

The Tetrarch makes his first appearance as an enthusiastic lover, the beloved object being no other than his own wife. It is not strange that those who are not in the habit of loving their own spouse, but would be ready enough to love the spouse of anybody else, have censured Calderon for this as contrary to what is called poetical verisimilitude. But the propriety or impropriety of this we leave to the ladies to discuss. The hero feels that there is no greater

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pleasure than that of loving his wife, unless it be the consciousness that she loves him in return. Danger surrounds him on every side. He is threatened, not only with the loss of his kingdom, but also that of his life; but the more he is in trouble the more tender is his affection for Mariamne. It had been well for her, however, as the sequel shows, that he had little more than esteem and respect for her.

"The Sun of fair Jerusalem,
Mariamne the divine,
To soothe her sorrow now comes forth,
Upon our plains to shine:
Fountains, flowers, and sweet birds,
Their welcomes all proclaim,
Repeating in their melody
A thousand times her name:
Let all nature serve the triumph
Of her beauty—all that bend
To the glory of her footsteps,
And her pomp all that attend.
Sparkling fountains, as ye flow,
Like her lucid mirrors show:
Joyous songsters, hither fly;
To salute her, light draw nigh;
Flowers, 'neath her beaming eyes,
Arise! Arise! Arise!

Tetrarch.—Mariamne, life adored!
To whose fair orb the sapphire spheres afford
A throne of sovereignty;
Bright star, translated to the spangled sky,
Wherefore let desponding gloom
Usurp thy heavenly beauty's roseate bloom?
Seek'st thou aught? Nay, tell me now,
What is't thou lovest or enviest? Art not thou,
Beloved Glory, mine!
Queen of Jerusalem's immortal shrine?
These realms o'er all the circling seas surround,
With joy salute me as their monarch crowned;
As now securely certify
The signets of Mark Anthony
And of Octavian—the twain,
Who both presume (albeit the attempt be vain)
The empire of the world that now extends
From Tiber to the earth's remotest ends,
To share between them. Whilst with wary zeal,
And doubtful style, dissembling all I feel,
Uphold I not the stronger part
Of Anthony; for thus I seek to thwart
Their overtures of peace, to mar
Their friendship, and foment eternal war;
And when the wearied earth and ocean's shore
Are troubled with their countless hosts no more,
Why, then, may I, my purposes made known,

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At thy right hand, myself in Rome enthrone.
I, in thy royal brother, now confide,
And Ptolemy my armaments to guide;
And, for my plan's accomplished,
Them, with my power, to Anthony I sent.
Meanwhile, (O fairest heaven!)
Till the triumphant day to us is given,
Art thon not by me prized,
'Bove all things, by my subjects idolized.
In this proud palace dost thou not recline,
On whose high dome the skies of Joppa shine?
Since yonder sun veils not his radiance bright,
Though clouds may partially obscure his light—
Fair love! Cast off thy sadness,
And to the mournful day restore its gladness,
Her tints to pallid Flora,
Her pearls to red Aurora,
To the birds their melody,
Their fragrance to the flowers—my life to me:
For grief my anxious mind doth overcloud
With jealousy—nor say I more, that odious word avowed.

This picture is soon changed. Othello is not more ready to listen to the promptings of the green-eyed monster, than Herod in his adversity. No sooner does he find himself the prisoner of Augustus, than he begins to regard the conqueror as a rival, disputing with him the heart of his Mariamne. But what grieves him most, or rather, what fills him with horror is the idea, that she may reciprocate the supposed passion of Augustus. This completely unmans him—makes him almost a maniac. He tries, indeed, to control the fury of his passion, for he sees what it must inevitably lead to; but he does so in vain. His wife, conscious of her innocence, attributes all his anguish and grief to his being a captive condemned to death; though she believes that he dreads death more on her account than his own. The terrible strife between love and jealousy, honor and tenderness, is powerfully depicted by the poet; but jealousy finally prevails; and he, who only a few moments before would have suffered a thousand deaths rather than that his Mariamne should be molested, now inexorably dooms her to a cruel and bloody death. Even now he cannot bear to forfeit for a moment the love which still, perchance, she may cherish for him. He will let her know nothing of his intention, lest she might hate him for his cruelty. In ascending the scaffold, deprived of his throne—of all that is dear to him on earth—what grieves him most after all is, not to contemplate his Mariamne in the arms of another (though that too wrings his heart), but that he might be forgotten or abhorred.

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The reason why the dramas of Calderon have never attracted much attention in England is, that most of them have a religious tinge, and are regarded as inculcating the doctrines of the Catholic religion. Assuming this to be true, they ought no more to be rejected by the most pious Protestants than the dramas of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. The latter are surely less scriptural and more "idolatrous" than the former; but who, that is not a hopeless fanatic, refuses to read them on this account. It is true, indeed, that Calderon, like other Spanish dramatists of his time, makes his characters deal rather largely in miracles. But this was only acting in accordance with the national feeling and the national faith. At the same time he manages his supernatural machinery with considerable skill, and makes it entirely subservient to his delineations of character. In other words, he is not the less natural, for being occasionally supernatural; he is not the less careful, or the less successful, in portraying human passions because he sometimes seeks to control those passions by conjuring up divine interposition. There is not one of his so-called religious plays which does not afford an illustration of these remarks. Take, for example, his *La Devocion de la Cruz* (The Worship of the Cross). The title of this would lead one to expect nothing but prayers, sermons, hymns, &c.; yet the hero is a robber chief of the most desperate character. Other prominent characters are two *graciosos* (buffoons)—the husband and wife; who open the piece with the most ludicrous lamentations over the disaster of their donkey, who has fallen into a ravine while they were driving him over the mountain. Each reproaches the other with being the cause of the misfortune. Mengua, the wife, goes in search of assistance to extricate the fallen animal, wringing her hands with anguish as she proceeds, while Gil commences an elaborate panegyric on the virtues of the ill-fated quadruped. Nowhere else, out of Shakespeare, do we find such ludicrous scenes in what is essentially a tragedy. The contrast between one scene and another in *La Devocion de la Cruz* is quite as great as that between the grave-diggers' scene, in Hamlet, and the ghost scene in the same play.* If

* The traveller in Italy, who is sufficiently acquainted with "that sweet bastard Latin," is reminded of such contrasts when he hears the same gondolier now lilt a ludicrous lazaroni love ditty, and anon carelessly chant the awful words of Dante:

"Nessun maggior dolore
Che resondarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria."—

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we had room for the dialogue between the two buffoons just referred to, and for another passage or two from the tragic scenes, we could sufficiently prove this. But the character of the former may be sufficiently inferred from the circumstances, and we will try to make room for the latter. Passing over several exciting scenes and strange incidents, we come to that crisis at which Eusebio, the bandit chief, and two of his men appear with a ladder under the wall of the convent, to which Julia, the mistress of the former, had been induced to retire. The Captain scales the walls, leaves his comrades to await his return, soon presents himself alone within the sacred precincts and proceeds, to soliloquize as follows:

The convent I have search'd all o'er,
With happily unnoticed tread;
Have peep'd through many an open door,
At many a wrinkled nun abed,
But her for whom I all explore,
My Julia, nowhere can I find.
Ye doubtful hopes, where would ye guide?
How dumb this silence! and how blind
The darkness! Upon ev'ry side
What horrors crowd upon my mind!
—But I see light—another cell—
And in it Julia! All is well!
(*Draws a curtain and discovers* JULIA *asleep.*)
What! does my daring spirit quail?
To speak do I now hesitate?
Why pause? Or further what await?
What varying impulses assail
My soul, that, when my fears prevail,
A mad audacity inspire;
When resolute, damp valor's fire
With fearfulness most cowardly!
New lustre do her charms acquire
From that mean garb; for purity
Is woman's chiefest loveliness.
Her beauty, which dishonest love
Awoke, does now more rarely move;
Though rousing passion to excess,
It chills me with profound respect.
Julia!
Jul. Who calls? Heaven be mine aid!
A lawless wish's dread effect
Art thou, or fancy-pictured shade?
Eus. Thus can my presence terrify?
Jul. Who would not from such presence fly?
Eus. Fly not!
Jul. Unreal image, say,
Illusive phantom of the eye,
Copied from my uneasy thoughts,

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What would'st? Lest time my griefs allay,
Art thou a sound, a vision wrought
By feverish imagination,
To fill my sickly soul with perturbation?
Eus. Julia, Eusebio's self am I,
Alive, and kneeling at thy feet.
Were I a thought, incessantly
Should I inhabit thy retreat.
Jul. I listen, and now comprehend,
But ah, Eusebio, undeceived,
My heart is but the more aggrieved.
Mine honor, which thine acts offend,
Thy flitting shadow had preferr'd
To thee, here, where unseen, unheard,
I amidst gushing tears expire,
Or live to suffer more and more.
What would'st thou have? I tremble sore.
What dost thou seek? My fears, how dire!
Speak thine intent—my death is near!
Oh, tell me wherefore thou art here!
Eus. Can love be wise or moderate?
My sorrows and thy cruelty
This day must triumph over me.
Patiently I endur'd my fate
Till thou wast in a cell confined;
But when thy beauties lost I saw,
Unhinder'd by religious awe,
I trampled on the cloister's law:
Nor Heaven, to whom thou 'rt now assign'd,
Can justly my pretensions blame.
Long ere the church advanced a claim,
In secresy, my wedded wife
Wast thou, and ne'er might wedded dame
Exchange her state for cloister'd life.
Jul. The love-knot I will ne'er deny,
That could in pure felicity
Two wills in one unite.
Thus bound, my bridegroom's name hadst thou.
But here have I pronounced the vow,
Whose consecrating might
To a celestial spouse above
Binds hand and faith, and nuptial love.
What seek'st thou from Heaven's married bride?
Go, for the world is terrified
By thine outrageous violence,
Whilst men remorselessly thou slayest,
On helpless women's honor preyest.
Go, go! nor hope thine influence
Should gain thy passion's recompense.
Reflect, thy madness to abate,
That I to Heaven am consecrate.
Eus. Resistance only fans my flame,
Already has my guilty foot
Profaned the cloister, and the fruit
Of sacrilege to lose, were shame.

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Julia, comply, or I will say,
By thee invited to thy cell,
I there have revel'd many a day.
Dar'st thou a desp'rate wretch defy?
Then all who in the convent dwell
Shall know.
Jul. Eusebio, oh forbear!
Reflect. Hark! steps are coming nigh,
As to the choir the nuns repair.
What shall I do? Alas! alas!
Needs must my cell thy refuge prove.
Secure the door whilst they shall pass.
One fear expels another fear.
Eus. How absolutely reigns my love!
Jul. My destiny, oh how severe.

Several other changes from the sublime to the ridiculous, and *vice versa*, occur in the progress of the piece, each exhibiting some new development. Eusebio has scarcely left the convent chamber when Julia repents, but it is too late. She pursues him with reproaches for having left her just at the moment when her arms had been more than half thrown open to his wishes by the urgency of his entreaties. But no use. He sees a cross on her breast; this strikes him with awe; and he cannot think, bandit as he is, of being the means of inducing her to violate her vows. She disguises herself as a man and proceeds in search of him, in order that she may have revenge for his scorn. After many romantic adventures, the lovers meet. Julia would fain encounter Eusebio, but he happens to recognize her, and is filled with remorse. He tries to induce her to return to her convent, but in vain. Finally she proves to be his own sister. Other discoveries equally strange are made; and miracles are performed in almost every act.

The *Devocion de la Cruz*, even if given in full, would do but little justice, to Calderon, considered as a specimen; still less can the few extracts we have quoted, and the brief observations with which we have accompanied them, pretend to do so. But it must not be supposed, by those of our readers who have not examined the subject for themselves, that Calderon was incapable, so to speak, of entering the classic field; or that he found it necessary to confine himself to what is called the Christian, or rather the Catholic, drama. We need only glance at one of his numerous plays to prove the contrary—instance *Los Tres Mayores Prodigios*, which is essentially classic, and one of the best he has written, though one of the most complicated ever produced anywhere. In point of fact, it includes three distinct dramas, connected by a *loa*, which has in turn

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an induction or prologue. The characters of the *loa* are personages no less important than Jason, Theseus, Pales, Hercules, Flora, and Night. At the beginning of the drama, the following directions are given for the representation. "There are to be three theatres, each one divided from the other; the nymph Pales appears in that on the right; the nymph Flora in that on the left; leaving that in the middle unoccupied." Night is made to enter the air in the middle theatre, and Pales and Flora reproach her in an address at once fanciful, romantic and melodious, for not having prepared any amusement suitable for the occasion. She gently replies that she has done her best—that she has a play ready for representation. It is not, she confesses, the production of a great author, but that of one who, on the contrary, is poor, humble, obscure. After some further explanation on the part of Night, Jason, Theseus and Hercules come forward in the middle theatre and unfold the "argument," which forms the framework of the triple drama. Hercules mourns the loss of his Dejanira, so treacherously stolen from him by Nessus, the Centaur, finding it impossible to support life without her. His friends, ignorant of the cause of his grief, try to allay its fury. He is disposed to be agreeable to them, but still is loath to communicate the secret. To avoid doing so, he commences a narration of his past achievements, showing, among other exploits, how he triumphed over the Nemæan lion. Finally his feelings overcome him—he can no longer refrain from lamenting his lost Dejanira; but pays an eloquent and melodious tribute both to her virtues and personal attractions. On explaining how the robbery had been committed, Theseus and Jason offer their services to assist in pursuing the Centaur. The injured husband accepts their services, and all three take separate routes—Theseus going to Asia, Jason to Europe, and Hercules himself taking charge of Africa; but we can here take no further notice of the redoubtable trio.

In another act we are introduced to Medea, whose character is made to present the sublime of pride and presumption, rather than the ferocious cruelty attributed to her by Euripides, Horace and others. This part of the play opens with the dedication of the Golden Fleece by Phryxus in the temple of Mars. Medea, indignant that honors should be paid to any in her country but to herself, comes upon the stage and haughtily rebukes Phryxus; and she is rebuked in turn by her brother Absinto (Absyrtus), for her pride and presumption in expect-

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ing that sacrifices should be made to her as to Mars and Apollo. Phryxus, however, deems it more prudent to attempt to soothe her with some compliments, and his success is much beyond his expectations. While a lively dialogue is taking place between some of the principal characters, a loud clatter of arms is heard within the temple. Absyrtus rushes forth to see what has taken place, and describes it as follows:

"Unexampled is the marvel
That hath only now been seen,
To behold the awful mien
Of the mighty god of strife.
Scarce my restless guest had come,
When, behold, with dreadful gloom
All the fane at once grew rife,
And a tremor shook the ground,
Whilst a loud confused rattle,
As of arms, was heard around.
'Twas the salvo that burst forth
From the shuddering breast of earth,
To the lordly god of battle.
And amid that fearful sound,
From the dark and curdled shade,
In a mist of sanguine dun,
Mars upreared his stature proud,
As from out a gloomy cloud
Suddenly bursts forth the sun.
Then unto the pilgrim bold
Thus his speech sonorous rolled:
'I with joy accept thy gift,
And with so much care will hold,
That none ever more shall lift
From my shrine the fleece of gold.'
Thereupon his sovereign hand
Seized the fleece so fair and full,
And upon an oak-tree flung,
There to be forever hung.
Who till then an oak had scanned
Foliaged thus with golden wool?
As its watch and its defense,
Lest that any mortal dare
Seek to bear the treasure thence,
He hath placed a serpent there,
And two brazen bulls immense;
And their maws with flames are lined,
And their looks are dread and dark.
These with bellowing load the wind,
And *that*, round the tree entwined,
Wraps it thus with scaly bark.
There, too, a wild man is placed,
Clad with thongs of ivy green,
That in wandering through the waste,
Huge and fierce, his hideous mien,
Strike with dread wherever seen;
In such wise that all may know
That whoever dares to go
In pursuit of that rich treasure,
Finds in each a fearful foe,
And with all his strength must measure."

Medea feels persuaded that the conduct of Mars has been influenced by fear of her power. Suddenly all on the stage are struck with the appearance of a huge object, the nature of which nobody can tell. After a full and patient examination, Phryxus discovers that it is nothing less than a mountain. Astræa undertakes to prove that it cannot be a mountain, but he is sure that it is a cloud. Absyrtus feels satisfied that it is neither a mountain nor a cloud, but a huge bird; while Sirena wonders that anybody having eyes can fail to see at a glance that it is a fish, though one considerably larger than a whale. It now comes to the turn of Medea to give her opinion, which is, that they all have guessed very well, but that it is neither mountain, cloud, bird nor fish. She has not time to proceed any farther, when the mysterious monster

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makes a sudden pause and "vomits a squadron of armed men upon the earth." Medea has no doubt but that it is Mars who has sent this expedition to avenge himself for the insults she has given; and accordingly she orders her train to prepare for battle. Just as they are about to draw their swords, Jason approaches, and with great gallantry explains the whole mystery, stating that it was he who had come in search of a highly valuable treasure,* stolen by a traitor from his dearest friend. Even the fierce and haughty nature of Medea is softened by the delicate compliments of the Argonaut, and she condescends to explain why it is that she happens to have so large a crowd about her, in what is generally the scene of her solitary studies. With the melodious account she thus gives of herself, we close for the present our remarks on Calderon, merely premising that any intelligent person of cultivated taste, desirous of examining the Prince of Spanish dramatists for himself, may rest assured that his researches will be amply rewarded.

This wild mountain, to whose shores
Thou hast o'er the ocean wandered,
Is a goodly realm of Asia,
Stretching far within the shadow
Of the huge Caucasian peaks.
Colchis, it is called: Aetes,
In whose so august and noble
Presence thou even now art standing,
Over it bears kingly sway.
Not so much august by reason
Of this undisputed power,
As in being my sire: for therein
Is a more imperial glory,—
Is the warrant of more greatness,—
Than in grasping all the empires
Of the sun; since whatever
In huge span the sun embraces,
Or the frosty moon gleams over,
To my power obedience owns,
For my name is—when thou hear'st it,
Thou wilt judge if all unfounded
Be this boast; and yet to speak it,
Perhaps, is scarce the part of wisdom;
Since swift fame, all tongues and feathers,
Fond alone of me to prattle,
Must have borne it to thine ear;
I am of the world that terror,
Of the wood's wild race that dread,
Of mankind that fear and marvel,
That strange mystery at whose name
Even the beauteous gods of heaven
Blench upon their crystal thrones;—
Ay, the wise and learned Medea,
To whose magic studies all
The bright flowerets of the meadow,
And the throbbing stars on high,
Are the characters and signs.
From astrology I turn
To those deeper magian arts
Whence the air itself becomes
As a ruled book, wherein
Mysteries occult are made
Strangely manifest to me.
Necromantic powers I draw
From the corpse hidden deep
In earth's centre, when my voice
Summons skeletons to rise.
Pyromancy, which in fire
Executes its magic functions,
Writes in sparks its mystic cyphers
On the scrolled smoke for me.
At my charmed conjurations
All the infernal kingdom trembles,
And its melancholy spirits,
And its dark and stagnant shadows,
And its yawning dungeon cells,
Conquered by the opposeless force
Of enchantment, to my questions
Yield equivocal response.
To these studies whole devoted,
Lost in these mysterious watchings,
This rude mountain forms my kingdom,
This wild wood my palace roof.
Here I hold unshaken empire,
Hide here my majestic presence,
And rude rocks and tortuous cedars
Are the vassals of my realm.

* Dejanira, the wife of Hercules.

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ART. II.—1. *The Shoes of Fortune, and other Tales.* By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Translated by CH. BONER. London: Chapman and Hall. 1847.

2. *Andersen's Tales for Children.* Translated by ALFRED WEHNERT. London: Bell & Daldy. 1861.

3. *Danish Legends and Fairy Tales.* By H. C. ANDERSEN. Translated by CAROLINE PEACHEY. London: H. G. Bohn. 1861.

4. *The Sand Hills of Jutland.* By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. London: Bentley. 1860.

5. *The True Story of My Life: a Sketch.* By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Translated by MARY HOWITT. London: Longmans. 1847.

IF one were to arrange the library of a man who had always been a reader, according to his growth in years, how very few books would be shifted from the child's shelves to the boy's, and thence to the man's; so rarely do our book-companions grow up with us; so commonly do we outgrow them, and use them only as mementoes of former days. Of the books which remain with us through more than one stage of life, there are very few which we enjoy in each of the stages. Books of adventure, for instance, keep their charm through childhood and early youth; but when our own period of adventure arrives, we find it so much more intense than our boyish dreams, that Robinson Crusoe and his fellows lose their charms; when we pass this stage and reach that of steady, quiet life, and especially when we enter that period where we sit under our own vine and fig tree, these books regain their old charms, because they reflect former experience, and help us to live over our more impulsive years. So, too, fairy tales are inseparable from childhood, but in youth action finds its poetry in romance, and it is in the years of riper manhood that these tales recover their enchantment, because it is then that the spirit of childhood within us begins to reassert itself. Childhood has no foreknowledge of the struggle of youth and the reflection of manhood; yet it accompanies each state, and finally regains its ascendancy; not now, however, to be symbolized by the innocence of infancy, but by the white-robed figures with palms in their hands.

Now, Andersen's lesser stories belong to that select class of books which please us at every stage of our growth; but

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since they possess this power of fascination through their responsiveness to the spirit of childhood, we naturally find that this power is exercised most over us when children and when men; in youth we derive our pleasure from them chiefly through appreciation of the art and enjoyment of the wit and humor. Andersen is assuredly of all authors the most popular and widely known among children. His tales, written in Danish, and abounding in local allusions, have been translated into every language of Christendom. He beautifully says of himself, when told by Ole Bull, that in America also his stories were widely read: "I had and still have a feeling as though I were a poor peasant lad, over whom a royal mantle is thrown." Thus is it with that portion of his stories which is not purely of his own invention; these are the legends of a simple people, invested with the purple of genius. For at first, as he tells us, he sought merely to relate old stories which he had heard as a child, but in his own manner. In this he has not merely done the work of the Brothers Grimm in recovering traditions and legends from the people, and giving them a permanent shape; he has recovered them, and stamped them with his own originality. How far he has followed tradition, and where he has created for himself, we are not prepared to say, but that he does create is plain, and thus an old legend cannot pass through his hands without receiving the impress of his genius.

His treatment of legends is parallel to Shakespeare's dramatizing of popular stories. The original power of each of these masters in art is shown in their ability to construct, from common materials, the excellent productions which will always bear their names. Othello is no less Shakespeare's to us because the story is first told by Giraldi Cinthio; and the original presentment of the legends told by Andersen has no particular interest for us except as studies in antiquity, and detracts nothing from our admiration of his genius. It makes a difference, however, in our appreciation of the legends, that we do not look at them from a national point of view. A legend always must carry most interest to the inhabitants of the country that gave it birth, but the interest is not confined there; the most local legends are of universal interest.

Here, in America, an Andersen would miss the best material for his stories; we have no legendary lore which is purely national. At present we have to borrow from others: we have to use the legends which have lost their local moor-

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ings, and become native in every water. It is true, we have no Holger Danske, clad in steel and iron, his head resting on his stalwart arm, his long beard grown fast to the marble table, while he sleeps and dreams, and waits to be the saviour of an endangered Denmark. Yet, by our American right of laying the world under contribution to our needs, we may take the Danish Holger, the English Arthur, and the German Frederic Barbarossa. May it be that centuries hence there shall unconsciously arise in our national mind a dim belief, that in the mausoleum at Mount Vernon a resurrection may take place? But the legends, in their Atlantic voyage, lose much of their pristine beauty and force. How jejune does Santa Klaus become by the time he reaches our shores; we have but the skeleton of the foreign St. Nicholas—all that remains is a droll figure, most like in our minds to the popular idea of Punch—laden with presents, and coming down the chimney on Christmas Eve to fill the stockings of good children.

It is quite a different thing, moreover, to use an old and to construct a new legend. The old legend has about it the halo of hundreds of years, but if we seek to construct new ones out of our own minds, attaching them to rocks and glens and mountains or historic personages, how pinchbeck do they seem at the best. To construct a legend is, in fact, a bold usurpation of the rights of our ancestors. Legends are the expression of the national, not the individual, mind. They grow upon national history, as the lichen grows on the forest tree. We hardly know how they arise, and yet, though they are of most luxurious growth in the pre-historic period of a nation, they are found also in the historic. Our history is still too clear in its brevity to allow of much indefiniteness, which is the atmosphere most favorable to legends; yet the mist of antiquity is slowly settling upon our earliest times, and we shall eventually see historic shapes less distinctly outlined and more fantastic; while new shapes will start into being, the creatures of our own fancy. Neither have we yet grown to our land. It is the *autochthenes* who have the best right to reveal the mysteries of rocks and mountains; we have the material certainly, but we do not appear to be a poetically constructive people. We name our natural wonders after the devil and the fathers of the Republic. Our mountains and forests have their stories of bear hunts and miraculous escapes; for the sweetest stories

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which we can tell of them, we are indebted to the *autochthonous* Indian. Now and then a poet tells a story of a rock or a hill, and it remains and is repeated. Thus, perhaps, Hawthorne's story of the Great Stone Face will be attached always to the profile in the Franconia Notch, but it would take many generations to give it fixedness.

Andersen's Fairy Tales have still greater interest with children, because they are least dependent upon time and place and national associations. A legend clings to the country of its birth; if we transplant it, some of the mould remains about its roots. But a fairy tale seems to have its roots in the air, and to find lodgment in various lands; or if its origin be clearly referred to one place, when transplanted it adapts itself so completely to its new soil that it has all the appearance of being indigenous. Fairies owe no nation allegiance: look at the numerous conjectures as to the origin of the word, and it is plain that the very nature of the Fairy is universal. Fairy-land lies within the vision of every one, and its inhabitants are the same in one age as in another. The Indian, the Persian, the Greek, the Scandinavian, all with different eyes have seen the same forms. Fairy-time is the perpetual youth of the world. Andersen once visited Retsch. "I related," he says, "one of my stories to him, and for this I received a lovely drawing—a beautiful young girl hiding herself behind the mask of an old woman; thus should the eternally youthful soul, with its blooming loveliness, peep forth from behind the old mask of the fairy-tale."

Andersen's Fairy Tales are therefore as enjoyable by children in America as by the children for whom they were originally written. In them the delicacy of his fancy is best exhibited. These dainty people, invisible spirits in their gossamer robes, require the most skilful handling. The moth loses not its delicate dust when touched by the rough hand, more surely than the fairy loses its exquisite airiness when clumsily fingered. Successfully to embody these, one must but hint the corporeal character. This faint outline of body, just sufficient to keep within bounds the ethereal nature, and to prevent it from being dissipated into mere airiness, is most exquisitely presented by Andersen. We cannot conceive of spirits without attaching to them some corporeal character, and Andersen gives his fairies just so much as is necessary to satisfy our imagination, while he does not divest them of their essential and preponderating spiritual nature. This we say of

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his fairies, purely such; in the various modifications of the fairy by which it is made more and more earthly, he retains the same fine perception of its relation to what is human. He uses his invention in the whole range of fairy-land, but his special power is in the treatment not so much of supernatural as in that of preternatural agency. The distinction which we would draw between these two terms is in assigning to supernatural agency all that finds a type but not an abode in nature; to preternatural all that has its abode in nature, but is not limited by the laws of nature. It is in this last sphere that he works most admirably. His treatment of the lower orders of intelligence and of inanimate matter is positively wonderful. By an intuitive vision he touches the highest and most subtle characteristic of an object, and furnishes that with the essential element of humanity, and this after the most inimitable fashion; thus he gives everything life, and not merely existence. His humanizing of brutes, of trees, of the wind, of flowers, of playthings is so perfect, that it seems to a child not strange, but fitting and natural. What child, following the perils of the steadfast Tin Soldier, has not presented to its mind the miniature image of a real soldier? and does not the little dancer made of card-board, standing immovably upon one leg and never speaking, with whom the tin soldier fell in love, call down mingled indignation and pity? while the final union of the two in the stove leaves the mind in perplexity whether in the end the dancer really loved the soldier or not. Or, the child follows the fortunes of the shepherdess and the chimney-sweep as they elope from the presence of the old Chinese and the General-clothes-press-inspector-head-superintendent Goatslegs, and return finally in safety to live in peace, with quite as real an interest as any older person enters into the fortunes of the characters in a novel. These little *dramatis personæ* are not puppets; they are living; and if they are actors, their stage seems that of life. This miniature world is in earnest, and the scale of suffering and enjoyment is as perfect as in our own. The Darning-needle and the Shirt-collar have as much personality as the people to whom they belong, and are of more consequence. The Neck of a Bottle becomes the hero of remarkable adventures, and we follow it curiously, watching where next it will turn up, nowise doubting that it is the hero; for this is the secret by which Andersen makes us interested. He invests the object with an individuality which is irresistible. Com-

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pare the adventures of the Neck of a Bottle, for instance, with the common stories of the adventures of a cent or a pin, that are changed from one person's possession to another's, and yet put to all manner of uses; these latter are generally lifeless objects moved about by chance, and subject to common liabilities; but Andersen makes his Neck of a Bottle from the very beginning have a personality of its own; we feel that it has some control over its motions, yet subject to other powers, in such a way that a fate attends, overpowering its will. He makes it still more human by most beautifully associating it with the fate of two lovers; it is silent from necessity, but we cannot help feeling, that by some possibility this constant humble friend may break the bond, and tell its story some day to the old maid. The wind relates the story of Waldeman Daae and his daughters, and we acknowledge its right to tell it, for it was witness to all, and had a hand in the action; the old oak has its dream, and the flax experiences a transmigration, most Pythagorean.

There is a wide difference between this humanizing of lower orders by Andersen and the common fable. A fable is told for one object. The animals talk with a moral purpose; they are mere puppets; we do not believe they really talk, we are sure there is a man behind the scenes. But Andersen uses the moral in such stories, just as he would use it if there were men and women speaking, instead of animals, trees and flowers. They are natural *dramatis personæ* in their own drama. We are merely shown how animals and flowers do talk by themselves without any regard to the effect of their talk upon children. The moral is there, as it is in any drama, but not otherwise. The Pen and the Inkstand is a case in point. This approaches very nearly to a pure fable, yet see how delicately the moral is announced, blended all the way throughout with the scene, perfectly apparent, yet nothing done for mere effect.

In the structure of his stories, Andersen exhibits the talent of a first-rate story-teller, combined with the excellencies of a poet and humorist. A mere story-teller he never is. Some writers of stories would make a difference between their own telling and their writing of them. Andersen's art is so natural, that, with all the elaborateness of his execution, we can easily see how it might be, as he says, that he wrote his narrative upon paper, exactly in the language best th with the expressions, in which he had himself related th by word

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of mouth to the little ones. Of this recital of his own stories he gives a pleasing instance in the *True Story of My Life*. He was at Hamburg, and with Otto Spechter, who has produced some very spirited drawings, illustrating the *Snow Queen* and other stories; they were on their way to the theatre, and it was scarcely a quarter of an hour before the commencement of the opera. They came, on the way, to an elegant house.

"'We must first go in here, dear friend,' said Spechter; 'a wealthy family lives here, friends of mine, and friends of your stories; the children will be happy.'

"'But the opera,' said I.

"'Only for two minutes,' returned he; and drew me into the house, mentioned my name, and the circle of children collected around me.

"'And now tell us a tale,' said he; 'only one.'

"I told one, and then hastened away to the theatre.

"'That was an extraordinary visit,' said I.

"'An excellent one; one entirely out of the common way: one entirely out of the common way!' said he, exultingly; 'only think; the children are full of Andersen and his stories; he suddenly makes his appearance amongst them, tells one of them himself, and then is gone! vanished! That is of itself like a fairy-tale to the children, that will remain vividly in their remembrance.'

"Myself was amused by it."—p. 241.

Who would not like to hear Andersen tell one of his own stories; yet he only could tell them as they are written; any one else repeating them would strip them of much of their artistic effect; even then they would have their charm, because the plot of the story is so good, but the charm is greatly increased by Andersen's manner. The Arabian Nights Entertainments contains excellent examples of the story, *pur et simple*. Whatever humor lurks in the stories is not expressed by the teller, who cares only to give the plot with the accompanying descriptions. Andersen, on the other hand, while his stories are capital, works also the latent veins, increasing thus the artistic effect. Take, for examples, the story of the little Hunchback in the Arabian Nights, and that of *Big Klaus and Little Klaus* of Andersen. Both abound in sudden and droll turns of the plot, producing a very witty effect; each may be told off-hand, but Andersen's gains most by being read from his telling, for he has put the fun of the thing in the most exquisite light. In short, he develops the latent elements of a story, its humor, its pathos, its moral suggestion.

Andersen's art is rather lyric than dramatic, and his purely lyric productions are among his sweetest, as the stories of *The Fir Tree*, *The Bell*, *The Angel*, *The Daisy*. Once at

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least he rises to the heights of the epic. His *Holger Danske* is both epic and Homeric, without being at all imitative. It has his own stamp, and is modern, but the Homeric ring is in the metal. The ease and simplicity with which he reaches the excellency of his art mark him as a born artist; one whose art is his nature. He is throughout perfectly natural. He is an artist, but never artificial. In nothing is this naturalness better shown than in the manner in which he speaks of himself. It is a delicate matter to write an account of one's own life, yet Andersen has done it charmingly, because simply. His manner has led some to think him egotistical and vain; no reproach ever gave him so much concern. He recurs to it again and again, and seeks to clear himself of the charge with an earnestness which provokes a smile. It is impossible to help loving a man who is so very frank and simple, without being foolish. With what *naïveté* does he open his stories. As in the Shoes of Fortune

"Every author has some peculiarity in his descriptions or in his style of writing. Those who do not like him, magnify it, shrug up their shoulders, and exclaim: There he is again! I, for my part, know very well how I can bring about this movement and this exclamation. It would happen immediately if I were to begin here, as I intended to do, with: 'Rome has its Corso, Naples its Toledo.'—'Ah! that Andersen; there he is again!' they would cry; yet I must, to please my fancy, continue quite quietly, and add: 'But Copenhagen has its East street.'"

His wit finds expression in the structure of his stories; in delineation of character and in conversation he is rather humorous than witty; his humor is as abundant as it is rare in excellence, and this too we can refer very often to his *naïveté*. Yet this very quality many undoubtedly call puerility.

The charm which these stories have over us in childhood is singularly great. Their beauty and simplicity respond to the chords of beauty in our own minds; their wit amuses us, as anything startling amuses children when the element of terror is absent; their humor pleases our fancy; their reality is satisfying; we have perfect confidence in them; they are all true—of that we are sure. But besides all this charm, there is a power of fascination in some of them which is almost fearful. For occasionally this master takes up the lyre, and touches chords that awe us and make us tremble. The tragic terror which so enthrals childhood is, in a few instances, exhibited by Andersen with great power. It must be observed, however, that he is never simply horrifying; he does not *scare* children, but he excites the same sensations

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within them which a sense of personal guilt affords. With children, the sight of sin and its effects in others produces very much the same emotions of fear and awe which they feel when the sin is committed by themselves. Thus, Andersen, in his two most terrible tales—*The Red Shoes* and *Anne Lisbeth*—has shown the results that follow the yielding to temptation. A child feels no discrepancy between the sin of Karen and its terrible consequences, because its mind is not yet blunted to the enormity of sin in its every shape. In *The Red Shoes*, however, there is another element of awe in the individuality which the shoes possess, so that it is as if, from the very beginning, there was a terrible fate impending over Karen through their agency. A far-off terror is foreshadowed by the mysterious gravity which attends each movement, so that we apprehend the gathering storm step by step as we advance in the story. Observe how he strikes this key in the opening sentence:

"There was once a pretty, delicate little girl, who was always obliged to go barefooted in summer, and to wear heavy wooden shoes in winter; for she was very poor, and in this manner her little feet grew quite red—terribly red."

There is a holding back, and yet a steady progression in the narrative, which is very powerful. The red shoes of the story are not at once mentioned, but two different pairs, both red, serve to keep up the mysterious feeling that somehow or other there is a terrible fate impending through the agency of red shoes. For first the shoemaker's wife, out of kindness, makes her a rude pair of shoes out of strips of cloth—red cloth. On the very day that her mother is buried, Karen gets the red shoes, and wears them for the first time. As she follows the coffin to the grave, a large, old-fashioned carriage passes by, with a stout old lady in it, who takes pity on her, and adopts her. Karen thinks it was because of the red shoes—thus was she unconsciously recognizing an intimate connection between her fortune and red shoes, though not the right one—but the old lady says the shoes are ugly, and so they are burned. Doubtless many a child has felt that these shoes thus burned were the red shoes of the story, twice reappearing. It happened that the Queen, with her little daughter, passed through the country, and Karen, with the rest, went to the palace to see her.

"The little Princess had neither train nor crown of gold; but charming red morocco shoes, which were as different as could be from those the old

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shoemaker's wife had once made for Karen. There is, after all, nothing in the world to be compared to red morocco shoes!"

When Karen's time to be confirmed comes, she goes to the shoemaker's to be fitted, and there once more appear the mysterious red shoes of shining morocco. The old lady said, when the shoemaker showed them to her:

"'Why, that is surely morocco! How they shine!'

"'Yes, how they shine!' said Karen. They fitted and were bought, but the old lady did not know they were red, for she would never have permitted Karen to go to be confirmed in red shoes; however, it really happened."

It was a delicate stroke not to force upon us the error of Karen in buying the red shoes; the temptation to sin was so subtle, that Karen herself could hardly have perceived it. Yet, while the error is only hinted afar off, its reality is finely shown in the manner in which it returned upon Karen's mind, in the immediate sequel. She goes to be confirmed.

"Everybody looked at her feet, and as she went through the church, it seemed to her as if the old portraits above the grave-stones,—those pictures of clergymen and of clergymen's wives, in long black robes, fixed their eyes on her red shoes; and on them alone did she think, when the clergyman laid his hand on her head, and spoke of holy baptism, and of her covenant with God, and said that she was now to show herself a Christian, being of riper years. Then the organ played so solemnly, the sweet voices of the children sounded, and the old clerk sang; but Karen thought only of her red shoes."

The old lady hears that she had worn red shoes, and says that they are neither pretty nor fitting, and that for the future, when Karen goes to church, she shall wear black ones. But we know already that Karen has taken the one fatal downward step, and are sure that in her case, at least, there is to be no retracing until the retribution has come. Thus we are prepared for the second yielding to temptation. Note the masterliness of its presentment; what rapidity of movement there is, and then what finality in the decision it accords with our sense of its inevitability.

"Next Sunday was the communion; and Karen looked at the black shoes and looked at the red; she looked once more at the red ones, and put them on."

A new personage is now introduced, representing to our minds the spirit of evil, which starts up about the erring soul; something more than the embodiment of conscience, since it hints also at external powers of malice. Observe the recurrence of redness, like a refrain:

"The sun was shining splendidly; Karen and the old lady went by a

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path through the corn, and it was rather dusty there. At the church-door stood an old soldier on crutches, and with a strange, long beard, which was more red than white, and red in truth it was. And he stooped down to the ground, and asked the old lady if he should dust her shoes. Karen stretched out her little foot too. 'Only look!' said the soldier; 'what nice little dancing shoes! sit tight when you dance!' and so saying, he gave the soles a pat with his hand."

Once more, and with more terrible power, her own sin comes back as a cloud over her soul, when in the presence of holiness. They have entered the church.

"All the people there looked at Karen's red shoes, all the pictures peered down at them too; and when Karen kneeled before the altar, and raised the golden chalice to her lips, she still thought of the red shoes, and it seemed to her as if they were swimming before her in the cup; she forgot to sing her psalm—she forgot to repeat the Lord's Prayer."

Again, upon leaving the church, appears the incarnation of the spirit of evil, and he gives, as it were, the signal for the avenger to commence, so that instantly the retribution begins to rise.

"Now everybody left the church, and the old lady got into her carriage. Karen raised her foot to follow her, when the old soldier, who was standing close by, said, 'Only look! what nice little dancing shoes!' and, do what she would, Karen could not help making a few steps. When she had once begun, her feet kept on dancing; it was as if the shoes had power over her; she danced round the church, nor could she stop herself from doing so; till, at last, the coachman was obliged to run after and catch hold of her. He lifted her into the carriage, but still her feet continued dancing; so that Karen knocked and pushed the poor old lady terribly. At last the shoes were taken off, and her feet grew quiet.

"The red shoes were put away in a closet; but Karen could not help going to have a look at them."

With this ends the third act of the drama, and the closing words reveal the growing force of temptation augmented by Karen's successive yieldings, and her dallying with the forbidden pleasure. The next act commences with the illness of the old lady. Karen certainly is the proper person to attend her; but there is to be a great ball, and Karen is invited; again the hesitation—the sure yielding.

"She looked at the old lady, who certainly could not live; she looked at the red shoes, and it seemed to her as if it could be no sin to go; she drew on the shoes; in that, at least, there could be no harm—and then she went to the ball and began to dance."

Now the retribution comes fast upon her. No longer can she choose whether or not she shall yield; the shoes in which the fascination lay now become the instruments of her torture. At first sight there is something comical in the opening catastrophe. When she wants to go to the right, the

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shoes dance to the left; and when she wishes to dance up the ball-room, the shoes dance the other way—down the stairs, through the gates, and out at the town gates. This raises an involuntary smile, it seems so droll; but at the next moment comes the gloom, and the exclusion from human sympathy; and then we are chilled with the sight of the apparition, most fearfully fiendish.

"She danced, and was forced to dance, right away into the dark forest.

"There she saw something up among the trees. She thought it was the moon; but it was the old soldier with the red beard who was sitting there; and he nodded his head and said: 'Only look! what nice little dancing shoes!'

She cannot tear off the shoes—they carry her on remorselessly, into the church-yard; there, at least, will she rest; but there is no rest for her, and the avenger now takes the most terrible form—that most removed from the mere torment of conscience, an external and superior. For at the open church-door she beholds an angel with a sword; his countenance is stern and serious.

"'On shalt thou dance! said he. 'Yes, on shalt thou dance in thy shoes, till thou art pale and cold, till thy skin shrivels together like a skeleton's! Thou shalt dance on from door to door, and where proud, vain children dwell, there shalt thou knock, that they may hear and fear thee! Thou shalt dance on!'

"'Mercy! Mercy!' cried Karen. But she heard not what the angel said in reply; for the shoes bore her through the side-door out into the fields, over hedges and ditches, still dancing, and forced to dance always."

At last, passing by the way the house of the Old Lady, and hearing within the sound of a psalm which tells her that the Old Lady is dead, and thus shuts her off from human sympathy, she dances over the moor toward a lonely house.

"She knew that the executioner lived here; and she tapped at the window and said, 'Come out to me; come out' I cannot come in, for I am dancing!'

"And the executioner answered: 'It seems you do not know who I am. I cut off the heads of wicked men, and I observe my axe is trembling.'

"'Do not cut off my head,' said Karen, 'for then I could not repent of my sins! But my feet, with the red shoes, cut them off.'

"And then she confessed all her sins; and the executioner cut off her feet with the red shoes; and they danced off with the little feet over the fields, right away to the gloomy forest.

"The man made her a pair of feet of wood, and gave her crutches, and taught her a psalm which sinners always sing. She then kissed the hand that had held the axe, and wandered forth across the moor."

But it is not suffering alone that can purify her. She thinks she has suffered enough for the sake of the red shoes,

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and essays to go to church that she may be seen; but when she comes to the door, there are the red shoes dancing before her;. she is horrified, and turns back. Once more, on the following Sunday, after a week of tears, she goes to church, saying to herself, "I have suffered and endured enough now; I am as good, I should think, as many in the church who hold their heads so high." But again, though she sets out boldly, when she comes to the little side-door only, she sees the red shoes dancing before her. Then she goes back, and repents her sins with a sincere heart. She goes to the vicarage, and lives with the clergyman's wife, humbly and diligently.

"The following Sunday all went to church, and they asked Karen if she would go too; but she looked sorrowfully, with tears in her eyes, on her crutches; and so the others went without her, to hear the word of God. But Karen went alone into her quiet chamber, which was just large enough to hold a bed and a chair; and here she sat herself with her hymn-book in her hand. While she, with pious heart, was reading therein, the breeze bore the tones of the organ to her ear, and she lifted up her face tremblingly, and said, 'O God, do thou help me!'

"Suddenly the sun shone brightly, and before her stood the angel of God in white garments, whom she had seen before at the door of the church. He no longer held the sharp sword, but a green branch full of roses; and he touched the ceiling with it; and the ceiling rose quite high, and where the angel had touched it, a golden star was shining. He touched the walls too, and they grew farther apart; she saw the organ that was playing, she saw the old pictures of clergymen and clergymen's wives; the congregation sat in the pews, and sang out of their hymn-books. Either the church itself had come to the little maiden in the narrow humble chamber, or she had gone to the church. She sat in the pew beside the other persons of the clergyman's family; and when she had finished singing and looked up, they nodded to her, and said, 'It was right of you to come, Karen!'

"And the organ sounded, and the voices of the children rose so sweet and soothingly. The warm bright sunshine streamed through the window on the spot where Karen was sitting; her heart became so full of sunshine and peace and joy, that it broke. Her soul flew on a sunbeam up to God, and there no mention was ever made of the red shoes."

We have been thus minute in the analysis of this story, because it best presents the very high tragic power which Andersen possesses; and also because it offers an admirable illustration of the consummate art by which, with the fewest strokes, he produces the most finished effects. It is a fearful story, but it is so because it presents the logic of temptation carried out fully. So dreadful is it, that one of Andersen's translators—a woman—could not bear to render it exactly, and botched it most awkwardly, by making the executioner only pretend to cut off the feet, really cutting off the shoes alone, leaving them entire by some unrevealed sleight-of-hand,

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while the sensation in Karen's feet was as if they had been cut off! But it is not wholly fearful, because while the working of sin and final retribution is faithfully followed out, the working of repentance and final forgiveness is as clearly unfolded. It is a most noble attestation of the beauty, and truth, and solemnity of the Christian religion. "Anne Lisbeth" also exhibits the same force and beauty. In this are seen Andersen's tenderness and his Christian love, that he cannot leave us without hope; if the curtain falls upon death, he gently raises it, and lets us catch a glimpse of that reversal of woe where death is swallowed up in victory, and the light from heaven streams in upon the coffin—the pathway of the escaped soul. In all of his stories, Andersen has touched Death with the hand of a child, and yet of a philosopher. In the Match Girl, could anything be finer and so free from sentimentality? Death, in his treatment, loses its horror, because he looks at it with a Christian's faith and a child's simple and reverential wonder. In one instance, that of "Big Klaus and Little Klaus," he has treated of death with that unconsciousness of any idea of pain or horror associating with it, which we so frequently meet in children.

"The Red Shoes" is not more clearly pervaded by a deep, moral, and spiritual character than are all of his stories. As children, we feel without perceiving the noble moral that underlies them. There is a subtle aroma of truth distilling through them which reaches us with winning power. If poison be sometimes stealthily administered through the medium of a delicate perfume, here is a bunch of flowers, each of which, through its fine scent, instils into our souls a virtuous elixir. Childhood cannot analyze or even perceive the elixir any easier than it could detect the poison; but the soul, in the one case, will give evidence of the spiritual food, as the body in the other would testify to the bane. In our older years, we have a rare pleasure in our ability to detect the under-current of moral purpose, and it influences our hearts quite as surely. A child-like nature shall he lead by a filament, and the sweet grace of a moral woven by Andersen may lead one possessing such a spirit in the path of righteousness. *The Fir Tree* and *The Flax* illustrate this very finely. They are antithetical in fact as to their lesson; in themselves exquisite lyrical poems, they sing to us a lesson of content and hope as true and profound as it is beautiful. A sly vein of satire too streaks many of his works, and is amus-

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ingly prominent in *The Soup made of a Sausage Stick*, *The Quickest Runners*, and in the inimitable legend of *The Emperor's New Clothes*.

Undoubtedly the course of Andersen's own life has predisposed him to the views which he takes of human life, its struggles and sufferings; yet it was not the accident of his birth and education, but the sympathy of his nature which has drawn from him such touching pictures of common life. Our highest philosophy—whether it be reached by personal experience or by the baptism of the spirit—teaches us to recognize kings and priests when clad in the tatters of poverty. Thus Andersen, who never was without this perception, throws about the forms of the poor and suffering the holy garments of love and beauty. *The Old Bachelor's Night Cap* is a lovely idyll, which touches our sympathy not by throwing a factitious interest about the old bachelor, but by unveiling those holy images that people his heart, which none but the eyes of a seer can discover. True *vates* is Andersen, poet and seer in one. He reads and tells the hidden secrets, not for idle curiosity's sake, but that he may clarify the vision of men. He represents low life, not like Dickens, by a photograph of this phase of humanity, but by a sketch in which the *differentia* of poverty and low birth is given, that we may understand the common humanity which it shares with better fortune. He excites our interest in it, by showing that it is the same story of life with all, though the actor may be peasant and not kaisar. Who, that is of generous heart, can read the story of *The Sand Hills of Jutland*, and not see in Jörgen a brother? This story, indeed, for its quiet tone, its sad and yet hopeful spirit, its submission not to mere fate but to a higher Will, and its profound touch of human sorrow, is surely grand. It seems to us to mark a late period in Andersen's life. It is only one who has entered upon the afternoon of his days who sees the world by such a light.

Throughout his life he has moved in a clear atmosphere, not simply of poetry, but of human faith and love. In the *True Story of My Life*, we may read frequent direct expressions of this spirit in him. "We, all of us," he says, "resemble each other in that which is good and best." And again: "How bright and beautiful is the world! How good are human beings! That it is a pleasure to live, becomes ever more and more clear to me." Once more, as he closes the

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account of his life, brought down to the time of writing, July 1846, this is his retrospect:

"The story of my life, up to the present hour, lies unrolled before me, so rich and beautiful that I could not have invented it. I feel that I am a child of good fortune; almost every one meets me full of love and candor, and seldom has my confidence in human nature been deceived. From the prince to the poorest peasant I have felt the noble human heart beat. It is a joy to live, and believe in God and man."

In fine, the secret of Andersen's genius lies in the fact that he is essentially and always a child. He is a child in his memory, and in his fancy and feelings. His own time of childhood seems always to be present to his mind, furnishing incidents and characters to his purpose. He weaves bits of colors from his own history into the fabric of his story. The *Red Shoes* is a reproduction in sterner form of his own little experience, as he tells it in his life:

"An old female tailor altered my deceased father's great-coat into a confirmation suit for me; never before had I worn so good a coat. I had also, for the first time in my life, a pair of boots. My delight was extremely great; my only fear was that everybody would not see them, and therefore I drew them up over my trowsers, and thus marched through the church. The boots creaked, and that inwardly pleased me, for thus the congregation would hear that they were new. My whole devotion was disturbed; I was aware of it, and it caused me a horrible pang of conscience that my thoughts should be as much with my new boots as with God. I prayed him earnestly from my heart to forgive me; and then again I thought about my new boots."

His fancy is not only imbued with the spirit of childhood, but sometimes produces a repetition of the very images which might have been present to him when a child. When he was a little boy, he wrote a drama in which a king and queen were among the *dramatis personæ*.

"I thought it not quite right," he says, "that these dignified personages, as in Shakespeare, should speak like other men and women. I asked my mother, and different people, how a king ought properly to speak, but no one knew exactly. They said that it was so many years since a king had been in Odense, but that he certainly spoke in a foreign language. I procured myself, therefore, a sort of lexicon, in which were German, French, and English words with Danish meanings, and this helped me. I took a word out of each language, and inserted them into the speeches of my king and queen. It was a regular Babel-like language, which I considered only suitable for such elevated personages."

This same childish conception of royalty is amazingly repeated in his stories; all his kings seem to live with crowns on their heads, and to be always in state. In the *Nightingale*, he makes the Emperor of China live in a palace which was "built entirely of the finest porcelain, so costly,

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but at the same time so fragile, and so dangerous to be touched, that one could not be sufficiently on one's guard in it. In the garden, there were the scarcest flowers, the most beautiful of which had silver bells hanging to them, and these rang melodiously of their own accord, so that no one might pass them without duly admiring such wonders from the vegetable kingdom."

Yet for all this we do not think of him as weak or puerile. He appears strong through inherent purity rather than through the overcoming of evil. With most of us singleness of heart is an attribute recovered after long toil and weary conflict; but he is one of the few who seem never to have lost their first childhood. He creates for himself a pure world, in which he lives. Whatsoever he touches is transmuted to the same simple beauty; he touches our hearts, and whatever within us is child-like, lovingly responds. The children of his creation are immortal—immortal childhood itself is the symbol of Andersen's genius.

ART. III.—1. *Il Don Giovanni.* By MOZART.

2. *Robert le Diable.* By MEYERBEER.

3. *Otello.* By ROSSINI.

4. *Anna Bolena.* By DONIZETTI.

THERE are but few who appreciate the vast change which public taste has undergone in reference to music during the last quarter of a century, among all who speak the English language. This is particularly true of operatic music. The Italian opera had long been a favorite amusement among the French, Spanish and Germans, as well as among the Italians, before it received any encouragement in England. It was, however, beginning to get a foot-hold in the latter country when the Reformation commenced under the auspices of Henry VIII. This put a stop to it at once, as effectually as it did to painting and sculpture.

Nearly a century had elapsed from the time of Henry before the people were willing to tolerate it. Nor was the opposition which it encountered confined to the illiterate and

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fanatical. Some of the greatest wits of the day ridiculed it, as something that could exist only among a highly romantic people, like the Italians, or a frivolous people, like the French. Even Addison regarded it as a very absurd amusement. He thought that at best "its only design is to gratify the senses, and keep up *an indolent attention in the audience.*"* We need not say how few men of culture entertain the same opinion at the present day. Scarcely any do except clergymen, or those whom Burns would call the "unco-pious." Even the latter begin to admit that Satan may not have so much to do with it after all; though it is well known that most persons find the opera insipid enough when they have only attended it once or twice. It takes some time to be able to appreciate it; both the mind and the ear require some training before they become sensible to its beauties.

Those who have never attended an opera at all think it is downright affectation to pretend to be pleased with any airs, however good in themselves, the words of which are those of a foreign language. "How many," they say, "who pretend to be in an ecstasy at a song, understand one word of the tongue in which it is sung, &c., &c. No, no; people go to the Italian opera neither for the words nor the music, but just because it is fashionable; and that's all about it." This seems plausible enough, but it is not the less erroneous. A little reflection would satisfy the most skeptical on the subject. It is only necessary to bear in mind that the words of the best songs in our own language, sung by our best singers, can seldom be distinguished from each other, except the auditor is familiar with them, or has them before him in print. It may then be asked, If the words make no difference, why not translate the Italian into English, or have English opera instead of Italian opera? Then some words at least would be understood; whereas none are now, save by the very few who happen to understand Italian. The answer is, that of all modern languages the Italian is the softest and most musical. It contains none of those hissing or guttural sounds which so much abound in all other modern tongues, especially in the English and German; nay, it is but rarely that even one word in a line of Italian poetry ends with a consonant. We could illustrate this fact by almost any poem we are acquainted with in the language. A pretty fair specimen of the

* *Spectator*, No. 5.

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melodious softness of the Italian is afforded by that passage in Bellini's opera of *Il Pirata*, which commences thus:

"Ma non fia per sempr' odiâta
La mia memoria io spero."

Nor is it alone in the lyric poetry of Italy that the vowels and consonants are thus so charmingly blended—the former always predominating. In Dante, Ariosto and Tasso, when each is most sublime, bold and vigorous, we find similarly delightful successions of liquid sounds. Thus, for example, we have undoubtedly nothing in our language so melodious as the following stanza from the *Gerusalemme Liberata:*

"Fermossi; e lui di pauroso audace
Rende in quel punto il desparato amore:
I patti sian, dicea, poichè tu pace
Meco non vuoi, che tu mi tragga il core.
Il mio cor, non più mio, s' a te dispiace
Ch' egli più viva, volontario more:
E tuo gran tempo; e tempo è ben che trarlo
Omai tu debbia; e non debb' io vietarlo."*

The French, though inferior to the English in the higher flights of poetry, is better adapted than the latter to the purposes of minstrelsy; yet the Italian opera is quite as much admired at Paris, as compared to the native opera, as it is in London or New York. No people have a higher opinion of their own language than the Parisians; but they readily acknowledge the superiority of the Italian as a vehicle of melody. When it is remembered that the Spanish, Portuguese and Germans—in short, all the enlightened nations of Europe—do the same, it must be admitted, even by those who have no personal knowledge of the subject, that there must be grounds for an opinion so universally entertained.

It is hardly necessary to say that by this we do not mean that there is not melody in other languages also. Even the Italian cannot boast of nobler or more heart-stirring effusions than the English. It was by no foreign muse the unhappy but highly gifted Shelley was inspired when he poured forth his soul as follows:

"I pant for the music which is divine,
My heart in its thirst is a dying flower.
Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine,
Loosen the notes in a silver shower;
Like an herbless plain for the gentle rain,
I gasp, I faint, 'till they wake again!

* Canto iii., v. XXVII.

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"Let me drink of the spirit of that sweet sound;
More—oh, more! I am thirsting yet;
It loosens the serpent which care has bound
Upon my heart to stifle it;
The dissolving strain, through every vein,
Passes into my heart and brain."

It was only necessary for him to be acquainted with the poetry of Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden and Cowley, not to mention Moore and Byron and a host of others, to be able to appreciate the charms of melody. Every student of English literature remembers with what subtle sweetness the author of Paradise Lost exclaims, in his *L'Allegro*:

"Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the charms which tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

Throughout Shakespeare's plays we have the most eloquent tributes to the power of music. As a proof of its effect on the bard's own mind, we need only quote the one line in which he makes Jessica remark to her lover:

"*I am never merry when I hear sweet music.*"*

This may seem strange and contradictory; but who that is susceptible of the nobler emotions of the soul has not felt the

* The best *artistes* have often affected each other to tears by their enchanting strains. Madame Merlin gives a most interesting instance of this, in her admirable biography of Malibran.

"The presence," she says, "of Mademoiselle Sontag, at the Italian Theatre, was fresh stimulus for Maria's talent, and contributed to its perfection. Each time that the former obtained a brilliant triumph, Maria wept, and exclaimed '*Mon Dieu!* why does she sing so well?' then from these tears sprang a beauty and sublimity of harmony, of which the public had the benefit. It was the ardent desire of amateurs to hear these two charming artists sing together in the same opera; but they mutually feared each other, and for some time the much coveted gratification was deferred. One night they met at a concert at my house; a sort of plot had been laid, and toward the middle of the concert they were asked to sing the duet in *Tancredi*. For a few moments they showed fear, hesitation; but at last they yielded, and approached the piano, amidst the acclamations of all present. They both seemed agitated and disturbed, and observant of each other; but presently the conclusion of the symphony fixed their attention, and the duet began. The enthusiasm their singing excited was vivid and so equally divided, that at the end of the duet, and in the midst of the applause, they gazed at each other, bewildered, delighted, astonished; and by a spontaneous movement, and involuntary attraction, their hands and lips met, and a kiss of peace was given and received with all the vivacity and sincerity of youth. The scene was charming and has assuredly not been forgotten by those who witnessed it."—*Madame Malibran*, Par la Comtesse Merlin.

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truth of it? It is well known that even light, gay airs, when well sung, often impart a tinge of melancholy, as if to remind us that human pleasure, however exquisite in itself, must be blended with pain. We experience similar sensations in examining any truly great work of art, let its subject be what it may, for the simple reason that there is nothing that makes us think deeply which does not make us more or less sad; for melancholy, however much it be decried by the thoughtless, is ever the companion of delight. But need we say that music soothes while it saddens? Even when it reminds us of happy days gone by, never to return, and of beloved friends never again to be met with on earth, it has its healing balm. No poet, ancient or modern, has depicted this power more forcibly or more beautifully than Moore. In proof of this, we need only quote one stanza:

"Like the gale, that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song,
Which once was heard in happier hours.
Filled with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death:
Thus, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in music's breath."

All true poets, ancient and modern, have been enthusiastic in praise of music. Nor does Homer form an exception. All acquainted with the Odyssey are aware that when the Phæcacian youths danced before the much-enduring Ulysses at the command of King Alcinous, the glorious minstrel Demodocus sang the loves of Mars and the golden Aphrodite. Pope's version, or rather paraphrase, does but little justice to the passage, but it is the best we have at hand. At all events it will give the general reader a more correct idea of the author's meaning than would the original, with which only the select few can pretend to be acquainted:

"Ulysses gazed, astonished to survey
The glancing splendors as their sandals play.
Meantime the bard alternate to the strings
The loves of Mars and Cytherea sings;
How the stern god, enamored with her charms,
Clasped the gay panting goddess to his arms,
By bribes seduced;—and how the sun, whose eye
Views the broad heavens, disclosed the lawless joy."

Madame Dacier, the best critic of her sex, in commenting on this passage, observes with much truth and force that it

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"is remarkable, not because the dancers moved to the sound of the harp and the song, for in this there is nothing extraordinary; but in that they danced, if I may so express it, a history; that is, by their gestures and movements, they expressed what the music of the harp and the voice described, and the dance was a representation of what was the representation of the poet's song." But this is not the only passage in Homer that shows that the Greeks of the heroic age were not only passionately fond of music, but that a sort of performance corresponding with the modern opera was in great favor amongst them. Hope, than whom no one has bestowed more attention on the subject of Greek music, tells us that "Polybius attributes to the neglect of music the ferocious disposition of the Cynetans, and to the sedulous cultivation of music the softening of Arcadian rusticity. Aristotle, in the education of youth, urges, with equal earnestness, the practice of gymnastics and the study of music; and not only historians and philosophers—a Plato and a Theophrastus, a Strabo and a Plutarch—but even legislators and rulers *enforced in their commonwealth the study of music;* nay, made it a point to promote the cultivation of peculiar modes, and the exclusion of certain others; to keep a watchful eye over every innovation and change, whether in the construction of the musical instruments, or in the character of the musical compositions. Thence, while in ancient Rome the science of music was abandoned to slaves, in ancient Greece a want of musical skill was in the highest citizens deemed disgraceful. Amousikos, or unmusical, a term implying a deficiency either of natural firmness in the organs of sound, or of proper cultivation of their capabilities, became a term of bitter reproach. Thence Epaminondas was, by his biographer Nepos, praised for his proficiency, not only in dancing, but in playing on the flute; and Themistocles was on some occasion deemed ill educated for not knowing at a festival how to strike the lyre. The Greek diatonic, or musical scale, contained modes and sub-divisions and measure more minute than modern ears can discern. Vitruvius complained of not finding in the Latin language terms capable of rendering the Greek musical system of Aristomenes. Greeks were the inventors first of the lyre, in all its varieties, and later of the organ. From Greece came all the terms of music, vocal and instrumental, afterwards used in the Roman ritual; and thence do we find, like the language, the music of the Greeks branch out in so many

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different ramifications, that its tendrils seemed to entwine themselves with every affection of the mind, and give the impulse to every movement of the body."*

It was their love of harmony that caused the same people to be so fond of dancing, for they sent their dancing-masters as well as their music-teachers to all parts of the civilized world, as the French do in our own time; and we have evidence that the former were ridiculed then, as the latter are now, by those who think that nothing is good whose precise value or utility cannot be estimated in the current coin of the day. "In frames formed of a clay thus fine," observes Hope, "cast in a mould thus perfect, must have arisen organs of sense capable of impressions the most delicate and diversified. And, in fact, the ancient Greeks evinced the superiority of their organization, by surpassing, in every bodily display, every other nation. Among them, individuals, of every age and station alike, frequented the gymnasium; all were equally proud to excel in the more arduous games of the palæstra, and in the more elegant movements of the dance. Saltatory motions were not, in Greece, confined only to one sort, and only marked by one character. The young and the old, the grave and the gay, each had the choice of metrical movements suited to their rank and station. While the warrior delighted in the bold abruptness of the Pyrrhic step, the courtesan displayed the languishing movements of the Lydian measure; even the philosopher took his part in the maze with a grave and decorous dignity."†

If we examine the history of music among the Greeks, we shall find that the progress of the art was proportioned to that of painting and sculpture, so that it attained its highest perfection in the time of Pericles. And who can deny that its progress has been similarly distinguished among the moderns? Nowhere has this been more evident than in England. The English are said not to be a musical people; they readily admit the fact themselves; yet there is no audience in Europe more critical than a London audience. No audience in the world is more feared by *artistes* who have their reputation to establish; even those who have had the most triumphant success at Florence, Naples, Venice, Vienna, Berlin and Paris, approach London with diffidence—often literally with fear and trembling. Why is this? It is not

* *Hope's Origin and Prospects of Man*, p. 181. † *Ib.*, p. 184.

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because the English are cold-hearted, or unwilling to give genius all the credit that is due to it, for they are neither one nor the other. On the contrary, no people are more generous in this respect. They are critical simply because, although they do not possess musical talents themselves, they are capable of appreciating those talents in others. They employ the best *artistes*, cost what they may, or come from where they will; they give them better pay than they get anywhere else, and attend their performances more regularly than any other audience; and they will have none merely because they are cheap.*

By this means they secure the benefit of the highest musical education, their taste is formed on the best models. They may not be able to distinguish one note from another on paper; but the best musicians cannot pass a more accurate judgment on the rendering of a difficult passage in an opera. The same is true, though not to an equal extent, of a New York audience, composed in the main of the regular habitués of the opera; for New Yorkers, too, are willing to pay the highest price for the best talent. And if any one, capable of the effort, will compare the class of persons in the habit of attending the opera, with those in the habit of attending the theatre, he will readily admit the superior refinement, if not the general intellectual superiority, of the former.

While it is generally conceded that the tendency of the ordinary drama is to demoralize, experience proves that music, even when it is not of the highest order, purifies and elevates. Need we say that there is evidence of this in the recollection of every intelligent person? Nowhere has the

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* At first sight it may seem contradictory that it is not the people of those countries in which music is most cultivated, or the people who practice it most themselves, that are best competent to judge of its merits, or, what amounts to the same, that have the best musical taste; but such is really the fact. M. D'Alembert explains the apparent anomaly as follows:

"Outre la foule de compositeurs médiocres qui abonde toujours dans un pais où la musique est fort cultivée, *comme elle l'est en Italie*, le bon goût, il faut l'avouer, *y dégénère sensiblement*. Pergolese, trop tôt enlevé pour le progrès de l'art, a été le Raphaël de la musique Italienne; il lui avoit donné un style vrai, noble, et simple, dont les artistes de sa nation s'écartent un peu trop aujourd'hui. Le beau siècle de cet art semble être en Italie sur son déclin, et le siècle de Sénegrel et de Lucain commence à lui succéder. Quoiqu'on remarque encore dans la musique Italienne moderne des beautés vraies et supérieurs, l'art et le désir de surprendre s'y laisse voir trop souvent au préjudice de la nature et la vérité; ce n'est pas aujourd'hui que les Italiens éclairés s'en apergoivent eux-mêmes, et gemissent de cet abus. Mais il a sa source dans un défaut peut-être incurable, l'amour excessif des Italiens pour la nouveauté en fait de musique." —*Sur La Liberté de la Musique*, p. 122.

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experiment been tried but it has proved eminently successful. In several of the German States the people have their children instructed in music as carefully as in reading or writing. Those found not to have a good voice are taught to play on some instrument or other; generally whichever kind they prefer themselves; so that it is rare, for example, to meet with an Austrian—that is, one brought up in Austria proper—who is not a musician, vocal or instrumental; generally both. There are other States in which this is ridiculed as effeminate. Such is the case in Bohemia. But, if we compare the Bohemians with the Austrians, we shall find that the latter are vastly more brave as well as more moral—in every respect better citizens—than the former. Still more musical than the Austrians are the Tyrolese, and they are still braver, soberer and more industrious in proportion.*

Those who think that all music is dangerous to good morals, except sacred music—psalms, hymns, anthems, &c.—may reply that if the Tyrolese and Austrians are more industrious, brave, and virtuous, than their unmusical neighbors, they are so rather in spite of their musical propensities, than on account of them. Nor is there much use in trying to convince them of the contrary. But we have proofs at hand of the humanizing effects of music, which we think ought to satisfy even them. Thus, in a report now before us, of the Inspectors of Scotch Prisons, recently presented to the British Parliament, the Rev. George Scott, chaplain to the Glasgow Prison, bears the following testimony to the beneficial influence of music:

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* Nor is this high appreciation of music anything new among the educated classes of the German people. It was the same in the time of Luther; who has, perhaps, never infused more truth and philosophy into the same amount of space, than he has into the following noble tribute to the salutary influence of music:

"Music is one of the fairest and best gifts of God; and Satan hates it, nor can he bear it, since by its means we exorcise many temptations and wicked thoughts. Music is one of the best of the arts. The notes breathe life into the words. It chases away the spirit of melancholy, as we may see by the case of King Saul. Some of our nobility think that they have some great thing, when they give three thousand gulden yearly toward music, and yet they will throw away, without scruple perhaps, thirty thousand on follies. Kings, princes and lords must maintain music (for it is the duty of great potentates and monarchs to uphold excellent liberal arts, as well as laws), inasmuch as the common people and private individuals desire it, and would have it if their means were sufficient. Music is the best solace to a wearied man; through it the heart is again quieted, quickened, and refreshed; as that one says in Virgil:

'Tu calamos inflare leves, ego dicere versus.'"

Luther's Table Talk.

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"All the young prisoners have lately been indulged in the means of innocent recreation and exercise. A few who have a taste for music and drawing are occasionally indulged in gratifying the first, and at all times during their extra hours in cultivating the last. As to music, I am decidedly of opinion that it has a cheering and beneficial effect. It does not interfere with the work, and exhilarates the spirits of many who would be apt to fall into gloom and despondency. Before these various means of exhilaration were introduced, there were always a good many constantly sinking into a state of listless apathy; in which the mind seemed to fall asleep, or to be nearly overthrown, and the prisoner to sink into a state of lassitude, indifferent to everything. There used, also, to be frequent attempts at suicide, from the same despondency. Since these means of cheerful and innocent recreation have been introduced, I do not know of one attempt of the latter kind, and at present the mental energy of all the prisoners is more unimpaired than I ever observed. I attribute these beneficial effects, and the visible change, to the causes specified."

The effect of the famous Marseilles Hymn on the French Revolution is well known. It did more to arouse the people than scores of orators; and to this day it is more feared by the French Government than any other production, however voluminous. Napoleon I. remarked while at St. Helena, on being reminded of the fears he had evinced, even when at the meridian of his power, of the influence of literary men and women whom he knew to be opposed to his government, that he could not deny that he really had such fears, but that he would rather have had octavos of satires written against him, in poetry and prose, than to hear that the French people had again begun to march to the irresistible promptings of the Marseilles Hymn. Nor is this the only lyric that has been a source of dread to the rulers of France. The time the Bourbons had to employ Swiss regiments, a song composed by a Swiss peasant had such an effect on the latter that it was prohibited on pain of death throughout the French dominions, though in this case it was the words much more than the air that aroused the patriotism of the exiles, by reminding them, as will be presently seen, of their mountains and hills, torrents and limpid streams, fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, flocks and herds, shepherds and shepherdesses, &c.

"Quand reverrai-je en un jour
Tous les objets de mon amour?
Nos claires ruisseaux,
Nos côteaux,
Nos hameaux,
Nos montagnes?
Et l'ornement des nos compagnes?
—Là si gentil et sa beau,
—A l'ombre d'un ormeau,
Quand densarai-je au son du chalumeau?

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"Quand reverrai-je en un jour,
Tous les objets de mon amour—
Mon père,
Ma mère,
Mon frère,
Ma sœur,
Mes agneaux,
Mes tropeaux,
Ma bergère?
Quand reverrai-je au en jour,
Tous les objets de mon amour."

But it is not man alone that is capable of being influenced by music. That more musicians than Orpheus have "charmed the savage breast" is beyond dispute. Naturalists show us that the most ferocious beasts are more or less subdued by its powers. Captain Henry Wilson, of the East India Company's Service, who has written an interesting book on India, informs us that a travelling fakir called one day at his house with a beautiful large snake in a basket, which he caused to rise up and dance, as well as keep excellent time, to the tune of a pipe on which he played. Having been greatly annoyed with snakes about his farm-yard, which continued to destroy his poultry, and even attacked the animals, one of his servants inquired of the fakir whether he could pipe these snakes out of their holes and catch them, to which he hastily replied in the affirmative; and, being led to a place where a snake had recently been seen, began to play upon his pipe. In a short time a snake came gliding toward him, and was instantly caught; he commenced again, and had not continued five minutes when a huge *cobra de capello*, the most venomous kind of serpent, thrust his head from a hole in the room. The fakir approached him fearlessly and played with more spirit, until the snake was half out of his hole and ready to dart at him. He then played with one hand only, and advanced the other under the reptile as it was raising itself up to spring; the snake then darted at him, when dexterously seizing it by the tail he held it firmly until the servant despatched it.

In a manuscript work by William Dennis, who devoted his life to the study of natural history, it is stated that of all beasts there is no one that is not delighted with music but the donkey. "H. Stephens," he adds, "avows that he saw a lion in London leave his prey to hear music; and Mr. Playford informs us that, as he once travelled in Hertfordshire,

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he met a herd of stags upon the road following a bagpipe and violin; that while the music played they went forward, but when it ceased they stood still; and in this manner they were brought from Yorkshire to the park of Hampton Court.'

It may, indeed, be doubted whether the lion could be induced to abandon his prey by his love for music; nor does the story about the stags seem altogether credible; but as strange occurrences, resulting from the power of music, as either of those described by Dennis, are well authenticated. M. De Vernet, a French officer, while confined in the Bastile, used to beguile his weary hours by playing on the lute. He had thus, for several weeks, found consolation in his solitude. When playing one day he observed, to his astonishment, a number of mice and spiders issuing from their holes. He repeated the experiment with the same effect several times, and even found some entertainment in observing the attentive audience which he could assemble whenever he pleased.* The Abbé d'Olivet, than whom there is no more credible authority, informs us that Pelisson amused himself in a similar manner while confined in the same fortress. "For some time," says the Abbé, "he placed his flies on the edge of a spider's web, which was in process of being formed, while his valet, who was with him, played on a bag-pipe. Little by little the spider used itself to distinguish the sound of the instrument, and issue from its hole to run and catch its prey. Thus calling it always by the same sound, and placing the flies at a still greater distance, he succeeded, after several months, in drilling the spider by regular exercise, so that, at length, it never failed to appear at the first sound to seize the fly provided for it, even on the knees of the prisoner."

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* A still stranger case is reported in the Philadelphia Medical and Physical Journal for 1817, by Dr. Craner, of Jefferson county, who states that, "One evening in the month of December, as a few officers on board a British man-of-war, in the harbor of Plymouth, were seated round, one of them began to play a plaintive air on the violin. He had scarcely performed ten minutes, when a mouse, apparently frantic, made its appearance in the centre of the floor. The strange gestures of the little animal strongly excited the attention of the officers, who, with one consent, resolved to suffer it to continue its singular actions unmolested. Its exertions now appeared to be greater every moment. It shook its head, leaped about the table, and exhibited signs of the most ecstatic delight. It was observed that, in proportion to the gradation of the tones to the soft point, the feelings of the animal seemed to be increased, and *vice versa*. After performing actions which an animal so diminutive would at first sight seem incapable of, the little creature, to the astonishment of the delighted spectators, suddenly ceased to move, fell down, and expired without evincing any symptoms of pain."

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Man is generally more affected by the words of an air than by the air itself, even when the latter is most melodious and pathetic. There are but few of us who can withhold a tear from a song that recalls to us bygone, happy hours, the endeared haunts of our childhood, the loved, the absent, or the dead—one that those dearest to us had often heard and enjoyed with ourselves, but never can again. Even if we hear it for the first time, and that it possesses true merit, and is well sung, if we understand the words it charms us in one way or other. If its subject be one of sorrow, we may weep over our own woes, like the Phrygian girls at the bier of Patroclus; if it be one of love, it may remind us of the charms and tenderness of an adored mistress; or if it be one of adventure, or chivalry, it is equally potent in conjuring up to our minds those fairy tales and romances which gave us most delight in our youth, and the recollection of which makes us feel young under the frosts of sixty winters.

The Italian opera performed in foreign countries possesses none of these advantages, except to the few who understand the language. This may give some idea of the high order of genius which it is necessary for the operatic composer to possess, if he would be successful. A person of ordinary talent may indeed compose an air that is very agreeable—one that all will be pleased to hear—nay, one that may be encored and enthusiastically applauded. But this is a very different thing from producing a lyric drama that will afford delight to perhaps three thousand persons for hours together.

Mere harmony would not be sufficient for this; the sweetest voices and the most skilfully handled instruments would not be sufficient. There must be thoughts as well as melody. In other words, the mind must be moved as well as soothed, the intellect as well as the sensuous feelings must be acted upon. But, as already remarked, there are those who think that to all this the opera is unequal. Let us here pause for a moment, to see whether such are right or wrong. It matters little which of the works of the great composers we take up, in order to decide the question. Those whose titles are given at the head of our article will do as well as any others. In the first place, *Il Don Giovanni*, the *chef d'œuvre* of Mozart, which has justly been called the Iliad of operas, may be said to form a little

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world in itself—a perfect kosmos. There are but few dramas that contain so large a variety of characters, or in which such a diversity of passions are portrayed. How admirably does the tenderness of Ottavio contrast with the reckless buffoonery of Leporello! In what tragedy or comedy do we find truer portraitures than Donna Anna and Zerlina? and yet no two characters are more different. The heart-rending wailings of the former are relieved by the light-hearted carols of the latter. Here we have a scene of appalling midnight murder—there one of innocent rustic pastime. Just before the ghost appears in that awful recitative, every heart capable of a joyous emotion is thrilled with delight, as if the composer wished to prepare the audience to hold converse with the visitant from another world. Nor is it alone in the life-like truthfulness of his portraitures that Mozart rivals some of the world's greatest dramatists. When he is most gay and sportive he is deeply thoughtful, suggestive, abounding in refined sentiment, imparting grace to whatever he touches, and never forgetting that delicacy which, half dreamy as it is, expresses so much, and at the same time exercises a restraining influence on the proper passions of our nature. In short, there is not a finer lyric in any language than Zerlina's air, *Giovanotte che fatte amore*, or one more replete with thought and sentiment. This air alone would prove Mozart not only a musician of the first rank, but a true philosopher.

Meyerbeer is as much inferior to Mozart as Congreve is to Shakespeare; but it is not the less true that the *Robert le Diable* of the former is an admirable lyric drama, and it is so characteristic of the French throughout, that no one would suppose that it is the production of a foreigner. It shows that the author fully appreciated the quaint maxim of D'Alembert, that in France, if nowhere else, the music of the country as well as its religion and government should be respected—"Il y a chez toutes les nations deux choses qu'on doit respecter, la religion et le gouvernement; en France on y en ajoute une troisième, la musique du pais."

There is, however, much more satire than truth in this; at least more of the latter is meant than of the former; for D'Alembert attacked all three "without favor, or affection, malice or ill-will." It is he who, be it remembered, had the courage to call the French opera, as distinguished from the

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Italian, "un tintimarre que leur rompt la tête, ou un plain chant qui les endort par sa langueur, quand il ne les revolte pas, par sa prétention." At the time this was written, no people in Europe thought more highly of their opera than the *dilletanti* of France. Nor was D'Alembert singular in regarding it as little better than mere noise, somnolent dulness or affectation. Rousseau exclaimed too, "Nous n'avons point de musique!" What is still more remarkable is that the French government was of the same opinion with D'Alembert, so far as to think that the music of the country should be respected as much as its religion, or its laws; and in proof of its sincerity it not only denounced those who maintained the contrary, but threatened them with prosecution for sedition. This may seem incredible, but it is not the less true; for the Minister of public justice deemed it necessary to issue a sort of proclamation against the anti-French Opera heretics, in which the following passage occurs: "Toutes les libertés se tienent, et sont egalement dangereuses; la liberté de la musique suppose celle de sentir, la liberté de sentir entraine celle de penser, la liberté de penser celle de agir, et la liberté de agir, et *la ruine des etats*." Thus in one sentence one of the highest functionaries of the most enlightened government in Christendom proves, at least to his own satisfaction, that the liberty of music may cause the ruin of states. Whether this be true or not, is, however, not the question we have to solve. We refer to it simply because it shows the importance attached to music as an instrument for good or for evil, by those who, from their position, ought to be best competent to appreciate its influence.

Meyerbeer has been much more successful in France as a reformer than Calvin; for the musical reformation has proved far more general than the Protestant Reformation, in that country; nay, indeed, the former is almost complete. The character of Robert is essentially French. He is the very impersonation of "the good knight and true." Brave as his sword, he is at once daring and light-hearted, superstitious and sacrilegious, fond of his new mistress and proud of his descent; now ready to "tear a passion to tatters," and anon as gay and joyous as if nothing had happened. In short, Robert is worthy of his name—he is emphatically Robert *the* Norman; he is a true hero *per se*, as well as the veritable hero of the piece. He is ever present to our minds during the performance of the whole opera; nor do we soon forget him

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after it is over. In a word, he teaches us to think—he is everywhere suggestive, which is the new characteristic of French opera. The manner in which he commences his courtship with the Sicilian Princess, by attempting to carry her away by force, reminds the historical student of the Black Prince, at Limoges, who is going to "fling the peasant girl to the general camp," until he ascertains that she is his own foster-sister; and every other trait in his character—his love for combats of all kinds; his indifference as to whether his opponent is a being of earth or heaven, or of the nether regions, remembering only that as a true Norman he must know no fear—is equally in unison with all that history teaches in regard to Norman chivalry, Norman dash, and Norman eccentricity.

Donizetti, by his *Anna Bolena*, and Rossini, by his *Otello*, have in turn tried to please the English and Americans in a similar manner, but by no means with the same success, though the efforts of both have been well received in England, if not in America. We do not remember to have ever seen the opera of *Anna Bolena* presented to an American audience; but we have little doubt that it would be well received at the Academy of Music. Certainly Mr. Ullman has often given us operas much less likely to prove acceptable.* By the way, why not try it soon, if it has not been tried already? Even if it has—if it

* It is not always those who do most good that get most credit for their exertions. This is particularly true as applied to the management of the opera in New York. Whatever successes have been accomplished at the Academy of Music, during the last two or three years, are due much more to Mr. Ullman's agent, Mr. Jacob Gosché, than to that gentleman himself. This we do not state merely as the result of our own observation and experience; it is the opinion of those friends of the opera who are best competent to judge, and who are under no compliment to one manager more than another, further than they think he deserves the distinction. Nor is it alone at the Academy of Music Mr. Gosché has thus won "golden opinions." The late Madame Rachel declared him the only agent she ever had whose conduct on all occasions elicited her approbation; and he accompanied her throughout Europe as well as America. We believe he is also the only man under whose management the German opera has had any success, worthy of the name, in this country. Did we feel disposed to make invidious comparisons, we might speak somewhat differently of Mr. Ullman; but whatever faults the latter has, have, perhaps, been sufficiently censured by others. At any rate it is but fair to bear in mind that the best managers in the world have failed to please everybody, nay, they have sometimes been most abused when they have acquitted themselves best. "Peu de gens savent, et beaucoup feignent d'ignorer," says an eminent foreign critic, "ce qu'il faut d'activité, de connaissances, et surtout, de patience, pour cet emploi (that of a manager). Tous ceux qui vous entourent n'ont en vue que leur intérêt personnel; ce que vous leur faites de bien est à peine remarqué, et les tors les plus légers sont envenimés—les plus petites fautes sont relevées et blamées avec un rigueur excessive."

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has failed once—it would be well to try it again with a better company, that is, when, perchance, we have such. The *dramatis personæ* alone would secure it attention. But, on reflection, whom have we now that could personate Henry VIII. as well as Lablache, for whom the part was first designed, and who acquitted himself so well in undertaking it? And who have we that could personate Anna Boleyn, as well as Pasta? not to mention Lady Jane Seymour, Lord Rocheford, Lord Percy, Smeaton (the Queen's page) and Harvey; all of whom receive due attention in Donizetti's opera. At Naples, Florence, Vienna and Paris, *Anna Bolena* has attracted large audiences. The Neapolitans, who would not tolerate Pasta in *Semiramide*, were delighted with her as Anna Boleyn, and Rubini has never received more applause than he did at Florence, as the faithful, hapless lover in the same opera.

Otello is, however, a much better piece, although it can hardly be said to have more than the one character; the whole interest being concentrated, from beginning to end, on Desdemona. Rossini gives us no blending of lights with shades. All is gloom and sadness in his *Otello*. But nowhere is the wailing of grief more affecting. Whether the gentle Desdemona is pleading to a relentless father, or imploring a still more unfeeling husband, not to condemn her without any evidence of guilt, we are equally interested in the result. Our sympathies increase and our hearts grow more and more sad as the piece progresses, until we hear the rain pelting, and the thunder rolling without, while our hearts shudder to find her, at the opening of the third act, sitting beside her desolate hearth, "with all her household goods prostrate around her." There is nothing more deeply touching, even in Shakespeare, than that passage in which she seizes her harp, and, flinging her hand wildly over the strings, seeks to forget her own misfortunes in singing the favorite song of her friend. The song is an outpouring of her grief; her tears gush forth with the music; but both give her relief in spite of the storm that continues to howl in her apartment like a bird of evil omen. Every note grows more and more awful until the final scene ensues—the reproaches, the protestations, the sobs, the tears, the sighs; then the struggles, the dying agonies of the victim; and while the falling of the curtain gives relief, one is sadly reminded of the ballad in Shakespeare, in which the heroine says:

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"*Desdemona*—My mother had a maid called Barbara;
She was in love; and he she loved proved mad,
And did forsake her. She had a song of—Willow,
An old thing 'twas, but *it expressed her fortune,*
And she died singing it."

To give even a catalogue of operas that have been written by such composers as Weber, Morsigny, Haydn, Handel, Gabrielli, Mendelssohn, Farinelli, &c., &c., and which have in turn afforded delight to thousands in all the principal cities of Europe and America, would occupy much more time and space than we have to spare. We must, therefore, confine our remarks to one or two. Who that has heard any of the pieces of Beethoven suitably performed, and was capable of appreciating them, will not bear testimony to their almost miraculous effect on the mind? The great and gifted of Europe, emperors, kings, poets, historians, warriors, &c., went hundreds of miles to his concerts. Nor could any sovereign have had greater honors paid to his memory after death. The statue erected to his memory at Bonn, in Germany, is one of the noblest specimens of modern art, and the festival with which it was inaugurated was attended by several crowned heads, including the King of Prussia, Queen Victoria, and the King of the Belgians. Three thousand persons met in the music hall; and among the musical celebrities who took part in the performances were Fetis, Spohr, Rellstab, Liszt, Berlioz, Fischoff, Schindler, &c., &c.*

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* Paganini, though little spoken of in this country, was another musical genius of the first order. His performances on the violin have probably never been equalled. Ole Bull and Vieuxtemps are indeed excellent performers; so are others whom we could mention; but it is no exaggeration to say that Paganini had more power over that instrument than all together. No one has described his playing more truthfully than Leigh Hunt, from whose Tattler we extract the following passage:

"His playing is indeed marvellous; what other players can do well, he does a hundred times better. We never heard such playing before; nor had we imagined it. His bow perfectly talks—it remonstrates, supplicates, answers, holds a dialogue. It would be the easiest thing in the world to put words to his music. We heard an enthusiastic violin-player assert at once, in the heat of argument with a painter, that it would be as possible to call for a chop at a tavern by playing, as by painting it. Last night we almost began to think that this hyperbole was hardly a fiction. We are sure that, with a given subject, or even without it, Paganini's best playing could be construed into a discourse by an imaginative person.

"Last night he began a composition of his own—very good, by the way—an *allegro maestoso* movement—majestically cheerful—with singular force and precision. Precision is not the proper word—it was a sort of peremptoriness and dash. He did not put his bow to the strings, nor lay it on them; he struck them as you might imagine a Greek would have done, when he used his *plectrum*, and 'smote the sounding shell.' He then fell into a tender strain till the

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The rapid increase of our pages admonishes us that we can add little, on the present occasion, to our remarks on the opera. But it is our intention to return to the subject. Believing that, as we have endeavored to show in this article, music exercises a powerful effect on civilization—that it is a much more efficient instrument of culture than many, even of those who appreciate it best, are aware—our best efforts will be devoted, from time to time, to the encouragement and aid of those who evince the laudable ambition of securing for it that recognition, as an important branch of education, which it has long enjoyed in the principal nations of continental Europe, and which is gradually, though slowly, being awarded to it in England. The way to do this, however, is not to praise our composers, or *artistes*, more than they deserve; to write eulogies on operatic, or other musical performances, always declaring the last to be the best, &c. This, we know, is very fashionable; but it is equally fashionable to praise the most worthless books; yet our readers will bear us testimony that, while we are always, not only willing, but glad to render ample justice to merit, we do not hesitate to expose mere pretension, and show that what is often sought to be palmed off on the public as gold, is really nothing more than the commonest

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strings, when he touched them, appeared to shiver with pleasure. Then he gave us a sort of minute warbling, as if a half-a-dozen humming birds were singing at the tops of their voices—the highest notes sometimes leaping off, and shivering like sprinkles of water; then he descended, with wonderful force and gravity into the base; then he would commence a strain of earnest feeling, or entreaty, with notes of the greatest solidity, yet full of trembling emotion; and then again he would leap to a height beyond all height, with notes of desperate minuteness, then flash down in a set of headlong harmonies, sharp and brilliant as the edges of swords, then warble again with inconceivable remoteness, as if he was a ventriloquizing bird; and, finally, besides his usual wonderful staccatos in ordinary, he would suddenly throw handfuls, as it were of staccatoed notes, in distinct and repeated showers, over his violin, small and pungent as the tips of pins.

"When the transports of the audience have produced a dead silence, Paganini seems to take advantage of it, to introduce his marvels of delicate execution and passages *sui generis*. It is then that he treats us with his distant warblings of birds, and those singular showers of little distinct notes, as if he sprinkled one's ears in play. However, there is no playfulness in his face; he looks so grave, that we begin to see nothing but grave mystery in his performance—a fancy which is increased by his own little intervals of silence, as if he were preparing his charm like a sorcerer. Now he comes down with his flashing harmonies, and then is silent; he then gives us some of his showers; and is again silent; then, when the listening is at its height, and everybody is sitting in breathless expectation, he touches the minutest of notes in alto, and comes rapidly whispering to us all down his violin, in the most extraordinary of chromatic passages, as if some wonderful nightingale were making experiments upon its voice, and knew that the neighborhood were enchanted."

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brass. In proof of the liberty which we take in this way, we can refer to any number of our journal. And since we are not afraid to speak of books as we find them, whether they are designed for instruction, or amusement—for the college or the school, the centre-table, or the railroad stall—no matter by whom they are published, it is not likely that we will swerve from showing the difference, as best we can, between a good opera and a bad opera; between a good *artiste* and an *artiste* that is merely cheap; between a "season" that has really proved successful and a season which everybody knows was, and ought to have been, a miserable failure.

The citizens of Boston,* Philadelphia, and Baltimore, as well as of New York, who are in the habit of attending musical entertainments, are as willing to pay for the best talent, and perhaps as well able to appreciate it, as any European audience, equally miscellaneous. Those who undertake to cater for them should furnish them the best, accordingly. Sometimes, indeed, this is done; but, in general, our operatic companies are such as would not be tolerated for one week in any of the principal cities of Europe. None know this better than our managers; yet, when they fail, they make a great outcry; they represent themselves as injured individuals; the victims of want of taste on the part of our people; instead of honestly admitting that only themselves are to blame.

Mr. Ullman seems to have learned that this sort of thing will no longer do. Perhaps it would be doing him more justice to acknowledge that he made the discovery, with the aid of Mr. Gosché, nearly two years ago; for, if he has not presented us any very good *artistes* within the last year, the fault

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* Boston pays more attention to music, in proportion to her population, than New York; simply, as we take it, because her citizens are, in general, better educated. There is more Puritanism in the former than in the latter city; but the superior culture more than counterbalances this difference. If a certain class in the modern Athens regard amusement as sin, those who give tone to public opinion know very well that there is no superstition more foolish—that

"Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se
Quàm quòd ridiculos homines facit."

The superior musical taste of Boston is sufficiently indicated by the fact that nowhere else on this continent is there so much attention paid to the best class of musical publications. There is music enough published in this city; but it is vastly inferior to that published by Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston; who, in addition to the best efforts of our own composers, reproduce the *chefs d'œuvres* of the great masters of Italy and Germany, including whole operas; and also publish the best musical journal in America—i. e. "*Dwight's Journal of Music.*"

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is less his than that of the times. The opera could expect no immunity from the blight of secession and civil war, more than the publishing trade, the pursuit of literature, or anything else useful and pleasant, which has suffered from it. But the worst of the secession mania is over now. Thanks to the patriotism of our people, and the disposition of our Government to do its duty, if unhappily civil war still rages, that degree of public confidence in the stability of our institutions is restored which is next to peace, in its effect, in disposing the mind to intellectual enjoyment. This, too, it seems, Mr. Ullman not only understands, but is preparing for. If we are correctly informed, he has already entered into arrangements with the best artists in Europe, including Madame Ristori, who has so long been the delight of the Parisians, and for the monopoly of whom the principal directors of Europe, from Lisbon to St. Petersburgh, and from Berlin to London, have been trying, for the last two years, to outmanœuver each other. Should this prove true—should he secure for the Fall, not only Madame Ristori, but a company, the *ensemble* of which will be capable of sustaining that gifted lady—he will be worthy of being liberally sustained; if, upon the other hand, he contents himself, under one pretext or other, with stars of the fifth magnitude, such as he has given us, with scarcely an exception of a higher order, within the last year, he need calculate on nothing but failure, nor will he deserve a better fate.

ART. IV.—1. *Voyages dans les Alpes, en Valais, au Mont Cervin et autour Mont Rose.* Par H. B. DE SAUSSURE.

2. *L'Education Progressive, ou Etude du Cours de la Vie.*

3. *Etude de la Vie des Femmes.* Par Madame NECKER DE SAUSSURE.

IT is gratifying to trace in families a common tie of intellect, especially when talents are consecrated to great and good objects. The father and daughter whose works are before us, are not only distinguished in the annals of science and literature, but are eminent for their social virtues. Horace-Bénédict de Saussure was the first *savant* who visited the higher Alps, and their snowy summits will ever be regarded as monumental to him who was the first to contem-

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plate their imposing masses, looking down from their loftiest pinnacle, Mont Blanc. It was not as a mere lover of adventure, ambitious of achieving a brilliant exploit, that De Saussure toiled to overcome the many obstacles which interposed in his attempt to accomplish what man had not hitherto performed. From his childhood, he had been a lover of science.

His biographer says that his mother being long confined by a painful malady to her reclining-chair, her little son, perceiving her fondness for flowers, began, almost as soon as he could walk, to search for them, gradually extending his excursions beyond the precincts of the town (Geneva), by the brook side, in the woods, and by the borders of the lake. He delighted to pour his floral treasures into his mother's lap, and to watch the pleasure thus afforded her. In these childish excursions he began to evince a love of nature, in all her forms, which in after-life guided and animated his pursuits. No details, however minute, escaped his observation; the bird's nest which he found in the grass, or upon the branches of the low shrub, the insect humming about the flowers, the moss upon the stones, and even the pebbles of the streets, were all to him as a book in which, according to his childish comprehension, he loved to read. Gradually his explorations became more extended. From the beautiful banks of Lake Leman he raised his eyes to the Alps, and his imagination pictured the botanical and mineral treasures to be found in their untrodden heights. The flowers and minerals of his native valley, its hills and brooks, the lake shore, the borders of the Rhine and Arre, the rocks of Jura and Salève, had all become familiar to the young naturalist. The celebrated botanist, Charles Bonnet, who had married the sister of his mother, was often the companion of his rambles, and assisted in directing his mind to the conscientious study of truth and nature. But his love of natural science did not prevent his taking a high rank in the Academy of Geneva, in mathematics and philosophy; as, at the age of twenty-two years, he was promoted to a professorship in these departments. He was distinguished by a peculiar power over the minds of his pupils, who were proud in after-years to say they had been instructed by De Saussure. But the labors of his new vocation did not turn his mind from his cherished pursuits. He had formed a friendship with Haller, which naturally led him towards botany. His observations upon the functions of leaves furnish a valuable supplement to the works of Haller and Bonnet. In his

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fatiguing and dangerous journeys among the mountains of Switzerland and Italy, and with other objects in view than botanical discoveries, he seldom passed a flower without observing it, and was ever delighted to meet with a new or rare plant.

But the great and absorbing passion of this naturalist was for mountains. He resolved to study the structure of the earth in the records to be found in them. Until the time of De Saussure, Geology had been considered a chimerical science; various absurd systems of cosmogony had served but to throw discredit upon researches into the earth's structure. Mineralogy, the basis of Geology, as a science, did not exist; the substances which compose the crust of the earth were not understood. Physical Geography had received little attention, or had been erroneously represented; the topography of the Alps was as little known, as is now that of the Himalaya, or Mountains of the Moon. Physical and moral obstacles everywhere presented themselves to the view of De Saussure, when he undertook this new branch of human knowledge. But he boldly ventured forth into the vast extent of a domain of which no one before him had passed the first barriers. "To consult the list of his works," says his biographer, "it might seem as if, too fond of variety, he had passed from one pursuit to another, physics, geology, botany, meteorology, &c., but we find that one great idea is ever present with him, and that an unbroken chain of association binds together his varied knowledge. All tends to solve the problem upon which he labors."

It was not in the leisure of a quiet life that De Saussure sought for the materials of a great science; but, braving the tempests and the glaciers of uninhabitable mountain heights, he sought to surprise Nature in her mysterious operations. To use his own words: "Those great chains whose summits pierce into the high regions of the atmosphere, seem to be the laboratory of nature, and the reservoir from which she draws the good and the evil which she bestows upon the earth, the rivers which water and the torrents which ravage it; the rains which fertilize and the storms which desolate it. All the phenomena of general physics are there presented with a majesty and grandeur of which the inhabitants of the plains have no idea; the action of winds and of electricity is there manifested with astonishing force; the clouds form under the eye of the observer, and he may see gathering

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beneath him tempests which devastate the plains, while the rays of the sun are bright around him, and above his head the heaven is pure and serene."

The mind of De Saussure could not rest upon superficial proofs; he did not allow his reason to be subjugated by the spirit of system. If he perceived a possible cause, or was struck with a new idea, he subjected this to the most rigid proofs, more severe when they seemed to confirm his views than when they contradicted them. This need of exact knowledge left him no repose. He had studied the Alps in detail, but it seemed necessary he should view them in their *tout ensemble*, that he might by a *coup d'œil* comprehend the system of their connection, and seize upon the mutual relations of these high summits, with whose particular organization he had become acquainted. That admirable but hitherto inaccessible observatory, Mont Blanc, mocked his wishes. "I was haunted," he says, "by that thought, it became to me a sort of moral malady; my eyes were continually turned towards this mountain, conspicuous from so many points of view about my home, and always with a sentiment of deep sadness." In August, 1787, De Saussure attained the great object of his wishes, in ascending the summit of Mont Blanc, but not until after a Swiss peasant had achieved the dangerous height.

In beautiful harmony with his intellect was the spiritual development which raised him to lofty regions of pure and elevated sentiment, diffusing a charm over his writings, which science alone can never impart.

Les Voyages dans les Alpes opens with a description of the environs of Geneva; the author stops at this vestibule of the Alps, the natural history of which he describes in detail, with the surrounding mountains—the Salève, the Voiron, the Môle, and the Jura. In the second part, the author describes his various excursions to the valley of Chamouni; in the third part, his various attempts to ascend Mont Blanc, and his final success, with the physical effects upon the human system produced by the great elevation; his scientific observations, &c. In the fourth part, he gives an account of his sojourn for several days at the "Col du Géant," at some distance above Chamouni, where the only living animal discovered, which seemed to have its home in that desolation, was a black spider adhering to the rocks, and where but one plant—a species of moss—was seen. The fifth and last por-

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tion of the work is devoted to journeys to Italy, Mont Rosa,* the Valais, and the Simplon. There are few American travellers who have not become familiar with these localities; but, perhaps, it may not be generally known how much mankind are indebted to the genius of De Saussure for that knowledge of their natural history and physical relations which has rendered them easy of access, and aided in establishing, for the comfort of the traveller, hospices, in regions where the great naturalist encountered frightful solitude and barren desolation.

Theodore de Saussure inherited his father's love of science, and was the companion of some of his perilous excursions to the high Alps. In the account of the first ascension of Mont Blanc in 1786, the author says, "My eldest son ardently desired to accompany me, but I feared that he was not yet sufficiently robust, and accustomed to hardships, to encounter the fatigues and dangers of such a journey." But afterwards we find this son laboring and suffering with his father upon the Col du Géant, at Monte Rosa and Mont Cervin.

To the peculiar advantages of the great scientific acquisitions, De Saussure united in a high degree, qualities of mind and character which at all times, and upon all subjects, distinguish a writer; qualities which, penetrating thought and language, attract the sympathy and command the attention of the reader. We see in this philosopher, a man of wealth, and accustomed to all the luxuries of life, go forth with his knotted stick, trusting to his strong limbs to carry him on his toilsome journey—becoming a man of Chamouni, and in a country without inns or provisions of any kind for the comfort of travellers, adapting himself to the coarse manners and food of the mountaineers. He is not seeking for health or pleasure, but they come to him, and he partakes with relish of his hard fare, and sleeps sweetly on his bed of straw.

Albertine, the daughter of De Saussure, was educated under the care of her father, who, early perceiving her uncommon talents, applied himself to their cultivation. From what we have learned of the mind and character of this father, we could have no fear that his habits of scientific research and mathematical precision would render him a hard

* The pearl-lustrous mineral *Saussurite*, found in large masses in Monte Rosa, was named in honor of Benedict de Saussure.

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or uninteresting preceptor. His lively and poetic imagination and ardent temperament happily blended with other qualities, peculiarly fitting him to mould the character and form the tastes of the young. We must admit that, according to the biographer of Madame de Saussure, her education was not conducted according to strict methodical rules, such as sometimes darken rather than enlighten intelligence, and depress rather than elevate the imagination. The quickening influences of natural science surrounded on all sides the children of De Saussure. The tastes of their father became theirs; and their experiments in chemistry, meteorology and natural philosophy, with the study of minerals, plants and animals, were the common occupations of life, without thinking that this was going to school, or carrying forward their education.

We are aware that professed educators may condemn as contrary to all established theories the acknowledged practice of De Saussure, in permitting his pupils to learn things by glimpses rather than follow step by step from the known to the unknown, until the path of knowledge was made smooth before them. "He loved," says his biographer, "to put in the hands of his daughter a mass of books which seemed above her age and intelligence. He enjoyed her perplexity, and was amused with the account she would give him of the result of her studies." We must, however, observe, that though to a mind like that of young Albertine de Saussure, such a course might have been followed with good results, ordinary young persons would have been discouraged, if not stultified by subjecting them to such an ordeal.

"Mademoiselle de Saussure," says her biographer, "at the age of seven years, accompanied her parents on a tour to Italy. Her studies were not interrupted by travelling, the lessons were continued in the carriage and the inns of the wayside as at home. M. de Saussure, who knew the value of time, gave his children *one quarter of an hour* to establish themselves in any new place. This habit of making the most of time continued to govern Madame Necker, even in her old age. It enabled her to perform, besides all the ordinary duties of woman's life, an amount of study and literary labor, which alone would seem to have demanded the consecration of her whole time. By a happy and uniform arrangement of her duties and occupations, she preserved her soul in activity and peace."

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We are able here to give an extract from Madame Necker's own account of this journey to Italy, from an unpublished autobiography:

"Before I was seven years old, I went with my parents to Italy; a journey which my father was obliged to take for his health. During the year of our travels, my father sought continually to develop my mind. The beauties of nature, the master-pieces of art, the charms of poetry, the conversation of the most celebrated persons, were all within my reach, and my father, distinguished not more by superiority of intellect than for enthusiasm of soul, imparted the most lively interest to every subject which presented itself. Yet while he wished to render me a cultivated woman, he dreaded the least disposition to pretension or vanity, and such was the influence he exerted over me in this respect, that I long entertained a great dread of emerging from the seclusion generally assigned to women, and allowing my name, in any manner, to appear before the public."

Some interesting particulars of Madame Necker's* sojourn in Italy appear in this autobiography, which her friends in Europe may be pleased to meet with, since her European biographer supposes she retained but a faint remembrance of that period:

"The little girls of Italy," says Madame de Saussure, "at that time (1772–3) were usually educated in convents, and they appeared in the paternal mansion as little dolls, well powdered, wearing hoops and bodices, and never expected to say a word. They were therefore surprised to see a child dressed simply, in a white frock, with only a sash around her waist, her hair curling naturally, and talking briskly in French and Italian. I have not a remarkable mind, but my intellect was sufficiently quick to make me pass for a wonder among children of my own age, thus borne down by the weight of dress and a depressing education. Some one asked my father if I learned by heart in the morning all I said at night. One day, when we were going to a villa, where the Pope Ganganelli (Clement XIV.) usually walked some distance before taking his carriage, a certain abbé who was with us pushed me forward, saying, 'Run, and throw yourself at his feet.' I obeyed him, and the good Pope took me in his arms and embraced me. This adventure was much talked of at Rome, and many thought it a great pity that a heretic should have been the object of so great favor. My parents began to fear that I might be taken from them and shut up in some convent."

We pass over an interesting account of the visit to Naples, and the attentions which, as a child, she received from the royal family. How she recited fables to the queen, and answered various questions which were put to her on the subject of her studies. But though Albertine was a *petite savante*, she mentions her simplicity in some things, in which

* We use the appellations by which this lady was known at home and by her biographers, by marriage Madame Necker, but often connecting with this her family name.

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girls of her own age were her superiors. "One evening," she says, "we were entertained as guests at a chateau in Switzerland. There were girls present who had not yet learned their letters. They had among them a certain play for pieces of money, in which I joined, losing all those my father had given me for the purpose. At length he called me aside and said: 'These children have six times more sense than you have, for they have been all the time cheating you without your knowing it.' And thus," says Madame de Saussure, "it has always been with me. I have never possessed skill in managing business affairs, and have often allowed others to take undue advantages without my knowing it at the time."

Respecting her literary studies, she says in her autobiography: "I have pursued the study of the languages, Latin, English and Italian, besides mathematics and the natural sciences. I assisted my father in finding for him the heights of mountains by the barometer, in correcting his experiments, and in drawing many objects for him." She regrets having lost much time in the cultivation of music, for which she had not a great talent—understanding well the theory, she had failed in execution. "Yet," she says, "the attainments I have made in this art have been useful to me in cultivating happy dispositions in my children. I had more talent for drawing, but it seems to me as if all my attainments were but *beginnings*." In the early part of her life, Madame de Saussure says she studied German, in order to associate herself more intimately with Madame de Staël. Under her supervision she translated Schlegel's "Course of Dramatic Literature."

The marriage of Albertine de Saussure to M. Necker, a nephew of the French Minister of Finance, took place when she was nineteen years of age. The French Revolution destroyed the brilliant prospects of her husband, and induced him to reside at Geneva, where, repressing an impatient spirit, he devoted himself to domestic life, and the scientific and literary pursuits which had given character to the family with whom he had become connected. When the fall of Napoleon left Geneva to govern itself, M. Necker took part in the questions which agitated the new government. The disturbances and miseries of the twenty-five years which had preceded had made too deep an impression upon his mind to be erased by the imposing grandeur of the new ideas of free-

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dom. He had conceived a distrust of systems of national liberty; he had been educated to respect ancient usages, and was opposed to the deviation from them which the new theories countenanced. As the chief officer of the city government in the first years which followed the restoration of Geneva to her ancient rights, he was firm and rigid in his loyalty to his own principles. Madame Necker, with greater enthusiasm for liberty, and considering him too absolute in his views, often warmly discussed with him the particular questions which agitated the minds of the enlightened inhabitants of Switzerland. But, according to her biographer, their mutual affection was never for a moment disturbed by these storms in the region of theories.*

It has happened to Geneva to be frequently the object of disputes, in which she has had no share. Too feeble to decide her political destiny for herself, she has been compelled to acquiesce in the government established for her by alternate sovereigns. But that was no cause for the abasement of the noble minds which had found in that beautiful city a delightful and quiet home. Under different powers, the Genevois maintained their own independence of thought; they submitted to an intelligent neutrality, sensible of their own want of power to oppose a powerful nation, or even as an ally to contribute essential aid in maintaining what they might deem the right. Situated at the gates of Italy, in the neighborhood of Germany, speaking the language of her neighbors of France, Geneva has ever been the resort of intelligent strangers, who have added a charm to its social life. Its native inhabitants who have passed the early portion of their life in other countries, have loved to carry home the fruits of their studies and their attainments in the arts, sciences and literature, or the knowledge acquired in the practice of business. Small as is the country of the Genevois, it has produced many celebrities. At the period when Madame Necker entered society, there were in the circle in which she moved many distinguished men; De Candolle, the great botanist, whose mantle fell worthily upon his son, Pictet, Châteauvieux, Dumont, Cellèrier, Bonsetten, Sismondi, and many others whose names are known to fame.

* We commend this forbearance to the families who on this day are divided on political questions, so that to the horrors of civil war may not be added the bitterness of social and domestic discord.

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The neighborhood of Coppet, the home of Madame de Staël, formed a delightful place of resort, and there the light of intelligence, the ardor of noble thoughts, glancing from soul to soul, gave new impulse to genius.

It was when the uncle of M. Necker, with his family, having been exiled from France, established themselves at Coppet, in the neighborhood of Geneva, that Madame Necker de Saussure and Madame de Staël became endeared in the bonds of a warm and lasting friendship. Madame Necker at first followed, as it were, "afar off," the footsteps of her distinguished friend. She says in her autobiography: "Besides the time devoted to the education of my children, the pleasure I took in associating myself with the studies and success of Madame de Staël left me no leisure to write for the public."

It was not till after the death of this friend that she began to prepare a work for publication, and this was the Life of Madame de Staël. Composed under the pressure of deep sorrow, as a literary performance, this work is not equal to her later writings. To the most lively sentiment of affection for her distinguished friend, had succeeded, at her death, a profound grief. She remembered all her words, and in the attempt to follow out the course this friend had marked out for her, she was gradually soothed and comforted. She thought of the oft-repeated counsel of Madame de Staël: "Accustom yourself to write for the public, there will come a time when, for want of the habit, you will find it impossible." We can imagine with what feelings she executed the task; we can understand why an American compiler of Memoirs should be disappointed in looking to this work as authority, and say that "Madame de Saussure has given an eloquent sketch of Madame de Staël's character and writings; but she has passed lightly over events, and has given no dates."

But we learn more of the heart and real character of that brilliant woman by her appreciative friend, than from most other sources. The general idea respecting her is, doubtless, that of a vain, ambitious, masculine woman, with an inordinate love of admiration, pursuing her own selfish plans, regardless of the feelings or interests of others. The want of domestic happiness in her marriage with the Swedish ambassador, her partial separation from him, and her subsequent private marriage with De Rocca, have been urged to prove that she was destitute of domestic qualities, and

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even wanting in virtuous principles. In the mirror which Madame de Saussure holds up before us, we see a woman of deep sensibility, ardent in her affections, generous to excess in her sympathies, noble and magnanimous in disposition; in short we see the moral and social qualities of a true woman, with powerful impulses prompting to good, and detesting evil. We see a loving, lovable woman, such as we would choose for a friend and companion in social life. It was in such a light, softened indeed by the shadows of the tomb, that Albertine de Saussure saw and painted Madame de Staël, with whom from her early youth she had maintained a tender and devoted intimacy.*

The friendship between the two distinguished women whose characters we are considering brings out Madame de Staël in a different light from that in which we are accustomed to regard her. Her mind in its structure was philosophic, while that of Madame de Saussure was eminently religious. The influence of Parisian society, in which Madame de Staël passed the earlier and more brilliant period of her life, was hostile to religious habits or impressions, while in the writings of Madame de Saussure, educated in the severe tenets and observances of Calvinism, the Christian believer is ever apparent.

"The name of Madame de Saussure," says one of the translators of her "Progressive Education," "was the '*open sesame*' which unlocked to our party the gates of Coppet, when, weary travellers, we went there to pay our homage of respect to the memory of departed genius. The old servant at the porter's lodge, who looked as if he might have seen Parisian service under the Minister of Finance, said he could not give us admittance to the chateau, for '*nous avons du monde ici.*' When we said we had been correspondents of Madame de Saussure, and only wished to walk over the grounds and visit the family tomb, the old *serviteur*, with graceful alacrity,

* In 18— the author visited Coppet, where repose the ashes of the family of Necker. "Here," said Mademoiselle Albertine Turrettine, the favorite granddaughter and private secretary of Madame de Saussure, "I often accompanied my grandmother, who, lost in thought, loved to wander amid the shades which darkened the tomb of Madame de Staël. She often said to me, 'When I am gone, you will come here and remember these homes.'"

Should this page chance to meet the eye of the noble woman who bears the name and inherits the excellences of her distinguished grandmother, we pray that she will excuse this allusion to her by one whose heart can never forget the refined Swiss hospitality exercised towards an American party by the son-in-law and grand-children of her whose writings are so highly appreciated in our country.

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threw open the high, arched doorway, and we were soon wandering through the walks and shades where were composed many of the works of genius which have so astonished and delighted the world."

To one who has been privileged to learn in the household of this *good* great woman, from the lips of her descendants, the sentiments of reverence inspired by her virtues, and from the widowed husband of her only daughter, now a man in the decline of life, and hear the warmest testimony of filial love and veneration, there can be no question as to the lovely character which she exhibited through life, and that its close was, as we might expect that of the upright to be, beautiful and holy.

The biographer of Madame de Saussure says:

"She consecrated her life to the development of noble sentiments, profound affections, and elevated thoughts; she derived from the wealth of years all that an upright mind and an ardent desire of perfection could attain. She struggled with patient perseverance against obstacles, and she made the best of life under circumstances which in many would have caused dejection and disquiet. She was rewarded in her decline of life for all her labor in education and her patience under trials by the virtues of her family, who, animated by her spirit and formed upon her model, exhibit in varied forms superior talents, intelligence, and virtues. By her writings she has given a new charm to that philosophy, serious, practical, and profound, which directed her own life, and her name will live to honor her country by the side of that of her father."

Her end was tranquil; she gradually withdrew more and more into herself, as if to concentrate her faculties to meet the great issue which closes the scenes of this life, and launches the soul upon a new state of existence. The family, hoping for some benefit in a change of air and scene, had established themselves at Mornay, in one of the little valleys of the Salève, which looks out upon a grand chain of the Alps. It was here that, gazing upon the sun as it sank behind the Alpine chain, she seemed lost in sublime contemplation upon the dying day, until her own spirit had gradually taken its flight.

Madame de Saussure's great work, "Progressive Education," is a remarkable book. Educated, as we have seen, by her father, without regard to any prescribed system, and free from all bias as to preconceived forms, her mind was not cramped in its reasoning by any theories of education. This gave a great charm to her writings. In our country we have studied and written a great deal about education, while we have often

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failed in practice. What is more easy to discourse upon than this subject? What more difficult than to lay down practical rules so as to bring about the desired results? "A woman who never went to school, and who never taught one, attempt to write upon education!" What would our learned teachers' conventions say of such presumption? But let the work be read—and it must be *studied* too, in order to its due understanding—it will be found to contain the germs of true educational principles, under the guise of sound philosophy. It is like no other book upon education which has ever been published, for it was modelled after no stereotyped method; it came from the inspiration of a great mind, neglecting what others had taught, but aided by the illumination of God's Spirit. The very lack of system gives this book its great charm, for indeed there is too much truth in the motto of one of its chapters, "Routine is the master of masters." In the introduction, the author remarks: "As the noblest aim of the study of the human heart is to soften it, I desire to seek the means of rendering our dispositions more exalted and more holy, more favorable to the tranquillity of the soul and the display of its activity."

No writer, we think, has more entirely risen above the region of criticism, than the author of the work before us. We may begin to peruse the book with the view of critical analysis, but as we become absorbed by the contemplation of the human mind, as developed in succeeding years, and follow on, in the progress of human life, we forget our intention; our thoughts rise to the higher regions of morality and religion, and instead of the criticism we had intended, we are inspired with admiration, mingled with the consciousness that we are made better by communion with a great and good spirit.

According to the biographer of Madame de Saussure, she had, at one period of her life, been disturbed with doubts respecting her Christian faith. At that period, French infidelity had, in a greater or less degree, inundated every portion of the civilized world. Switzerland especially, the home of Voltaire and Gibbon, had been, in a great degree, subjected to its influence.

The design of her great work ("Progressive Education"), the author says, is to represent the progress of life, to give the history of the human soul. "The changes which we experience within, have for us the nature of real events. Upon

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the state of the heart depends not only our own happiness, but also the train of events that the desire of gratifying our inclinations may produce. By indulging in certain thoughts, we unconsciously weave the web of our future destiny."

A large portion of the first volume of this work is devoted to preliminary considerations upon education. Profound metaphysical views, which to the general reader may seem dry and abstruse, prove how much, and how deeply, the strong mind of the author had meditated upon such subjects; human perfectibility, the principles of beauty, physical and moral, and their relation to the science of education. That knotty subject, *the human will*, which has perplexed so many theologians and metaphysicians, the author does not attempt to elude, but grapples with it so valiantly, as to prove at least that she herself was not deficient in that something, call it by what name we may, *desire*, *mysterious force*, *firmness*, *mental energy*, or *will*. The influence of education in strengthening and directing, not destroying the will, she wisely considers as the great object to be attained. When we consider that the author belonged to the Calvinistic school of theology, we are not surprised that on this point she should have been somewhat perplexed to reconcile man's free volition with the decrees of God. The free determination of the will in resisting bad passions and blind instincts is found necessary to the formation of a noble character.

Madame de Saussure wisely observes, that in order to train a pupil so as to be the future master of himself, it is of importance to make him follow two rules, apparently opposed to each other: one of *subjection*, in order to accustom him to resist his capricious desires; the other of *liberty*, in order to form in him an independent will. She differs entirely from Rousseau, who, in wishing to inspire his Emile with a feeling of real liberty, would dispense with the observance of *the law of duty*, considered as a moral necessity. "The problem to be solved in education," says our author, "is presented in every government—the point is to reconcile the greatest individual liberty with the most perfect submission to laws."

Our author defines *reason* to be, "that faculty of the soul by which we discover truth—the wise counsellor of the will—a regulator, not an impulse—its skill consists in balancing the desires, the one class by another; its resource is the action of opposing forces. The emotions are blind and

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impetuous, but they are the living forces of the soul, and should find nourishment in the heart. That education is faulty, which seeks only to develop the intellectual powers, neglecting the desires and affections, on the proper growth and exercise of which depends the moral and religious character of the future man."

The disciple of Calvin, in dwelling upon the development of the religious sentiment by means of education, rises above the narrow views which have darkened the faith of so many pious Christians of that denomination, who would found all their religious hopes upon the experience of a few moments, hours or days, when, according to their belief, they were converted, or changed in heart. It was in Geneva, the home of Calvin, where his peculiar doctrines of *total depravity, man's moral inability*, God's *sovereign decrees, election and reprobation*, took root, to be diffused far and wide throughout Christendom. It was there in Geneva, that Madame de Saussure, a devoted professor of religion, according to the forms and doctrines of Calvin, ventured, in opposition to narrow views, to urge the progressive improvement of the heart by a religious education, believing that the germ of holiness is implanted in every human soul, and may be cultivated. "Religion and morality," she says, "reciprocally support and serve each other, being alternately the means and the end. * * * God is the object towards whom education, which includes all the relations of man, ought to be directed. The ultimate end of education is the life to come, but its proximate object is the happy conduct of life. * * * To sanctify human life, and to make the best of all the treasures which the Divine hand has bestowed upon man, is the great work of Christian education."

In a chapter on the "means of perfecting education," the author remarks upon the many and opposite systems which have been published on this subject. The fact that enlightened and honest pupils do emerge from the influence of contradictory methods of education, proves that the human mind cannot be wholly subjugated by the operation of any system. That the art of education can never be thoroughly taught in books, the author justly observes; the power of influencing other minds, of gaining love and securing obedience, on which the success of an instructor depends, seems a natural gift, bestowed in a very different degree upon different individuals; hence the success of some, and the failure of others. Intellectual en-

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dowments here must yield to the capacity of imparting knowledge and the power to interest the attention of the pupil.

We have briefly alluded to the leading principles laid down by the author of "Progressive Education" in her able Introduction, and the several succeeding books. To appreciate the profound metaphysical and ethical views therein contained, it would be necessary to peruse the work itself, since no extracts or analysis can do it justice.

Between the age of one year to that of thirty, the man or woman has passed through wonderful changes; still, to a parent, the son or the daughter remains the same individual being as when lying an unconscious infant in the cradle. The chain of connection in the parent's mind has never been broken, but with the child the case is different. Other associations entered the mind with that of a parent's love and care, and new interests and emotions in after-life may weaken, and, for a time, seem to erase, early impressions, but these often come back with force.

The author believed much in the influence of natural scenery, and taste for physical sciences, in forming the character. The father's practice with his children was in some respects her model; but she entered deeply into the principles of the human mind, and in her investigations followed no beaten track. That she was familiar with contemporary writers upon education, with the establishments for training the young then most popular; that she had surveyed attentively the field of mental and moral philosophy, as seen in the best treatises on these subjects, is evident, but she is eminently a Christian moralist and educator.

Having arrived at the period of youth, and discussed the proper studies and employments which belong to it, with its new developments and dangers, she closes this portion of her work by a chapter called the "*Counsels of a Mother to her Son upon Moral Education.*" She considers herself as addressing a son who desires to apply in his pursuits the principles of education which she had taught, and for this purpose she makes an able *resumé* of what she had deemed most important for the conduct of life, and in reference to a future state.

Having already exceeded our limits, we are unwillingly compelled to lay aside the last and crowning work of Madame de Saussure, her "*Etude de la Vie des Fémmes,*" which was but the completion of her intended plan of "*Progressive Educa-*

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tion;" but we may return to the subject, feeling that its high merits would fully entitle it to a separate article.

At this period of our country's trial, women who are called upon to take their part in active duty, toil, privation, and mourning, may well be reminded of the high and holy vocation for which they are intended, and which is but too often lost sight of amidst the gay or tender scenes of a prosperous and happy life.

ART. V.—1. *The Koran*, commonly called *The Alcoran of Mohammed;* translated into English immediately from the original Arabic. By GEORGE SALE, Gent., in two volumes. London: 1840.

2. *An History of Muhammedanism: comprising the Life and Character of the Arabian Prophet, and succinct Accounts of the Empires founded by the Muhammedan Arms: an Inquiry into the Theology, Morality, Laws, Literature, and Usages of the Muselmans, and a view of the present State and Extent of the Muhammedan Religion.* By CHARLES MILLS. Edinburgh: Black & Co.

3. *Historia Ante-islamica, Arabice, Versione Latina.* ABULFEDAE, *notis et indicibus auxit.* H. O. Fleischer. 4to. Lipsiæ: 1831.

4. *Monumens Arabes, Persans et Turcs, du Cabinet de M. le Duc de Blucas, considérés et décrits, &c.* Par M. REINAUD. 2 tom. 8vo. Paris: 1828.

5. *Mémoire sur des particularités de la Réligion Mussulmane dans l'Inde.* Par M. GARCIN DE TASSY. 8vo. Paris, de l'Imprimérie Royale: 1831.

6. *Mahomet and his Successors.* By WASHINGTON IRVING. In 2 vols. Vol 1. New York: George P. Putnam. 1861.

No work of equal literary merit is less read throughout Christendom than the Koran. This is all the more strange, because it has many features in common with the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, and several other collections of Eastern tales which have continued for centuries to be the delight of all nations. If it differs from these, the difference consists chiefly in the fact that it is more poetical and imaginative than even *Pilpay's Fables*. Why, then, is it so little known among Europeans? Many have asked this question before us; many, too, have tried to answer it, but still the Koran is

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not read. The most careless observer would be led to think that it would attract attention if only on account of the influence it has produced on the destinies of mankind, and the power it still wields over so large a proportion of the human race; but experience proves that it does not. Nay, it is these very characteristics which have served, more than aught else, to exclude it from the West. Had it consisted of a mere narrative of the battles fought by Mahomet, with here and there a legend or a story, its reception would have been very different. But its claims are much higher than this; it pretends to be a divine revelation; it has been given to the world, as not only the foundation, but the entire framework, of a system of religion which can only be regarded as a caricature of Christianity. There are thousands of well-meaning, intelligent people who are deterred from reading it on this account.

Besides, the work is almost untranslatable. Although elegantly and eloquently written in the purest Arabic, scarcely a half-dozen sentences are in consecutive order in any chapter; all is confusion—a wild, incoherent rhapsody, from beginning to end; in which allusions occur in almost every verse, upon the precise meaning of which the most learned commentators fail to agree. In short, the idea suggested to the critical reader by the perusal of it is, that of a series of beautiful tales and legends, most of them highly poetical, torn to pieces, and then thrown together in defiance of all order and consistency. The fragments, though in general very small, often consisting of only one sentence—nay, sometimes of a part of a sentence—are of every size. This is true even of the chapters, which are of every imaginable length, from two or three lines to fifteen hundred; and not unfrequently are the shortest found broken up as indicated. But when we come to examine the separate scraps we find very few of them which do not possess beauties of some kind; the difficulty is, that it requires patience to separate the gold from its alloy. The reader wades through a chapter of ordinary length. In the course of a half-dozen pages he discovers a gem or two, which he carefully marks. These he admits are nearly as good as he has met with anywhere; but he feels that they have cost him too much labor, and so throws the book aside.

As for the danger, on the part of a Christian, of being converted to Islamism by reading the Koran, it is very slight indeed. It may be seriously doubted whether any such con-

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version has ever taken place. The pretensions of Mahomet are too ludicrously extravagant to render them acceptable to the most credulous European who has any acquaintance with the Bible. Gibbon observes that, had it not been for the timely victory of Charles Martel over the invading Saracens, all France might have been Mahometanized, and that even England might ultimately have been distinguished for its mosques instead of its churches; but it is the sword, not the Koran, that could have produced such results; not but the latter, considered even in a religious point of view, contains passages which, as we shall show in the progress of our article, might be perused with profit by the most pious Christian; though it is very seldom there is anything of the kind which may not be directly traced to some corresponding passage either in the Old or New Testament.

Even the names of the angels are borrowed from the Bible. The first intimation that Mahomet receives of his being a prophet is from the angel Gabriel, who delivers him a sort of address, exhorting him to make all due preparation for the sacred office for which he is destined. With this address the Koran may be properly said to commence, although we see nothing of it until we come to the opening verses of the 73d and 74th chapters. In the latter he is thus addressed: "O thou *covered*, arise and preach and magnify the Lord. And cleanse thy garments; and fly every abomination; and be not liberal in hopes to receive more in return; and patiently wait for thy Lord." The Prophet explains that what the angel means by "thou covered" is, that, hearing himself called by name while on Mount Hira, he looked about in every direction, but saw nobody until he turned his eyes heavenward, when he saw the angel Gabriel on a throne at a certain elevation. Being greatly terrified at so unusual a sight, he returned to his wife, Khadija, and bid her cover him up; and it was while he was in this position, with his head hid, ostrich-like, in her lap, the angel addressed him in the words just quoted. With the exception of an occasional address of this kind, and a prayer here and there, the Koran is written throughout as emanating directly from the Almighty, who is made in turn to bless and curse, promise and threaten, remonstrate and breathe vengeance, sometimes doing all within the bounds of one chapter.

It would appear that for the first year his only converts were his wife, his nephew, Aly, his servant Zeid, and his

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friend Abu-Becre. At the end of three years the number had increased to only fourteen, and the Prophet was indebted to the influence of his friend for ten of these, who were among the most respectable inhabitants of Mecca. They were first prompted by curiosity and politeness, but after a few meetings they became true believers, which, however, only shows that their previous religion was easily improved upon. During the period mentioned he made many efforts in and out of the city, but he was either ridiculed or threatened with violence by all, so that it was not until the close of the fourth year after the first visit of the angel Gabriel that he ventured to announce publicly that he had a divine mission. No charlatan of our own time, declaring himself the Prophet of God, could be received with more contempt and indignation than was Mahomet when he presented himself to the sacred guardians of Mecca; nor could any one have been more mortified at the repulse he received. Of this we see sufficient evidence in all the passages of the Koran written about this time, especially in the 73d chapter, a portion of which is thus rendered into English verse:

"No! by the morning's splendor—No! by the frown of night—
Thy omnipotent defender will Nor desert the right.
Tho' *present sorrows rend* thee, the future brings their balm;
High destinies attend thee, be thankful and be calm.
By him hast thou been cherished, an orphan in thy youth,
An infidel thou'dst perish had he not taught thee truth.
His bounteous hand has freed thee from *poverty and scorn*,
Then do thou relieve the needy, do thou the thoughtless warm."

Purporting as this did to come directly from the mouth of the Omnipotent, its effect on the Prophet, if it had any at all, was but of brief duration. His anger and resentment soon became more apparent than ever; though they yet found expression only in asseverations, many of which are highly poetical. What provoked Mahomet most was, to be called an impostor, or charlatan; he cared little what was said of himself, personally, provided the divine origin of the Koran was not denied; but with those who called this into question he had no patience. He would exercise all the power of his eloquence, however, to convince the incredulous, and seldom did he do so without making converts among the crowd, which now met him whenever he appeared. But his chief reliance was in revelation. Whatever difficulty he had to contend with in the day, he was sure to be inspired with a verse of the Koran at night, which exactly met the point. Thus the Almighty

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does not merely affirm that Mahomet only sets down what is dictated to him, but the fact is maintained by an oath—"By all that produces—by all that bears—by all that moves—and by all that distributes, what is promised to thee is verily true—this faith comes from heaven." (Chap. 51.) Not a few of these asseverations are in the highest degree poetical, ushered in as they are by an imagery peculiarly oriental, at once simple, forcible and beautiful, so that the best critics do not hesitate to compare some of the similes of Mahomet to those of Job and Homer. Endeavoring to impart to one of his oaths all possible solemnity, the Prophet introduces it as follows: "By the horses running wild and snorting—kindling the earth with the sparks they elicit—vying with each other in the freshness of morning—obscuring its splendor with the dust they raise—and rushing into the midst of it themselves." (Chap. 100.) It might have been believed in the West as well as in the East that Mahomet was sincere in regarding asseverations like these as divinely inspired, had he not found it equally easy to be inspired in reference to his own private affairs, such as the management of his numerous wives and concubines.

No man of his time and station was milder or more modest than Mahomet, in the earlier part of his career as a prophet. No matter how much he was insulted, he seldom made any attempt to return evil for evil; and he exhorted his disciples to be equally meek and charitable. But no sooner did he feel in a position to use force, than he discovered that after all it was the divine will that whenever the arm of flesh became necessary to uphold the Koran, it was to be used without hesitation. It is highly interesting to trace these changes through the Koran. First, the Prophet says, "Be gentle towards those believers that follow thee; and, if they are unruly, say, Verily I am blameless in what you do." (Chap. 26.) But when this was found, as he thought, not to suit the purposes of the Almighty, he secures the divine mandate for the opposite course in these words: "Repel evil by what means are best." (Chap. 23.) From the numbers of the chapters it would seem that force had been recommended prior to meekness and gentleness; but this arises from the confusion already referred to—a confusion which there is every reason to believe was intentional rather than accidental; for the impostor had sufficient sagacity to have foreseen that had all his pretended revelations been re-

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corded in the order in which they were originally written, their earthly origin could not have been concealed.

But all his efforts failed to secure him a footing in Mecca—which at this time was one of the most enlightened cities in the East. It is worthy of remark that his most faithful and powerful enemy in the holy city was a Pagan named Abulalib. As long as this man lived, he had no need to leave his home; but he died when his services were most needed; and the Prophet's wife Khadija, his first convert—she whose affection had soothed him in his humiliations—only survived him a few weeks. His enemies now became more determined than ever; and Mahomet became more and more exasperated in proportion. Most of the commentators agree that it was at this crisis the greater part of the thirty-sixth chapter was written, especially those verses in which the unbelievers are threatened thus: "No apostle cometh unto them, but they laugh him to scorn; *do they not consider how many generations we have destroyed before them?* Verily they shall not return unto them; but all of them in general shall be assembled before us." A passage written at the same time, but purporting to have contained one of the earliest revelations, since it occurs in the second chapter, makes it the duty of the faithful to fight for their religion, assuring them that they will receive divine aid. "But they who believe, and *who fly for the sake of religion*, and *fight in God's cause*, they shall hope for the mercy of God; for God is gracious and merciful." Lest this might not be sufficiently plain, as inculcating the doctrine of evil for evil, the faithful are told in the twenty-second chapter "that whoever *shall take a vengeance* equal to the injury which hath been done him, and shall afterwards be unjustly treated, verily God will assist him; for God is merciful and ready to forgive." In the same chapter they are again told that "those who shall have fled their country for the sake of God's true religion, and afterwards shall have been slain, or shall have died, on them will God bestow an excellent provision." It needs but little critical acumen to see that this has reference to the flight of the Prophet and his followers, from Mecca to Medina, to save themselves from the resentment of the Coreyish, who, having grown wearied of the disorders they experienced in their own city, and alarmed at the hostile feeling of the surrounding peasantry, resolved to put the Impostor to death.

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Nothing, however, exhibits the true character of the so-called revelations in the Koran, so clearly as the unmistakable reference which so many of them have to the Prophet's private affairs, as intimated above. As long as he was poor and unable to support a large harem, he thought that one wife was quite enough for most people. When his circumstances had so far improved as that he was able to support several, he discovered that a true believer might, if so disposed, have four wives and a certain number of concubines, provided that he was able and willing to support them. This was about the extent of his own harem when this revelation was made; but, in proportion as he became successful and wealthy, he became more and more liberal so far as regarded his own rights in this respect, until, according to some of his biographers, he had no fewer than sixteen wives, and at least an equal number of concubines. This may be an exaggeration; but all are agreed that he had ten wives together when at the meridian of his power. It might be expected that others could have an equal number; but no. The time of equality between the Prophet and his followers had passed; the former must now have privileges which the latter must not expect on pain of paying the penalty of a grievous sin. They could still have their four wives as prescribed by the Koran, but no more; although the Prophet would not inquire too curiously into the number of concubines which any true believer might deem it advisable to have; provided always, that the latter or their friends made no just complaint as to the treatment they received, the amount of attention bestowed upon them, &c.*

A prophet might be supposed to be satisfied with as many wives as he could get among the young maidens of the country. It was, however, different with Mahomet. He had

* If neglected by their husbands, the legitimate wives have a right to apply to the magistrate for redress. This, however, it seems is seldom done. M. Recaut comments on such cases as follows:

"Qu'on ne me dise point que la Loi y a pourvu, aiant accorde aux quartre épouses de coucher une fois chaque semaine avec le mari. De sorte que s'il s'en trouve quelqu'une qui ait passé une semaine entiére sans jouir de ce privilege, elle est en droit de demander la nuit du Jeudy de la la semaine suivante, peut poursuivre sou mari en Justice, en cas de refus. Ce droit-là n'empêche point que la Loi ne soit très dure; une Loi, dis-je, qui réduit à de petites portions ce qui suffiroit à peine s'i etoit entier, et qu'on peut enfraindre à si bon marché. Voilà une belle satisfaction pour la partie offensée: une seule nuit, obtenue en réparation d'une semaine perdue, est bien peu de chose; ce n'est pas la peine de se pourvoir devant les Juges, et de s'engager à une poursuite si délicate, et si contraire à la pudeur."—*Etat de l'Empire Ottoman.*

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nine wives, when he was smitten, during a casual visit, with the charms of Zinaba, the wife of his freedman Zeid. The latter being a true believer, sincerely attached to the Prophet, did not hesitate for a moment about giving up his beautiful and beloved wife. The only objection made was by the lady herself, who ventured to express some doubt as to the propriety of her being divorced from her husband to gratify the whim even of Mahomet. But her scruples availed nothing, and they were soon silenced. The divorce took place, and the beautiful Zinaba immediately became the wife of the Prophet. It was not denied by any true believer, that Mahomet had a perfect right to possess himself of any woman that he happened to fancy, provided she was not within the prohibited degrees of kindred, or consanguinity; but this was precisely the position in which Zinaba was placed. Her husband having been adopted by Mahomet, the new marriage was incestuous, according to the existing laws of Arabia. This, however, was no serious obstacle. All that was necessary was, to procure a new revelation abrogating the old law, and declaring the marriage of the Prophet with the wife of his freedman legal and proper.

No sooner was this required than it was furnished. Not more than one week had passed from the time the objections alluded to were made until a passage had been added to the Koran, declaring the conduct of Mahomet irreproachable. Had he anticipated any trouble, the revelation would have been forthcoming at once. For once he had calculated a little too much on the credulity of his followers; but he got himself out of the difficulty with his usual adroitness.

He pretended to have determined on returning Zinaba to her lawful husband, but that, just as he was about to send her home, God had censured him for attempting to do so, adding that he had to choose between absurd human scandal and the divine approbation and wish. The same passage absolves Zeid from all blame in divorcing his wife, intimating, that though duly married she had been reserved by the divine interposition to be the wife of the Prophet.* It might well

* This is explained at length by Hoornbeck—but only in the Latin language, where it will not cause many of the ladies to blush:

"Illam uxorem," he says, "servi sui Zaidis constupratam mox quasi ex divino iterum oraculo desponsavit in uxorem, quamvis novem aliis stipatus. Quare ut, tum aliis hoc indignantibus factum, tum servo Zaidi satisfaceret, introducit in Alkorano, capite citato, Deum se reprehendentem, quod cogitasset uxorem Zaido reddere, ob offensam, quam hinc nempe homines capiebant; et

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seem incredible that the most benighted and superstitious people in the world could be imposed upon by such clumsy means—much less a people who, like those among whom Mahomet lived at the time, were comparatively intelligent and enlightened. But the fact is undeniable. The revelation obtained as soon as required not only declares the Prophet and his freedman blameless, but expressly provides for a larger supply of wives for the former than he ever had before; although, in order that other true believers might not be afraid of losing their pretty wives by an accident similar to that which deprived Zeid of his, it was ordered that even Mahomet should not take the wife of anybody else. He thinks now that it is not likely he will ever again fall in love with the wife of another; and hence he is willing that such should be deemed unlawful did it ever occur. The text is worth quoting, if only as a curiosity, and we transcribe it accordingly:

"O true believers, when ye marry women who are believers, and afterwards put them away, before ye have touched them, there is no term prescribed you to fulfill towards them after their divorce: but make them a present, and dismiss them freely, with an honorable dismission. O Prophet, we have allowed thee thy wives unto whom thou hast given their dower, and also the slaves which thy right hand possesseth, of the booty which God hath granted thee; and *the daughters of thy uncle, and the daughters of thy aunts, both on thy father's side, and on thy mother's side*, who have fled with thee from Mecca, and *any other believing woman*, if she give herself unto the Prophet, in case the *Prophet desireth to take her to wife*. This is a peculiar privilege granted unto thee, *above the rest of the true believers*. We know what we have ordained them concerning their wives and the slaves which their right hands possess: lest it should be deemed a crime in thee *to make use of the privilege granted thee;* for God is gracious and merciful. Thou mayest postpone the turn of such of thy wives as thou shalt please, in being called to thy bed; and thou mayest take unto thee her whom thou shalt please, and her whom thou shalt desire of those whom thou shalt have before rejected: and it shall be no crime in thee. This will be more easy that they may be entirely content, and may not be grieved, but may be well pleased with what thou shalt give every of them: God knoweth whatever is in your hearts; and God is knowing and gracious. It shall not be lawful for thee to *take other women to wife hereafter*, nor to exchange *any* of *thy* wives for them, although their beauty please thee; except the slaves whom thy right hand possess."—Chap. xxxiii.

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cum diceres illi, cui Deus beneficia contulit, et tu quoque contulisti accipe tibi uxorem tuam, et time Deum, et abscondebas in corde tuo quod Deus operabatur, et timebas homines, et Deus dignior est ut timeas eum. Cum ergo Zaidus illam cognoverit, seu defloraverit eam, nos copulavimus eam tibi, ne sit fidelibus peccatum in uxoribus desideriorum eorum, cum cognoverint eas, et imperium Dei completum est: non est imputandum ad culpam Prophetæ illud, quod Deus illi speciatim permisit. "Il sápercut bien que cela jetteroit l'allarme dans l'ame de tous les maris; c'est pourquoi il eut l'addresse de rassurer tout le nonde: il publia qu'à l'avenir par ordre, de Dieu il-laisseroit aux maris leurs fémmes, encore qu'il en devint amoureux."—*Summa Controversia*, p. 116.

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Extensive as are the privileges thus allowed to the Prophet, he grows jealous of the most pious of his followers. He thinks that even the preachers are not to be trusted with the privilege of seeing his wives. They must be spoken to sometimes, but not face to face. Nor must the preachers make any unnecessary delay, even when they are permitted to eat at his table. "And when," says the Koran, "ye ask of the Prophet's wives what ye may have occasion for, ask it of them from behind a curtain. This will be more pure for your hearts and theirs." (Chap. 33.) Lest this might not be sufficiently plain, it is added that, "Neither is it fit for you to give any uneasiness to the apostle of God, or to marry his wives after him, forever, for this would be a grievous thing in the sight of God." The widows of other men may be married, in due course—it is no sin; but whatever lady has had sufficient charms to secure her a place in the harem of the Prophet, must never be thought of by any other man. Even the women must all regard the wives of Mahomet as mothers.

All did not save him from scandal, however. His favorite wife, Ayesha, was accused of several intrigues. On one occasion, while she accompanied him on one of his campaigns, she was left behind on the road, in a mistake. According to her own account, she felt greatly distressed when she found she had been forgotten in this way. She had descended from her palanquin for a particular purpose; supposing that she had reëntered it, those whose business it was to carry it proceeded along. She, hoping that they would soon discover their mistake, sat down on the green sward to rest; and was soon fast asleep. She was not many minutes in this position, when one of the faithful, a man named Assam, happened to be passing by, and gently awoke her. Only a few pious words passed between them, while Assam led her back to her lord. But even true believers will sometimes have bad thoughts; and so, on this occasion, they made insinuations affecting the honor of Ayesha. Mahomet himself was not quite satisfied, at first, with the lady's explanation as to the cause of her remaining behind; especially as Assam had the name, though a very pious man, of being more amorously inclined than it was proper for any one, save the Prophet himself, to be. Indeed, more than one of his Arabic biographers say that he accused her of having absented herself on purpose, in order to meet Assam. Be this as it may, he had previously been told by his

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nephew, Aly, who was always faithful to him, that she had been engaged in at least one intrigue since her marriage. In short, so much had been said on the subject, that the Prophet came to the conclusion that no human testimony could restore the reputation of his favorite. It was, therefore, necessary to procure divine aid; and, accordingly, he sent to heaven for a chapter of the Koran—the 24th—which placed her innocence above all doubt; declared that never again should any respectable woman be deemed guilty of adultery, except on the positive testimony of at least four credible witnesses; and that any one who called her character into question, on insufficient grounds, should be publicly scourged. Nor was this a mere matter of form in the case of Ayesha, a half-dozen of her accusers having been made to suffer the full penalty. As a matter of course, Ayesha was now purer than ever. Lest the Prophet might be supposed to have any sympathy for those guilty of weaknesses, such as those attributed to his wife, the chapter mentioned takes the highest ground at the outset against all sins of the kind. It begins thus: "This Sura we have sent down from heaven; and have ratified the same; and we have revealed therein evident signs that ye may be warned. The whore and the whoremonger shall ye scourge with an hundred stripes; and let not compassion for them prevent you from executing the judgment of God." This is very severe; but it is virtually rendered null and void, at least in the majority of cases, by what follows: "But as to those who accuse women of reputation of whoredom, and produce not four witnesses of the fact, scourge them with fourscore stripes, and receive not their testimony forever." Lest any true believer might be so stupid as not to understand this, the Koran adds further on, in the same chapter: "As for the party among you who have published the falsehood concerning Ayesha, think it not to be an evil unto you; on the contrary, it is better for you. Every man of them shall be punished according to the injustice of which he had been guilty; and he among them, who hath undertaken to aggravate the same, shall suffer a grievous punishment."

Nor are these the only cases in which Mahomet pretends to secure the sanction of the Almighty for the indulgence of his lust. That in which he is surprised by his two wives in the bed of his young servant, Mariana, a mere girl, is, if possible, more scandalous still. They make an outcry and threaten to expose him. He swears that, if they will say

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nothing about it, they will never have any similar cause of complaint. But Mariana being a very pretty girl, the Prophet soon forgets his oath, and once more he is caught in *flagrante delicto* by his wives, who are now so disgusted and indignant that they rush out of his house and tell the neighbors what had happened. The scandal had gone so far now, that it was impossible to remove it by human means; and, as it would not do for a Prophet to be regarded as a transgressor by his followers, he had recourse to the usual alternative of procuring a sort of dispensation from the Almighty in the shape of a new text for the Koran. This done, all is right of course; and the wives return, begging to be forgiven for their lack of faith, and promising never again to question the propriety of anything which the Prophet might think proper to do in carrying out the inscrutable will of the Almighty, whose apostle he is.

Mahomet himself used to boast, according to Albufera and others, that the angel Gabriel instructed him in the composition of a ragout which gave him the strength and endurance of forty men. Such are the peculiar effects of the angelic preparation that, for the sake of our fair readers, we give them in the drapery of a dead language, as may be seen at the bottom of this page.* If any further proof were wanting as to the real character of the revelations of the Koran, and their relation to the Prophet's own passions, it would be found in his descriptions of the pleasures to be enjoyed by the faithful in Paradise—such, for example, as the following:

"And when the heaven shall be rent in sunder, and shall become red as a rose, and shall melt as ointment, on that day neither man nor genius shall be asked concerning his sin. The wicked shall be known by their marks, and they shall be taken by their forelocks and the feet and shall be cast into hell. This is hell which the wicked deny as a falsehood: They shall pass to and fro between the same and hot boiling water. But for him who dreadeth the tribunal of his Lord are prepared two gardens, planted with shady trees. In each of them two fountains shall be flowing: in each of them shall there be of every fruit two kinds. They shall repose on couches, the linings whereof shall be of thick silk, interwoven with gold; and the fruit of the two gardens shall be near at hand to gather. Therein shall receive them beauteous damsels," &c., &c.—Chap. lv.

* "Mohamedes affirmabat hoc pulmentum à Gabriele Angelo se edoctum fuisse, utilitatem ejus, eodem Angelo teste, in eo consistere, ut renes corroboret. Quandoque Angeli jussu Mohamedes ex eo edens una nocte pugnavit adversus quadraginta viros, aliasque quadragies indefatigatus rem cum feminis habuit. Sane hac, annum delirantium fabellas aut alicujus Moslemanica fecta osoris calumnias esse opinaremur nisi prafatum authorem juris peritissimum eumdemque obsequentissimum Mohamedis sectatorem ea omnia disertè Arabico stylo, capite de quorundam ciborum delectu utilitate videremus referentem."—*Sonita, De Nonnullis Oriental Urbibus*, p. 80.

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The motives which inspired these passages are sufficiently evident. The Prophet was libidinous; he knew a large proportion of his countrymen were the same; it was but natural, therefore, that he should place beautiful damsels among the chief attractions of his Paradise. Yet it does not appear that he was very tender to the fair sex. No fact in his life is better authenticated than that he used to beat his wives when they displeased him. On one occasion, while he was chastising one rather cruelly in this way, the rest got up a sort of indignation meeting in the harem against him, threatening that, let the Koran say what it would to the contrary, they would all leave him if he persisted in using the stick. This seems to have had the desired effect. The explanation he gave for his cruelty, in the particular instance referred to, is, if possible, worse than the act itself, namely, that he had beaten her not so much for what she had done as for being so old and ugly—so much inferior in attractions to the rest. This flattered their vanity, and they returned to their allegiance.

It is not true, however, that he excluded women from heaven, or denied that they had souls; though this is the prevailing impression throughout Christendom.* He was far too shrewd, and knew more about human nature than to make the more beautiful part of creation enemies to his religion. They might forgive him easily enough for beating one that had no charms; but to have excluded all from paradise was more than even a Prophet dared to do. It would appear, at the same time, that the Christian writers who spread the report

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* Bayle and Voltaire are at issue on this point. The former held that the Koran persecuted the fair sex, both in this world and in the next: "Il ne se contenta pas de le rendre malheureux en ce monde, il le priva même de la joie du Paradis. Non seulement il ne voulut pas l'y admettre, mais il voulut aussi que cette joie servît d'affliction aux femmes; car on pretend qu'il a enseigné que les plaisirs du mariage, dout les hommes jouïrout après cette vie, leur seront fournis par des pucelles d'une beauté ravissante, que Dieu a crées au ciel, et qui leur ont été destinées de toute éternité; et pour ce qui est des femmes, elles n'entreront pas dans le Paradis, et ne s'en aprocheront qu'autant qu'il faudra, pour découvrir á travers les pallissades ce qui s'y fera. C'est ainsi que leurs yeux seront témoins du bonheur des hommes, et du plaisir qu'ils prendront avec ces filles célestes. Que pouvoit—on imaginer de plus incommode? N'étoit-ce point être ingenieux à mortifier son prochain?"—(*Dictionnaire de Bayle*, Art. Mahomet.) "Our authors," says Voltaire, "much more numerous than the Jannisseries, had no great difficulty in arranging our women on their side; they persuaded that Mahomet looked upon them merely as intelligent animals; that by the laws of the Koran they were all slaves, having no property in this world, nor any share in the Paradise of the next. The falsity of all this is evident; but it has all been firmly believed."—*Dictionnaire Philosophique*, Art. Alcoran.

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had some reason to believe it was true. Albufera relates that an old woman begged of him one day to tell her what she must do to go to heaven. "O mother of Hafiz," said he, "there will be no old women in paradise at all." The poor woman went out weeping in despair; but Mahomet consoled her by explaining that what he meant was, that all would become young on going to paradise. It is also related that, on his announcing that male and female would rise naked at the resurrection, his favorite wife, Ayesha, expressed her opinion that the thing would be immodest, if not absolutely dangerous. "Do not be alarmed my dear," said he, "no one will feel any inclination to laugh on that day." If anecdotes like these are of no other use, they show that even the Prophet occasionally indulged in the luxury of a joke. There is abundant evidence in his biographies that no one better appreciated the joke of another, especially that of a pretty woman. His favorite wife knew this, and, whatever were her faults in other respects, she turned it to the best advantage. We have her own authority for this. "Once," she says, "as the Prophet was mending his shoe, the perspiration broke out in his face, so that I could not see the peculiar light that used to radiate from it. 'By Allah,' said I, 'if Abu Káber were to see you now, he would learn whether that poem of his about you is more applicable to you than any one else.' Then, said he, 'But what poem is it that Abu Káber has written about me?' 'He says,' replied I, 'nothing less than this: "When I beheld the Prophet I was all overjoyed; his countenance shines as the cloud shines glittering with glory."' 'Hearing this, the Prophet, wiping away the perspiration and putting on a merrier face than usual said, 'O Ayesha, God give thee a great reward.'"

Hitherto we have only been pointing out the defects of the Koran and its author. It is but fair that we should now glance, however hurriedly, at the other side of the picture. Those who have been loudest in their denunciations of Mahomet, as an impostor, do not deny that he was a man of genius. It is admitted upon all hands—certainly by all intelligent men, not blinded with prejudice—that he possessed in the highest degree the peculiar intellectual qualities of the Shemetic race to which he belonged. No other people at any age could boast of so fertile and lively an imagination as the Arabs; and the same is characteristic of them to the present day. "The poor ignorant Arab, whether of the desert or

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town," says Mr. Layard, "moulds with clay the jars for his daily wants in a form which may be traced in the most elegant vases of Greece or Rome; and, what is no less remarkable, identical with that represented on monuments raised by his ancestors, 3,000 years before. If he speaks, he shows a ready eloquence; his words are glowing and apposite; his descriptions true, yet brilliant; his similes just, yet most fanciful. These high qualities seem to be innate in him; he takes no pains to cultivate or improve them; he knows nothing of reducing them to any rule, or measuring them by any standard."

Much of this is remarkably true of Mahomet; and the Koran is just what might be expected from the highest type of a mind so constituted. We have already remarked that the work is mainly composed of small fragments thrown together without any attempt at order or system; but it is not the less true that many of its legends are exquisitely beautiful—most of them inculcating a wholesome moral. It is pleasant to observe that the best of these are the ones borrowed from the Old Testament. As a specimen of this kind we quote a passage from the eighteenth chapter, merely premising that the leading idea in Parnell's *Hermit*, one of the finest poems of its kind in our language, is almost identical with that of the Prophet in this instance:

"Then they found one of our servants to whom we had been gracious and given him instruction from ourselves. Moses said, 'May I follow thee, that thou mayest instruct me in some of what thou art directed in?' He said, 'Thou wilt not be able to bear with me; how should you bear with what you do not comprehend?' He replied, 'Thou shalt find me patient, I will not be disobedient in aught.' He said, 'Then if thou followest me, ask not of anything until I mention it to thee.' So they went on, till they entered a boat, which he split. 'Have you split it,' cried Moses, 'that you may drown the owners of it? You have done a strange thing.' 'Did I not tell thee,' said he, 'that thou couldst not bear with me?' 'Chide me not,' said Moses, 'in that I forget; and be not harsh at my behavior.' Then they went on till they met a child, which he killed. 'What,' exclaimed Moses, 'have you killed an innocent person without his having killed another! truly you have done a grievous deed.' 'Did I not tell you,' he said, 'you could not bear with me?' Moses replied, 'If I ask you about anything after this, take me with you no longer, verily my excuses are sincere.' So they went on till they came to a village, where they asked its inmates for refreshments, but they refused to entertain them, and they found in it a wall that was about to tumble, and he set it straight. 'If you pleased,' said Moses, 'you might here requite them.' 'This,' said the holy man, 'is a separation between thee and me; but I will explain to thee that which thou couldst not bear with. The boat belonged to some poor people who labor on the sea, and I wished to injure it, because a tyrant was in search of them who takes every ves-

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sel by force. As to the child, his parents were righteous, and I feared he would afflict them with his unruliness and impiety, and I wished the Lord might give them in exchange better than he, innocent and dutiful. The wall was the property of two children, orphans in the city, and beneath it was a hidden treasure belonging to them; and their father was righteous, therefore the Lord wished that they should arrive at maturity and obtain their treasure, a tender mercy from the Lord. I did it not of my own suggestion. This is the explanation of what you could not bear with.'"

Of a somewhat similar character is the account which he gives, in the 24th chapter, of his own pretended journey to Paradise, a portion of which we transcribe here, as abridged by the Abbé Reinaud:

"One night," said Mohammed, "whilst I was asleep, the angel Gabriel presented himself before me, and ordered me to follow him; at the same time he took me by the hand and made me mount the celestial beast Al Borak (*the thunder*); he then conducted me through the air. We travelled between heaven and earth with such rapidity, that in the twinkling of an eye we reached Mount Sinai. There we stopped to offer prayer; after which, resuming our journey, we arrived at Bethlehem, the country of Jesus, the son of Mary; we stopped there also to offer a prayer; after which we proceeded to Jerusalem, and stopped on the site of Solomon's temple. After having offered another prayer there, the angel took me up, and, covering me with his wings, carried me to heaven. We passed successively through the seven heavens, saluting the angels and archangels that met us, and conversing with the patriarchs and prophets that had lived in the olden times. At last, arrived near the throne of God, I advanced alone, and approached the Ineffable Presence. There I saw things that human tongue cannot express, nor human imagination comprehend. After having conversed with the Lord, I returned to Gabriel, and we descended back to Jerusalem, from whence we returned to Mecca. This long voyage was performed in so short a space of time that no one perceived my absence."

The account of the birth of Moses, the manner in which he was exposed by his mother, how a nurse was procured for him, &c., is equally fanciful, and equally different from that given in the Bible. It is otherwise, however, with the story of Joseph and his brethren, the chief incidents of which are the same in both narratives. There are, notwithstanding, some additions in the Koran, which give the whole story an air of romance but little consistent with the elegant simplicity and touching pathos of the original. But it is the passionate ejaculations, graphic, picturesque descriptions, and bold and striking metaphors in the Koran, which constitute its chief merits, considered simply as a literary production. Not a few of these are worthy of comparison with the finest passages in Job or Homer.

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The following passage, descriptive of the resurrection, taken from the 81st chapter, has seldom, if ever, been surpassed in its kind:

"When the sun shall be folded up; and when the stars shall fall; and when the mountains shall be made to pass away; and when the camels, ten months gone with young, shall be neglected; and when the wild beasts shall be gathered together; and when the seas shall boil; and when the souls shall be joined again to their bodies; and when the girl who hath been buried alive shall be asked for what crime she was put to death; and when the books shall be laid open; and when the heaven shall be removed; and when hell shall burn fiercely; and when Paradise shall be brought near; then every soul shall know what it hath wrought."

Of a similar character is the opening passage of chapter 91:

"By the sun and its rising brightness; by the moon when she fol loweth him; by the day when it showeth his splendor; by the night when it covereth him with darkness; by the earth and Him who spread it forth; by the soul and Him who completely formed it, and inspired into the same its faculty of distinguishing and power of choosing, wickedness and piety; now is He who hath purified the same happy," &c.

Nowhere else, save in the Bible, are the omnipotence of God and his indissoluble intimacy with the world He has created, proclaimed in language more striking and impressive than in the following passage:

"Wherefore glorify God when the evening overtaketh you, and when ye rise in the morning; and unto Him be praise in heaven and earth; and at sunset, and when ye rest at noon. He bringeth forth the living out of the dead, and He bringeth forth the dead out of the living; and He quickeneth the earth after it hath been dead; and in like manner shall ye be brought forth from your graves. Of His signs, one is that He hath created you of dust; and, behold, ye are become men spread over the face of the earth. And of His signs, another is that He hath created for you, out of yourselves, wives, that ye may live with them, and hath put love and compassion between you; verily, herein are signs unto people who consider. And of His signs are also the creation of the heavens and the earth, and the variety of your languages, and of your complexions; verily, herein are signs to men of understanding. And of His signs are your sleeping by night and by day, and your seeking to provide for yourselves of His abundance; verily, herein are signs unto men who hearken. Of His signs, others are that He showeth you the lightning to strike terror, and to give hope of rain, and that He sendeth down water from heaven, and quickeneth thereby the earth after it hath been dead; verily, herein are signs unto people who understand. And of His signs, this also is one, namely, that the heaven and the earth stand firm at His command: hereafter, when He shall call you out of the earth, at one summons, behold, ye shall come forth."—*Koran* (*Sale's Translation*), chapter XXX.

There is no tenet he dwells more upon, or reiterates more frequently or more emphatically, than the unity of God. In other words, he puts the Theistic argument in every form; and his enthusiasm never rises to a higher pitch than when

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he is enforcing it. To this there could be no objection, were it not that he is equally vehement in his attacks on the tenets of Christianity, as in the following instance: "*They* have said, the Everlasting hath taken to himself a Son. Verily you approach a tremendous subject. It wanted but little that the heavens had cracked, the earth split, and the mountains crumbled to the dust—for that they named a Son to the Everlasting. It suiteth not the Everlasting to take to himself a son; for all that is in earth and heaven, doth it not crouch to him?"—Chap. 19. In chapter 122 he puts the same idea in another form; "God is one, eternal, neither begetting nor begotten; no one is like to Him." Most of the commentators on the Koran concur in the opinion that the words just quoted had much more effect than his sword in subjugating the East. What is nearer to the truth, however, is that the religion of the Koran succeeded because it was, in the main, admirably adapted to the wants and wishes of those to whom it was preached. We have an interesting proof of this in the autobiography of the Emperor Timur (Tamerlane). Translated by Major Charles Stuart. Teregay, the father of the imperial author, gives his son an account of the motives that induced a Tartar emir to adopt the creed of Mahomet:

"The first of our family who had the honor of conversion to the faith of Islam was Keracher Nuyan, who was the son-in-law of Iagtay Khan; as he was a sensible man, he, of his own accord, adopted the faith of Mahomet, and said to his family and people: 'When I look around me in the universe, I see but one world, yet I am of opinion that there are other worlds besides; but I am also convinced that there is only one God, who hath created all these worlds; but as he has chosen this world as his special dominion, he has deemed it requisite to have ministers (to instruct mankind); he hath therefore chosen Mahomet to be his *Visier* in this world, and as it was requisite that Mahomet should have ministers (to extend his religion), he hath appointed the holy race of Khalifs to this diginity.' "*

It is worthy of remark, that those most distant from the home of Mahomet had most faith in his inspiration, affording an additional proof of the adage that the prophet is without honor in his own country. Indeed, of no one has this been more emphatically true, than of the Arabian Prophet, since nowhere else did he experience such unrelenting opposition as he did at Mecca. It is here he was so often told to his face that his pretended revelations were forgeries; and that

* Mulfuzat Timury; or Autobiographical Memoirs of the Emperor Timur (Tamerlane), vol. xi., p. 188.

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he had not inspiration even to forge in a decent manner without employing men of more talent and learning than himself to aid him. That these were no mere insinuations, casually made, is evident, from the Koran itself; for most of the sixteenth chapter was written for the express purpose of silencing them. "When I substitute one verse for another," says the Prophet ("the reason for which changes is known to God), some unbelievers cry out, 'Thou hast forged these verses;' but they know not how to distinguish truth from falsehood. Say rather that the Holy Spirit brought those verses of truth to me from God. Others say, *still more malignantly*, 'There is a certain man who labors with him in composing the Koran.' But how can this man, to whom they attribute my works, have taught me, speaking as he does, a foreign language, while the Koran is written in the purest Arabic?" Of all that was human in the Koran he wished to have the undivided credit himself—in other words, he would acknowledge no collaborator but God. "Who but God," he asks in his tenth chapter, "could have composed the Koran? Mahomet, you say, has forged this book. Well, try to write one chapter resembling it, and call to your aid whomsoever you please."

Several learned men have been suspected, in turn, of having aided him in the composition of the Koran; but those on whom the suspicion fell mainly were a Jew named Bensalon, and a monk named Sergius. All others were acquitted in time, save these, and finally there were but few who believed that even they had any hand in the work. It seems that being liberal, as well as learned, both had great admiration for the genius of Mahomet—so much, that, at the risk of being ranked among his disciples by their own respective brethren, they were in the habit of visiting him frequently, when he had scarcely any other friends in Mecca, save the fourteen alluded to at the beginning of this article; and when there was scarcely a poorer man in the Holy City. Further than their generous conduct, in this way, there is no evidence that either ever composed a line of the Koran. Both denied having done so, and insisted that, leaving divine inspiration out of the question, he had himself all the qualifications necessary for the work, without employing any other aid than that of a copyist.

Be this as it may, no unprejudiced person, capable of the task, can examine the history of Mahomet, and the results he has accomplished, both with the pen and the sword, especially

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with the former, without coming to the conclusion that he was a master-spirit. Nor does it seem too much to regard him, impostor though he was, as a benefactor of mankind. Before the Christian reader denies this, let him bear in mind that, however objectionable are many of the tenets of Islamism, it makes the nearest approach to Christianity of all other religions; and that the religion for which it was substituted was partly Atheism, and partly Sadduceeism. In other words, it is, in every respect, a vast improvement on its predecessor—a decided step in advance—not only the origin of a new polity, but also the foundation of a new literature. At no time have any considerable number of the learned, even of those countries where Islamism has taken deepest root, regarded the Koran as divinely inspired; but it is not the less true that they have always revered it as an intellectual boon. This would be sufficiently evident from the fact, that to this day the Arabians call the age, which preceded that of Mahomet, the Age of Ignorance. It is easy to degrade Mahomet as a prophet; any intelligent person possessed of ordinary reasoning faculties can do so: but not without exalting him as a man, perhaps, above all other men that have ever lived since the time of Moses, not excepting Confucius or Zoroaster. That he had vices is only to say that he was human. Nor is he charged with many. Indeed, the worst that can be said against his moral character is, that his passions had been instrumental in enslaving, to a great extent, all Mahometan women. Admitting that this charge, grave though it be, is but too well founded, it may still be doubted whether he has not done more good than harm—whether, after all, he has not elevated more than degraded even the fair sex, since he was by no means the first of his countrymen that recommended polygamy, both by precept and example.

No life of Mahomet written in the English language gives a more truthful idea of the character of the Prophet than that by Washington Irving, the first volume (National Edition) of which we have placed, with other works, at the head of our article. It is a book that all may read with profit and pleasure, characterized as it is by all the graces of style for which the author of *Bracebridge Hall* is preëminent. The fair, impartial account which Irving gives of the great Impostor's "Successors," will greatly aid the student of history in forming a correct opinion of Mahomet himself, and,

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at the same time, serve to illustrate the manner in which the religion of Islam has been so widely propagated. Those, however, who would understand the subject in all its bearings, must read the Koran, and at least two or three of the other books, which we have selected from many others, as a text for this paper.

ART. VI.—1. *Testamenta Vetusta: being Illustrations from Wills of Manners, Customs, &c.; as well as of the Descents and Possessions of many distinguished families from the Reign of Henry II. to the Accession of Queen Elizabeth.* By NICHOLAS HARRIS NICOLAS, Barrister-at-law, F. R. S. 2 vols. London.

2. *A Collection of all the Wills now known to be extant of the Kings and Queens of England, Princes and Princesses of Wales, and every branch of the Blood Royal, from the Reign of William the Conqueror to that of Henry VII., exclusive; with Explanatory Notes and a Glossary.* London: Printed for the Society of Antiquaries.

3. *Bequests, and those for whose Benefit they are made, with Curious Instances of Ingratitude.* 8vo. Edinburgh.

OF all customs, that of making a will is the most ancient and most universal. However much nations have differed on almost every other subject, all have agreed in regarding as more or less sacred the wishes of the dying as to the disposition of their property after death. Even those who had no idea of the immortality of the soul, felt that they could be guilty of no more dishonorable act than to set those wishes at naught. In short, Jew and Gentile, Christian and Mahometan, Polytheist and Idolator, have each, though in different degrees, evinced their willingness to pay this tribute of respect to the memory of their departed friends.

The earliest will on record is that of which we have an account in the forty-eighth chapter of Genesis, where Jacob, on being visited by Joseph and his two sons, Ephraim and Manasseh, makes a formal will, which concludes as follows: "Moreover, I have given to thee one portion above thy brethren, which I took out of the hand of the Amorite with my sword and with my bow" (v. 22). In different other parts both of the Old and the New Testament, the same solemn formality is brought to our notice, and everywhere in a manner calculated to inspire respect and veneration for the last

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wishes of the dead, even when they seem whimsical, if not altogether unjust. Whatever immorality Mahomet was guilty of towards the living, he was always careful that the dying words of the most humble should possess a force and sanctity that could not be contravened with impunity. All that was necessary for the heirs, or any of them, in order to secure whatever was coming to them, was to be able to prove that the will had really been made in their favor. "O true believers!" says the Koran, "let witnesses be taken between you, when death approaches any of you, at the time of making the testament; let there be two witnesses, just men, from among you; or two others of a different tribe or faith from yourselves, if ye be journeying in the earth, and the accident of death befal you. Ye shall shut them both up, after the afternoon prayer, and they shall swear by God, if ye doubt them, and they shall say, *We will not sell our evidence for a bribe, although the person concerned be one who is related to us*, neither will we conceal the testimony of God, for then should we certainly be of the number of the wicked. But if it appear that both have been guilty of iniquity, two others shall stand up in their place, of those who have convicted them of falsehood, the two nearest in blood, and they shall swear by God, saying, Verily, our testimony is more true than the testimony of these two, neither have we prevaricated, for then should we become of the number of the unjust. This will be easier, that men may give testimony according to the plain intention thereof, or fear lest a different oath be given after their oath." Thus in the Mahometan as well as in the Jewish law, the binding, not to say the sacred character of the will, is placed beyond doubt; the only question is as to the fact whether the person purporting to have made it, actually did so.

Zoroaster and Confucius have taken equal pains to impress their disciples with a due regard for the sanctity of a will. "The person who would cheat sister or brother," says the former, "out of what had been bequeathed to her or him by father or mother, or any other friend, may fairly be presumed to be capable of robbing his neighbor. If he did not so, it is fear, not honesty, that would prevent him." Zoroaster is still more severe, since he compares the person who would take advantage of his brother so far as to deny him, by false representations, of a fair proportion of what had been left to both by parent or friend, to an assassin; for he

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says: "It is, in a certain sense, to assassinate the testator." Those who would tamper with wills for the purpose of cheating their own kindred are declared infamous in the sacred books of the Hindoos; and, to the present day, the penalty of such tampering is loss of caste—the greatest that can be inflicted, save death itself. Indeed, there are many who would much rather die on the scaffold than suffer the disgrace and privations inseparable from loss of caste.

We see from Homer that the Greeks not only respected wills made by each other, but also those made by their enemies, the Trojans; nor were the latter less scrupulous or less generous on their part. The most ancient system of Greek laws that has reached us, is that of Solon; who gave particular prominence in his "Twelve Tables" to the law for the recovery of bequests—a law subsequently adopted and rigidly enforced by the Romans, so that every citizen could dispose of his property as he thought proper. "*Uti legassit super pecunia tutelave suæ rei ita jus esto.*" Ulpian tells us that even women had the privilege of making wills under certain conditions. Alexander died at so early an age that he does not seem to have had any time to make a formal will. When he saw, however, that death had taken him by surprise, and that he had only a few moments to live, he presented his ring to Perdiccas. Cæsar, upon the other hand, had his will carefully drawn out. Whenever he gained a great battle he added a codicil, always remembering, not only his soldiers, but the poor of Rome in general. Even after he was slain, his will was held sacred. This is sufficiently evident from the oration of Mark Antony over his body, so admirably dramatized by Shakespeare:

> But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar!
> I found it in his closet—'tis his will;
> Let but the commons hear this testament
> (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
> And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
> And dip their napkins in his sacred blood.
> * * * * *
> 4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will; read it, Mark Antony.
> *Cit.* The will! the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.
> * * * * *
> *Cit.* The will! the testament!
> 2 *Cit.* The will, villains, murderers; the will! read the will!
> * * * * * *
> *Ant.* Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal:
> To every Roman citizen he gives,
> To every several one, seventy-five drachmas.
> * * * * * *

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> Moreover he has left you all his walks,
> His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,
> On this side Tiber; he hath left them you
> *And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures*,
> To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.
> Here was a Cæsar! When comes such another?

Those who hated and feared him most when alive—nay, those who did not shrink from taking his life, dared not now dispute that his will ought to be respected. The great Hannibal, when forced into exile in his old age by his ungrateful country, still hoped that his will would be respected even by his enemies. He had indeed nothing left to bequeathe after all his victories—neither gold nor possessions. His only dying request was, therefore, that he should be buried in Lybia. Nor did he think that even Flaminius, who would not suffer him to live in the court of Prussias, would deny him this last favor, so that he was obliged to strangle himself, or take poison in order to avoid a more cruel fate—his last words being, according to Livy, "Let us deliver the Romans from their cares and anxieties, since they think it too tedious and dangerous to wait for the death of a poor, hated old man." The conduct of Rome towards Hannibal reminds one of that of England towards Napoleon; and if we bear in mind that the former was Pagan, the latter Christian, it will be difficult to decide whether the Carthaginian general or the French emperor had most reason to complain of his enemy. In Napoleon's carefully drawn will, with its five codicils, there are no more emphatic or solemn clauses than these:

"I die, prematurely assassinated by the English oligarchy and its cut-throat (*sicaire*). The English nation will not be slow in avenging me."

"The two unfortunate results of the invasion of France, when she had still so many resources, are to be attributed to the treason of Marmont, Angereau, Talleyrand, and La Fayette. I forgive them: may the prosperity of France forgive them, like me!"

There is a volume of eloquence in these two brief passages. But we must not pass so hurriedly from the time of Hannibal to that of Napoleon, except to make a passing remark, as we have done, although we must necessarily omit all mention of scores of curious and interesting wills made during the intervening period, which, like those already referred to, have survived the ravages of time. The oldest English will recorded in the volumes before us is that of the good King Alfred, written in the original Saxon, and perhaps the best specimen extant of that dialect. A more curious document

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is scarcely to be seen in the British Museum, where the original now is. It was translated by Mr. Astle in 1788, from whose version we extract a characteristic passage or two. It seems that when the will was drawn, his family consisted of three sons and three daughters, two nephews and a cousin. Between these he divides certain lands, manors, and sums of money according as he likes them, or thinks they have greater or less claims upon him. "And to my two sons," he says, "one thousand of pounds, to each five hundred of pounds, and to my eldest daughter, and to the middlemost, and to the youngest, and to Ealhaith, to them four, four hundred of pounds, to each one hundred of pounds." The next royal English will that claims any particular notice is that of King John, who granted the Magna Charta. Among the executors charged with the execution of this will are the Cardinal Legate, three bishops, two abbots, three earls, and two lords. What they are mainly required to do, is to render full satisfaction for any wrongs that may have been done by the king, to contribute towards the recovery of the Holy Land, to provide for the support of his children, and to distribute alms for the good of his soul. This indeed was not a little—it required no small amount; but King John had a large private fortune altogether independently of his crown. We quote a brief passage:

"I pray, moreover, that whoever shall afford them counsel and aid in carrying out my testament, may receive the grace and favor of God; but that whoever shall infringe their order and disposition *may incur the malediction and indignation of Almighty God, and the Blessed Mary, and all the saints.*"

This shows what was thought of the sacredness of a will in the time of King John. No biography of Katharine of Arragon, the divorced queen of Henry VIII., presents the character of that unfortunate princess in a more amiable light than her will. It is in full accordance with that so admirably drawn by Shakespeare in the tribute to her merits as a wife and a woman, which he puts into the mouth of her unfeeling and brutal husband:

"Item, I ordain to Francisco Philippe all that I owe unto him, and besides that XL *l.* sterling. Item, I ordain to Mr. John, mine apothecary, his wages for the year coming, and besides that all that is due unto him. Item, I ordain that Mr. Whiller be paid of expense about the making of my gown, and besides that of XX *l.* sterling. Item, I give to Philip, to Anthony, and to Bastian, to every of them XX *l.* sterling. Item, I ordain to the little maidens X *l.* to every of them. Item, I ordain that my goldsmith be paid of his wages for the year coming, and besides all that is

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due to him hitherto. Item, I ordain that my launderer be paid of that is due unto her, and besides that of her wages for the year coming. Item, I ordain to the Sabell of Vergas XX *l.* sterling. Item, to my ghostly father his wages for the year coming. Item, it may please the King my good Lord, that the house ornaments of the church are to be made of my gowns, which he holdeth, for to serve the convent thereat I shall be buried. And the furs of the same I give for my daughter."

The will of the Queen of Scots is too well known to render it necessary that we should quote any of it here, especially as its genuineness has been questioned, some pretending that she made no will. No one can read it without emotion. In view of the circumstances under which it was written, it has all the force and pathos of a tragedy. Not one of those—even the very humblest—who remained faithful to her during her long and cruel captivity, is forgotten. It is not much she had to give while preparing for the scaffold; but whatever it was, she took care that each would have a share. There is painful evidence throughout the will, of the grief in which it was composed—that sad weariness of her destiny, so finely expressed in the closing stanza of Burns's "Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots, on the approach of Spring:"*

"Oh! soon to me may summer-suns
Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair to me the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn!
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave;
And the next flow'rs that deck the spring
Bloom on my peaceful grave!"

Elizabeth, domineering to the last, as if she were to live forever, neglected even to name her successor, until she was unable to sign her name. Many curious and interesting accounts are given of the efforts made by her courtiers to ascertain from her own lips who it was she wished to succeed her on the throne. The one generally deemed most reliable, is that given by Lady Southwall, who did not part with her, during her illness, until she died. "Her throat," says

* There is no doubt but she had intended to add a codicil to the will, which she had sent to the French court for safe-keeping, shortly before her execution, not believing that Elizabeth would dare to put her to death in the face of the civilized world. Hence her surprise when informed that she must prepare for the scaffold. "That is very sudden," said the Queen, "and leaves no time for preparation in consequence of my papers being seized and detained. I have not yet finished my will, and it is necessary that I should endeavor to make some arrangements to provide for my faithful servants, who have sacrificed everything for my sake, and who in losing me will lose everything."

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her ladyship, "troubled her much; they desired her to hold up her finger when they named whom she liked; whereupon they named the King of France (this was to try her intellect), then she never stirred; the King of Scotland—she made no sign; then they named Lord Beauchamp—this was the heir of Seymour, whose rights were derived from his mother, Lady Katharine Gray, the most unfortunate of Elizabeth's victims. Anger awakened the failing mind of the expiring Queen; she aroused herself at the name of the injured person, whom she could not forgive, and said fiercely, 'I will have no rascal's son in my seat, but one worthy to be a king.'"

The kings of continental Europe have always had less confidence in wills than the sovereigns of England. When Sobieski, the king of Poland, was exhorted on his death-bed to make a will, his reply was: "We kings, to our sorrow, are not obeyed whilst living; can we expect to be obeyed when we are dead?" Peter the Great of Russia, on being importuned in a similar manner, at last replied: "I have, indeed, made a will; but I have little faith that it will ever be executed. Any of my subjects, even the humblest, might say the reverse; their wills would be respected; but it is different with the wills of kings." Ferdinand II., of Spain, was of the same opinion; he made a will, however, but only to please his friends. We may add one more example, that of Louis XIV. "This," he said to his chief ministers, "is my will. No one knows its contents but myself. I deliver it to you to keep in the Parliament, to which I cannot give a greater proof of my esteem and confidence, than to make them depositories of it. The *examples of the kings my predecessors, and that of the will of the king my father, warn me what may become of this;* but it has been insisted on; I have been tormented. I have been left no repose, say what I would."

In the will of Isabel, Countess of Warwick, dated July 15, 1439, occurs the following passage, which will serve as a specimen of bequests which seem to have been very common in England, in the middle of the fifteenth century, but which ceased in the time of Elizabeth, as "dangerous idolatries," it being not unlikely, according to the pious "Virgin Queen," that men might so far forget themselves as to worship fine statues.

"Also I will that my statue be made all naked, with my hair cast backwards, according to the design and model which Thomas Port-

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chalion has for that purpose, with Mary Magdalen laying her hand across, and St. John the Evangelist on the right side, and St. Anthony on the left; at my feet a scutcheon, impaling my arms with those of the Earl, my husband, supported by two griffins, but on the sides thereof the statues of poor men and women in their poor array, with their beads in their hands."

The most curious wills of all are those of literary men, who in general have but little to bequeath. In the will of Shakespeare, to be seen at the British Museum, is an interlineation in his own handwriting, in the following words: "I give unto my wife my brown best bed, with the furniture." The great Edmund Burke had scarcely so much as a bed to give, yet he made a formal will, bequeathing "his soul to God." It does not appear that Ben Jonson, Dryden, Goldsmith, Sheridan, or Sir Isaac Newton, made any will. Bacon had his will carefully prepared shortly before his death. The principal bequest it contained was a tutorship, but when his affairs came to be examined, it was found that there were no funds left wherewith to endow it. In the will of Dean Swift, we find such characteristic passages as the following: "*Item*—I bequeathe to Mr. John Grattan, Prebendary of Clonmethan, my silver box, in which the freedom of the city of Cork was presented to me; and in which *I desire the said John to keep the tobacco he usually cheweth, called pigtail.*" He closes an "item" to the Rev. John Jackson, thus: "I also leave him my third best beaver hat." A succeeding *item* consists of the following sentence: "I leave to the Rev. Mr. John Worrall my best beaver hat." Doubtless the hat is intended more as a satire than a gift, the ruling passion being strong in death. Of a somewhat similar character is the will of the Earl of Pembroke. There is this difference, however, that the Dean is friendly even in his satire; if he bequeathes his hat, he also bequeathes his horses and mares to the same person; whereas, the Earl is at once profane and insulting:

"*Item.*—I give all my deer to the Earl of Salisbury, who I know will preserve them, because he denied the king a buck out of one of his own parks. *Item.*—I give *nothing* to Lord Say; which legacy I give him, because I know he will bestow *it on the poor. Item.*—To Tom May I give five shillings; I intended him more: but whoever has seen his 'History of the Parliament,' thinks five shillings *too much. Item.*—I give Lieutenant-General Cromwell one word of mine, *because hitherto he never kept his own. Item.*—I give up the ghost."

The will of Sir William Petty fills sixteen closely printed octavo pages. It is not only a testament but an autobiography, in which he relates all his experience for the benefit of

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his successors—taking care to omit none of his own virtues or accomplishments. The first paragraph will show how he does justice to himself in these respects:

"In the first place, I declare and affirm that at the full age of fifteen years I had obtained the Latin, Greek, and French tongues, the whole body of common arithmetic, the practical geometry and astronomy conducing to navigation, drilling, &c., with the knowledge of several mathematical trades, all which, and having been at the University of Oxford, preferred me to the King's navy; where, at the age of twenty years, I had gotten up about threescore pounds, with as much mathematics as any of my age was known to have had."

Lord Erskine was evidently in an uncomfortable frame of mind when he made a will, in 1782, in which the following passage occurs: "Being, from a sense of honor, and not from any matter of personal resentment or revenge, *about to expose my life to great peril*, it is a comfort to me that I have so few duties to fulfil, previous to an event which may deprive me of every other opportunity of so doing." It is evident that his lordship had strong objections to duelling. Above all others, it seems that he did not like to practise with Mr. Dennis O'Brien as his antagonist; but the latter thought that mortal offence had been given him, and consequently that nothing but pistols could wipe out the stain. Lord Erskine was a brave man, however, compared to Lord Rutland, who states in his will, written in 1569, that he was daily in terror of his life from the treatment of his wife, who made a practice of beating him with a cudgel. "I have been so severely beaten," he says, "this morning, that if I should receive a similar attack to-morrow, I could not survive it. In case I am found dead, there need be little doubt as to the cause. Should I die within six months of this date, Lady Rutland, my once beloved wife, is to have no share of my property." The will of Lord Nelson presents the most striking contrast to this we can remember. When just about to engage the combined fleets of France and Spain, Oct. 21st, 1805, his lordship recommends his mistress, Emma, Lady Hamilton, to his "king and country." After enumerating various valuable services which he thought she had rendered, he says: "Could I have rewarded these, I would not now call upon my country; but as that has not been in my power, I leave Emma, Lady Hamilton, therefore, *a legacy to my king and country*, that they will give her an ample provision to maintain her rank in life." One of the most curious wills on record, is that of the famous

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Lord Chesterfield. A paragraph will serve as a specimen. We need hardly premise that his godson was fond of hunting and horse-racing, and that the Dean and Chapter of Westminster was fonder of money than beseemed a minister of the Gospel:

"In case my godson, Philip Stanhope, shall at any time hereafter keep, or be concerned in the keeping of, any race-horse, or pack of hounds, or reside one night at Newmarket, that infamous seminary of iniquity and ill-manners, during the course of the races there; or shall resort to the said races, or lose in any one day at any game or bet whatever, the sum 500*l.*; then, in any of the cases aforesaid, it is my express wish that he, my said godson, shall forfeit and pay out of my estate, the sum of 5000*l.* to and for the use of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster."

To this we can make no additions for the present—not for lack of materials (for they are abundant, almost inexhaustible), but we must remember that other subjects have to be considered, and that they must have their fair share of space and time. In any case, we should incline to brevity in treating about wills, from the fact that we intend to follow up our present article with one on the kindred subject of sepulture, epitaphs, &c.

ART. VII.—1. *A Life of Aristotle, including a Critical Discussion of some Questions of Literary History connected with his Works.* By the Rev. J. W. BLAKESLEY, M. A., late Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge: MacMillan & Co.

2. *Aristotle's Whole Works.* Bekker's Edition. The Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1837.

3. *A History of the Literature of Greece.* By Professor MULLER and Dr. DONALDSON. 3 vols., 8vo. London: J. W. Parker & Son.

NEARLY twenty-two hundred years have passed away since the death of Aristotle, and yet, this day, in a vast western world, of which, with all his profound learning and far-seeing philosophy, he had never dreamed, and to a far greater extent in those remote islands of the northern seas, which, to the old Grecian mind, were associated only with some dim ideas of the barbarous, the bleak, and the terrible, his works are constantly and earnestly studied in all the seats of learning, as necessary and familiar text-books. Far more than

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this, however—the philosopher, dead so long, yet liveth, and exercises a potent, though unnoticed, sway in almost every department of philosophy, literature, oratory, and science, in all the civilized countries of the old world and the new. Especially for that system of logical and accurate reasoning, upon which the minister of religion, the popular orator, the pleader at the bar, and the statesman in the senate, all equally rely for persuading the hearts and convincing the judgments of their hearers, the men of this nineteenth century, so proud of its enlightenment and progress, are indebted to the genius and wisdom of the tutor of Alexander. Nor is it merely in the department of Logic that this obligation of the modern world to the ancient philosopher exists. In Ethics, in Criticism, in Natural Philosophy and History, and in Theology, it is easy to trace the guiding track of this indefatigable and greatly gifted pioneer of learning. The extreme veneration accorded to his works by the schoolmen and theologians of the middle ages, gave rise, as a natural and inevitable reaction, to a still more unreasonable disrespect and depreciation, and, for a considerable period after the Reformation, the influence of Martin Luther and his followers was successfully exerted to degrade the works and authority of Aristotle to a place in the curriculum of liberal studies even more unjustly low than the rank given them by the schoolmen had been undeservedly high. Had it not indeed been for the wiser and more moderate counsels of the gentle Melancthon, the impetuous Monk of Wittenberg would have swept away every trace and treatise of the Aristotelian teaching from the schools and colleges of the Reformed Church. Luther's detestation of Aristotle was something remarkable, even in his headstrong and passionate nature. He used to tremble with rage, it is said, when the name of Aristotle was pronounced in his presence, and he went so far as to say that, if Aristotle had not been a man, he should be tempted to take him for a devil. This feeling doubtless arose from Luther's consciousness of the powerful aid which the Church of Rome had derived from the Aristotelian Logic. This depreciatory feeling gradually extended from one division of the philosopher's works to another, till, with many, it became for a time almost as fashionable to sneer at the science and ethics of Aristotle, as it had once been to bow down before them as a power, against which there was no appeal. More particularly, at a very recent period, the

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"Natural Science" and "Utilitarian School" men of Britain, while arrogating all solid and really scientific discovery to themselves, attempted to ignore or deny the obligations they were under to the old Stagirite. But the result has only added another confirmation to the proverb, "*Magna est veritas et prævalebit*," and the more searching examination of the best scholars of our day has convincingly demonstrated that, mixed up of course with many errors, there are to be found in Aristotle's works the foundation-principles of several of those classifications in Natural History, and of investigation in Natural Science, which these modern schoolmen have been most ready to claim as their own peculiar triumphs. To-day, then, after twenty-two hundred years, this old and so long dead Greek exercises a living and mighty influence over the literature and science of progressive America and conservative England, of ingenious France and of learned Germany. In the ancient cloisters of classic Oxford, in the sterner and colder atmosphere of mathematical Cambridge, in Queen Elizabeth's noble University of Dublin—second to no other seat of learning in the world for its wise and well-arranged combination of literature, logic, and science—in the Scotch Universities, so famed for mental and moral philosophy, and in those of Germany, Denmark, and Prussia, so illustrious for the labors of their alumni in the study of philology, criticism, and history—in all these various homes of science and education, the works of Aristotle, restored once more to a just position of honor, form an important part of the regular course of study. These are great and striking facts, some explanation of which cannot fail to be deeply interesting to every thoughtful mind.

Who and what was this old Greek, who thus lives and rules in the mind-world of this nineteenth century, affording a yet wider and stronger realization to the poet's record,

> "Græcia capta ferum victorem cessit, et artes
> Intulit agresti Latio"?

And what is there in his works, that has given them so enduring a hold on the learning and literature of every after-age and nation of civilized men? What was it that gained for him the veneration, the almost adoration, of the old theologians and "scholastics"—that led Jerome to call him the "wonder of the world," and Jonsius "the most pious of all the heathen"—and that even induced the priests and preachers of the Middle Ages, to rank certain of his works

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on a par with the Bible, and often to select the texts of their discourses from those, rather than from this? And, on the other hand, what was it that, at a later period, made him the horror of many of the Reformation divines, and especially Martin Luther, to whom, as we have seen, he appeared rather as a devil than a man? Who can restrain a natural and rightful curiosity respecting not only the writings, but the life and character of a man, who has exercised so long-enduring and powerful an influence over the intellects and hearts of men through so many generations?

The limits of a brief paper will not admit of our attempting any thing like an exhaustive discussion of the Aristotelian philosophy, nor even of entering into those *vexatæ quæstiones* of criticism, which Mr. Blakesley has, with great ability, discussed in one of the works whose titles are prefixed to these remarks. Our chief desire is to attract the attention of American students more generally and closely to the study in the original Greek of an author less familiar to our colleges than to those of Europe; because we feel convinced that the high standard of classical and logical education, which we have so often advocated as essential to the dignity and welfare of this country, will never be attained, until a more rigid and accurate study of the language and literature, and particularly the philosophy, of ancient Greece, becomes the rule, instead of the exception, at our universities and colleges. What good reason is there, we would ask, why America, so prosperous and powerful, even in the midst of these unhappy civil dissensions, so successful in the pursuits of commerce, so distinguished for her progress in all practical and applied science, and not unhonored or inglorious in the arena of æsthetic taste and art—what reason is there, we say, that the higher education of America, thus gifted, energetic, and progressive, should still lie under the reproach of not only being inferior to the universities of the Old World in classical learning, but—with some few and bright exceptions—of being sadly deficient even in her highest universities, of such systems and instrumentalities as can alone secure this higher order of education?

Let us not be supposed to deny that there are many able and accomplished professors in our Colleges, and many sound classical scholars trained in our Universities, but it is too well known that our educational system, as a whole, is by no means favorable to the cultivation and development of any

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branch of education, which cannot readily command in its applied use a ready return of dollars. Some remarks of Dr. Henry, in his Essay on the Intellectual Spirit of the Nation, are so apposite to and confirmatory of our views, that we make no apology for quoting them:

"It might be shown how the system of eduction established among us tends, in some important respects, not so much to quicken intellectual power, and to form decided intellectual tastes, as to furnish the modicum of knowledge necessary to enable our youth to rush upon the arena of life, and play their part in the great struggle for wealth or office. It might be shown how the continual multiplication of works like most of our popular productions tends to create a vague and superficial knowledge, which serves rather as a substitute for thinking, than to invigorate the powers of thought: and how the mind even of the commonest reader gets more good from grappling with *one master mind*, and by patient, strenuous self-exertion fathoming the depth of one master-work, than by skimming forty volumes of 'Familiar Elements,' and similar fourth-rate productions, that are continually coming forth. I might point out some indications of a morbid taste in the present reading public, which require a higher tone of literature to correct. But let whatever there is of letters among us be accepted as good; and surely it is very good in comparison with having nothing of the kind, or even—some exceptions being made—with having less of it; for it tends to the diffusion of knowledge, a thing essential to the welfare of the country, so it be sound and wholesome knowledge; still it is obvious to remark, that *diffusion* of knowledge is not its *advancement*. Carrying the streams all over the land is not keeping the fountain fresh and full. The teachers—those engaged in simplifying and communicating existing knowledge—can have but little time for increasing its amount. They can have but little time, even if they have the intellectual power, to explore the fountain heads, to enlarge them, to open new and fresh springs. Yet this is needed: otherwise the streams are likely to get dry and stale. We need, then, an order of men of lofty intellectual endowment, of original creative power, exclusively devoted to the highest department of truth, beauty and letters: an intellectual High Priesthood, standing within the inner veil of the Temple of Truth, reverently watching before the Holy of Holies for its divine revelations, and giving them out to the lower ministers of the altar. This lofty style of letters is good in itself. It is good as a component part of the common-weal. It is good too—it is indispensably necessary—as a counteracting power to the predominant evils that have been displayed. * * * * In this country, above all others on the globe, men of science and letters have no place, no position in the social system. The respect paid to wealth and public office engrosses all the respect that in other countries is awarded to high letters. The multitude in this country, so far from favoring and honoring high learning and science, is rather prone to suspect and dislike it. It feareth that genius savoreth of aristocracy! Besides, the multitude calleth itself a practical man. It asketh, *what is the use?* It seeth no use but that which *leads to money or the material ends of life.* It hath no opinion of having dreamers and drones in society. It believeth, indeed, in railroads; it thinketh well of steam; and owneth that the new art of bleaching by chlorine is a prodigious improvement; but it laughs at the profound researches into the laws of nature out of which those very inventions grew; and with still greater scorn it laughs at the votaries of the more spiritual forms of Truth and Beauty, *which have no application to the palpable uses of life.*"

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Now, making allowance for some slight degree of oratorical exaggeration in these remarks of Dr. Henry, they must be allowed to be, in the main, founded in truth and justice. Nor, indeed, would it have been natural, not to say easy, for education to have taken any other direction among a people situated as we had been, at all events, for the first half century of our independence. Necessaries, not luxuries, for the mental, no less than the physical taste, were to be provided; the actual wants and stern necessities of life had to be encountered and supplied, and America has great reason to be proud of having, amid the arduous struggles of her early political existence, provided so liberal and excellent a system of general education for her people. The gratifying result has been, that while older nations, with richly endowed scholastic institutions, have continued to surpass us in the higher and more refined walks of learning, very few of them equal, and none surpass, us in the general education of the mass of the people. It is difficult, if not impossible, to find a native of the Northern States who does not possess, besides the "*three R's*," a very fair knowledge of history, geography, geometry, and political economy. It is in no invidious tone we observe, that both in the great cities and in many of the rural districts alike of France and England, a very different state of things exists: a person possessed of the knowledge specified would be regarded rather as an educated exception to the comparative ignorance of the mass of the population around. While the common-school education of this country compares thus favorably with that of other and older nations, there is no ignoring the fact that the appreciation of the *practical* and *useful*, which originated in necessity, has grown with use, and now, when the same necessity no longer exists, exerts an undiminished power and bias. Education is valued chiefly as a means of acquiring fortune or political position, and consequently only those departments of learning are, as a general rule, greatly cultivated, which most directly and readily promote those objects. For the honor as well as the welfare of America, we earnestly desire to see this condition of educational affairs altered, and that without delay, as being at once derogatory to the dignity, and altogether unbecoming the otherwise high position and reputation of our country. We would give up nothing of the excellent system of practical, common-school education which has been productive of so much benefit, and which forms the solid and strong foundation of our scholastic

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building. But neither, on the other hand, would we any longer leave that building in a rough, unfinished state; its strong and noble columns unadorned by the capitals, and uncrowned by the entablature, to support and exhibit which was their especial design and destination.

We do not hesitate to say that an accurate acquaintance with classical philology, grammar, and philosophy, is essential to the full and perfect development of the national as well as the individual intellect; and, at the present moment, no greater blessing could be conferred upon America—next to a fair and final settlement of the unhappy troubles, which have impelled us to draw our swords in deadly strife against each other—than such a reform and expansion of our university system as should tend to raise our classical scholarship to a par with that of England or of Germany. This is not the place to discuss the means requisite to attain such an object, but this we may briefly say—two of the most effective of those means, *the* two which have mainly raised the English and Irish universities to their high position, are perfectly accessible to us, if our rich men will exercise a wise liberality, and our university officers and professors will exhibit a manly independence and disregard of mere popular clamor. Let the former, when once this war is over, more generally and generously devote some of their superfluous wealth to the endowment of scholarships and fellowships, as rewards of merit and incentives to exertion, in our universities; and let the latter, ceasing to be influenced by the fear of unpopularity or of decrease in number of students, combine in one great and effective effort for securing that *degrees of whatever kind shall be granted only upon examination*, and we venture to say the root of the evil will be removed, and a very few years will see the university and higher education of America, taking its proper place of honor and respect on a par with the old-world nations.

Now the realization of this hope involves, as a necessary consequence, an increased and more general study of the Grecian philosophy, and especially of the works of that Grecian philosopher whose influence has proved as durable as his knowledge was, for his time, mighty in its power and marvellous in its variety and comprehensiveness. In briefly reviewing the life and labors of Aristotle, we shall not pause to discuss the various points of dispute, which have afforded such ample exercise to the ingenuity and research of critics and

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commentators, but simply state such facts as a study of his works, neither short nor superficial, and of the various commentaries on those works, warrants us in presenting as historic verities. The division of the subject, which naturally suggests itself, will be, first, the life and education of the philosopher; secondly, his writings; thirdly, the influence exercised by his living teaching over his contemporaries; and, lastly, the wider and more enduring sway which his intellect has held over succeeding generations.

Aristotle was born in the first year of the 91st Olympiad—that is, B. C. 384, at Stagira in Chalcidice, on the Strymonic Gulf (now the Gulf of Contessa). It was from this, his birth-place, supposed to be represented by the modern village of Stamos, that he derived his cognomon of the Stagirite—Σταγειρίτης. His father, Nicomachus, held the honorable office of Court Physician to Amyntas 2d, king of Macedonia, and grandfather of Alexander the Great, and there is no doubt that the professional studies and tastes of the father exercised no less powerful an influence over those of the son, than did the associations of his high position and court-life over his tastes and general tone of feeling. The latter opened the way, at all events, to his becoming, in very early life, the companion and friend of Philip, and thus, at a later period, the tutor and counsellor of Philip's world-renowned son. His father died when he was little more than sixteen years of age, leaving him, with an ample fortune, under the guardianship of Proxenus, a native of Atarneus, then residing at Stagira, who faithfully exerted himself to secure for his ward every educational advantage. His preparatory studies ended, Aristotle proceeded to Athens, then the world's metropolis of science and philosophy, with the view of prosecuting his pursuit of knowledge more effectually under the guidance of Plato, whose reputation was at that time in its zenith. It happened that Plato was absent on a visit of some duration, in Sicily, when the Stagirite disciple arrived at Athens, and it was fortunate that it was so, because the latter was thus afforded an opportunity of establishing beforehand a reputation amongst the Athenian youth for habits of accurate investigation, devotion to learning, and masculine good sense, which led Plato, on his return, to take a lively and earnest interest in his career. He rapidly became distinguished among his fellow-students for his inquiring spirit, his rigid adherence to method, and

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for his energy and zeal, so that, as Diogenes Laertius informs us, while "Xenscrates required the spur, Aristotle needed the bit." Plato's approbation of him was further shown by other titles, which he conferred on his brilliant pupil, such as ἀναγνώστης "the reader," and ὁ νοῦς τῆς διατριβῆς "the mind of the school." These and many other circumstances combine to cause us to reject the malicious stories, recorded by one writer, of Aristotle's having been guilty of disrespect and ingratitude towards his illustrious master. The most searching investigation has failed to discover to us any solid foundation for those calumnies, and we believe the truth to have been, that the disputations which would often occur, as was the custom in the old Athenian schools of philosophy, between two such ardent seekers after truth as Plato and Aristotle—seekers, too, starting from such widely diverse standpoints—sometimes assumed an appearance of animosity instead of animation in the eyes of the by-standers. It was a standard maxim with Aristotle, that "when the question is between truth and our friends, it is right to prefer truth, although both are dear;" but we have every reason for believing that, from first to last, he showed regard and respect to his teacher, even when he felt compelled to differ from and oppose his views. The course of mental training which he went through at Athens in the school of Plato, would appear very long to the undergraduates of "Young America," who feel impatient under the infliction of a *three-years course* before receiving the diploma of *completed scholarship* (?). He remained there for twenty years, and then, with reasoning powers matured and developed, and a mind stocked with all the knowledge to be then obtained at the great centre of learning, he proceeded to Atarneus, and thence to Mitylene. His departure was decided by the death of Plato, which had occurred during his temporary absence on an embassay from Athens, to the court of Philip. The death of his great master broke the last tie that bound him to the Athenian metropolis, nor is it unlikely that his well-known intimacy with the Macedonian monarch, whose aggressive policy towards Greece had now begun to reveal itself, tended to excite against him the hostile jealousy of the Athenians—a feeling likely to be in no small degree increased by his avowed preference of the protection of a monarchy to the tyranny of a multitude. To these motives was added the perhaps stronger one arising from the desire of adding to his stock of knowledge, by

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personal observation in travelling. It was shortly before leaving Athens at this time—about B. C. 347, that he had his famous controversy with Isocrates, the brilliant and popular, though somewhat superficial orator, who has, however, been awarded by modern critics, as well as by Cicero, a higher meed of praise than Aristotle was disposed to allow him. His style, indeed, was of that florid and ornate character, which relied for its success chiefly on its polish and eloquence—on λεξις, as Aristotle would have said—rather than on sound argument—πιστις. Nevertheless, Cicero remarks that from his school, "as from the Trojan horse, came forth the princes of Grecian oratory" (E ludo Isocratis, tanquam ex equo Trojano, meri principes exierunt—De Or. ii. 3, 10); and Müller, in his *Greek Literature*, emphatically says, "The services of Isocrates reach far beyond the limits of his school. Without his reconstruction of the style of Attic oratory, we could have had no Demosthenes and no Cicero; and through these the school of Isocrates has extended its influence even to the oratory of our own day." It is easy to understand how distasteful that style would be to the calm reasoning mind of Aristotle, and, though political feelings probably added a greater degree of acrimony to the controversy between the "master of mind" and the "master of words," the world has reason to rejoice over a contest, to which it is probably indebted for the *Rhetoric*, that work which has been aptly styled by no mean authority, "a magazine of intellectual riches, a text-book of human feeling, a storehouse of taste, an exemplar of condensed and accurate, but uniformly clear and candid, reasoning." After five years spent in travelling and in residence at Mitylene and Atarneus, Aristotle was requested by Philip, in B. C. 342, to become tutor to his son, Alexander, who was then about thirteen years of age, not five, as has been stated by some authors, chiefly on the foundation of the letter, recorded by Aulus Gallius and by Deo Chrysostom, which Philip wrote to Aristotle soon after his birth, and in which occur the remarkable words, "I feel myself bound to thank the Gods, not so much that a son is born unto me, as that he is born in your day: for under your tuition he will become, I hope, worthy to succeed me in the government of Macedonia." Notwithstanding this letter, it is certain that, very unfortunately for himself and his future subjects, Alexander had two "preparatory tutors" before he was handed over to the instruction of Aristotle, and that by

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the injudicious conduct of these men, one of whom was as much given to roughness and "muscular paganism" as the other was to flattery and adulation, two of the greatest faults of his character were fostered and developed—namely, hastiness of temper and vanity.

The difficulties of Aristotle's task as royal tutor were thus vastly increased, and a foundation laid for that estrangement, which, at a later period, arose between the once teacher and pupil. He, however, vigorously set himself to teach, and Alexander to learn, poetry, oratory, and philosophy in its three divisions of natural, moral, and political. It was as a text-book of poetry that he prepared that revised copy of the "Iliad," many of whose emendations, Strabo tells us, were from the hand of Alexander himself. Although there have not been wanting writers to comment with severity on the yielding deference which marked the intercourse of the courtly tutor with his princely pupil, it cannot be doubted that the influence of his teaching had a most beneficial effect in checking the fierce passions and developing the more generous feelings of the world-conqueror, whom, with all his faults, we cannot help admiring as a brave, generous and great-hearted man, worthy to be a "leader of heroes." After three years' training under Aristotle, the young prince was summoned to the arduous duties of the regency during his father's absence, and thenceforward his communication with the philosopher was chiefly by letter, for the tradition of his having taken him with him to India is quite without foundation. In B. C. 335, Aristotle returned to Athens, where, in the beautiful walks of the Lyceum, which had been assigned him by the State, he delivered his lectures, or rather conversational lessons, to a daily increasing number of illustrious disciples. It was from the name of these walks—*οἱ περίπατοι*—rather than from the verb *περιπατέω*, that his school obtained the name of "Peripatetic." Thirteen years were spent by him in this tranquil but useful life of teaching and of literary labor, for it was now that most of his voluminous works were composed. We learn from Diogenes Laertius that he wrote four hundred and forty thousand lines, filling thirty octavo volumes of a later time. If we reflect on the clumsy and inconvenient nature of the writing materials used in his time, and upon the arduous nature of his avocations as a public instructor, we may form some idea, both of the fertility of his genius and of the extent of his in-

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dustry. He derived the most ample and generous assistance in his scientific researches from his former pupil, who advanced him sums amounting to 800 talents, or nearly one million of dollars, a sum at that time probably equal to $3,000,000 at the present day; he also caused a collection of Natural History specimens to be made for him in the various countries through which he passed in his career of conquest, and thus enabled him to write that *History of Animals*, which the progress of science is investing with even a higher authority, than was formerly conceded to it. It is certain that, as Kidd observes, he anticipated therein several of Cuvier's discoveries, and it is also probable that he was the first to propose, as the basis of scientific investigation, that principle, which has been so successfully carried out by the late Professor Macartney of Dublin, and by Professor Owen, the greatest of living zoologists.

The dissensions which arose between Greece and Macedon on Alexander's death, were fraught with danger to the old philosopher, who had been the friend of Philip and the tutor of his son. The Athenians were beginning to have recourse to their familiar expedient of a religious accusation as a cloak to political revenge—the same weapon by which they had so foully murdered the noble Socrates—when Aristotle, seeing too clearly what would be the inevitable issue of his approaching trial on the charge of blasphemy for "singing a pæan in praise of his pupil Hermeas," fled to Chalcis in Eubœa, where he died the next year, just two months before Demosthenes, at the age of sixty-two, having been, as he expected, condemned to death in his absence by the Areopagus Court. A more romantic tradition records that he drowned himself in the Euripus, through disgust at his inability to discover the causes of its strange counter-currents. An interesting story is recorded of the mode selected by him, shortly before his death, for appointing his successor. The rival candidates were Eudemus (or Menedemus), a Rhodian, and Theophrastus, a native of Lesbos. Ordering wine of each of these islands to be set before him, and tasting of each, he observed that both were good, but that he preferred the Lesbian. Much has been said of the meanness of the appearance of Aristotle, and the plainness of his features; indeed, the figure presented to our mind by many writers is that of a weak, withered, ugly, and despicable-looking man, exhibiting in every part of his external appearance

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the most marked contrast to the elegance, grace, and refinement of his mind. Such contrasts are very rare, if not impossible; for intellect and amiability, such as he so preëminently possessed, would breathe forth a spirit of beauty over the plainest features and the meanest form. But there is no reliable evidence whatever for any of these exaggerated statements, and we believe the truth to have been that he was, as was natural to one whose whole life had been devoted to intense study, somewhat attenuated and stooped in form, with a thin and anxious-looking face, and bright, penetrating eyes; his voice slightly marred by a lisp, which detracted however in no degree from the power and effect of his eloquence. That attention to dress, for which he was noticed, was not the result of a desire to conceal deformities, but of his early training in the habits of court. In this, as in other things, he always showed himself to be, not merely the profound philosopher, but also the gentleman and man of taste; and we are free to confess we have little sympathy with those elevated philosophers, who seem to consider a reasonable attention to the care of their person and respect to the usages of society incompatible with their high, intellectual pursuits —who, with a proud humility, hug the out-at-elbow coat, and down-trod shoe, and very bad hat, as a necessary insignia of their intellectual elevation and authority. We, on the contrary, are always inclined to suspect the soundness of any philosophy which wants good sense, and the sincerity of any philanthropy which lacks good taste; for good taste, exhibited in a just consideration for the usages of society and the feelings of others, is an essential part of good nature.

But we must hasten on from the external to the internal characteristics of the great master of logic and philosophy; and even on these we must dwell but very briefly. A comparison between his mind and method and those of Plato at once occurs as no less natural than necessary. Plato's whole system of reasoning had, from an early period, taken a peculiar and in many respects unfortunate bias, as well from his peculiar mental constitution as from his devoted study of pure geometry, his love of which was evidenced by the well-known motto, *οὐδεὶς ἀγεωμέτρητος ἔνδαδε εἰσιέτω*. His observation of the inability of the senses to apprehend pure, abstract mathematical qualities led him eventually to entertain an absurdly low estimate of the evidence of the senses. His temper, too, was highly poetical and imaginative, so that philosophy became with him

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literally "a passion for wisdom." Gifted, as he was, with such a temper, and with the most brilliant genius, it was but natural that he should entrance and delight the imagination of his hearers, even while failing to convince their reason. His lectures or discourses were marked by poetic fancy, glowing imagery, and consummate art, while over and around them ever floated a dim, but delightful, atmosphere of beauty.

Aristotle's mind was of quite another calibre, less likely to win men's love, but far better calculated to advance sound knowledge, and promote the welfare of society. Its distinguishing characteristic was *sound, practical common sense.* In his own words, "his main object was not 'knowledge' (γνῶσις), but 'practice' (πρᾶξις)." Here we have the key to his character, as well as to the solid and lasting results of his teaching. He had not, nor pretended or sought to have, Plato's power of looking inward upon the soul, and contemplating the working of its energies, but his eye was quick to observe the phenomena of nature in the outer world around him, and the motives of men's actions in the practical field of political and common life. He had, from early years, been initiated into the secrets of society, and thus had involuntarily become what we call "a man of the world," but yet without acquiring that selfishness or immorality, which are nowadays too often associated with the term. Plato was the dreamer, Aristotle the doer; while the former was indulging in beautiful, airy speculations, the latter was grasping and grappling with the stern facts and realities of life. Plato was the genius-inspired artist, Aristotle the learning-cultivated scholar and critic. We are accustomed to associate the idea of the pure and the spiritual more peculiarly with Plato, and it is no grateful task to detract from the estimation of a writer whose works—especially the Phædo—have ever been our delight; but truth compels us to assert that the writings of Aristotle afford evidence of a sounder and higher morality than those of Plato, while the latter, with a keener spiritual vision, came nearer to the Christian idea of God and the soul of man. We need only illustrate the former statement by reference to the higher value set by Aristotle on female virtue. There is good reason for believing, also, that, practically, Plato looked with an indulgent or careless eye upon vices to which his pupil was sternly opposed. On the other hand, we must acknowledge that the moral philosophy of the latter was marked by one very unsound principle, the tenet, namely, "that it is only by a sort of *habituation* — ἐθισμῷ

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τινι—that we distinguish right from wrong." The works of Aristotle have generally been divided into the "esoteric, or acroatic, or acroamatic," and the "exoteric or encyclic," and it is to the latter class those works which have come down to us, belong. There has been much dispute respecting the exact meanings of those terms. Cicero's explanation in his *Tusculan Disputations* is certainly wrong; but the following is probably a tolerably correct view. The philosophers of Greece were not only the investigators and discoverers of science and learning, but the public teachers and preachers of their race and time. Hence they had naturally two sets of pupils, the one consisting of those who studied certain special scientific subjects in a philosophic spirit, the other of those who desired to pass through a course of general study. To the former the esoteric method was adapted, while, for the instruction of the latter, the exoteric, embracing all the usual branches of a good Athenian education, was the more appropriate vehicle. It is plain, however, that the same subjects could be treated either in the one mode or the other; and this accounts for some of the confusion that has arisen on the subject. The extant works of Aristotle include, it is believed, about one-fourth of his original writings, and enter more or less into almost every department of human knowledge, embracing in their wide grasp, Logic, Physics, Metaphysics, Ethics, Politics, Poetics, and Rhetoric. We cannot, at any rate on the present occasion, enter into any analysis of the nature and contents of these works. The limits assigned us enforce a somewhat abrupt conclusion; but, firstly, we observe once more, that the great attention attracted, and influence exercised by these works through so many ages, as well as the extraordinary circumstances connected, both with their first discovery, after having been buried for one hundred and thirty years, and their introduction into Christian Europe in the first place by the Mohammedan Saracens—to whom, by the by, we are indebted for far more of the elements of our modern science and learning than we have the gratitude or good taste to acknowledge—all combine to mark them as a mighty instrumentality sent by Providence to promote the cause of civilization; and therefore they must be deserving of the sedulous study of the ingenuous youth—and manhood too—of America. And, secondly, the character, mental and personal, of Aristotle, will prove a good and healthy study and exemplar for our young scholars and philosophers.

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ART. VIII.—*Carthage and her Remains; Being an Account of the Excavations and Researches on the Site of the Phœnician Metropolis in Africa, and other adjacent Places.* Conducted under the auspices of Her Majesty's Government. By DR. N. DAVIS, F. R. G. S., &c. With Illustrations. 8vo, pp. 504. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1861.

OF the origin of Carthage, little is known with certainty. Scarcely two ancient historians agree as to the period when the city was founded. Some, indeed, are of opinion that it had been destroyed several times, and rebuilt before it engaged in any war with the Romans. The most probable account seems to be, however, that it was originally founded about 878 B. C. Whatever doubt there may be on this point, it is certain that its founders were Phœnicians—citizens of ancient Tyre. Many stories are related as to the cause of the emigration which led to the establishment of the African colony. The one most commonly received is, that Pygmalion, king of Tyre, having put the husband of his sister Dido to death, in order to become possessed of his great wealth, the latter, fearing that she might be put out of the way herself in a similar manner, resolved to seek an asylum in some distant land. Knowing the disposition of her brother, she pretended to take the death of Sichæus in good part, assuring the king that she never loved him; and adding, that being now at liberty—not under the control of a priest, as she had been—she would visit her brother Barca, who resided at Chartæ, a small town between Tyre and Sidon, if furnished with means suitable to her rank to do so. After some hesitation, the king allowed her all the ships she required for the voyage. Having conveyed all her treasures on board the fleet, with a large number of followers, she set sail a week earlier than the time appointed; and, when the stratagem was discovered, it was too late to intercept the expedition, although a large fleet was sent in pursuit.

The fugitives steered direct for Cyprus. Dido did not land on the island, it being subject to her brother; but it seems she allowed her followers to help themselves to the prettiest damsels they could find near the shore, to be their wives. Thus reinforced, they directed their course to the coast of Africa, and landed at Utica, another Phœnician colony, where they were received as friends. It is by no

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means clear how long they delayed at Utica—whether a week, a month, or a year; nor is the question of much importance. It will be sufficient for our present purpose to say that, after Dido had duly examined the surrounding country, she decided on a site for a city, with the intention of securing as much additional territory as she could. The inhabitants, as the story runs, refused to sell more than an ox-hide could enclose. The Tyrian queen agreed to the terms, but ordered the hide to be cut into a long string. The proprietors saw that they were taken in; but they were too gallant to dispute with a beautiful young princess, whose followers were their own kindred; and thus, we are told, was laid the foundation of the only nation in the world, in its day, that dared to be the rival of the Roman Empire. It is a matter of little moment whether this account is true or not, but that such a bargain must have been made somewhere seems sufficiently proved, by the fact that the Persians tell a similar story about the manner in which the English got Calcutta. The famous Hassan Sabah, chief of the Assassins, is said to have acquired the hill-fort of Alamoot by means of the same stratagem. There is a tradition in England, that this was the mode by which Hengist and Horsa secured the privilege of founding a colony in the Isle of Thanet. Several other instances might be added, but these are sufficient to show that there must have been some foundation in fact for the subterfuge claimed to have been practised in so many different parts of the world.

Whatever serves to shed any new light on the origin or character of a state like Carthage is worthy of consideration. In the work now before us there is not a little that is calculated to do so. But, before taking any notice of the results of the author's labors, we will glance, in passing, at such ancient accounts of the greatness of Carthage as are in general held to be reliable. All the Roman historians say more or less of the Carthaginians and their republic; but none of them have given us a regular history of either. Most of them allude to both only in an incidental way—making one remark about them here, another there, &c. The same may be said of the Greek historians. The writer who, of all the ancients, gives us most important information relative to the Carthaginians, is Aristotle, whose treatise entitled "Politica" is regarded more or less as a guide by all who have treated the subject with any degree of intelli-

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gence since his time. In the opinion of the Stagirite, the government of Carthage was the best constituted of all antiquity—superior to that of either Crete or Sparta. He gives two reasons for assigning it this superiority—one is, that notwithstanding the vast extent of the commerce of Carthage and its numerous city population, it was never subject to popular commotions; the other, that it never produced a tyrant. The constitution was similar to that of Venice—rather an aristocracy than a democracy; although it contained a strong democratic element. This seems to conflict with the story of Dido, who must have commenced her government as a queen. Nor is it consistent with what we know of the parent State; for it is not alone Tyre that was a monarchy—the government of all the Phœnician cities was the same. The nobility was hereditary. Besides the nobles by birth, there were those who acquired nobility by their education and talents; but neither was the governing class. The magistrates and public officers were selected from the *optimates*, or those of the citizens who had most wealth and influence. This might seem bad policy, were it not that no salaries were allowed. All were expected to serve their country free, the same as the members of both houses of the British parliament; and, like the members of the British House of Commons, they had to be elected by those of the people privileged to vote; who had also a right to impeach them for malefeasance in office. Or perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that the people ratified their nomination by the Senate. The latter, it seems, made the appointments; but they had to be ratified by the democratic element; so that, according to Aristotle, the necessary qualities for a public functionary were wealth, virtue, and popularity (δημον). From the stress laid upon wealth above all other qualifications, it has been inferred that the offices were sold to the highest bidders. Assuming this to have been the case, much evil could not have sprung from the habit, since those found to be incapable, or who were guilty of any abuses, were at any time liable to be dismissed. The Senate and the executive had the power of dismissing the highest magistrates; of declaring war or making peace; entering into treaties or forming alliances; but, if they could not agree, the question was submitted to the people, whose decision was conclusive.

The Stagirite does not tell us how many members com-

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posed the Senate; but the number must have been very considerable, since all who distinguished themselves as patriots, officers in the army or navy, discoverers or inventors, became senators. We have an additional reason for believing that the Senate must have been a numerous body, in the fact that Aristotle speaks of a board of one hundred and four persons chosen from it, which resembled the Ephorate of Sparta, but with this important difference, that while any respectable Spartan citizen might be an Ephor, none but citizens of the highest character and greatest worth were eligible at Carthage. Some are of opinion that there was another board, or committee, of one hundred persons chosen from the same body, in order that one might be a check on the other. Kluge thinks there can be no doubt on this point, as so accurate a writer as Aristotle would not be likely to speak of the same committee in one place as composed of a hundred and four members, and then in the next page set down the number as one hundred. He thinks the former were a magistracy, established, at an early period of the Republic, as a high court, a court of appeal for the trial of all cases, public and private, in which the judgment of the lower courts were sought to be set aside under one pretext or other; and that the latter were selected at a later time, their chief functions being to examine into the conduct of generals on their return from a campaign, and reward or punish them, according as it appeared that they deserved one or the other. It was, doubtless, the sentence of this body that left the great Hannibal a wanderer in Asia from one city to another, often wanting the common necessaries of life, until finally he became so wearied of existence that he put an end to his own life.

Aristotle speaks of other boards called Pentarchies. What their precise functions were no one can tell, but they must have been important. Kluge, than whom there is no better authority among the moderns, is of opinion that a pentarchy was a board composed of the five chief officers of the State, namely, the Priest of *Melcarth*, the national god, the *quæstor*, the *censor*, the *boctrach*, or military commander in the town, and the *ædile*. This, however, is nothing more than a conjecture. But, however high were the functions of the Pentarchies, there were authorities still higher than they. These were the *Suffetes*, or Judges, who were at the head of the State. Polybius compares them to the Roman consuls; while Aristotle compares them to the Spartan kings. It is not known how

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many there were, how they were chosen, or for how long a time. Nepos speaks of them as two colleagues who aided each other as the executive department of the government, like the two consuls of Rome; and this is the most generally received opinion at the present day.

Of the religion of the Carthaginians little is known; although all the ancient writers describe them as a religious people—more so than their kindred of Tyre and Sidon, though there does not seem to have been any difference between their faith and that of the parent stock. At least, this is the only guide we have to go by. The Phœnicians worshipped not only the sun, but all the celestial luminaries. The chief of their deities was Molec, the sun-god, called Kronus by the Greeks, from some resemblance he was supposed to bear to their own god, Time. But here we come to the worst feature in the character of the Carthaginians. Whatever may have been the names of their deities, it is beyond question that they sought to propitiate them by means of human sacrifices. The infant children of the noblest families were burned alive under the statue of Molec, though this was done only in times of great calamity, the infants of slaves being deemed sufficient victims in times of peace and prosperity. We read of instances, however, in which hundreds of persons who had sacrificed the children of their slaves, finding that there was no change for the better, but rather for the worse, would cast themselves into the flames to be consumed to ashes, as the Hindoos have been in the habit of throwing themselves under the wheels of the huge image of Juggernaut to be crushed to death.

What may well seem incredible is, that an intelligent people would be guilty of such inhuman acts; and yet the Carthaginians must have been intelligent. We might, indeed, refuse to believe the fact, were it not notorious that Hindoos, who are well educated, exhibit a fanaticism almost equally bloody in our own time. Bad as this religion was, it exercised a conservative influence on the institutions of the Carthaginians—institutions which, as we have already seen, were excellent in themselves. This is the opinion of the most pious Christian writers; their view of the case being that no form of government, however wisely framed, or judiciously administered, can lay any claim to durability without the aid of religion; without a machinery of some kind by which the masses are taught that they can be guided, more

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or less, by supernatural agency. At any rate, there is abundant evidence that the government of the Carthaginians was eminently stable in its character. No other people were less liable to popular commotions. It is the opinion of the greatest historians of ancient and modern times, that had they curbed their ambition for foreign conquest, and not undertaken to seize on the finest provinces of the Roman Empire, finally threatening the Eternal City itself, they might still have existed as a powerful nation.

What this ambition led to, this is not the place to explain. Nor is it necessary that we should attempt anything of the kind. The history of the Punic wars is within the reach of every schoolboy—no intelligent person need be ignorant of it. It is otherwise with the facts to which we have thus briefly referred, and which have to be collected from various sources.

Now, let us see what Dr. Davis has added to our stock of knowledge on the destiny of Carthage. In dedicating his book to the Earl of Clarendon, he says: "When the objects recovered from the wreck of Carthage shall be fully and properly exhibited to the public, in a suitable locality, within the precincts of the British Museum, the nation will see the debt of gratitude which is due to your lordship"—that is, for having afforded means, in his official position as a member of her Majesty's government, for prosecuting the excavations undertaken by the author. Dr. Davis thinks that the discrepancies in regard to the origin of Carthage are not so great as they seem at first sight.

"It would appear," he says, "that the Phœnicians had a settlement here, and had built a city about 400 years before Dido's arrival. Her birth and station entitled her to a cordial reception among her own countrymen, and her misfortune enlisted their sympathy. It was, therefore, most natural to confide to her the reins of power, and under her administration a systematic government was first organized.

"According to Josephus (whose authority on this subject ought to be respected), Tyre was built 240 years before the Temple of Jerusalem. If this be so, then the city, after a duration of only twenty years, had already sent out colonists to the African coasts. But, in all probability, the first and original settlers at Carthage were not Tyrians, but the surplus population of the other Phœnician cities. Citizens of Tyre, no doubt, afterward swelled the ranks of the African colonists, so that when Dido came among them she found herself among her own people, and Carthage can with just propriety trace her descent from Tyre."—p. 18.

Our author agrees with several other respectable writers in the opinion that Carthage is synonymous with the Tarshish of

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the Bible. "It is most probable," he tells us, "that the name Carthage was given to those colonies which either spontaneously or amicably submitted to Phœnician rule, and Tarshish was applied to such as were subjugated by power; in other words, the one was acquired by conquest and the other was acquired by treaty" (p. 31). From this he concludes after all it is no fable that the Phœnicians had once a settlement in the British Islands.

"Indeed, no doubt can possibly be entertained of the fact that the Phœnicians had a Tarshish in Britain, when we remember the evidences produced to prove that they had intercourse with this country, in connection with these words of Ezekiel, 'Tarshish was thy merchant by reason of the multitude of all kind of riches: with silver, iron, tin, and lead, they traded in thy fairs' (Ezek., xxvii., 12). Moore, in his 'History of Ireland' (vol. i., p. 10), says, 'The whole of the Cassiterides were in those days called the Britannic Isles. The name Britannia is Celtic, means a land of metals, and was applied generally to the whole cluster of the tin isles—the Isle of Man and those of Scilly included.' And in the report to the Royal Dublin Society on the metallic mines of the province of Leinster for the year 1828, we meet with this passage: 'It is worthy of remark that many of our mining excavations exhibit appearances similar to the surface workings of the most ancient mines in Cornwall, which are generally attributed to the Phœnicians.' It would appear from this that what could not be procured in one Tarshish was obtained in another, by the industrious and persevering Tyrians, and hence the enterprising flotilla returned laden with precious metals, etc., after a long absence of three years."—p. 32.

A considerable amount of other evidence is added in support of this theory, and quite an array of learned authorities are quoted for the same purpose. All this, however, is nothing new. The question we have to consider now is, not whether the Phœnicians colonized Ireland or any other place in Europe, but whether it is likely that the work of excavation, so well begun by our author, is likely to prove so successful as he seems to anticipate. In referring to the opinion of the learned Dr. Jubb as to Ophir and Tarshish, as well as Carthage and Tarshish, being one and the same thing, he remarks:

"Besides the gold found in globules on the Carthaginian beach, specimens of which I have myself seen, we learn from Herodotus, who has his information from the Carthaginians themselves, that gold dust was procured from the island Cyranis, the Cerecina of other ancient writers, and the modern Kerkna, on the coast of Tunis. And within the last few years a gold mine was discovered in this regency, on the frontiers of Algeria. Besides, it is only natural to suppose that a commercial people, like the Carthaginians, did not neglect the gold dust from Central Africa, and, considering the numerous elephants they procured from the interior,

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it will scarcely be doubted that they traded largely in ivory also. Apes, too, are even now found on this coast, and when we remember that Juno was the protectress of Carthage, and that the peacock was sacred to that divinity, it is more than probable that that bird was at one time plentiful in this part of Africa. Thus, nearly all the commodities mentioned by the sacred writers as constituting the cargoes of the combined flotilla were at that period procurable within the territories of Carthage and Utica."—p. 37.

This would seem the more credible did the author give us any definite idea of the extent of the Carthaginian empire at the period to which he refers, since it appears, from the best authorities, to have comprised three hundred and sixty cities, in the days of its highest prosperity; altogether independently of its large and flourishing colonies, in Spain, Corsica, Sardinia, Malta, and the Balearic Isles.

The author becomes quite enthusiastic in his account of the first excavation at the village of Dowar-Eshutt, supposed to be exactly on the site of the ancient Carthage:

"Now I could devote all my time to the work. I increased my number of laborers, and opened a series of experimental trenches, having still the above-named plans for my guide. In following up one of these trenches, I came upon solid masonry, and in a few days cleared three arched or vaulted chambers, but, with the exception of a marble hand, and a few terra-cotta lamps, of no particular beauty, which I found in them, I considered my labor as entirely lost. These chambers measured about twenty-two feet by ten, and communicated with each other by lofty doors. The arch was the plain semicircular, and was constructed of irregular stones, while the wall, up to the curve (about fourteen feet in height), was of massive square stones. At one period the existence of the arch would have been sufficient evidence to fix the date of this building, but this opinion is now exploded, since Sir Gardiner Wilkinson informs us that 'innumerable vaults and arches exist in Thebes of early date,' and Mr. Layard found the same construction at Nineveh also. Arched gateways are, moreover, often represented in the bas-reliefs from that place. There was, therefore, nothing to guide me in assigning an origin to this building, except that experience has since taught me that wherever ruins are visible above ground, they are, with few exceptions, to be ascribed to the Roman Carthage. Here a slight portion of the masonry was above ground."—pp. 59, 60.

Although he had little success in this first attempt, it had the effect, he tells us, of giving the Arabs a high opinion of his skill, industry, and daring—a fact which he thinks not unworthy of recording; but probably only as a relief to more serious matters. "How shrewd he is," said a man of about sixty; "no sooner did he arrive than he perceived the danger, and how extraordinary that he should have come up before that mountain of earth fell." Another answered, "Yes, and had he not called us when he did, in all probability our parents would have

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been childless, our wives widows, and our children orphans" (p. 61). There is a similar vein of egotism pervading the whole book—a self-complacent air, which, however, far from being disagreeable, is rather amusing. Its effect is not unlike that of the jests of a buffoon in the midst of a tragedy; a remark by which, however, we mean no disrespect to the author, whose narrative is in the main highly interesting. It seems that his influence on the Bey of Tunis and his whole court was unbounded. "So accustomed," he says, "became they to my visits, that when one week elapsed during which I was prevented from showing myself at the palace, it was immediately construed into a diminution of my friendship toward them" (p. 50). As to abuses, he had only to point them out in order to see reforms set on foot at once. "The bey," he tells us, "had commenced certain reforms which I could readily trace to my former advice" (p. 60). "In the prime minister I had no great confidence, notwithstanding his repeated professions of friendship toward me; *and yet* he was all powerful" (*ibid*). In order to illustrate his views relative to the prime minister, he gives us an account of an interview with that personage, during which he evinced at least as much politeness as our author, if no other good quality. The following passage is characteristic:

"The morning after I had made the discovery that the individual above alluded to was not likely to aid me in procuring the permission for excavation, I found myself at one of the country houses of the prime minister. I had been patiently listening to a host of compliments and a series of thanks (no one I know of understands the adage *Gratia pro rebus merito debetur inemtis*, 'Whatever is procured without purchase deserves thanks,' better than his Excellency does), when I resolved to bring matters to a crisis.

"'Your Excellency has repeatedly made professions of friendship toward me,' I said, 'and now I have determined to put that friendship to the test.'

"'What I have professed,' the minister replied, 'is pure and genuine; and, if it please God, may our friendship be eternal.'

"'The test I have resolved upon,' I rejoined, 'is of a trifling character, and your Excellency can easily satisfy my demand if you have only the will to do it.'

"'If my ability is equal to my will to serve you, then you may consider the favor you ask for as granted. Now, what is its nature?'

"'I want permission to excavate on the site of Carthage!'

"'*Allahi barak!* (God bless you!) This you shall have. I shall name it to his Highness,' the premier added, 'and I am sure he will not refuse a favor that *you* ask; he is too kindly disposed toward you not to comply with your request.'

"'Excellency,' I replied, 'I have no doubt as to his Highness's disposition toward me, and hence, if the request I make is not granted, I shall

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not ascribe it to any unkindness on his part, but *to the unwillingness to serve me on the part of his first minister.*'"—pp. 51, 52.

In view of the solemn assurances of friendship, made during the same interview by the prime minister, this was nothing less than to impugn his veracity to his face. But he took no offence. On the contrary, as the author tells, "he smiled and added, *Insha Allah* (please God), you shall have it."

But to return to the excavations. In making these and describing them, the author is much more at home than in delineating character. After referring to the efforts already alluded to as a failure, he states the following interesting particulars:

"Having given this spot a fair trial, I abandoned it, and shifted to a ruin at the foot of St. Louis' hill, upon the summit of which, it is generally believed, stood the famous temple of Æsculapius. With the exception of a few fragments of wall, two of which are towering some thirty feet above ground, the whole is a ponderous mass of shapeless masonry, imbedded in earth. Here I marked out several trenches, and set my men to work. The first day's labor brought to light the leg and thigh of a statue in dark marble, and I naturally entertained great hopes of finding the remaining portions. To form an estimate of the nature of this structure was an absolute impossibility, nor could I form any opinion as to the manner of its destruction. It possessed sufficient solidity to have withstood the ravages of time up to the present day; and after Rome, I know of no enemy who would have wasted time and labor to effect its destruction intentionally. Has an earthquake contributed toward the dismemberment of the ruins of this city, of which we have no record? But, granting that there are grounds for such an opinion, I can easily conceive the terrible consequences of such a terranean convulsion, but I cannot comprehend the entire disappearance of parts of mutilated and fractured statuary. I have found heads, hands, and feet of statues, and though I have made the most persevering search in the vicinity, surpassing even the bounds of probability, within the range of which the other parts could have fallen, I have never been successful in joining two fragments of the same statue. There was a time, we know, when Italian vessels came over for the sole purpose of exporting marble and sculpture from Carthage; and many a statue, which once graced a pagan temple, now, undoubtedly, adorns a Christian church; but those traders would not have left indispensable portions behind them. If the ruins of Carthage have therefore suffered from an earthquake, it must have been prior to that period, the eleventh century, and the iconoclasm must be ascribed to the emissaries of the Prophet of Mecca. Yes;

> 'When the smooth chisel all its force had shown,
> And softened into flesh the rugged stone,'

the ruthless barbarian, actuated by a false zeal for the Deity, considered it his sacred duty to cause havoc and devastation in the forum and in the temples of the Giohala idolators. Portions of the finest work of art have been used by them in rearing their miserable hovels, in the place of brick and stone. But the whole culpability must not be laid to the charge of the Moslem conquerors; Romans and Vandals have established a prece-

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dent, and have been quite as criminal as the rude followers of the missionary generals of Mohammed. In a Roman ruin near the Cothen, I found exquisite pieces of statuary imbedded in cement and placed beside the roughest building materials; and even Punic inscriptions I have discovered on several occasions so disposed of."—pp. 61, 62.

Our author took particular pains to carry on his excavations discreetly; and he grew more and more reticent in proportion as he was successful. But it seems it is difficult to conceal an interesting discovery even in Africa. We see sufficient proof of this in the extracts copied by Dr. Davis from statements published in several journals. We transcribe one, which, besides serving as a specimen, is worthy of perusal on its own account, especially as it is recognized by the author as in the main correct:

"An Arab having found a fragment of very beautiful mosaic, M. Davis continued the works in that direction with great energy, and soon came upon the remains of an ancient temple. Then prosecuting his successful discovery, he found a magnificent mosaic, ten or twelve feet square, representing two majestic colossal heads, supposed to be those of Dido and Juno, besides many other Oriental figures, remarkable for their elegance, and a quantity of ornaments and emblems equalling them in beauty. It is said they are the finest specimens of art which have been discovered. M. Davis has taken the greatest precaution to preserve them from being injured by the weather. It is believed that the British government will send a vessel to convey them, together with other relics that have been found, to England."—p. 160.

The most important of the ruins known to be really Punic, are those of the temple of Baal Hammon, the Saturn of the Carthaginians. There is but little of the immense structure left now, the greater part of the crumbling walls having been carried away at different times, as materials for other buildings. After giving the dimensions of the ruins, the author adds some remarks which possess a painful interest:

"An edifice of such dimensions, and of such peculiar construction, can not possibly be denominated a *maison*. That it was a temple there can be no doubt; and that it was the temple of Saturn, the Baal Hammon of the Carthaginians, or Cronus (*Κρόνος*), the god of Time, is amply indicated by the building itself.

"We have here four divisions of pilasters, which may be considered symbolical of the four weeks in the month, and of the four seasons of the year. The twelve pilasters represent the twelve months, and the four times twelve the forty-eight weeks of the ancient year. Its circular form is likewise symbolic of the period of time occupied by one revolution of the earth round the sun. A circle was emblematic of a year, and hence we have the Latin word for year, *annus*, which properly means a circle, and the Greek *Ἐνιαυτός* means the same. We might add that, looking through the whole edifice from any of the twelve gates, its construction is such, that seven courts naturally present themselves to the eye, and these courts

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were probably intended to represent the seven days in the week. And the very ground plan of the edifice itself, it will be observed, so clearly resembles the majestic orb in the centre of the solar system, and his brilliant rays, that there can be no doubt that it served as a temple of Cronus, or Baal Hammon—the sun Baal of the Carthaginians.

"We sunk a shaft in the centre, at least fifteen feet deeper than those who excavated here before, and came first upon a great deal of loose masonry from the fallen vaulted roof. Having cleared this away, a thick layer of burnt earth, mixed with bones, presented itself to our view, through which we dug in the hope of reaching the pavement. But our labors were fruitless, for, instead of coming in contact with artificial constructions, we came upon the natural rock.

"Having given the middle portion a fair trial, I opened several trenches in the galleries, particularly in the first and second. As for the centre, I am satisfied in my own mind that here stood the brazen image of the terrible Baal, whom Diodorus of Sicily describes as having had outstretched arms, inclinined to the earth, so that the child that was placed on them rolled down and fell into a pit below, filled with fire. The layer of burnt earth, or rather ashes and bones which we found, were therefore the remains of the victims immolated to this divinity."—pp. 231, 232.

We can only make room for one more extract in reference to the ruins. Referring to a tomb with a Latin inscription, near which are two youths holding wreaths in their right hands, and in their left fans, with long handles, the author observes:

"The principal object just mentioned, and which may be viewed at the British Museum, has already been alluded to, to show the superiority of the arts during the Punic reign compared to their condition during the Roman sway at Carthage.

"The road which leads to this spot and to the sea-gate lies between our excavation, No. 18, and the fort. It takes us, in the direction of Sidy Bosaid, to a large white square house, built in the European style; it is the summer residence of the old *Sahab Ettaba*, 'lord keeper of the seal,' from the terrace of which my friends, Messrs. Cox and Moens, took for me the panoramic view of the peninsula of Carthage. From here a path leads down to an unfinished bathing establishment, near a ravine to the right. Contiguous to this building the figure with the Latin inscription was found. In this vicinity the traveller meets with numerous traces of ruins. Continuing now along the beach in the same direction, we cannot fail coming upon the sea-gate, for a photograph of which I am indebted to Mr. Alfred Cox. A little farther, and near the spring, are evident marks that the ancients have supplied themselves from some of the rocks which form portions of the hill of Sidy Bosaid, or Cape Carthage, with stone for building purposes. Their unworthy modern successors too, after having exhausted the materials of the old wall, and numerous edifices in the neighborhood, have tried their hand at these quarries; but such labor was not in conformity with their constitutional idleness, and hence it was soon abandoned.

"On the present occasion I selected the slopes to the right of the upper road, leading from Moalkah to Sidy Bosaid, near the walls of the city proper, and indicated in our ground-plan by the figures 12 and 13. Our researches extended to some three or four hundred yards length of this slope.

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"At a depth from the surface of only two feet, we discovered Roman tombs, one of which was in very excellent preservation.

"This tomb was built of stone and mortar, and cemented over so beautifully that, when new, it must have had the appearance of a pure white marble sarcophagus. On the side, at a raised part, there were the remains of a bas-relief male figure in stucco, not at all badly executed, and at the head a marble slab was inserted, bearing this inscription:

. . . . . Nibossacr
Daphniscandidapia
Vixitannisxxxvus . . . .
Nic . . . . . Isconivbirna
. . . . . Ldpussima . . . . . Fecit."

The fact is too often lost sight of, that about thirty years after the total destruction of ancient Carthage, the Romans began to form a new settlement on its site, which was considerably enlarged by Julius Cæsar. The Roman population increased gradually until the time of Augustus, who founded a new city called *Colonia Carthago* on the ruins of the old. In less than a century this rose to considerable importance, as the capital of Roman Africa. There is every reason to believe that many of the wealthiest families of Rome became citizens of the new Carthage; and that the city possessed all the advantages afforded by Roman civilization in its highest state. Nor was it for a brief period it flourished in this way, but for seven centuries. It continued important, if not great, long after the fall of the Roman empire. Within its walls the early Christians held their first great councils, and it was there St. Agustin performed his most valuable spiritual labors. When taken by the Vandals, in 439, A.D., it was nearly if not quite as large and populous as Vienna or Berlin is at the present day. From this time, it had no more prosperity. It failed gradually until 698, when it was taken by the Saracens and destroyed.

There is little reason to doubt that most, if not all, the ruins found at the present day belong to the Roman, not to the Carthaginian, city; for such was the hatred of the Romans for their rivals, that they labored industriously, after the fall of Carthage, to destroy every remnant of Carthaginian greatness. This will account for the broken statues referred to by Dr. Davis—statues, no two parts of which could be found to match each other. Much could be said on this point, but we have now neither time nor space for any extended remarks on the civilization of the Carthaginians. We can do little more than make a passing observation on the terri-

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ble lesson which their fate teaches. That they were a great people, is abundantly proved by their most implacable enemies. The Roman poets and historians alike, bear testimony to this, however unwillingly. We know little or nothing of Hannibal, but what they tell us; yet his fame as a general will live forever. He it was who first crossed the Alps with a great army; and who gained victory after victory over the Romans, in the heart of their own country, in their palmiest days. We have, however, still stronger proof than this of his genius as a commander. He is the only general, in all history, who was able to sustain himself without any assistance from home, for sixteen years, in the heart of the enemy's country—setting the proud legions of Rome at defiance. It seems incredible that any general could have done so, but the fact is beyond dispute. What renders this all the more strange is, that not more than one-tenth of his army were Carthaginians; according to some accounts, the proportion was not more than one-twentieth. The rest were Africans of different races, Spaniards, Gauls, Greeks, &c.—persons who could not understand each other, and whose laws, habits, customs, prejudices, and predilections were in most cases fundamentally different. But all had one sentiment in common; they loved their general—would have done anything for him; never once were they guilty of anything that could be called mutiny. Nor was it in this instance alone that the Carthaginian armies were composed of such different ingredients. That they should be always similarly constituted, was the policy of the government, whose plan was, to spare its own citizens, and secure the best troops from the various nations tributary to the Republic. Thus Numidia had to supply the cavalry—the Numidian cavalry being the best in the world at the time. The Spaniards and Gauls were equally famous as infantry; the people of the Balearic Isles excelled as slingers; and each were made use of, accordingly, by the Carthaginian generals.

Hence it is, that it is against the latter the wrath of the Romans is almost invariably directed. Even the gentle Horace has no patience with Asdrubal more than Hannibal. Had we no evidence of the feeling of the Romans towards their terrible enemies, but that contained in some of the finest odes of the Venusian bard, it would be sufficient to show that they regarded them as more fearful than the plague.

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The metrical versions of the ode referred to are in general so unlike the original, that, in quoting an extract, we prefer a prose translation, giving the Latin text at the bottom of the page, for the benefit of such as are sufficiently acquainted with the language to appreciate the unsurpassed energy and spirit of the lyric. "What you owe, O Rome!" says Horace, "to the Neros, the river Metaurus, conquered Asdrubal, and that bright day which first smiled with benignant victory, are witnesses—the darkness being dispelled from Latium; when *the dire* African posted through our Italian cities, *as a flame through the torches, or the east wind through the Sicilian waves*. After this, our Roman youth continually multiplied by successful efforts, also our temples, devastated by the impious fury of the Carthaginians, had their gods set up again. At length, perfidious Hannibal said: 'As hinds, the prey of rapacious wolves, we voluntarily pursue those whom, to deceive and to elude, are rich triumphs. * * Not the Hydra, with its dissected body, waxed stronger against Hercules, grieving to be conquered, or the Colchians, produced a greater monster, or Echionian Thebes. Overwhelm it in the deep, it will come up more glorious; attack it, it overthrows your greatest conqueror with much honor, and wages war to be talked of by your wives. Henceforth, I shall send no proud messages to Carthage; all our hope dies—passes away forever, and the fame of our race, Asdrubal being slain,'" &c.*

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* Quid debeas ó Roma, Neronibus,
Testis Metaurum flumen, et Asdrubal
Devictus, et pulcher fugatis
Ille dies Latio tenebris,
Qui primus almâ risit adoreâ
Dirus per urbes *Afer* ut Italas,
Ceu *flamma per tedas, vel Eurus*
Per Siculas equitavit *undas*.
Post hoc secundis usque laboribus
Romana pubes crevit et impio
Vastata Pœnorum tumultu
Fana Deos habuere rectos.
Dixitque tandem *perfidus Hannibal;*
Cervi, luporum præda rapacium,
Sectamur ultro, quos opimus
Fallere et effugere est triumphus.
* * * * * *
Non Hydra, secto corpore firmior
Vinci dolentem crevit in Herculem,
Monstrumve submisêre Colchi
Majus Echionæve Thebæ.
Merses profundo, pulchrior evenit;

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Virgil alone, of all the great thinkers of Rome, has evinced a willingness to do justice to the Carthaginians. The portrait he has drawn of Dido, in the fourth book of the Æneid, is of the noblest kind. This alone would have immortalized Carthage. The poet never soars higher, or is more true to nature, than in his delineation of the Tyrian Queen, who, as he paints her, makes the nearest approach, as a woman, to Homer's Andromache. The latter, it may be alleged is, more chaste, not to say more virtuous, than Dido. But there is much misconception on this point. It is forgotten that the relations between Æneas and Dido were perfectly legitimate, according to the laws of the Trojans, as well as those of the Phœnicians. And it is evident that Virgil had no other intention than to represent Dido as a virtuous woman, betrothed, if not formally married, to Æneas. We refer to this fact particularly, because female students of the classics are often afraid to admire this part of the Æneid, under the impression that Dido was an adultress; which is a very great mistake. The sentiments to which she gives such eloquent utterance herself, fully exculpate her from the charge; as, for example, in the passage in which she says to her sister Anna, "I confess, O Anna! that since the fate of Sichæus, my unhappy husband, and since the household gods were stained with fraternal blood, this stranger (Æneas) alone has moved my feelings, and interested my wavering mind; for I know the symptoms of my first love. *But I would that either the deepest earth may yawn to receive me, or that the Almighty may hurl me by a thunderbolt to the shades, the dreary abodes of Erebus and profound Night, ere I violate thee, O Modesty! or transgress thy laws.*"* This, need we say, is not the language of a woman of

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Luctere, multâ prorûet integrum
Cum laude victorem, geretque
Proelia conjugibus loquenda.
Carthagini jam non ego nuntios
Mittam superbos occidit, occidit
Spes omnis, et fortuna nostri
Nominis, Hasdrubale interempto.—*Carmin.* lib. iv., 4.

* Anna, fatebor enim, miseri post fata Sichæi
Congugis et sparsos, fraternâ caede penates;
Solus hic inflexit sensus, animumque labantem
Impulit agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ.
Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiscat;
Vel pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras,
Pallentes umbras Erebi, noctemque profundam,
Ante pudor, quam te violo, aut tua jura scolvo.—*Æ.* iv., 20—26.

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easy virtue. Further on she says, in language still more earnest: "To whom dost thou abandon me, about to die, O guest? since *this name alone remains to me, of that of husband.*"* Finally, she appeals to him with all the tenderness of a devoted wife, imploring him, in the name of all that was ever dear to him, not to abandon her. "I beseech thee by these tears, and thy right hand, by *our wedlock*, by our conjugal loves just begun, if ever I have deserved any thing well of thee, or if any quality of mine has been pleasing to thee—pity a falling family, and put off that determination, if there is any room yet in thy heart for prayers."†

With similar earnestness, she disclaims all inclination to have recourse to magic arts. "O dear sister, I call the gods, and thee, and thy dear life, to witness, that it is against my will I have recourse to these magic arts."‡ When all her entreaties fail, she determines to destroy herself, thus reminding us of the wife of Asdrubal, who would rather commit herself and her children to the flames, than survive the destruction of her native city and the ruin of her country. Thus is the character of Dido, as drawn by Virgil, not a mere conception of the fancy, but a noble historical portrait, intended to do justice, at least to the women of Carthage; to show that they were worthy of such husbands and sons, as Hannibal, Asdrubal, Hanno, &c., &c. Nothing more fully proves the magnanimity of Virgil, than this noble tribute to the illustrious dead—a tribute all the more honorable to him who pays it, from the fact that those to whom it is paid, had been the implacable enemies of his country and race.

It is evident even now, after the lapse of thousands of years, from the meagre facts that have reached us, that had the Carthaginians been true to themselves, Carthage might have survived Rome. Not only had they previously banished

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* Cui me moribundam deseris, hospes?
Hoc solum nomen quoniam de conjuge restat.—*Ib.* v. 323.

† Per ego has lacrymas dextramque tuam te
(Quando aliud mihi jam miseræ nihil ipsa relinqui)
Per connubia nostra per inceptos hymenæos;
Si bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quicquam
Dulce meum; misere domûs labentis et istam
Oro, si quis ad huc pricibus locus, exue mentem.—*Ib.* 314.

‡ Testor, chara, Deos, et te germana, tuumque
Dulce caput, magicas invitam, accingier artes.—*Ib.* v. 492.

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Hannibal, but, in the very moment of their need, they banished others who were best competent to succeed him in the field, supposing that, by doing so, they could ward off the threatened blow. At the close of the second Punic war, the Carthaginians had to stipulate that they would not make war, in future, without the consent of the Roman Senate. For more than half a century, they faithfully observed the treaty. At the end of this period, the Romans, anxious for some pretext to annihilate their still prosperous rival, induced the king of Numidia to pick a quarrel with the Carthaginians. The latter, being attacked, naturally proceeded to defend themselves. This the Romans called a violation of the treaty; and they declared war accordingly. It was in vain the doomed city endeavored to appease her enemies, by not only banishing another batch of her greatest men, but also surrendering her arms and military stores. It was not until they had committed these two fatal errors, that the Carthaginians were informed they should abandon their magnificent capital forever, and all it contained. Disarmed, and deprived of their best leaders, as they were, they resolved to fight to the last rather than submit to this. The result is but too well known. Never did a people make a more heroic resistance. They turned every article, with which a blow could be struck, into a weapon; they tore down their houses, in order to supply the docks with timber. The women not only sacrificed their ornaments for the public good, but cut off their hair to make cordage. Gold and silver vases were freely given to supply, as far as possible, the want of iron and brass. The richest palaces and most magnificent temples were converted into workshops. The Romans scoffed at the idea of a disarmed people making any effectual resistance. Nor did they believe that such would be seriously attempted, until their chosen legions and those of their allies were several times repulsed and their whole fleet destroyed by the Carthaginian fire-ships. For two years, they were thus kept at bay, without being able to gain any advantage, although they were reinforced several times. At the close of the second year, Scipio arrived with an overwhelming force. No doubt was entertained that he could destroy Carthage in one month. It was his own boast that he would do so; but it took him three years, with all the forces the Roman Empire could muster at his command, to capture the city. And it was only by a stratagem he succeeded at last, and with the aid of the treacherous Uticans.

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The latter fact is particularly worthy of notice at the present moment. As long as the different Phœnician states in South Africa remained united, they were able to set the power of Rome at defiance; but once divided, their fate was sealed. Utica, indeed, secured the alliance of the Romans by her treachery towards her Tyrian sister, but it was only for a brief period. The day Carthage fell, the days of Utica were numbered; and there is still less trace of her to-day, than of the city of Dido; while the latter was great and glorious, even in her fall.

Knowing what was to be their fate and that of their city in case they were conquered, the Carthaginians did not yield, even after the Roman legions had got possession of the principal gates. The noble struggle they made is well described by Dr. Davis:

"The way to it" (the citadel of Byrsa), he says, "was a gradual ascent from the 'great place' by three streets, on each side of which were lofty houses whose upper stories jutted somewhat over. From the tops of these houses, showers of darts were discharged upon the Romans below, which so impeded their progress that they were compelled, before they could advance, to force the houses they first came to, and post themselves in them in order to dislodge from thence the militant inmates of the adjoining dwelling. Every inch of ground had to be disputed. The inside of the houses, the temples and the streets, were all filled with the dead and dying, which caused fresh obstructions, and, to clear these, additional labor to the troops. Citizens and Roman soldiers were so thickly intermingled, that multitudes of them perished by the hands of their own party. The fight was continued in the houses, in the streets, on planks and beams thrown across from one line of houses to the other. To the horrible scene of carnage was now added a terrible conflagration."—p. 139.

These frightful scenes continued for six days. On the seventh, a number of the principal citizens appeared before the conqueror, imploring him to spare the lives of the few still left, who were willing to leave the citadel. This being granted, on certain conditions, it was found, that, of the seven hundred thousand inhabitants, only fifty thousand survived, and the large majority of the latter were women and children. Thus, of every fifteen citizens, fourteen perished by the sword, famine and flames. We may form some idea of the spirit that animated the women, from the fact, recorded by Appian, that because Asdrubal submitted to the conqueror—when it was useless to fight any longer—after he had again and again, for a period of five years, displayed the talents of a brave and skilful commander—his wife presented herself before Scipio, while the devouring flames were ascending, and thus ad-

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dressed him: "To thee, O Roman, I wish nothing but prosperity, for thine acts are conformable to the laws of war; but I beseech thee, as well as the gods of Carthage, to punish that Asdrubal as he deserves, for having betrayed his country, his gods, his wife, and children." Then turning herself to her husband, who lay prostrate before the conqueror, she said: "Perfidious wretch! thou most wicked of all mankind! this fire is about to devour me and my children; but thou, great Captain of Carthage! for what triumph art thou reserved, or what punishment will he not make thee suffer at whose feet I now see thee!"

True to her resolution, no sooner had she concluded these words, than she seized her children, cut their throats one by one, threw them into the flames, and rushed in after them herself. For seventeen days, the city continued to burn; and whatever was left by the flames, was destroyed by other means, the Roman Senate having decreed that there should not be one stone left upon another. It may well be doubted whether the destruction of Troy, or of any other city, or government, that ever existed, was a greater catastrophe than that of Carthage.

The work of Dr. Davis is well calculated to attract attention to the subject. It is no mere narrative of adventures, or dry account of results accomplished by excavations; but a work exhibiting learning and research in all that appertains to the ancient city of Dido. In short, it combines the attractive liveliness of the personal narrative with the solemn truthfulness of history, as verified by scientific investigation and discovery; and the value of the text is not a little enhanced by the well-executed, accurate maps, chromo-lithographs, and wood-cuts with which it is illustrated. But it is for the historical lessons, which the book teaches, we would recommend its perusal at the present time; for we regard the history and fate of Carthage as a most powerful argument in favor of maintaining the Monroe doctrine on this continent. As long as a similar doctrine was maintained by the different Phœnician states in Africa, Rome sought in vain to subdue them. This she well understood herself, and accordingly she left no means untried to excite one state against the other. For more than a century, she was lavish of presents of every kind —distributing gold in fabulous sums, among both the Uticans and the Numidians. Finally, she succeeded. There is, indeed, no danger that the great American Republic can be extin-

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guished as Carthage has been; but let any of the great European powers only succeed in establishing a footing, either North or South of Mason and Dixon's line, on pretence of being the ally of one section against the other, and the American people need no longer have any faith in the stability of their institutions. Nothing of the kind is to be apprehended in the North. The loyal United States seek no alliance with foreign nations; but it seems it is otherwise with the Southern States. It is to the latter, then, we would say—Beware! Understand, before it is too late, that the Union you are doing your best to sever, is the bulwark of your institutions—the surest guarantee of your onward progress and prosperity, as an integral part of a great nation; and that those whom you are now engaged in internecine strife against, would be the first to rush to your aid if the Romans of the present day sought to make encroachments on your territority; or, worse still, to take you under their "protection."

ART. IX.—*Philip Thaxter.* A Novel. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 1861.

PLATO was of opinion that it was better to have no book than a bad book. Zoroaster went farther still, when he said that a person at once illiterate, stupid, and destitute of taste, who undertook to write a book, ought to be confined beneath a hen-roost, until he gave satisfactory security that he would not transgress again. It seems that the tribe of "sensation" publishers were unknown in the time of the Persian sage; otherwise he would most probably have placed them in a position still more ignominious than that of the spurious author, on the principle that, in cases of this kind, the receiver is *worse* than the thief. We do not mean that the author of *Philip Thaxter* ought to be punished in the manner indicated; it would not be worth while. It is but too true, indeed, that he comes under the category of authors condemned by Zoroaster; but it seems to us, with all due respect to the philosopher, that such sufficiently punish themselves. Failure, contempt, and ridicule, are punishment enough, even in war times. This will seem strange language to those who are aware of the high praise bestowed on *Philip Thaxter*,

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and of the great difficulty experienced by the publishers, according to their own account, in getting out new editions of the work as fast as they were wanting. Again and again they have proclaimed that the demand for it was astonishing. We have now before us their assurance that the third edition of "this powerful new novel" has been issued. But just beside this we have the announcement, from the same gentlemen, that they have also ready "Russell's celebrated Letter," describing the battle of Bull Run; an "elegant pamphlet," &c. Nor is this all; we are told, furthermore, that they are soon to give to the world, in book form, the numerous "National Anthems," not one of which was deemed worthy of acceptance by the committee appointed to examine them, and award the prize for the best.

Thus, everybody knows that Russell's letter about the battle of Bull Run is in no sense a description of that event, but a most insulting caricature of the American army. The boldest secession papers that have been suppressed by Government—as they deserved to be—have contained nothing more offensive than the so-called "celebrated letter." True, the latter has been published by our most loyal papers; but not without comment—not without exposing its misstatements, and denouncing its sneering, unfriendly tone. The papers have published the "Message" of the rebel President, under the same restrictions; but what would be thought of the publisher who would issue it in "elegant pamphlet" form, and announce it as "celebrated," &c.? This would hardly be allowed; yet none of the rebels have so much underrated the valor of our troops as Mr. Russell; for the most malignant of the former admit that a portion, at least, of the Federal army fought bravely. But the correspondent of the *Times* cannot be called a traitor. The worst that can be said of him is, that he has abused the hospitality so freely and cordially extended to him. As an avowed British subject, coming amongst us to perform certain duties for which he was employed, we had no right to expect that he would think or feel, in reference to the rebellion, as we do ourselves; but we had a right to expect that, in speaking of the operations of our troops, he would state the facts fairly, and make no attempt to prejudice our cause in the eyes of Europe, or to cast ridicule on our army. It is the latter, however, he has done; but is he so much to blame as the American citizens, calling themselves loyal men, who, in order to make a

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little money, have selected his most offensive letter for dissemination among our people in the form of an "elegant pamphlet," as "celebrated," &c.?

This digression may serve to explain how it is that *Philip Thaxter* is a "powerful novel;" but we will presently adduce more direct evidence of its true character. In certain eulogies of the book which we have seen, it has been pronounced "a masterly story of New England life;" whereas, with the exception of a few pages in the beginning, there is scarcely a passage about New England in the whole book. It would be just as reasonable to style the history of Monroe Edwards, the celebrated forger, a story of American life, whose boldest operations were carried on in England, and by the aid of English accomplices. But his is a story—a narrative, in which there is some connection—in which what is stated in one page is not flatly contradicted in the next, and *vice versa*. In *Philip Thaxter* there is no consistency—no coherence. The characters, if such they may be called, are constantly changing, like dissolving views. The disposition one has at page ten, is exchanged for that of another at page twelve—even the phraseology is continually undergoing alterations. It not unfrequently happens, that the person who can hardly speak an intelligible sentence in one passage, is quite a sage in another, and as good a master of language as the author himself. Philip, the hero, is introduced to us as a New England boy, whose greatest peculiarity are his "gray trowsers, that were never made by a tailor—and if they lacked in length they made up for it in the copious supply of cloth in the vicinity of the hips"—(p. 10); a piece of description evidently meant to be very witty. The first exploit of our hero was to go on an errand of a cold winter's morning, to a neighboring farmer; and while he proceeded along, he "slumped" into the snow at each step. When he arrived at Mr. Truebody's, "his ears showed red at the roots, as Mrs. Truebody's rooster, but white at the extremities, as the snow outside the door"—(*ibid.*); not the snow inside. Aunt Tempe discovers that "the child's ears are froze," and straightway applies the usual remedy, until "the white began to disappear from poor Philip's *auricular members*" (p. 11). In speaking of his ears, it would not do to say the right ear or the left, but the "dexter" and the "sinister." It would not be sufficiently interesting for an urchin sent on an errand by his master to get frost-bitten; and

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accordingly he is made to faint in due course. Having recovered, he gets some breakfast, all the ingredients of which are described, but he is so overwhelmed with "the kind and sympathizing voice of Mrs. Truebody, that in spite of himself the tears came into his eyes, and he sobbed aloud" (p. 12). Without proceeding any farther, we may observe, in passing, that the critic who has described the story as "full of startling incidents," must have examined it very carefully! There would be nothing dramatic in telling us that Philip ate his breakfast like other boys, so we are told that "The good woman occasionally cast a glance towards him, as if it did her good to see the boy *stow away the hearty food before him*" (p. 12). Mr. Truebody comes just at the nick of time, and the following interesting dialogue takes place:

"'Who is this, who is this? hi, hi!'

"'My name is Philip,' answered the young stranger, while the good wife interrupting, said: 'Why, Mr. Truebody, this is Philip Thaxter, the boy that lives with Luke Philbrick.'

"'So it is, so it is, so it is!' quoth the farmer. 'But you did not come all the way from there this cold morning, did you?'

"'Yes sir.'

"'Well, it is more than you would have done if you had been my boy. Are any of his folks sick?'

"'No, sir! he wants to borrow your small yoke, so that he can break his steers in the deep snow.'

"'Yes, yes, he shall have it, he shall have it; but how are you going to carry it?'

"'On my shoulder.'

"'On your shoulder! Nonsense! It is more than a man ought to do to carry that yoke two miles on his shoulder, and facing the wind all the way such a morning as this, let alone a boy of your size. How old are you?'

"'Twelve, sir.'

"'You tell Mr. Philbrick, then, that he can't have the yoke if he don't know better than to send a twelve-year-old on such an errand.'"—p. 12.

This is dull enough, in all conscience; yet it is one of the best specimens we can find of the author's narrative powers. It is followed by scores of pages of the same sort—the veriest twaddle—a dreary waste of puerilities. The slightest little occurrence is spun out into whole pages of bombast and nonsense; though sometimes the author has an eye to business, as, for example, when he puts himself to some rounds to give a puff such as the following: "His boots were of the heaviest cowhide, to which the snow never adhered, and they shone *almost as glossy* as if they had been recently *polished by the best Day & Martin*," (p. 14). The author sometimes makes the most laborious efforts to be learned. Boys play at cards, and

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we are told that "It chanced that as one day they were thus engaged, their father stumbled in upon them. They were caught in *flagrante delictu*," (p. 36). It would not do to say that he "came" in—it should be that he "stumbled in," and a similar remark would apply to *flagrante delictu*, which, however far-fetched, is spoiled in the *end*.

Nothing is natural. Let two speak to each other, no matter on what subject, there is scarcely an observation made by either which is not distorted in one shape or other. Sons act towards their parents as no other sons do; and the parents are equally absurd and *outré* in their intercourse with their sons. The author discovers at last that he is growing rather flat, and in order that he may have incidents to enliven his narrative, he sends his hero to California, having previously qualified him for the enterprise by instructing him in the art and mystery of gambling, besides bestowing on him a wife and two children, who, for obvious reasons, are left at home. It would be rather tedious, and not very profitable, to follow Philip Thaxter and his gambling associates, through the vile dens of California. Not a portraiture, scene, or incident, worthy of the name, relieves the blank; we do not mean that such things are not given; they are at least attempted; but only in that extravagant, exaggerated style, which puts probability out of the question.

Passing over another hundred pages, or so, we come to the part of the story where the hero gets sick. As he comes opposite to an open lot, the author entertains us with one of his usual sermons. "Pass on," he says, "Philip Thaxter, pass on, nor enter that door. You can but die, if you sleep in the street to-night; but the Devil waits for your soul within that house!" (p. 234)—from which we see, in due time, that we have to do with a prophet as well as an author. Philip ventures to call, however. The house proves to be the residence of a drayman, whose "lady" received him with great courtesy. Among other things, "She expressed a great deal of sympathy for her sick guest; asked where he was from? how long he had been in California? what were his complaints? and a variety of questions, which Thaxter answered with indifference" (p. 235). *Ex more*, the author can conceive no way of interesting us here, except by making his hero seduce his hostess. The drayman receives the stranger in the kindest manner, gets a doctor to attend him, undertaking to pay his fees him-

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self. He leaves the rest to his wife, who nurses Philip tenderly, for a month. By this time he is able to walk about—also to love. He cannot help entertaining the latter feeling, for, according to our author,

"Her smile is upon him, and her hand still administers to his wants. He cannot rise and fly. *He passively floats on down the stream, crimson with crime—(sic).*

"No word had ever as yet passed between them but such as the world might hear. Yet did each know how it stood with the other. One day as Philip lay on his bed, his head partially propped up and supported by pillows, Mrs. Lovell, or, as she was called by her husband, and he had learned to call her, Kate, came, and sat by his bed with her work. She sat still for half an hour without saying a word. Philip gazed steadily upon her all this time. His mind was full of conflicting emotions, and he looked to read what might be passing in hers. The tears—were they of remorse?—stood in his eyes. He saw that Kate's, though she raised them not, were also just ready to overflow. Extending his hand, he took hers into his own, and pressing it, said, 'Kate, I love you.' The tears now dropped from her eyes and rolled down her cheeks. She stooped over the sick man's couch and kissed him."—p. 239.

This was, of course, very interesting; it is just the way draymen's wives are likely to make love! We are told that "It was several weeks after this incident, before Thaxter was able to leave the house, even for a few minutes." In due time the drayman gets a hint of what is passing.

"When he was farther convalescent, Lovell was good enough to procure a horse and buggy for him to ride out whenever he felt disposed. Mrs. Lovell was always his companion on such occasions, and some of her neighbors began to mistrust that all was not as it should be. These took good care that her husband should be warned. At first he laughed at the idea, though it caused him to give more attention to appearances. When once he had begun to observe, he wondered he had been blind so long. That there was a better understanding between his wife and Thaxter than an honest woman can ever have with any man besides her husband, he was convinced. He saw that they both wanted him out of the way, and in their expedients for passing time, it was always so arranged that he should be absent."—p. 240.

The drayman proved to have a very high sense of honor; for no sooner was he convinced of his wife's infidelity, than he "Gave up all business, and spent his time in brooding over his great sorrow." He was too much of a gentleman to say a word to her, all the time; if she would only forgive him, the probability is, that he would have been glad to overlook the whole affair. But no, she was irreconcilable; let us hear our author on this point:

"His wife jeered, snubbed, and ridiculed him whenever he met her. How changed was she! When he questioned the propriety of receiving

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such presents from a comparative stranger, she told him, if he would mind his own business he would oblige her. She told him plainly that she was not to be mewed up any longer like an old woman, and that, if he didn't like it, he might help himself if he could. She said he was a fool not to have seen what would have been the result of taking a better-looking man than he was into the house, and leaving him alone with his wife for months. Thus virtually admitting her own shame, she closed up all hope in his mind that he had falsely suspected."—p. 241.

The drayman gives still further proof that he is the mildest of mortals. Rather than be the means of getting up a row, he leaves Thaxter in quiet possession of his house and wife, and sails "two days after this" for Melbourne. Our author does not tell us whether he took the dray with him, whether he left the horse to his wife, or what explanation, if any, he made to his customers. He gives us, however, such important information as the following: "Still they continued to live in the cottage of rough boards. *It had a charm for them now*," &c. (*ibid.*)

In a former number of our journal (Dec., 1860), we had occasion to speak of the vicious character of the works of Balzac, sought to be introduced to the ladies of America, by the same publishers who now present them the work under consideration. But there is at least a decent drapery about the vice of Balzac, who has the additional advantage of relieving any disgust he may create by interesting episodes, brilliant dialogues, graphic descriptions, and life-like portraitures of character. But in *Philip Thaxter*, save in the opening pages, one is always in the worst company—among gamblers, thieves or murderers; and our hero is quite as successful in gambling as he is in appropriating his neighbor's wife, for he wins a fine property and beautiful house at one game, from a wealthy Mexican.

A murder is committed at the gambling-house; Thaxter is arrested on suspicion, and put in jail. In the mean time his New England wife, thinking he is too long absent without writing to her, sails for California, with her two sons and servant, and is shipwrecked. She and her servant escape providentially, but they can get no tidings of "the boys." At last Aunt Nabby (the servant), having learned certain facts about the long-missing Thaxter, resolves to make them known to her mistress at all hazards. We can only make room for a small part of the dialogue, scarcely enough to show how silly it is.

"'Good mistress, do not deceive yourself longer. I could find Mr. Thaxter, if I dar'st to.'

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"'You could? Then why do you not?'

"'O Lordy; I dare not tell you all I know. It would break your heart; I know it would, and I mustn't tell you nothin' more about it.'

"'Why, Nabby, what is it? What has frightened you so? Is there anything known to you that you have not told me?'

"'O yes, ma'am; but don't scold. I did not dare to tell you.'

"'Woman! you will drive me mad by such answers as that; tell me what you know. Speak, quick.'

"'O dear, I know it will kill you.'

"'Tell me. Is he sick—is he dead? Answer.'

"'Worse, worse than that. He, he—'

"'He, what! Speak before I go distracted.'

"'O ma'am, don't kill me for telling you, but it is true. He has got—has got—'

"'What has he got? Do you mean to kill me with your cruel evasions?'

"'O no, dear. But it will kill you to know it. He has got—has got another wife, or woman that lives with him.'

"'Is that all?' said she; 'who put that idea into your silly head? If you had told me he had flown away to the moon, I might have believed it; but that he has been false to me—that is an absurdity. He may be sick—he may be dead; but that he should forget to love me, and cherish in his heart of hearts his children and the mother who bore them, I never can believe.'"—pp. 304, 305.

It is needless to comment on fustian like this. Before she left home at all, she had good reason to suspect the worst, since he had long ceased even to write her. Neither at home, nor abroad, was his character such as to inspire confidence; yet she is now quite indignant that his fidelity should, for a moment, be called into question, and she philosophizes like a sentimental young lady at a boarding-school, who has just been taking stolen glances at the last sensation romance. However, she concludes to go to the jail in search of "dear Philip," taking Nabby with her. It is of great importance what route she takes; and accordingly we are furnished with all the particulars thereof, after the following fashion:

"Thither they proceeded, and inquired of several if the jail was in that building. One said it was, another that it was not. At length a rarely civil man accosted them, and asked for whom they were looking. Nabby replied for the jail, and for Mr. Thaxter. The stranger told them that Mr. Thaxter was at the other jail, on Pacific street, and directed them how to find it. To that place they then directed their steps. They knocked at the iron door, when a small hole in it was opened with a slide, and the question asked, 'What's wanted?'

"'Is Mr. Thaxter here?' inquired Nabby.

"'He is,' was the reply.

"'Could we see him?'"—p. 340.

We need hardly say, that the meeting created a great sensation. Hugging, weeping, sobbing, and fine talk succeeded

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each other, in due course. Then there was a pause. "For several minutes not a word was spoken. At length Thaxter had so far overcome his emotion, that he said, 'O, Caroline, I could have borne all but this—the rabble's jibes—the fingers of the executioner. But this I cannot bear. O why is the last crowning misery reserved for me?" She is equally pathetic and theatrical, in reply. Then he asks, "O why did you come to this land of sin and shame?" This question being duly answered, the dialogue turns on the children:

"'Speak not of them. I cannot tell you: do not ask me. To know will kill you.'

"You would not torture me when already so crushed and borne down with sin and sorrow.'

"'Alas! no. Look at me, Philip. They are dead.'

"'Dead! dead, O heavens! both dead? They will then never know the guilty wretch their father is.'

"'They sleep beneath the foam. They will never creep upon your lap again and please you with their childish, innocent prattle. They will not,' said she, laying her hand upon his bosom, 'ever rest their little hands again, as they were wont, and as I do now. They will not kiss your cheek like this,' kissing him. 'No, they are dead. Down in the caves of the dark sea they lie. Their curly ringlets no more play about their heads, and round their half-hid ears; but they, tangled, lie upon their fast decaying cheeks, and over their sweet mouths and those full lips we have so often kissed.'"—p. 342.

After all this, and a good deal more of the same sort, the children turn up "safe and sound," and this affords materials for another "fine" scene. Finally, the ranch is thought of by Thaxter, and is duly described by our author. Mrs. Thaxter has some qualms of conscience, first, as to enjoying the ranch; but on learning that its former owner was a bad man, she readily becomes reconciled to it, as perhaps nothing the worse, after all, for having been won by gambling.

"It was accordingly determined," says our author, "that Thaxter and his family should go down there, and live a life of retirement in this pleasant valley. It contained many fine trees, such as pear, apricot, quince, fig, and peach, besides acres of thriving grape vines. In this quiet home, with those she loved, was Caroline Thaxter to spend the remainder of her days."—p. 347.

Who will say, after this, that gambling, in its worst form—i. e., with thieves, robbers, and murderers—is not a profitable business? Nay, what crime is so heinous, according to *Philip Thaxter*, as to bring retributive justice on its perpetrator? What a fine lesson the ladies are taught by the career of Mrs.

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Lovell, the drayman's wife! Need we say that a book of this kind, written with spirit, would do much harm? But we apprehend little danger from *Philip Thaxter*. It is too stupid, too coarse, and too absurd, to vitiate any mind which is not already depraved, and vulgar withal. It would prove dangerous only in the hands of children; we should, therefore, have passed it over in silence, had we not seen it recommended, in the strongest terms, as "a story of *home* life"—the home life, too, of New England; and consequently such as was worthy of being read in every family. Feeling certain, even from a cursory glance, that no respectable parent or guardian would allow it into his house, if he knew its real character, we have thus taken the pains to expose the cheat.

ART. X.—1. *The National Review* for July, article, "*The Civil War in America.*"

2. *The Quarterly Review* for July, article, "*Democracy on its Trial.*"

3. *Blackwood's Magazine* for July, article, "*Disruption of the Union.*"

4. *Un Grand Peuple qui se Relève. Les Etats-Unis en* 1861. Par le Comte AGENOR DE GASPARIN. Paris, 1861.

5. *The Rebellion Record.* New York. Putnam.

WE have but little to say on the subject of the war, on the present occasion. Not that we are a whit less sanguine now, as to the result, than we were three months ago. We expressed no opinion in our June number which any recent occurrences have altered; in other words, we have as much faith to-day in the stability of the United States government and its ability to overcome its enemies and put down rebellion as we ever had. It is not, however, in the individuals who occupy the chief government offices we have this confidence, but in the will of the people throughout the loyal States, though we still think that the President not only means well, but that he possesses sufficient courage, energy, and patriotism to put down the rebellion.

But there is not one of his Cabinet, with the sole exception of Mr. Holt, of which the same may be said. Much had been expected from Mr. Seward. And that few entertained a higher opinion of his abilities than we did ourselves,

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is known to all who have read our article entitled "Seward as an Orator and Statesman," (Nat. Quarterly, Sept., 1860), but we now frankly confess that we gave him credit for a far higher order of mind than he has since proved himself to possess. Of no one can it be more truly said, that he has been "weighed in the balances and found wanting." Nor are we peculiar in this opinion. Those who had been wont to admire him most, have been forced to acknowledge that his talents as a statesman are rather below than above mediocrity.

Mr. Greeley got much blame from a portion of the Republican party, for having prevented the nomination of Governor Seward for the Presidency. It was forgotten that the editor of the Tribune had opportunities to know more about him than most persons. At any rate there is good reason to believe that Mr. Greeley was right for once; and that he was actuated by honest motives. The latter remark would be superfluous, were it not that all who are criticised are so ready to charge the critic with malice. Everybody remembers with what an air of injured innocence the world was told that the editor of the *Tribune* did and said such and such, against Mr. Seward's pretensions, because, when the latter was in office before, he forgot that others, too, would like an office—if only the postmastership of New York, or the like. By way of proving this, one of Mr. Greeley's private letters to Governor Seward was published; but all the letter did prove in reality was, that the editor had the manliness and spirit to satirize him to his face, giving him to understand, in plain terms, that he was no further a lion than that he had the tact to wear the skin of that noble animal longer than other politicians, without discovering the cheat.

But assuming that Mr. Greeley was actuated by vindictive motives in discovering that Mr. Seward was neither a Washington nor a Jackson, neither a Pericles nor a Leonidas, nor yet a Demosthenes, or a Cicero, the same malice cannot be attributed to Mr. Raymond, of the *Times*, who has declared in his paper that if somebody would close the office of the Secretary of State, and put the key in his pocket, the country would be nothing the worse, even in war times, for losing the services of Governor Seward. These were, perhaps, not the exact words used, for we only quote from memory; but, what they meant in plain English was, that if Mr. Seward packed up his trunks and returned to Auburn be-

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fore the next battle was fought the loss to the United States would be very slight. Several other leading Republican journals have been equally explicit in pronouncing Mr. Seward utterly incompetent for the position he holds at the present crisis. But we need only refer to one more. No one will accuse the Boston *Transcript*, for example, of being unfriendly to the Republican party, or to the Federal Government. Its loyalty is beyond doubt; yet, in its number for August 19, it speaks of Mr. Seward as follows, in the course of an able article:

"The first six weeks of Mr. Lincoln's administration taught our people that the Secretary of State, the *supposed* master-mind of the Cabinet, had *failed in statesmanlike prescience and executive capacity;* that he had been attempting to manage a deliberately-planned and wide-spread rebellion *as a game of politics* instead of a struggle for national existence. His inability to foresee or *realize* the position of the Government and people *culminated and proclaimed itself* in his deprecating letter to Gov. Hicks, which said that the troops asked to be allowed to come through Baltimore were 'only intended for the defense of the capital.' He at last saw his mistake, learned the determination of the people, rose above his 'defensive war' policy, and retrieved his position *so far as rhetoric* and *tacking sail* anew could avail; *but he is shorn to-day of all claims to stand at the helm in the storm* that is to *make or unmake us forever as one entire national existence.*"

This is emphatically true. Indeed, the incapacity of Mr. Seward has so forcibly impressed us, since the commencement of the existing rebellion, that we have been induced to reëxamine the speeches of his on which we based our opinion as to the style and general character of his oratory. Our object may be readily imagined. Suffice it to say, therefore, that we have found we were not at all mistaken—as we may take occasion to prove on a future occasion—in coming to the conclusion, from recent circumstances, that Mr. Seward must have dealt largely in plagiarism.

That he contributed not a little to the success of the Republican cause by his speech-making tour, during the late Presidential canvass, is very true; but we think he did much more harm than good, at the same time. To his indiscreet and uncalled-for rhetoric in regard to the annexation of Canada, under certain contingencies, may be traced most, if not all, of the unfriendly feeling evinced towards us, both by England and Canada, since our present difficulties commenced. Nor can we blame either, especially England, for regarding his language in the light of a threat, and resenting it accordingly, by recognizing the rebels as a belligerent power. See-

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ing that the Republicans were successful, how was she to know but that Mr. Seward represented the wishes of the majority of the Northern people, in his scheme of Canadian annexation? although no greater injustice could be done us. The people of the North are not marauders, or filibusters. No considerable portion of them have had the least notion, at any time, for several years past, nor have they now, of invading Canada, or interfering in any way with Her Majesty's colonies. They would attempt anything of the kind only in self-defense, or in retaliation for hostilities against the United States; and Mr. Seward was aware of the fact. It is only now the Canadians begin to understand this; the English do not yet. With all its shrewdness, the London *Times* has not been able to distinguish the electioneering rhetoric of Governor Seward from the wish of the intelligent masses of the North. Hence the tone of ill-concealed exultation of its first article on the disaster at Bull Run. Nor is the *Times* peculiar in this; most of the English periodicals speak in a similar spirit, though in a less offensive tone, as we shall presently show.

In any case, it is the part of a politician rather than of a statesman, to propose to annex a state merely because it is adjacent to his own. It has been well observed, that the method of enlarging an empire is very different from that of increasing an estate. "Regard is justly had to contiguity or adjacency, in private lands and possessions," says Bacon, "but, in the extending of empire, the *occasion*, the facility and *advantage of a war* are to be regarded instead of a vicinity. 'Tis certain that the Romans, at the time they stretched but little beyond Liguria to the west, had by their arms subdued the provinces as far as Mount Taurus to the east." But, it is not necessary to quote any authorities, in order to prove that Mr. Seward is but an indifferent statesman, if, indeed, it be not a misuse of the term to apply it to him at all. The people, of every shade of politics and of every grade of intelligence, are aware of the fact by this time, and, accordingly, nine-tenths of them would very willingly excuse him, if he would resign and go home until the next election, when he might become useful again as a presidential canvasser; but not for himself. Assuming that he has much more power than he ought, and that he interferes to no slight extent even in military affairs, the majority of his for-

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mer admirers would address him at the present moment somewhat as Horace does the freedman of Pompey—

> "Quid attinet tot ora navium gravi
> Rostrata duci pondere
> Contra *latrones* atque servilem manem
> *Hoc, hoc* Tribuno mititum?"—*Epoden*, lib. O., ode iv.

"To what purpose are so many brazen-prowed ships of great burden to be equipped against *pirates* and *a servile band*, if this—politician is to be a tribune?"

But nothing that Mr. Seward or anybody else has said could justify conduct like that of Dr. Russell, the correspondent of the London *Times*. In no country in the world is the right to criticise public events more fully recognized than in the United States; but in the case of Mr. Russell liberty has degenerated into license. He does not deny that he has been kindly received and hospitably treated in every part of the North he has visited. The Federal authorities of every grade, from the President down to the sheriff, or police officer, have treated him with great consideration; affording him every possible facility to obtain all information which it was deemed proper to divulge. Nor is there any evidence that the officers of the Federal army have been a whit less courteous, or less friendly towards him. Indeed, it was the opinion of most intelligent foreigners, including Englishmen, with whom we have conversed on the subject, before he had time to write about any of our battles, that he was made far too much of, and that he would have much more respect for us if we did not make half such a fuss about him. But no one could have supposed that at the very first opportunity he would insult our whole people to their face. What grosser insult could be offered to a nation than to characterize its armies as "cowardly?" and this Mr. Russell has done, not by implication, or innuendo, but broadly and emphatically. Nor has he confined himself to this, bad as it is—he has done all in his power to render the defenders of the Union—of the honored flag of America, and of law and order—ridiculous alike in the eyes of friends and foes—in short, to make the finger of scorn point at them. It is not necessary for us to quote any of his taunts or sneers; the newspapers have made them familiar to all. Nor need we observe that even our declared enemies—the very men against whom our troops fought—have scarcely spoken of the result of the battle of Bull Run in a more exulting spirit than William Howard Russell has done in his letter

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to the London *Times*—at the same time stating as facts what scores of gentlemen, civilians, as well as officers, who had the best opportunities of knowing the truth, declare to be utterly false. Need we say that in no country in Europe would conduct like this be tolerated for a single week. Nor does the United Kingdom form an exception. Let anything that could be called an insurrection occur to-morrow in Ireland or Scotland, and let a Frenchman or American go to England, and proceed, under any circumstances whatever, to encourage the insurgents, not to speak of attempting to turn the British army into ridicule, or represent its conduct as "shameful," "cowardly," &c., — who doubts that he would be promptly arrested. What is more, he would have no reason to complain—nobody to blame but himself, or his employer. No foreigner has a right to expect immunities which even a citizen cannot claim; the former is as much bound as the latter, to obey the laws as long as he may require their protection. Much as Mrs. Trollope, Captain Hall, and Dickens have been blamed for their strictures upon us, their case was very different from that of Mr. Russell. In their time we were in the enjoyment of peace and prosperity—not engaged in a deadly struggle, as we are now. There is this difference besides: they had the decency to leave our country before they attempted to ridicule our manners, or customs; but Russell assails us to our face, calls our army a cowardly mob; and, before we have ceased to wonder at his unparalleled impudence, he applies for a pass to enter the camps of the very men whom he has so foully traduced and insulted! The world will admit that both officers and rank and file have exercised great forbearance in not inflicting summary punishment on their slanderer. We hope they will continue to evince the same good sense—that nobody, civilian or soldier, will think it worth while to assault a man, who is base enough to insult a generous people in the hour of their adversity—a people who had never treated him otherwise than kindly—almost with the affection of a brother.

The English periodicals, as we have said, are less offensive in their language than the papers; but the former, as well as the latter, seem to take the worst possible view of our case. Indeed, the majority evince a spirit of exultation in our supposed downfall, which, to say the least, is in execrable taste. This was not the spirit in which the press

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of the United States discussed the Sepoy rebellion, which threatened the annihilation of English domination in the East. On the contrary, all classes of our people sincerely sympathized with England in her troubles. No one forgets the joy and delight with which the news was received throughout the United States, that the gallant Havelock had saved Lucknow. It was England's virtues, not her faults, the American people remembered in the frightful struggle alluded to; and had it been otherwise, there was ample room to criticise the conduct of an army that did not scruple to devote its prisoners to the most frightful death—blowing them to atoms from the cannon's mouth, making their flesh and blood fall in showers on their own soil!

The drift of the articles in the July periodicals is, that the Union is dissolved; that it is well it is so; that we shall be all the better for doing each other as much mischief as possible; that, at all events, our downfall as a nation will be good news to our kind mother England for sundry reasons, but chiefly because we shall be so much weakened that we can no longer be her rival, but must keep ourselves quiet, be civil and respectful to our betters, &c., &c. It seems difficult to believe that the organs of a generous people like the English would venture to give expression to such sentiments; yet we do not in the least misrepresent the journals whose titles are given at the head of our article. A brief extract, taken here and there, almost at random, from each, will prove this. The *National Review*, the most moderate in its tone, commences as follows to speculate on our downfall:

"When our last number issued from the press, a mighty catastrophe hung over the great Republic of the West—a catastrophe which many hoped might be averted, and which nearly every one combined to deprecate. We shared neither of these prevailing sentiments: we were satisfied that the menaced disruption was *inevitable*, and we *even ventured to think it was desirable*."

The writer still entertains some doubt, however, as to whether the catastrophe has actually taken place; but he thinks that, at any rate, it ought—that the work of destruction should receive all possible encouragement. The reviewer undertakes to prove that the Secessionists are right, thus:

"Is it not clear, according to all unprejudiced sense, that whatever nations, or those great sections of them which may be called 'peoples,'

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desire to do they must be held to have a *right* to do, unless it be immoral —*i. e.*, unjust, perfidious, cruel, or licentious? It may be foolish in them to exercise this right, but nations *have a right to be foolish*, or they may differ from us, and believe that to be wise which we see, or think to be foolish.

* * * * * * *

"The same people, the same authorities, who formerly agreed to join you, now wish to separate from you. The same capacity which formed the partnership must be competent to dissolve it. * * * It seems impossible for freemen, at least, to argue that Belgium had a right to separate from Holland, that Greece had a right to separate from Turkey, that Tuscans, Ærulians, Romans, and Neapolitans, had a right to cashier their monarchs and to join Sardinia; and yet that the Gulf States had not a right to secede from the Union and form a confederation among themselves."

According to this reasoning the Hindoos have a perfect "right to secede and form a confederation among themselves;" so have the people of the Ionian Islands; so have the Irish; but would England allow any of them to exercise that right, without doing all in her power—even to the extent of blowing the "rebels" from the cannon's mouth—to prevent them? The American colonies had a right to secede. The fact is no longer disputed; but England made war on them for seven years, and finally acknowledged their independence only when she found that she could not subdue them. There is a difference indeed between the present case and any of those in which England has been concerned; but it is altogether in our favor. Neither the American colonists, the Hindoos, the Irish, or the Ionian Islanders, have been fairly represented in the British Parliament as the Southern rebels have been in our Congress. The former have had to submit to taxation without representation, whereas the latter have had the power of government chiefly in their own hands. This, indeed, the *National Review* admits. Nor has it any compliments to bestow on the South.

"Nothing," says the reviewer, "could have been more shameful than the mode; *nothing ought to have been more welcome than the fact.* The behavior of the Southern politicians richly merits all the invective that has been lavished on it. It was unreasonable, it was overbearing, it was insolent, *traitorous and dishonorable.* They had no real grievance—except that the supremacy passed out of their hands."

That is, they have behaved themselves badly; but still, according to the *National Review*, they did a good thing in breaking up the Union—the same as the wife of Sampson did in cutting off his locks, the source of his irresistible strength, and leaving him completely in the power of his enemies. At

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all events, one thing is sure, if we are to believe the reviewer: "They" (the people of the North, or the Federal Government) "cannot compel the South to come into the Union." *The Quarterly* is still more certain, if possible, that this great Republic is no more. "No one can see," says the critic, "so mighty a *ruin* so *suddenly achieved*, without speculating upon the causes of decay. A bereaved family look upon a surgeon as very hard-hearted if he wishes to dissect a patient who has just died of some obscure disease; and in the same way the Americans may think it pitiless of us to philosophize over the *coffin in which their beloved Union lies.*" This is followed by a long, but ably written, *post-mortem* dissertation in the confident tone of "I-told-you-so" logic—the author warning England to beware, lest her democratic tendencies may one day be the death of her too, as he is sure they will if she does not duly restrain the people before it is too late. The article of *The Quarterly* concludes with these oracular words: "It is a spectacle" (the downfall of the Republic) "which we should study deeply, for so striking a warning is rarely granted to a nation. If, in spite of it, we suffer the intrigues of politicians to *lure us into democracy*, we shall deserve our downfall, for we shall have perished by that wilful infatuation which no warning can dispel." Nobody need be alarmed at all this. *The Quarterly*, though ably and learnedly conducted, has rarely been successful, even as a prophet of the past. No liberal measure has ever been set on foot in England which it has not strenuously opposed. It prophesied that the Reform Bill would be the ruin of England. As for the emancipation of the Catholics, it was to have upset the British throne, and restored the supremacy of the Pope, &c. A train of calamities still worse, if possible, was to have resulted from the removal of the civil disabilities of the Jews, but none of those prophesies have yet been fulfilled, nor is it likely they will be for some time to come. It is generally a treat to read the literary articles in the *Quarterly;* but it is so violently partisan, so wedded to toryism—in a word, so much the mouthpiece of the aristocracy—that it has often attacked ladies in the rudest manner for the simple reason, that, in writing harmless novels, they have dared to say a kind word in favor of popular liberty. As an instance, suffice it to mention, the downright abuse it heaped on the Countess of Blessington more than once, because she ventured to urge in her novels that three or four scores of lords,

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marquises, dukes, &c., should not monopolize the fat of the land, leaving nothing but the bone to the sons of industry and toil.

The same general remarks will apply with still greater force to the Tory *Blackwood*. The latter avows that it sees no reason why any sympathy should be felt for a nation that commenced its existence only by setting itself up in opposition to British supremacy. It is no wonder that a critic who is not ashamed to give expression to a sentiment like this, encourages both sides to fight until they do each other all possible harm. "Diplomacy," he says, "will gain immensely by a change which promises to reduce such statesmen as Seward, and such officers as Harney, to their proper level." That is, we shall happily be rendered so weak by our mutual strife, that it will be necessary for us to secure the services of our ablest men as diplomatists and officers. Ergo, he is sure that it is best for each side to proceed without hesitation in the work of slaughter. This is not the language he uses, but it means pretty much the same. Thus:

"It is impossible to blame the South for preparing to *maintain its secession*, or *the North for attempting to retain its privileges*. The hostile attitude of the South *is a necessity*; but setting the dictates of natural feeling aside, and speaking only of policy, the attitude of the North is judicious only in one or two cases."

It is pleasant to turn from language like this to that of the principal journals of Paris, in reference to the same subject—journals to whose regular staff of writers and contributors belong some of the greatest intellects of France. Thus, far from exulting at our great disaster, predicting our speedy downfall and ruin, or characterizing our troops as cowardly, the *Siècle* proceeds to show that there is good reason to believe that we shall be all the better for the valuable lesson which such a disaster cannot fail to teach. "The defeat," says *Le Siècle*, "the North has just suffered will bring no change in Mr. Lincoln's policy, nor in the disposition of the public spirit. It will, *on the contrary*, be likely to communicate greater zeal to the government and to the people. The Anglo-Saxon, loving peace for itself and for the profits accruing from it, allows sometimes war to take him by surprise; but once this trial is over, the Anglo-Saxon race recovers from the results of its improvidence, and resists its enemies with a cool energy which outweighs the most brilliant valor. There is no wonder that in a struggle between

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the North and the South the second should be superior to the first. *Without possessing more gallantry*, the South has greater military qualities than the North. The present rebellion *having germinated long in the mind of its population, the arms of its men are better used to war.* The Northern army, badly provided for, badly organized, will form itself, and its children, inured to dangers, will go upon the battle-field with all the advantages given by the habit of peril *and by the sentiment of a just cause.*"

In a spirit equally friendly are the comments of *La Patrie.* Instead of pretending to whine over the coffin of the Union, or seeking to turn our troops into ridicule, it confidently predicts that we shall be able to avenge our defeat by brilliant victories: "Though the triumph of the Confederates confirms us in the opinion we professed from the start upon the American affairs, it is difficult to find in it the decisive importance usually attending, in Europe, a great victory. The military results of the day do not seem to us calculated to exercise a decided influence upon the coming events. It is clear that the enthusiasm and anger of the North will be enhanced, and that *brilliant victories will avenge this defeat.*"

Nor is it alone the French journals that thus evince a disposition to treat us fairly and courteously. French books and pamphlets are imbued with the same friendly spirit, so far as they meddle at all with our difficulties. As an instance, we need only mention the work of Count de Gasparin, entitled "The Rising of a Great People" (*Un Grand Peuple qui se Relève*). We have not now room for quotations, but one sentence will serve to show that the sympathies of the Count are not with rebellion, but with law and order; not with those who would destroy, but with those who are defending, and will defend against all foes, the Federal Union. "People," he says, "will see clearly one day, even at Charleston, that the separation which was to found the prosperity of the South, by enabling it to live as it pleased, to obey its genius and serve its interests, has hitherto produced no other result than the lowering of the Federal banner before the pelican or rattlesnake flag."

It does not follow, from the contrast presented by these extracts, that England is naturally more evil-disposed than France, or that the latter is more generous than the former. If we were as much the rival of France as we are of England, the present sympathy would most probably be reversed. We

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have to do only with the facts as we find them; it is none of our business to prove that the English are anything worse than other people, nor do we think or mean that they are; indeed, we have little doubt, that if the question, whether England should sympathize with the North or with the South, were put to the vote to-morrow, two-thirds of the English people would decide in favor of the former. For the honor of literature, however, we regret that the British periodicals which are in general so candid, out-spoken, fond of "fair play," and free from prejudice, have evinced so much bad taste in the present case—if it be not something worse than bad taste to speculate on our downfall, and the consequences likely to result from it, before any reasonable time has been allowed us to vindicate the national prestige, after the sudden breaking out against us of one of the most formidable rebellions on record—a rebellion, the leaders of which had been laying their plans, and extending the ramifications of the conspiracy, for years.

But it is not the opinion of France, England, or any other nation, that will decide the issue for us, but the courage, bravery, and energy of our troops. Nor is the number, however great, of the latter, the criterion whereby to judge of the result of the conflict in which we are engaged, but their willingness and ability to fight. History furnishes abundant proof of this. There is a volume by itself in the remark of Virgil, that the wolf cares not how large the flock is. When Tigranes, the King of Pontus, while strongly entrenched upon a hill with four hundred thousand men, saw the Romans, consisting of only fourteen thousand, approach him in array of battle, he jested at them. "These men," said he, sneeringly, "are too many for an embassy, and too few for a battle." Yet, before the sun went down, the despised fourteen thousand routed his four hundred thousand with immense slaughter. There was a similar disparity between the Persians and the Macedonians in the plains of Arbela. The former appeared to the latter like an immense ocean of armed men; but this did not prevent Alexander from gaining a complete victory with comparatively little cost. Nor must we have undue confidence in our resources, boundless as they are; we should rather think, with Machiavel, that, after all, war has no sinews but those of good soldiers.

Let slanderers who wish our downfall sneer as they will, no one need fear but that our troops will fight well. As

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already observed, even their enemies admit that they have fought well already. Strong arms and resolute hearts enough are not only ready but anxious to fight for the Union; but if it were otherwise, the Government should not hesitate to impress the necessary number. The mildest governments in Europe do so when necessary; England has done so frequently. The number of lawyers alone, or clerks, in this city, whose services at the court-house or behind the counter could easily be dispensed with, would form not only a fine regiment, but a whole brigade.

But fortunately there is not the least probability that there will be any need of resorting to extraordinary means to raise a force amply sufficient to put down the rebellion and restore the Union in all its integrity. Many were discouraged and mortified, after the battle of Bull Run, because the three months volunteers did not immediately offer their services for the whole war. Before any battle worthy of the name had been fought, the New York Seventh Regiment became extremely unpopular on account of having returned without meeting the enemy. For a while it was regarded as having lost its prestige. Nor is the fact strange. After making all due allowance for the praiseworthy alacrity with which the Regiment rushed to the defence of the capital of the nation, then supposed to be in imminent danger, both officers and rank and file (most of whom were business men) leaving their private affairs in the hands of strangers, or entirely unattended to, it must be admitted that it acted neither bravely nor patriotically in so suddenly retiring from the scene of danger, merely because it had a legal right to do so. But the public understand now that the Seventh Regiment had, for some time, ceased to be what it once was. Several of its best men had retired from its ranks; it had become too indolent for them; or, what was worse, too much a thing of mere display; its most important duties consisting in getting up balls; marching up and down Broadway; accepting invitations to other cities; occasionally going to the country on target-firing expeditions; sometimes making silly speeches to its entertainers, and putting cards in the papers to inform all the world how well it was treated. Its master spirits—those who had earned for it whatever prestige it had—soon grew tired of this sort of thing. Men, for example, like the President of the Manhattan Gas Light Company, are too thoughtful and energetic to occupy their time in idle pomp. But they surmised that it might not be always so—that the

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day might come when the services of so important an organization as the Seventh Regiment might be needed, and accordingly, although they retired themselves, they continued to give the corps substantial aid and encouragement. This is particularly true of Mr. Roome, whose purse has always been open to the Regiment in the hour of need, whether it was called the Eleventh, Twenty-seventh, or Seventh, and who was the first to join again, when, after the battle of Bull Run, he saw that the time for manly and patriotic action had arrived. Nor is this the only way in which his conduct in connection with the Seventh Regiment is exemplary. Though not only a scientific man of the first order, one of the best chemists in America, but also one who for a quarter of a century has been accustomed to command a large body of men—having charge of one of the most extensive gas works in the world—he has declined to take any higher rank than that of Major, lest he might do more harm than good, however well inclined, by his inexperience as a military officer. We might add many other particulars, not without interest at the present time, to show that there is now no danger but the Seventh will more than vindicate its ancient prestige, whenever and wherever its services are required, but we do not feel at liberty to do so, it being true in this case, as in the majority of others, that those who do most good, "blush to find it fame," rather than wish to emblazon it to the world.

We thus see an illustration of the fact, that the disaster at Bull Run has, after all, served more than injured the Union cause. Had the result been different, ward politicians would still have the chief control of the army; those not fit to be corporals would be field officers. General McClellan would still have continued in a subordinate position; Generals Wool and Frémont would have remained inactive at home; and hosts of spies, male and female, would, most probably, have been permitted to carry on their correspondence with the rebels unmolested. It is true that, had our troops been successful at Manassas, they might have captured Richmond; but supposing they had, it is doubtful whether it would have proved so valuable an acquisition as Fort Hatteras, over which the flag of the Republic now waves in triumph, a guarantee of safety to all loyalists within its reach, and a source of mortification and dismay to the rebels and traitors of the whole rebel Confederacy.

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ART. XI.—NOTICES AND CRITICISMS.

EDUCATION.

An Improved System of Geography, by FRANCIS MCNALLY. Designed for Schools, Academies, and Seminaries. Revised and enlarged edition. New York: A. S. Barnes & Burr.

THE praise bestowed on this work by its publishers is so extravagant, that we have been induced to examine it, with a view of discovering, if we could, what its wonderful superiority above all other similar performances consists in. We may as well admit at the outset that we have entirely failed in the attempt. Perhaps the reason is that we expected too much. But had we not a right to expect a vast deal from recommendations informing us that it comprehends "*model definitions, splendidly engraved maps, full and complete, an admirable system of map exercises*," &c., &c.? Lest language of this kind might not be sufficient to convince the skeptical, the publishers proceed, with their usual modesty, to explain how it is that other manufacturers have so signally failed. "The failure," they say, "of other Geographies to answer the purpose for which they were designed, is owing chiefly to the introduction of *so much descriptive matter as to cause an exclusion of map questions.*" (Descriptive Catalogue, p. 33.) There are numerous questions, but few answers, in the *Improved System*, hence it surpasses all others, although according to a well-known proverb, a fool may ask a question which it would puzzle a wise man to answer. At page 2 we are told that: "The *avalanche* of works upon this subject which has of late years been *precipitated* upon us, is evidence enough that an improvement has been demanded, both in the plan and in the *execution* of our school-books." The falling or precipitation of an avalanche is not always evidence that such is needed, or demanded; and we doubt whether an avalanche of Geographies, if any such phenomenon was ever seen on our planet, forms an exception.

It is but fair to say, that we are presented with other testimony in favor of the *Improved System* in addition to that of the publishers and author. Thus, for example, the *Chester County Times*—doubtless a high authority—pronounces it "well adapted to the wants of the school-room;" and several teachers of Wisconsin, Michigan, Iowa, &c., are equally decided and emphatic in praise of the copies furnished to them. The publishers give whole pages of such eulogies, written in the epitaph style, and not always in the best English. All this reminds us of two interesting French fables; one is that of the Eagle and the Owl, the other that of the Monkey and the Leopard. Every school-boy is aware, that,

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after having been long at war, the eagle and the owl formed a treaty of peace with each other, the most essential article of which was, that the former would not eat the little ones of the latter. "Do you know them?" asked the owl. "No," replied the eagle; "describe them, or show them to me—foi d'honnete aigle je ne les toucherai jamais." The owl proceeds to describe them. "*Mes petits*," he says, "*sont mignons, beaux, bien faits; et ils ont la voix douce et mélodieuse.* You will recognize them easily by these marks." Soon after, the eagle perceives at the corner of a rock des petits monstres tres-laids avec un air triste et lugubre. "Evidently," he says, "these do not belong to my friend the owl, so I will make a comfortable meal of them." Now the owl was just as correct in representing his little ones as beautiful, well formed, and gifted with a melodious voice, as the publishers of the *Improved System* are in the descriptions of which we have given specimens above, as we will presently show.

The other fable shows how all other works on the same subject are blunders—the *Improved System* being without a rival in the world! The monkey and the leopard set up their placards at the corner of a large street. The former says, "Gentlemen, I do not boast of being a buffoon, like my neighbor; but my glory and my merit are everywhere known, &c. Enter, gentlemen." The monkey answers from the opposite side: "Don't listen to him; he is an imposter—*un animal stupid et grossier; il n'a pas un grain d'esprit ni de jugement*—in one word, he is but a leopard." After having duly praised himself and his ancestry, and dispraised his rival, he says: "Enter, gentlemen, you will see all for four sous; and if you are not satisfied, your money will be returned at the door." Unlike the *Improved System*, the leopard dealt too largely in "descriptive matter," and neglected "map questions;" but there is a corresponding disparity in the terms—the difference between four and one hundred.

We now proceed to glance at the work, and endeavor to give our readers an opportunity of judging whether we are right or wrong in coming to the conclusion, that instead of the *Improved System* being the best work extant of its kind, it is one of the worst that we have ever felt it our duty to examine. As to the maps, which are represented as "elegantly engraved," they are of the coarsest kind—their "style" being somewhat like that of the "cuts" which we sometimes see on dry-goods boxes, or in the cheapest illustrated weeklies. This we have no opportunity of proving—the reader must either take our word for it, or examine for himself. But it is different with the "model definitions;" for of these we can give specimens. Thus, in the very first lesson, definition No. 7 is, "The circumference of a sphere is *the greatest distance around it.*" Need we say that this is not true—that, on the contrary, the circumference of a sphere is the *shortest distance around it?* Several have circumnavigated the globe;

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but it is those who have done so in the shortest way who have approximated nearest to the circumference. Definition 11 runs thus: "The axis of the earth is the imaginary straight line on which it performs its daily revolution." What a child would be likely to infer from this is, that the axis is some instrument of music, on which a certain tune is performed daily. We pass on from page 5 to page 7. At the latter, a promontory is defined, "a mountainous cape;" an ocean, "the largest natural division of the water;" an empire, "an extensive region, comprising several countries, governed by an emperor;" a State, "a division of a republic," &c. Not one of these is correct; and the same may be said of two-thirds of the rest. For example: there are five parts of the great ocean, no two of which are separated by any barrier, natural or artificial. What sense is there, then, in describing any of these as "the largest natural division of the water"? Can the Atlantic, for instance, be called a natural division, large or small? In a similar manner it may be asked, If an empire comprises "several countries," why is France, Brazil, or Morocco called an empire? Nor is it always true of an empire that it is governed by an emperor. We read of the Persian empire, as well as the British empire; and neither is governed by an emperor. Still more incorrect is it to define a State as merely "a division of a republic," since there is no country in Europe, let its form of government be what it may, which may not, with the strictest propriety, be called a State. "*L'état, c'est moi*," said Louis XIV. England had her state prisoners and her state trials long before the oldest of the United States were formed.

So much for the "model definitions," which are more like riddles than definitions. Now we come to the "questions" on the importance of which so much stress is laid. Thus, it is asked (p. 19): "For what manufactures is Baltimore noted?" The very first given in answer is "*flour*." Is flour a manufacture? Is tobacco? sugar? or iron? Each is given, as such, in the *Improved System*, at the page just indicated; but we submit that it would be just as correct to number milk among the manufactures. As already intimated, nine-tenths of the questions are not answered in any way. It had been better that half the remaining one-tenth had been left blank, in a similar manner, since the most ignorant had better be told nothing, than what is wrong.

Geography is defined as "a description of the earth's surface." This is right enough, as far as it goes; we have no fault to find with it. But were we to judge by the *Improved System*, we should rather define Geography as "a description of the United States, with some brief allusions to other parts of the world." As many maps are devoted to the United States, as to all other nations of the globe put together! New York has a whole map to itself; so has Texas; but France, Spain, and Portugal are crammed into one: so are Prussia, Denmark, Holland, and Belgium; so are Austria,

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Italy, Turkey, and Greece, &c. California and Minnesota have twice as much space devoted to them as Germany and Switzerland; while China has no map at all! Surely this is making all our geese swans with a vengeance, and making bantams of the swans of others. We had intended to show that the maps are as erroneous as they are coarse and unsightly; but space fails us. We think we have done enough, however, to put the unwary on their guard against high-sounding recommendations. In brief, our opinion of the work is, that it is a downright imposition on those who, being ignorant of geography themselves, are induced, by such statements as we have quoted, to pay their dollar for it and palm it on their children—allowing the blind to lead the blind.

Yet the *Improved System* is one of the so-called "National Series of Standard School-books." On a future occasion we may glance at some of the other numbers of the same famous (?) Series—perhaps the "Readers," of which we are told, as a sort of finale to a long eulogy in the prose-run-mad style, that "The Publishers have not space, at this time, *to favor the public* with the opinions of many who have used them, *but* they are able *to embrace results that of themselves decidedly pass upon their claims to favor.*" We may be permitted to say in turn, that we have not space at the present time to determine whether it is the publishers or their books that "are able to embrace results that of themselves decidedly pass," &c.

Latin Accidence and Primary Lesson Book, containing a Full Exhibition of the Forms of Words, and First Lessons in Reading. By GEORGE W. COLLORD, A. M. 12mo, pp. 347. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1861.

We have examined this work with considerable care, feeling that there is much room for improvement in our primary Latin text-books. Although we cannot agree with the author in all his views, we certainly find more to commend in his book, than in any other of equal size, that we have recently seen. We do not think that it is necessary to occupy so much space with the paradigms as he has done; half as much, in our opinion, would have been quite sufficient. Even children like to have something left to their ingenuity; nor do they need much ingenuity, to be able to conjugate a regular verb, or decline a noun, after they have seen an example in each conjugation and declension. A large proportion of the questions might also have been omitted without injury to the work. But we readily admit that in a book for beginners, it is better to multiply examples than to be sparing of space. The author adopts the Roman system of pronunciation, in preference to the English. The former is undoubtedly nearer the truth than the latter; but the difficulty is to

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introduce a new system into our schools. Of the superiority of the work in every other respect, there can be no question. Nor do we regard the peculiarities referred to as positive defects, since no one need avail himself of more examples than he needs; nor need the teacher or student adopt the Roman pronunciation, if he prefers the English. The definitions are clear and concise; the reading lessons are judiciously selected, and fully explained; and the whole work is admirably arranged. The copious vocabulary, given at the end, enables the student to prepare his more advanced lessons, without troubling the teacher, or troubling himself with a ponderous dictionary. No doubt others will praise *Latin Accidence* higher than we have done; but we think it enough to say that, without being perfect, it is a decided improvement on such similar text-books as we have seen.

A Popular Treatise on Comets. By JAMES C. WATSON, A. M. 12mo, pp. 363. Philadelphia: James Challen & Son. 1861.

The title of this volume gives a correct idea of its character; and this is much higher praise than we are in the habit of bestowing on elementary treatises on any branch of astronomy. Our readers will remember, for example, that we did not shrink from indicating the true character of Professor Mitchell's so-called *Popular Astronomy* (Nat. Q. Review, No. III.), while it was being praised extravagantly by certain journals of this city that make great pretensions to criticism, but are as likely to eulogize bombast and vulgar pretension as true merit. That now before us is an unpretending book. The author does not lose himself in clouds of words, nor does he use terms more for their sound than their sense; still less does he outrage the syntax of our language and common-sense, as was done in the instance referred to; although we do not see that Professor Watson has, or had, charge of any great observatory, public or private. For our part, we should not know one professor from the other, if we met both in the street together, nor have we ever had any intercourse, directly or indirectly, with either. We couple their books together only because both are Western authors; and what we think we do not hesitate to say, when it may prevent the blind from leading the blind. We do not mean that there is anything very remarkable in the book before us, or that its author is likely to become a Newton, Laplace, or Tycho Brahé; but what he has undertaken he has accomplished in a decent, if not in a perfect manner. His *Treatise* is not such as we should recommend to the advanced student, but we know of nothing better of its kind for the Common School, or family library. It is a lucid and simple narrative of curious and interesting facts, carefully collected from innumerable sources. The illustrations are accurate, and so tastefully executed as to serve as embellishments.

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BELLES-LETTRES.

The Recreations of a Country Parson. Second Series. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861.

Whether the second series is an improvement on the first, or the contrary, we cannot tell, having failed to read the former. It is but rarely a sequel is successful. Even the second part of *Don Quixote* is decidedly inferior to the first, nearly as much so as if they had been the productions of two different minds. A similar falling off is observed in Milton's *Paradise Regained* by those who consider that poem as a sequel to *Paradise Lost.* That the former is inferior to the latter, no one capable of forming an opinion on the subject ventures to deny. Even Homer forms no exception to this rule. The Odyssey was undoubtedly written subsequently to the Iliad, of which it may be regarded as an addition, or second part. Longinus calls the former an epilogue of the latter. *ὡς γὰρ ἀλλ' ἢ τῆς Ἰλιάδος ἐπίλογος ἐστιν ἡ Ὀδύσσεια.** The same great critic says that the Odyssey bears the marks of old age, but of the old age of Homer. *ἀλλά γῆρας διηγεμαι, γῆρας δ' ὅμως Ομήρε.*† To this we might add many other instances, ancient and modern, but enough. We do not mean, however, to compare the modest Scotch dominie to either Cervantes or Milton; much less would we compare him to Homer. He is no more like any of the immortal trio than a mole-hill is like a mountain, or than the woodbine is like the oak. He can hardly be said to be a man of genius; he has little imagination and less wit. We do not agree with those who make him equal to Lamb, or Goldsmith, as an essayist; it would take a gross of such men to make one or the other—that is, were it possible that the brains of so many could be hammered into one skull.

Yet the Rev. Mr. Boyd is a very agreeable writer. There is a charm in his style not often met with in essays of the present day. He gives us his impressions just as they occur to him. We find in him no attempts at what is called fine writing. In point of fact, his papers are not essays —they are more like desultory conversations. Not but he can draw a graphic sketch, or describe a ludicrous scene, when he likes, and be not a little satirical too, though his is the satire that "instructs, but hurts not." Some of his pictures of home life, introduced as if by accident, are among the best we have seen. Who has not, at some time or other, at least heard of one of those moral, or rather immoral, monsters of which the bashaw portrayed below is the type?

"It is to me a thoroughly disgusting sight to see, as we sometimes do, the wife and children of a family kept in constant terror of the selfish bashaw at

* *Περὶ ὑψους.* Sect. ix., 100.

† *Ib.*, 120.

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the head of the house, and ever on the watch to yield in every petty manner to his whims and fancies. Sometimes, where he is a hard-wrought and anxious man, whose hard work earns his children's bread, and whose life is the sole stay, it is needful that he should be deferred to in many things, lest the overtasked brain and over-strained nervous system should break down or grow unequal to their task. But I am not thinking of such cases. I mean cases in which the head of the family is a great fat, bullying, selfish scoundrel; who devours sullenly the choice dishes at dinner, and walks into all the fruit or dessert, while his wife looks on in silence, and the awe-stricken children dare not hint that they would like a little of what the brutal hound is devouring. I mean cases in which the contemptible dog is extremely well dressed, while his wife and children's attire is thin and bare; in which he liberally tosses about his money in the billiard-room, and goes off in autumn for a tour on the Continent by himself, leaving them to the joyless routine of their unvaried life. It is sad to see the sudden hush that falls upon the little things when he enters the house; how their sports are cut short, and they try to steal away from the room. Would that I were the Emperor of Russia, and such a man my subject! Should not he taste the knout? Should not I make him howl? *That* would be his suitable punishment: for *he* will never feel what worthier mortals would regard as the heavier penalty by far, the utter absence of confidence or real affection between him and his children when they grow up. He will not mind that there never was a day when the toddling creatures set up a shout of delight at his entrance, and rushed at him and scaled him, and searched in his pockets, and pulled him about; nor that the day will never come when, growing into men and women, they will come to him for sympathy and guidance in their little trials and perplexities. Oh! woful to think that there are parents, held in general estimation too, to whom their children would no more think of going for kindly sympathy, than they would think of going to Nova Zembla for warmth."—p. 228.

The paper "concerning Glasgow down the water" hits off some of the peculiarities of the Scotch in a manner at once amusing and truthful. Our author has an off-hand, quiet way of delineating character, which affords more than presumptive evidence of his ability to write a good novel. He might not succeed in fiction as well as Smollett, or Sterne, but that he would excel many who consider themselves great novelists, those who carefully examine his essays will readily acknowledge. For our own part, we think he is much more original than the Rev. Mr. Kingsley—that he has a finer fancy and more command of language. His style is certainly purer, for it is free from cant, and seldom, if ever, swells into bombast. The beginning of his paper on Glasgow will serve as a fair specimen of his style, and, at the same time, prove not uninteresting as a portraiture.

"Upon any day in the months of June, July, August, and September, the stranger who should walk through the handsome streets, crescents, and terraces, which form the West End of Glasgow, might be led to fancy that the plague was in the town, or that some fearful commercial crash had brought ruin upon all its respectable families—so utterly deserted is the place. The windows are all done up with brown paper: the door-plates and handles, erewhile of glittering brass, are black with rust: the flights of steps which lead to the front-doors of the houses have furnished a field for the chalked cartoons of vagabond boys with a turn for drawing. The more fashionable the terrace or crescent, the more completely is it deserted: our feet waken dreary echoes as we pace the pavement. We naturally inquire of the first policeman we meet, What is the matter with Glasgow—has anything dreadful happened?

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And we receive for answer the highly intelligible explanation, that the people are all *Down the Water*.

"We are enjoying (shall we suppose) our annual holiday from the turmoil of Westminster Hall and the throng of London streets; and we have taken Glasgow on our way to the Highlands. We have two or three letters of introduction to two or three of the merchant princes of the city; and having heard a great deal of the splendid hospitalities of the Western metropolis of the North, we have been anticipating, with considerable satisfaction, stretching our limbs beneath their mahogany, and comparing their cuisine and their cellar with the descriptions of both which we have often heard from Mr. Allen M'Collop, a Glasgow man, who is getting on fairly at the bar. But when we go to see our new acquaintances, or when they pay us a hurried visit at our hotel, each of them expresses his deep regret that he cannot ask us to his house, which he tells us is shut up, his wife and family being *Down the Water*. No explanation is vouchsafed of the meaning of the phrase, which is so familiar to Glasgow folk—that they forget how oddly it sounds on the ear of the stranger. Our first hasty impression, perhaps, from the policeman's sad face (no cold meat for him now, honest man), was that some sudden inundation had swept away the entire wealthier portion of the population,—at the same time curiously sparing the toiling masses. But the pleasant and cheerful look of our mercantile friend, as he states what has become of his domestic circle, shows us that nothing very serious is amiss. At length, after much meditation, we conclude that the people are at the seaside; and as that lies down the Clyde from Glasgow, when a Glasgow man means to tell us that his family and himself are enjoying the fresh breezes and the glorious scenery of the Frith of Clyde, he says they are *Down the Water*."—p. 286.

There is considerable variety in the "Recreations," and it is no slight praise to say, that the *tout ensemble* fully justifies the title. We have seldom read so good a paper on the subject as that on churchyards. Its attractiveness is much enhanced by curious epitaphs in prose and poetry, culled from various sources—such, for example, as the following:

"'Wha is that's lying here?'
'Robin Wood, ye needna speer;'
'Eh, Robin, is this you?'
'Oh aye, but I'm deid noo!'"

The author's remarks on sepulture, though they embrace nothing particularly new, claim more than a hasty perusal. In this part of his work, however, he does not seem to us to be entirely sincere. He speaks against cremation and urn sepulture; but he adduces much stronger arguments in favor of both than against either. "The system of burying the dead is," he says, "productive of fearful and numberless evils and dangers to the living." Several of these evils and dangers are stated. In addition to this, he gives a long extract from a work by M. Bonneau, to show how most, if not all, the objections to cremation could be obviated by a furnace heated to such intensity by means of an oxy-hydrogen blowpipe and certain other apparatus, that it would "utterly and completely consume and decompose the body in an incredibly short space of time." After thus presenting facts from other authors which cannot be denied, he seeks to dispose of them as follows: "Better far to lay the brother or sister by, as though they still felt, in the last resting-place, so soft and trim." This is something like quoting the opinions of the most learned infidels against the immortality of the soul, or any other dogma in which Christians implicitly believe, and then making an observation or two on the other side.

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It is quite possible, however, that we may be doing the author injustice—that his object is not to make a cat's-paw of M. Bonneau in order to avoid getting burned himself; but we are quite willing that the reader may decide the question for himself, after a careful examination of the paper in question.

The Adventures of Captain Bonneville, U. S. A., in the Rocky Mountains and the Far West; digested from his Journal, and illustrated from various other sources. By WASHINGTON IRVING. Author's revised edition, complete in one volume. New York: George P. Putnam. 1861.

It seems that even the calamities of civil war have but little effect in preventing the American people from reading the works of Washington Irving. We are assured that the illustrated revised edition, of which that before us is the tenth volume, finds its way into the most rebellious of the revolted States, according as issued. How they get their supply, is the wonder; and we believe no one is more surprised at it, than the publisher, who would not furnish it, at any price, to those in arms against the Government. But we are not disposed to investigate a case of this kind too curiously. Had the secessionists stolen nothing from the North, but the new edition of Irving's works, we could easily forgive them; feeling satisfied that its perusal would contribute much towards showing them the error of their ways, and bringing them back to their allegiance. "The Adventures of Captain Bonneville" is particularly calculated to stay the hand of treason, replete as it is with reminiscences, that remind all of the prosperity and happiness enjoyed by every section of our great country, until the demon of disunion commenced his fell work. There are passages in the book before us, which are particularly applicable to the present times. The author, in giving an account of the wars between neighboring tribes of Indians, quotes a speech made by one of the rival chiefs, showing how futile as well as dishonorable it would be to make peace on the terms proposed by the Blackfeet:

"War," he said, "is a bloody business, and full of evil; but it keeps the eyes of the chiefs always open, and makes the limbs of the young men strong and supple. In war, every one is on the alert. If we see a trail, we know it must be an enemy; if the Blackfeet come to us, we know it is for war, and we are ready. Peace, on the other hand, sounds no alarm; the eyes of the chiefs are closed in sleep, and the young men are asleep and lazy. The horses stray into the mountains; the women and their little babes go about alone. But the heart of a Blackfoot is a lie, and his tongue is a trap. *If he says peace, it is to deceive;* he comes to us as a brother; he smokes his pipe with us; but when he sees us weak, and off our guard, he will slay and steal. We will have no such peace; let there be war."—pp. 121, 122.

Whether any part of this is applicable to the "peace" men of the present day—those who urge us to suffer the Union to be rent in pieces rather than defend it like men—we leave our readers to judge. In our

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opinion, the secessionists now in arms against us would be the first to denounce us as cowards, did we agree to any such peace. No one is more anxious than the writer of these remarks, that peace, with all its blessings, should return; whatever observation we make that seems harsh against any section of the American people, is made, not because we love the South less, but the Union more. But this, as we view it, is a very different thing from admitting that the Republic of the United States should be allowed to be blotted out of existence, rather than that any expense in blood and treasure should be incurred. This, however, is not the place to discuss the point. Without further digression, we return to "Captain Bonneville," and give our readers one more extract. Lest there may be any of our readers who have not seen it, we wish we had space for the whole of the story of the Blackfoot woman; not that it is long, but that it did not fall into our hands in time. The part we transcribe gives a graphic description of the toils and troubles of women in savage life, and at the same time forcibly illustrates the devotion of the sex:

"I was the wife," said the Indian woman, "of a Blackfoot warrior, and I served him faithfully. Who was so well served as he? Whose lodge was so well provided, or kept so clean? I brought wood in the morning, and placed water always at hand. I watched for his coming, and he found his meat cooked and ready. If he rose to go forth, there was nothing to delay him. I searched the thought that was in his heart, to save him the trouble of speaking. When I went abroad on errands for him, the chiefs and warriors smiled on me, and the young braves spoke soft things in secret; but my feet were in the straight path, and my eyes could see nothing but him.

"When he went out to hunt, or to war, who aided to equip him, but I? When he returned, I met him at the door, I took his gun; and he entered without further thought. While he sat and smoked, I unloaded his horse, tied them to the stakes, and brought in their loads, and was quickly at his feet. If his moccasins were wet, I took them off, and put on others, which were dry and warm. I dressed all the skins he had taken in the chase. He could never say to me, Why was it not done? He hunted the deer, the antelope, and the buffalo, and he watched for the enemy. Everything else was done by me. When our people moved their camp, he mounted his horse and rode away, free as though he had fallen from the skies. He had nothing to do with the labor of the camp; it was I that packed the horses, and led them on the journey. When we halted in the evening, and he sat with the other braves and smoked, it was I that pitched his lodge; and when he came to eat and sleep, his supper and his bed were ready."

There are not many civilized women who are thus devoted, self-sacrificing, and obedient to their husbands. The Indian woman was too much so, especially in view of the fact that she was brutally treated by her husband for her pains. "I was his dog," she says, "not his wife."

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

The Progress of Nations; or, The Principles of National Development in their Relation to Statesmanship, a Study in Analytical History. London: Longman & Co.

One who undertakes to write on so important a subject as the author of this work has selected, without giving his name, may be fairly suspected

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of a consciousness of his own incapacity. This, however, is not always a proof that the incapacity really exists. On the contrary, it often happens that those who have most diffidence, have also most genius. We cannot say that the present instance is one of this kind, though, undoubtedly, the *Progress of Nations* is no ordinary book. It is the production of one who has studied extensively, if not profoundly, and who has a pretty accurate knowledge of human nature. The latter fact would seem to conflict with the representation, on the part of the author himself, that he is a young lawyer just called to the bar; and the suspicion thus created appears to us to derive much strength from the general tone of the book; which is in no sense like what an inexperienced lawyer would write, save in its diffuseness and frequent repetitions.

Being an Englishman, it is not strange that he comes to the conclusion, after a pretty thorough examination of the relative merits of monarchy, aristocracy, and theocracy, that the most permanent form of society is that in which all those elements are recognized. Had he represented this form of society as the best, or that which enjoys most rational liberty, he would have been much nearer the truth; for, whatever may be the faults of absolute monarchy, the history of the world shows that it is undoubtedly the most permanent. It must be borne in mind that of all governments now existing that of China is the most ancient, and it does not appear that it has undergone any material change, in form, for thousands of years. Next to China, the most enduring government, is that of Persia, which has also been an absolute monarchy from time immemorial. Nor does the history of Rome by any means conflict with our theory, for it shows that no other form of government proved so permanent as that of the emperors. That the Romans have never since been so virtuous, industrious and temperate as they were under the Republic, is very true, but that is not the question at issue. The Republic lasted only for a comparatively short time, and the same may be said of the government of those early kings, whose power seems to have been limited by the aristocracy and democracy.

Our author takes but little notice of the governments of the East. This is a very common fault with writers of the present day, forgetting that it is from the East all our forms of government have been derived. The author evinces much more philosophy, however, when he tells us that when each nation, whether great or small, has reached the highest point of culture which its institutions admit, it begins at once to decay; or at least ceases to be a leader in the great race of humanity, and sinks into a teacher. This is what Greece, Rome, and every other great nation of the world have done; yet, how many do we meet at the present day—men who cannot be said to be ignorant, or illiterate—who will listen to no other theory than that of "progressive development," by which we

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are made to go on from one step of improvement to another, until we reach perfection!

The chapter devoted to the aristocratic origin of literature is one of the most ingenious and interesting in the whole book. The author does not take so wide a scope as Buckle, but it is also true that he does not make such efforts to render himself peculiar; although it must be confessed that the author of the *Progress of Nations* has not scrupled to borrow here and there from the author of *Civilization in England*. Like the latter, the former ignores the influence of religion, but, unlike him, he does not attack religion. We have not seen it remarked that both authors show the tendency of the English mind of the present day to the skepticism of the French in the times of Bayle, Voltaire, and Rousseau, but the fact will not be denied by any careful thinker.

Mémoires et Correspondance du Roi Jérome et la Réine Catherine. Tome premier. Paris: Michel Lévy. New York: Frederick W. Christern. 1861.

To Americans especially this volume is interesting at the present moment. It gives a full account of the courtship and marriage of Prince Jerome and Miss Patterson, of Baltimore, and of the efforts used by the Emperor to induce the Pope to declare the marriage null and void. The facts of the case are illustrated by letters from the different parties, some of which are now published for the first time. The work is intended to do honor to the memory of Jerome, but his conduct to Miss Patterson, however "embellished" by the biographer, is calculated to produce a different effect. No doubt he meant well. He would have continued to regard the lady as his wife, had his imperial brother not interfered. But a man of spirit would not have abandoned his wife, even at the bidding of Napoleon the Great. The Pope had more to fear than Jerome from the resentment of the Emperor; but the former persistently refused to sanction the divorce. The work is designed mainly to prove that the world has not duly appreciated the nautical and naval skill of Prince Jerome, who held the rank of an admiral for six years, and commanded, or at least took a prominent part in the command, of four expeditions—one to Gauteaume in 1800–1801; one to San Domingo in 1801–1802; one to Algiers in 1803, and one to Willaumez in 1805–1806. True, not much was accomplished by the most successful of the four. It might have been different, however, the author thinks, had certain events not occurred just at the wrong time. At all events, we are told it was not without an object Prince Jerome became a sailor, or rather it was not without an object he was made one. Nothing less important had been determined upon in connection with his career by Napoleon I., than to give a death-

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blow to the naval supremacy of England. But, fortunately for Albion, the intended naval hero got smitten by one of the pretty girls of America just in the nick of time. Though he was not altogether cashiered, as the Duke of Clarence was under circumstances somewhat similar, his biographer thinks it more than probable that he would have accomplished great things, had fortune kept him away from the shores of America. As it was, his greatest exploit was to have run away from a British cruiser—his greatest naval skill was evinced in avoiding capture, so that he was never overtaken during a period of five years. "Le frère de l'Empereur prisonnier," says his biographer, "dans les rues de Londres n'est pas possible et il le dit à ses officiers." The Emperor would have been scandalized at the idea of his brother being a prisoner in the streets of London, and therefore such a catastrophe was carefully and successfully guarded against!

Lettres Originales de Madame la Duchesse d'Orleans, Helene de Mecklenburg Schwerin, et souvenirs biographiques. Recueillis, par G. H. DE SCHUBERT, Troisième Tirage. Genève: Henri George. New York: F. W. Christern. 1861.

There are none acquainted with the character of the late Duchess of Orleans who would not feel a deep interest in her biography. She was at once one of the most amiable, heroic, and unfortunate princesses of modern times. She was born in January, 1814, and married to the Dauphin of France, the eldest son of Louis Phillippe, in May, 1837. Five years afterwards she was made a widow, her husband having been killed in 1842, by a railroad accident. This was her first misfortune. The Duke her husband was so well liked by the people of France, that there is little doubt that he would have been placed on the throne when his father was expelled. The Duchess alone, of all the royal family, evinced courage and heroism in 1848. Even the mob of Paris was awe-struck to see her enter the Chamber of Deputies, leading her young son by the hand. Abuse and menaces assailed her from every side, but she advanced without quailing until she reached the front of the tribune, and there protested against the revolution, which excluded not only the Citizen King from the throne, but his rightful heir, who could not be said to have merited any punishment.

Subsequently, when her property was confiscated by the Government of Louis Napoleon, she made a similar protest; but, as in the former instance, did so in vain. She then retired into peaceful exile, and devoted her chief attention, in comparative poverty, to the education of her son. Being of an extremely sensitive nature, though always distinguished for her piety and gentleness of disposition, her misfortunes preyed heavily upon

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her, and no doubt hastened her death, which took place in 1858. So warmly was she attached to the family of her husband—whose sorrows she shared to the last—that she refused to be separated from them, even in death, but had to be buried in a little chapel at Weybridge, England, where reposed already the remains of Louis Phillippe and the Duchess of Nemours.

The bitterest enemy of monarchy can hardly look upon that grave without the tribute of a tear. The biography of the Duchess is written by the instructor of her youth, with whom she commenced a correspondence in her third year. Twenty-four of her letters are given in the work before us; they are written at different times, but chiefly in her girlhood, to the professor himself, to her mother, and to a friend of her youth. Intrinsically, the letters are not of much value, though well written; but they show what a gentle, kind, and amiable person the writer was, from her earliest childhood. The same remark may be made in reference to the whole book. It is by no means a brilliant work; it is interesting only as a faithful narrative of the life of a good and heroic woman—one who, in the relations of daughter, wife, and mother, may be said to have always more than fulfilled her duty. We should have observed that the edition before us is a translation into French from the original German. There is considerable variety in the book. It gives the most interesting picture of Louis Phillippe, as a father, husband, and member of the social circle, we have yet seen; and it is imbued, too, with the peculiar religious notions of both the Duchess and her biographer. What these notions are, may be inferred from the titles of some of the chapters—such as *Enigme de la vie présente*, *La vie un songe*, &c.

Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character. By E. B. RAMSAY, M. A., LL. D., F. R. S. E. Second Series. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1861.

We have read pleasanter and more instructive books on Scotland than that of Dr. Ramsay; but scarcely one in which there is a larger variety of that kind of matter which is best relished by the general reader. Yet the book can hardly be said to be "racy of the soil." Many of its jokes are undoubtedly good; but they are as much English as they are Scotch. Burns, Scott, Smollett, and one or two other Scotchmen have possessed the talent of amusing their readers—whether we call it wit or humor, or a mixture of both—to a high degree; but, in our opinion, not more than Englishmen, perhaps not as much. If we do John Bull justice, we must admit that among all the moderns there is no more powerful master of the passions, whether, as Johnson said of Goldsmith, in "exciting mirth or drawing forth tears." With the exceptions mentioned, it is

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otherwise with the Scotch, who have less perception of a joke than any other people in Europe, or perhaps in America.

But, were we to accept the testimony of Doctor Ramsay, we should believe that a more lively or witty people exist nowhere than the Presbyterians of Scotland. It is not in wit and humor alone the Scotch excel, according to our author; whatever they do they do better than any other people. The wonder is that they do not rule England, instead of being ruled by that stupid nation! But when the Doctor throws out hints of this kind, he ought to remember that, assuming that England is stupid, as compared to Scotland, it would not follow that the latter ought to be the dominant nation. It would come with a better grace from the Doctor (who, judging from the many initial letters affixed to his name, must be very learned), to comfort his countrymen with the reflection, that the stupid Turks have long enough lorded it over the Greeks, as the dull and phlegmatic Austrians do still over the most lively and imaginative of the Italians; so that Scotia could say, like Clitandre, in *Les Femmes Savantes:*

> "Si les raisons manquaient, je suis sûr qu'en tout cas
> Les exemples fameux ne me manqueraient pas."

Far be it from us to depreciate the wit or humor of either, or any other good qualities they may be said by themselves or others to possess. All we object to is, the laudation of everything Caledonian that pervades the book, according to which, even Scotch cabbage is superior to the specimen of that vegetable grown in any other country this side of the Garden of Eden. There is no great harm, however, in all this; nor does it prevent the patriotic Doctor from telling us some funny things. In former times it seems that the Scottish ladies, as well as lairds, used to indulge more freely in the national beverage than was consistent with the erect posture, or self-control, &c.

"A Galloway laird," says Dr. Ramsay, "was returning from a supper party, with his lady mounted behind him on horseback. On crossing the river Nor at a ford, at a point where it joins the sea, the old lady dropped off, but was not missed until her husband reached his door, when, of course, there was an immediate search made. The party who were dispatched in quest of her arrived just in time to find her remonstrating with the advancing tide, which trickled into her mouth, in these words, 'No anither drap neither het or cauld.'"

Of course, nothing like this happens at the present day. We find several anecdotes in the "Reminiscences" that are applicable to the present time. All our readers are aware how much has been said against the impiety of fighting a battle on Sunday, and how many are still ready to prove that the disaster of the Federal troops at Bull Run was simply a punishment from the Almighty for having broken the Sabbath instead of having attended to their prayers, as they ought to have done.

"Two ladies going to church, one said to the other, 'War it no a wonderful thing that the Breetish were aye victorious over the French in battle?' 'Not a

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bit,' said the other old lady. 'Dinna ye ken the Breetish aye say their prayers before ga'in into battle?' The other replied, 'But canna the French say their prayers as weel?' The reply was, 'Hoot! jabbering bodies! Wha could understan' them?'"

We have selected these two scraps rather for their brevity than their superior wit, or humor; for there are many in the book that are at least as good. We doubt, however, whether it will be reprinted in this country, though many a worse one will be printed by rival houses—one injuring itself by a low price in order to injure its neighbor still more.

SCIENCE.

Theory of Circulation by Respiration. Synopsis of its Principles and History. By EMMA WILLARD.

Women in our days are sometimes very bold in their attempts to fathom and explain the mysteries of Science—they are pushed back, but still they press onward, and the world will encourage them, when they prove themselves deserving of confidence. We remember when learned M. D.'s sneered at the "*Willardian notion*," as some men were pleased to term the theory of "Respiration by Circulation," published by Mrs. Willard, in 1846.

The author remarks, that of many copies of this work sent to physicians, no notice was taken, though in some cases she received answers expressive of honest dissent, or couched in terms of sarcastic politeness. The popular Dr. Marcy, of New York, then of Hartford, it appears early gave his countenance and support to the Willardian Theory. Dr. Robbins, long an eminent physician of Troy, N. Y., and one of the last men to be carried away by novelty, gave Mrs. Willard his assistance in pursuing her investigations, and pronounced her theory to be "true so far as it goes." The philosophic Dr. Isaac Heister, late of Reading, Pa., nearly twenty years since, gave his unequivocal testimony in favor of the new theory. Mrs. Willard in her pamphlet gives an interesting account of the various discouragements encountered in attempts to bring her system fairly before the public. At the Convention of the New York Association of Teachers, in 1850, the author caused a copy of her work on Respiration to be presented to each member. At her request, a committee of investigation was appointed to report on her theory. They reported favorably; at the succeeding Convention at Buffalo the report was adopted and printed. Editors who obtained copies for their papers, declined afterwards to notice the report, stating that they acted under the influence of medical men. "It seemed," says the author, "to be the general plan of the *regular faculty* to put the theory in the algid state of cholera, where

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it would die of coldness; but by the aid of Providence it will restore itself by its own inherent vitality—the vitality of immortal truth."

"For thirty years," adds the author, "I had maintained, not only without public support, but against discouragements, these great truths; but in 1851 Dr. Cartwright, of New Orleans, announced in a letter to me that he had publicly become my advocate. His name will ever be connected with my theory on account of the remarkable experiments by which he demonstrated its truth."

These experiments were made by successively resuscitating two alligators, which have been strangled till life was extinct, and "neither fire nor the dissecting knife caused any apparent sensation. The introduction of air into the trachea by the blow-pipe was seen to affect the lungs, and the heart (which had been laid bare by vivisection) began to quiver, then to pulsate, the animal moved, became thoroughly revived, breaking the cords by which he was bound to the dissecting-table. Again they bound him, and kept the trachea tied till life was extinct, when inflating his lungs he again revived as before."

Dr. Cartwright, in a letter to the author, published in the Boston *Medical Journal* in 1852, says: "By this resuscitation your theory of the motive power of the circulation of the blood was established beyond all doubt or dispute. This resuscitation clearly proved that the *primum mobile* of the circulation, and the chief motive powers of the blood, are in the lungs and not in the heart." "Dr. Cartwright," says the author, "in the same letter mentioned a case in which his faith in my theory had saved the life of a breathless infant, inducing him to unwonted perseverance in inflating the lungs."

But able opposers to this new *physiological theory* appeared in New Orleans, who attempted to prove that Dr. Cartwright's resuscitation of the alligator might have been effected by applications to the nerves. Dr. Cartwright procured from General Jackson's battle-ground (no better for the truth of the theory, we suppose) another alligator, which was publicly vivisected and killed. The doctor's opponents first tried their means to bring the animal to life, and failed; then he, by artificial respiration, restored the huge reptile as before; thus proving that artificial respiration could restore suspended animation when nothing else could.

The author gives an interesting account of the case of a child of Dr. Ely, who had written against her theory. His infant son had cholera, and expired. His medical friends had left him, and crape was tied to the bell-handle at his door. Standing by the side of his lifeless babe, Dr. Ely said to himself: "If this theory should be true, I might save my child." After long efforts at resuscitation, the child breathed, life was restored. "Dr. Ely, like a nobly honest man, reported the case as convincing evidence of a truth which he had formerly opposed." This case is reported in the Boston *Medical Journal* of September, 1852.

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Dr. Washington of Missouri, and Dr. W. K. Bowling, the editor of the *Nashville Journal*, have ably sustained the *Willardian Theory*. "Dr. Washington," says the editor of this journal, "has crushed out all that would take up his glove, and is left in undisputed possession of the field—looking in vain for an opponent."

To those who had been familiar with Mrs. Willard's theory from its first inception, who perhaps had opposed it as too presuming in a woman to claim to have made a great discovery in the field of animal physiology, there must have been something startling in the announcement made in the recent visit of the Prince of Wales and his suite to the University of New York, on the introduction of a learned professor to the distinguished visitors, as the author of the great discovery that "respiration is the cause of circulation." In his work on Human Physiology, Professor Draper had announced that "Harvey's theory of the paramount power of the heart's action in the circulation must be abandoned, and that to *respiration* must be assigned the great duty of originating the blood's circulation."

In London, it appears, that a short time previous to the introduction at the University to the Prince and his suite, Professor Draper had distinguished himself as the propounder of this new theory.

The issue is now fairly before the public, and it remains for the Professor to prove himself the original author of this theory, which was published in New York so far back as 1846, but was well known to have been originated by Mrs. Willard more than ten years prior to that time. It was in 1856 that Professor Draper asserted the truth of the theory, that the circulation of the blood is not caused primarily by the action of the heart, according to the theory of Harvey, and generally received by physiologists from his day to the present time. We cannot suppose that a man of extended reading and observation should not have known of the existence of the *Willardian Theory*, mentioned in different medical journals. Would Dr. Cartwright in New Orleans have been more likely to have been informed on this subject than a physician of New York, where Mrs. Willard's book on her theory of respiration was published?

In a note to Mrs. Willard's late pamphlet, she says: "When the time shall come that, the truth of my discovery being no longer denied, its originality shall be contested, it will be a significant fact, that in the *Nashville Journal*, of September, 1854, is an article against it from a physician signing himself 'Justicia,' which he thus heads, 'The Willardian Notion.' In evil report, it was indisputably mine. This article also shows, that the Harveian theory is still maintained by my opponents."

In reviewing the history of this important physiological discovery, we are struck by the fact, that the medical faculty of the South were the

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first publicly and boldly to proffer their belief that a woman had made such a discovery, and this, too, a woman of the North. When we consider the readiness with which the South has in past time yielded the palm of science, literature, and education to Northern writers and Northern institutions, surely this is something to be thrown into the scale against the frenzy with which Southern *politicians* have sought to destroy our National Government.

If only for what Mrs. Willard has done for the great cause of education in founding the Troy Female Seminary; securing for it a European reputation as one of the best institutions of its kind in the world; and still, in the evening of a long life, superintending its teachings with jealous care, besides being the author of several excellent school-books, her countrymen owe it to their own sense of right, and to their wives and daughters—of whom she has educated so many—at least to do her justice; and we believe she asks no more.

1. *Cavalry Tactics. School of the Trooper, of the Platoon, and of the Squadron.* 3 vols., 18mo.
2. *United States Infantry Tactics, for the Instruction, Exercise, and Manœuvres of the United States Infantry, including Infantry of the Line, Light Infantry, and Riflemen, prepared under the direction of the War Department, and authorised and adopted by the Secretary of War, May* 1, 1861, *containing the School for the Company; Instruction for Skirmishers; the General Calls, the Calls for Skirmishers, and the School of the Battalion, including the Articles of War, and a Dictionary of Military Terms.* 1 vol., large 24mo.
3. *Manual of Bayonet Exercise, prepared for the use of the Army of the United States.* By GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, Major-General U. S. A. Printed by order of the War Department.
4. *Instruction for Field Artillery.* Prepared by a Board of Artillery Officers. 1 vol., 8vo.
5. *The Handy Book of the United States Soldier on coming into Service; containing a complete System of Instruction in the School of the Soldier, with a preliminary explanation of the formation of a Battalion on parade, the position of the officers, &c., &c. Being a First Book or Introduction to the authorised U. S. Infantry Tactics.* Small 24mo, paper cover.

Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1861.

It seems to us that this series leaves little, if anything, to be desired in the way of military text-books for our army; including, as they do, ample instructions for the movements of infantry, cavalry, and artillery. Each volume is copiously illustrated. The plates of "Cavalry Tactics"

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and "Field Artillery," especially those of the latter, are executed in the finest style used in any works of the kind in Europe or America. Nor are those of "Bayonet Exercises" less carefully or artistically executed. We are sorry that we have not time to give a description of the more elaborate treatises, for they arrived just as we were going to press. We have, however, examined them sufficiently to feel satisfied that New York and Boston must yield the palm to Philadelphia in getting up military books. It is, indeed, nothing new for Lippincott & Co. to get up tasteful and valuable works just when they are wanted; but they have surpassed themselves in the present instance. No wonder that all these now before us are issued by authority.

EXPLORATIONS AND TRAVELS.

Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa; with Accounts of the Manners and Customs of the People, and of the Chase of the Gorilla, Crocodile, Leopard, Elephant, Hippopotamus, and other Animals. By PAUL DU CHAILLU. 8vo, pp. 531. New York: Harper Brothers. 1861.

IT is, no doubt, with unfeigned regret that the lion-hunters of our city, a city addicted to lion-hunting beyond any other, look back to the excellent opportunity wasted by them, of securing, at first hands, such a genuine specimen of the genus as the author of this remarkable book has proved himself to be. But even a better class than the mere lion-hunter has good reason to regret the slight and passing notice bestowed at a time when war had not yet become the all-absorbing topic of our thoughts, upon a fellow-citizen of ours, who has shown himself, by the immense amount of exciting discussion he has raised, and by the accumulated material he has furnished for thought, to have been deserving of our most earnest and most thoughtful attention.

Certainly, next to Darwin and Buckle, we must rank Paul B. du Chaillu, as a man who has supplied more than his share of food for our intellectual appetites. And this man we allowed to pass by almost unnoticed. One or two interesting evenings at the rooms of the Geographical Society, two or three invitations to exceptional private houses, an almost deserted exhibition in a broken-down building on Broadway, and some cuts in *Harper's Weekly*, were our whole welcome to the man who has made all scientific Europe ring again and again with discussion over his discoveries.

It is true, when he was here, the history of his explorations had not yet been published; and we have not yet succeeded as a nation in raising up for ourselves a scientific authority of sufficient weight to enforce the attention of the public, always suspicious on the subject of unindorsed merit. But enough of the man and his doings was known to make it a

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fair subject of reproach to ourselves, that he left his country unnoticed and unknown, to return—at least in spirit—as one of the remarkable men of the present day. While reproaching ourselves, however, we must not forget that our very neglect affords no slight indication of the quiet merit and modest self-reliance that form such prominent features in Du Chaillu's character.

His work has now been sufficiently long before the public to enable us to form some estimate of what real addition he has made to our stock of knowledge. Such an estimate can be given here in the most condensed form only, but enough can be said to enable the reader to judge for himself to what extent Du Chaillu's Explorations and Adventures can or ought to interest him.

Foremost in such an estimate must stand the fact that the world has secured one more African traveller of the right stamp, an acquisition of no slight importance. With many faults and drawbacks—for Du Chaillu is in no sense of the word a man of science, is deficient in lingual acquirements, and what is worse, seemingly at least, devoid of acute perception of language—he is yet admirably fitted for his task. Lithe and agile of frame; capable of enduring immense fatigue and privations, and what is more important, the startling doses of medicine, which seem the only refuge of the Caucasian race in that climate; gifted with an even temper and a kind heart, two things without which no one can gain influence over savages; of sober habits; of courage enough to tell us smilingly how much fear he endured, yet of no reckless bravery; of a sympathizing, somewhat enthusiastic disposition, leaving his mind open to the most opposite impressions, alike to the influences of the most sincere piety, and to the advantages of trade, alike to the good qualities of the people he travels among, and to the necessity of keeping a watchful eye on his property, alike to the grandeur of nature and to the simplest or most recondite habits of an insect or an ape; with all these natural qualifications, and all those acquired by experience; with a resolute purpose and unwavering determination, and withal a passionate liking for the thing itself, it is surely not too much to say that Mr. Du Chaillu seems especially gifted for his pursuit, nor too much to hope that he will yet achieve results far exceeding those he has now attained. No doubt he will profit by his present leisure to supply whatever deficiencies his own experience and the well-meant advice of his critics have pointed out to him.

Next in value to the possession of himself, we must rank his book, which is, beyond peradventure, one of the most interesting books of the season. Great injustice is done to many works of this class by the numerous quotations from them which appear in public journals, but it

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would be difficult to find a book from which so much has been quoted, that yet left so much to quote as this. It is essentially an attractive book, because it is full of matter interesting to us all.

The fact, that most of the extracts quoted from it have reference only to the great Gorilla, has led many to infer that it is devoted chiefly, if not wholly, to that monster; so that there are more now who know it by the title, "The Gorilla Book," than any other. For this reason we will pass over the Gorilla, and avail ourselves of such brief passages, of another character, as our readers are not so likely to have seen in the papers. From a very interesting sketch of the habits of the Hippopotamus, including the African mode of hunting that animal, we take the following extract:

"When playing in the water, this animal makes a noise very much resembling the grunt of a pig. This grunt it also utters when alarmed at the near approach of man. The stuffed skin loses its original color, so that our stuffed specimens do not give a true idea of the clay-color of the live beast. Its excrement is like the horse's, but smaller and drier.

"When enraged, or suddenly disturbed, it utters a kind of groan, a hoarse sound, which can be heard at a considerable distance. They are quite combative among themselves, and I often saw marks on their bodies of desperate conflicts. One, a male which I killed, had its thick hide lacerated in a frightful manner in numerous stripes, from a fight. The young males suffer particularly in these encounters, as they are much imposed upon by the grown males, who are jealous of them. Their principal weapons of offense are their huge tusks, with which they strike most savage blows.

"It was my good fortune to be witness once to a combat between two Hippopotami. It occurred in broad daylight. I was concealed on the banks of the stream, and had been for some time watching the sports of a herd, when suddenly two huge beasts rose to the surface of the water and rushed together. Their vast and hideous mouths were open to their widest possibility; their eyes were flaming with rage, and every power was put forth by each to annihilate the other. They seized each other with their jaws; they stabbed and punched with their strong tusks; they advanced and retreated; were now at the top of the water, and again sunk down to the bottom. The blood discolored the river, and their groans of rage were hideous to listen to. They showed little powers of strategy, but rather a piggish obstinacy in maintaining their ground, and a frightful savageness of demeanor. The combat lasted an hour. It was evident that their tusks could not give very dangerous wounds to such thickly-protected bodies as theirs. At last, one turned about and off, leaving the other victorious and master of the field."—p. 258.

The author gives a graphic description of the India-rubber *vine*, and the manner in which it is obtained, and incidentally gives an example of a mode of torture which seems to be quite common among the negroes:

"It is a pleasant sight to see a party of natives setting out to gather India-rubber. I once accompanied such a party, my object being game, while theirs was caoutchouc. For several days before setting out the women were busied in preparing food, and smoking the boiled manioc, which is their principal subsistence. The men meantime were making ready to defend themselves against the attacks of wild beasts, by furbishing up their spears and juns. Cutlasses and knives were sharpened, and the wooden pots in which the precious juice was to be gathered were carefully collected, and made ready for transportation; while others still prepared the wooden moulds in which the juice is permitted to solidify. It was a pleasant scene of industry and excitement. The negroes rejoiced beforehand on the good luck they hoped to have.

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"But all this innocent joy was destroyed for me the morning before we set out, by accidentally stumbling across one of those acts of barbarism which chill the blood of a civilised man, though but slightly regarded by the negroes. I was hunting in the woods near the village, and saw sitting on a tree at some distance a pair of beautiful green pigeons (*treron nudirostris*), which I wanted much for my collection of birds. By dint of much exertion I penetrated the jungle to the foot of the tree, and here a ghastly sight met my eyes. It was the corpse of a woman, young, evidently, and with features once mild and good. She had been tied up here on some infernal accusation of witchcraft and tortured. The torture consisted in lacerations of the flesh all over the body, and in the cuts *red peppers* had been rubbed. This is a common mode of torturing with these people, and as devilish in ingenuity as anything could well be. Then the corpse was deserted. I could only hope the poor girl died of her wounds, and had not to wait for the slower process of agonised starvation, to which such victims are left. Will the reader think hard of me that I felt it in my heart to go back to the village and shoot every man who had a hand in this monstrous barbarity? But what would have been the use? Such scenes are constantly occurring in all parts of heathen Africa, and will continue till Christianity is spread abroad here, and in its light these heathen barbarisms perish. I fear it will be many a long year yet."—p. 156.

M. Du Chaillu has little doubt but cannibalism is still practised in many parts of Central Africa, especially among a tribe called the *Fans*. His experience among these savages was anything but agreeable or encouraging. We can only make room for a brief extract or two:

"The next morning we moved off for the Fan village, and now I had the opportunity to satisfy myself as to a matter I had cherished some doubt on before, namely, the cannibal practices of these people. I was satisfied but too soon. As we entered the town, I perceived some bloody remains which looked to me to be human; but I passed on, still incredulous. Presently we passed a woman who solved all doubt. She bore with her a piece of the thigh of a human body, just as we should go to market and carry thence a roast or steak.

"The whole village was much excited and the women and children badly scared at my presence. All fled into the houses as we passed through what appeared the main street—a long lane—in which I saw here and there human bones lying about.

"At last we arrived at the palaver-house. Here we were left alone for some little while, though we heard great shoutings going on at a little distance. I was told by one of them afterward that they had been busy dividing the body of a dead man, and that there was not enough for all. The *head*, I am told, is a royalty, being saved for the king. o o o

"Presently I was conducted to my house. The village was a new one, and consisted mostly of a single street, about 800 yards long, on which were built the houses. The latter were small, being only eight or ten feet long, five or six wide, and four or five in height, with slanting roofs. They were made of bark, and the roofs were of a kind of matting made of the leaves of a palm tree. The doors run up to the eaves, about four feet high, and there were no windows. In these houses they cook, eat, sleep, and keep their store of provisions, chief of which is the smoked game and smoked human flesh, hung up to the rafters. o o o

"After visiting the house assigned me, I was taken through the town, where I saw more dreadful signs of cannibalism in piles of human bones, mixed up with other offal, thrown at the sides of several houses. I find that the men, though viewing me with great curiosity, are not any longer afraid of me, and even the women stand while I approach them. They are a more manly and courageous race than the tribes toward the coast. o o o

"Toward evening we retired to our houses. I called the king into mine, and gave him a large bunch of white beads, a looking-glass, a file, fire-steel,

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and some gun-flints. His face was fairly illuminated with joy, and he took his leave, highly pleased. Presently afterward one of the queens brought me a basket full of bananas. Some of these were already cooked, and these I at once refused, having a horrid loathing of the flesh-pots of these people. I stated at once my fixed purpose to have all my cooking done for me in my own kettles, and mean to be involved in no man-eating, even second-hand.

"Shortly after sunset all became silent in the village, and everybody seemed inclined to go asleep. I barred my door as well as I could with my chest, and lying down on the dreadful bed which was provided for me, placed my gun by my side ready for use. For though they be ever so friendly, I can not get it out of my head that these people not only kill people, but eat them, and that some gastronomic caprice might tempt them to have a white man for dinner while I am among them."—p. 103.

The style of the book is charmingly *naïve* and simple, and at once inspires you with confidence in its truth. You read on, and ere you are aware, you find yourself following the steps of the narrator with genuine personal interest. He takes you from tribe to tribe, and makes you acquainted with a number of individuals, who each in their turn arrest your attention and excite your sympathy; his descriptions of life among these different tribes are so *life-like*, that one thinks he would be able to distinguish, at first sight, a village of one from a village of the other, and it is impossible to read of his huntings without sharing his excitement in the chase and his gentle sympathy with the victim.

But all these qualities of his book, though they tend to render it agreeable to the general reader, form but a small part of its merits. The variety of subjects on which it adds to our information is most extensive. Strange as it may seem, in no book known to us do we find so many illustrations of "trade" in its earliest infancy, and in its gradually increasing contact with foreign demand, foreign capital, and foreign civilization. Nowhere do we find an opportunity to notice so many degrees—all differing but slightly in themselves—of the same civilization in the same race. His reports of traditions among the natives confirm the speculations of earlier travellers with regard to the moving of the races from the interior to the seaboard, where a constant process of deterioration and decimation goes on. The tracts of unknown countries over which he has travelled, though not large, have been carefully and closely explored, and inclose within still smaller limits the region of the "Great Unknown."

Besides adding to our knowledge of animals with which we were already acquainted, he has introduced to us many that were quite unknown. His observations confirm in many instances and in the most remarkable manner, the theories of Darwin, while they partly or wholly prove—among other things—the startling facts, that there are races of apes more nearly allied to the human species than those heretofore known; that the species most nearly allied to the human, inhabits the very country and neighborhood which is the particular home of the lowest type of the human race; and that there are several "highest types" of apes, each of

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which *approaches more nearly, in some important particulars, to some one of the many human races than it does to any other "highest type" of apes.*

Surely it will be admitted that it is impossible to do justice to so important a work and so many important topics in the short space we have devoted to it. But we intend to refer to it again, and examine it more at length.

MISCELLANEOUS.

El-Khuds, the Holy; or Glimpses in the Orient. By Wm. Mason Turner, B. Ph., M. D. 8vo, pp. 415. Philadelphia: James Challen & Son. 1861.

We are sorry that this did not reach us in time; for it contains a good deal that would be very acceptable to those of our readers who take an interest in Eastern affairs. We may, however, return to its pages. In the mean time we can only observe that it embraces an incredible variety of curious and interesting information on such subjects as Syrian History, the siege of Tyre, the Mohammedan conquest, the crusades, Sharon the Great Valley, the Massacre at Jaffa, &c., &c., besides sketches of manners and customs, illustrative anecdotes, descriptions of local scenery, and comparisons of the present with the past.

1. *Rénovation Religieuse*, par Patrice Larroque, ancien Recteur de l'Académie de Lyon. 2ième édition.
2. *Examen Critique des Doctrines de la Religion Chrétienne*, par Patrice Larroque, ancien Recteur de l'Académie de Lyon. 2ième édition. 2 tomes. London: D. Nutt. New York: Frederick W. Christern.

These three volumes, though differing in form and title, are identical in tone and spirit; and they aim at nothing less than the destruction of Christianity. The author discusses in turn the principal dogmas held by the various Christian sects, taking occasion to find each defective in passing. He tells us in substance, that the whole fabric of Christianity is founded on the doctrine of original sin. Deny this, he says, and you deny all; then there is no devil, no evil spirits, no natural tendency in the human mind to wickedness and crime. He cannot conceive that three persons can have one will, as in the Trinity, or that the divine will and the human can be united in one person (Jesus Christ). After having made various assertions of this kind, he proceeds to criticise the Scriptures somewhat in the style of Strauss, and in the spirit of Voltaire, though without the wit and ingenuity of the latter. His plan is to show that the various dogmas referred to are founded on obscure texts in the Bible; that this obscurity being removed, the plain and simple state-

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ments of the text countenance no such dogmas; and that were it otherwise, there is no sufficient reason why the text itself should be held as an infallible authority.

We need hardly say that there is no intellectual undertaking that requires less talent than to make an attack of this kind. There is nothing beyond the range of human vision, however well authenticated, but may be made the subject of arguments similar to those thought to bear on Christianity by M. Larroque. There are certain minds that will give credence to almost any theory which seems to be sustained by learning: and that our author is a learned man cannot be denied—one equally familiar with the Hebrew and Greek—each of which he tortures, as the occasion requires, in order to make out a case against Christianity. He would have his readers reason like the African prince, who put a European into prison for telling him that in his country the water sometimes becomes a solid body. "I have listened," he says, "to many of your strange stories, not knowing but perhaps some of them were true; but when you tell me that water becomes as hard as a piece of wood, you evidently want to impose on my credulity." In a similar manner, because the people cannot comprehend the whole of the Scriptures, they ought to take it for granted, according to M. Larroque, that they are merely a tissue of traditions clumsily put together. The transition from this to Theism is easy and natural; and accordingly we are told towards the close of the third volume, that the only true religion is that which regards the Almighty, and him alone, as the Author and Governor of the universe.

We do not apprehend much harm from the book. The author is not a philosopher. He writes agreeably, often elegantly; but his logic is defective. In short, he is not destined to be a leader. That he was a clever professor in the Academy of Lyon, is highly probable; but there he had only boys to teach. There are many who think that because they have given tolerable satisfaction as schoolmasters, it must follow that they are equally qualified to teach men, and convince them against their will. M. Larroque is one of this class; but we doubt whether he will ever make a dozen of converts, or rather perverts; for it requires the genius of a Voltaire to do this. No one, therefore, need be afraid to read any of his books; but it is equally true, that if none read them, not much will be lost, save by the author himself, and his publishers.

Source du Sentiment Religieux—Chapitre extrait de la seconde partie de la Conciliation rationelle du Droit et du Devoir. Par HENRI DISDIER, Avocat Genève. New York: Frederick W. Christern.

M. Disdier has peculiar notions relative to the source of the religious sentiment. It does not, he thinks, exist in the Bible, or anywhere else,

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external to man himself; but is identical with the sentiment of admiration. If the generalty of people think differently, it is, in his opinion, only because the Divine Nature has been systematically misrepresented to them. By this mode of reasoning, he finds it an easy process to come to the conclusion that all peoples are monotheistic or pantheistic, according as the sentiment of harmony is combined with that of admiration, or otherwise. In short, he confounds the beauty of nature with the Almighty himself—the thing created with the Creator. True, he does not do so in express terms; but this is undoubtedly the tendency of his reasoning.

"Ce qu'il voit," he says, "le surprend et le réjouit toute à la fois, et ce qu'il éprouve le pousse tout naturellement à leur le yeux vers cet etre supérieur mais inconnu dont il ne sait pas encore bégayer le nom et vers lequel il se seul irrésistiblement attire. It seems then," he continues, "that a secret and vague instinct under the form of intuition gradually convinces his intelligence that all these advantages are but proofs of the paternal solicitude of that Being whom he can know only by deciphering the characters of the glorious name which retrace in unison the wonders of the universe."—p. 17.

Indeed, the author sometimes appears not to understand himself. There is an affectation of mysticism apparent throughout the book; though it must be admitted that it contains passages of great beauty. Fortunately, the arguments against Christianity are too subtle and vague to make any impression on an ordinary reader; whereas the philosophical reader can easily detect their sophistry.

Positive Facts without a Shadow of Doubt. By Michael George Dugnan. 8vo, pp. 1103. New York: Printed for the Publishers. 1861.

There is a good deal in this portly, neatly printed volume that is worth reading. It is composed of copious extracts on miscellaneous subjects, from different works. So far as we have seen, on a pretty careful examination, nothing exceptional has been selected; but there is not sufficient variety. The authors quoted are too few; and, with one or two exceptions, they are by no means of the first class. In other words, the compiler's circle of reading seems to have been limited; if otherwise, his favorites are not, and never have been, those of any large class of thinkers. Thus, for example, he gives several long chapters from Gahan, Parsons, Horne, McCarthy, Rigby, and Cobbett, and not one from Johnson, Gibbon, Goldsmith, Locke, Burke, Milton. In short, the only standard authors he quotes are Addison, Clarendon, and Seneca; and what he takes from these is but very trifling in comparison with the long essays which he reproduces from authors of whom we confess we had never heard before. In choosing his subjects, he has drawn rather largely on theology, giving

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us no fewer than twenty chapters with such titles as the Miracles of Christ, Character of our Redeemer, the Divinity of the Christian Religion, proved by its Mysteries, the Sources of Heresy and Infidelity, &c., &c. Far be it from us to deny that these are good subjects; but in our opinion they are out of place in a work intended for the general reader, and whose title is more suggestive of things human than things divine.

We do not make these remarks in any fault-finding spirit. The compiler evidently means well, and, with the exceptions mentioned, he has done well. About one fourth of the book is devoted to theology; but the remaining three fourths embrace almost all subjects in which the public have an interest. Upon the whole, it is a work which can be safely recommended for the family library. If the theology were omitted altogether, sufficient that is instructive and interesting would remain to make it worth a score of sensation novels.

Chambers's Encyclopædia. A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge, Illustrated with maps and numerous wood engravings. Vol. II., pp. 828. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1861.

A year ago (N. Q. R., Sept., 1860), we had the pleasure of examining the first volume of this work. We had been in the habit of reading the Chambers's publications almost from our boyhood, always regarding them as the best of their kind. We had, therefore, expected much from the new work; but, far from being disappointed, the intrinsic excellence of the first volume gave us an agreeable surprise. That now before us possesses the same general characteristics. It opens with Belgium and closes with Chivalry. The intermediate words embrace every variety of subjects; each treated briefly, or elaborately, according to its importance. No work of the kind can be expected to be altogether free from errors; there are, however, fewer in this than in any similar volume of equal size that we have taken the pains to examine.

The articles are, indeed, not exhaustive; nor do they make any display of learning. But were it otherwise, they would not answer the purpose for which they are designed—that is, they would not be suitable *for the people*. The new Encyclopædia is eminently a popular work; but it is infinitely more reliable as a work of reference than certain publications of much higher pretensions, so far as "self-commendation" can make the latter so. Had the Chambers devoted about one-third of their Encyclopædia to eulogies on the living Toms, Dicks, and Harrys, who call themselves authors, discoverers, or inventors, not forgetting the quack doctors, "enterprising" manufacturing companies, mining companies, &c., they could, no doubt, have made more money than they will, by getting up a work which, like the present, is designed to furnish information for

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all who need it—not to puff the few who are willing to pay for that sort of thing. In brief, the volume before us is what it pretends to be—*A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People*, and we take pleasure in recommending it accordingly.

The Silent Woman. By the author of "King's Cope," &c. Three English volumes in one. Boston: T. H. O. P. Burnham. 1861.

We are told on the title-page that this is "Three English volumes in one." To which we reply that one English novel would be better than a score like this. The American publisher has been wonderfully successful, if his object was to choose the most stupid and silly English novel he could get, so that our own authors should not be discouraged by too much brilliancy. English critics make short work of novels like this; though in England, as in our own country, no book is so worthless but that somebody will say for it as much as we find quoted in capital letters on the cover of *The Silent Woman*, by Mr. T. H. O. P. Burnham, namely, that it is, "Pleasant, vivacious, readable." If a book is "pleasant and vivacious" it need hardly be added that it is "readable;" but, although we have made a pretty diligent search, we have failed to find one or other of those qualities in the *tres in uno* under consideration.

All the characters, if such they may be called, belong to the nobility. They are of all ranks, from a simple baronet up to a prince. But in the name of common sense, who has ever met in real life, or read of before, such beings as Lady John Dawbeney, Lord Moreland, or Morland (for he is called both in turn), Lady Trewlawney, Lord Hurtsmonceaux, &c.? We have not before our eyes just now the names of the duke and prince; and they did not make so deep an impression on us that we could remember them. That great people are often silly is very true; but that they never rise above such twaddle as we find in *The Silent Woman*, is quite another matter; and yet the pencil that essays to paint them is that of an admirer—not of a satirist. In brief, the author is evidently a person who knows nothing of baronets, not to mention dukes or princes, further than to have, perhaps, seen them at "respectful distance." Among a certain class in England, a novel of this kind might pass as genuine, for there are not only thousands, but millions, who regard lords, marquises, dukes, &c., as something above mere mortals. Surely it is not the same in Massachusetts—especially in the modern Athens. It is not dukes and lords, duchesses and ladies, like those in *The Silent Woman*, we are introduced to in the English books selected by Ticknor & Fields, or Gould & Lincoln, but to those who, though having titles and wearing coronets, are still men and women, not nondescripts and shadows.

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RECENT STANDARD PUBLICATIONS IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

Mémoires du Marquis de Pomponne, Ministre et Secrétaire d'État au département des affaires étrangères, publiés d'après un manuscrit inédit de la Bibliothèque du Corps legislatif. Par J. Mavidal. T. 2. In-8. *Duprat.*

Lehrbuch der deutschen Reichs- und Rechtsgeschichte. *Stuttgart*, 1861. *Nitzschke.* 8o. Von J. F. Schulte. XII, p. 291—546.

Verhandlungen des botanischen Vereins für die Provinz Brandenburg und die angrenzenden Länder. Red. und hrsg. von *P.. Ascherson.* 2. Hft. Mit Beiträgen von *Areschoug, P.. Ascherson, Baenitz, Bolle*, etc. Mit 3 Steindrtaf. *Berlin*, 1861. *Gaertner.* 8o. XXII, 227 pp.

Ethnogénie gauloise, ou Mémoires critiques sur l'origine et la parenté des Cimmériens, des Cimbres, des Ombres, des Belges, des Ligures et des anciens Celtes. 2e partie. Preuves physiologiques. Types gaulois et celto-bretons, avec une planche représentant deux figures gauloises. Par le Baron Roget de Belloguet. *Paris*, 1861. 8o. XI, 315 pp.

Histoire de l'Eglise catholique en Danemarck, depuis le neuvième siècle jusqu'au milieu du seizième, suivie d'un appendice sur l'expulsion des Franciscains; traduit du danois par *D.. van Becelaere*, avec l'autorisation de l'auteur. Par *G. J. Karup. Bruxelles*, 1861. 8o. 344 pp.

Tabulae phycologicae oder Abbildungen der Tange. 11 Bd. 1.—5. Lfg. (od. 101.—105. Lfg. des ganzen Werkes.) Von F. Trg. Kützing. *Nordhausen*, 1861. *Förstemann.* 8o. 16 pp. *Mit* 50 *Steintaf.*

Le Guide du malade se guérissant le même avec certitude par la médecine de la nature et du bon sens, régénérée et rendue à l'éducation domestique. In-8. *Germer Baillière.*

Christianisme et Paganisme—Identité des origines du Christianisme et du Paganisme. Loi du développement religieux de l'humanité. Religions Orientales, Grecque, Scandinave; le Christianisme; le Catholicisme. Par P. Renaud. In-8. *Jung-Treuttel.*

Historia fisica, economica, politica, intelectual y moral de la Isla de Cuba. Nueva edicion, considerablemente aumentada. Relacion del último viage del autor. Par Ramon de La Sagra. *Paris*, 1861. 8o. 255 pp.

Œuvres complètes, publiées d'après les originaux conservées dans les archives du couvent de St. Bonaventure à Rome, et précédées de sa vie par le R. P. Salvator d'Orméa, traduites de l'Italien, avec le concours et l'approbation du R. P. Salvator, par *F.. J.. J.. Labis.* 8 vol. *Tournai.*

Vincenz Fettmilch. Eine historische Erzählung aus der Geschichte der freien Stadt Frankfurt, A. M. (1612—1616.) Von Rdf. Trank. *Leipzig*, 1861. *Oehme.* 8o. VIII, 213 pp.

Helvetia sacra, oder Reihenfolge der kirchlichen Obern und Oberinnen in den ehemaligen und noch bestehenden innerhalb dem gegenwärtigen Umfange der schweizerischen Eidgenossenschaft gelegenen Bisthümern, Collegiatstiften un Klöstern (möglichst nach älteren urkundlichen Quellen und neuren zuverlässigen Mittheilungen.) Von Egbert F. Mülinen. Fol. 242 u. XVI, 256 pp.

Histoire de l'Italie nouvelle et du roi Victor-Emmanuel. Annales du mouvement Italien depuis. 1815. T. 1er. In-8, avec portraits sur acier. Par Ernest Rasetti, et Charles de La Varenne. *Amyot.*

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Atlas der Anatomie des Pferdes und der übrigen Hausthiere, für Thierärzte und Studirende der Veterinärkunde, landwirthschaftliche Lehranstalten und Pferdeliebhaber überhaupt. Mit erläut. Texte. 1. Lfg. *Leipzig*, 1861. *Teubner*. Fol. 28 pp. *Mit 5 Steintaf.*

Nouvelles à la main sur la comtesse du Barry, trouvées dans les papiers du comte de ***; revues et commentées. Introduction par *Arsène Houssaye*. *Paris*, 1861. 8o. IV, 445 pp.

Mémoire sur le mouvement des nœuds de la lune et sur l'inégalité en latitude qui donne la mesure de l'aplatissement de la terre. In-8, avec figures. *Mallet-Bachelier*.

Die Ohrenheilkunde der Gegenwart. (1860.) Mit 2 Tab. u. 9 in den Text aufgenommenen Holzschn. Von W. Kramer. *Berlin*, 1861. *A. Hirschwald*, 8o. IV, 196 pp.

Ein Ausflug nach Triest und dem Quarnero. Beiträge zur Kenntniss der Thierwelt dieses Gebietes. Mit 5 Kpfrtaf. *Berlin*, 1861. *Nicolai*. 8o. VIII, 175 pp.

Die Insel Rhodus, aus eigener Anschauung und nach den vorhandenen Quellen historisch, geographisch, archäologisch und malerisch beschrieben, und durch Original-Radirungen und Holzschnitte nach eigenen Naturstudien und Zeichnungen illustrirt. 2. Von Alb. Berg. *Westermann*. 4o. p. 29—72.

Das königlich sächsische Grund- und Hypothekenrecht. Ein Commentar zu dem Gesetz, die Grund- und Hypothekenbücher betreffend, vom 6. November 1843 und den damit in Verbindung stehenden Gesetzen und Verordnungen mit Berücksichtigung des Entwurfs eines bürgerlichen Gesetzbuches für das Königreich Sachsen. *Leipzig*, 1861. *Rossberg*. 8o. VI, 408 pp.

Die Klassen und Ordnungen des Thier-Reichs, wissenschaftlich dargestellt in Wort und Bild. Mit auf Stein gezeichneten Abbildungen. 3. Bd. Weichthiere: Malacozoa. 3. Lfg. *Leipzig*, 1861. *C. F. Winter*. 8o. p. 65—96. *Mit 3 Steintaf., 3 Blatt Erklärgn.*

Histoire politique et littéraire de la presse en France, avec une introduction historique sur les origines du journal et la bibliographie générale des journaux depuis leur origine. Par Eug. Hatin. Tome VII. *Paris*, 1861. 12o. 606 pp.

Les Ouvriers des deux mondes. Études sur les travaux, la vie domestique et la condition morale des populations ouvrières des diverses contrées et sur les rapports qui les unissent aux autres classes, publiées sous forme de monographies par la Société internationale des études pratiques d'économie sociale. Tome III. *Paris*, 1861. 8o. 470 pp.

Die Irren-Heil- und Pflege-Anstalt Thonberg im ersten Vierteljahrhundert ihrer Wirksamkeit. Mit 12 von *H. Lauterbach* gezeichneten Ansichten, 1 Plane und 1 Lineartaf. *Leipzig*, 1861. *Ph. Reclam*. 4o. IX, 120 pp.

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THE

NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. VII.

DECEMBER, 1861.

ART. I.—1. *Ὁμήρου Ἅπαντα. H. E. Homeri Opera Omnia, Ex Recensione Et Cum Notis Samuelis Clarkii, S. T. P. Accessit Varietas Lectionum.* Ms. Lips. Et Vratislav. Et Edd. Veterum Cur Jo. AUGUSTI ERNESTI Qui Et Suas Notas Adspersit. Lipsiæ.

2. *Prælectiones Academicæ Oxonii habitæ.* By JOANNE KEBLE, A. M. Poeticæ Publico Prælectore. Oxford.

3. *Homeri Carminia,* cum brevi annotatione accedunt variæ Lectiones et Observationes veterum Grammaticorum, cum nostræ ætatis Critica, curante C. G. HEYNE. Lipsiæ.

THE greatest mind that ever mortal had, was, beyond all dispute, that of Homer. For at least twenty-eight hundred years—most probably three thousand—his works have continued to astonish and delight the human race. No great poet has appeared in any part of the world, whether in the East or in the West, in Italy or Persia, in France or India, in England or in China, who has not directly or indirectly drawn inspiration from the inexhaustible Homeric fountain. None except those who have made examinations, of which but few even among scholars are capable, have any adequate idea of the amount borrowed, often without the alteration of a word, by the most renowned of the world's poets, from the divine Homer. What is still more remarkable is, that it is those who have followed him most closely that have succeeded

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best. In proof of this, it would be almost sufficient to mention the name of Virgil, who has drawn three-fourths of the materials of his Æneid from the Iliad, and who undoubtedly ranks next in majesty and greatness of soul to the great master himself. Next come Tasso and Milton, each of whom has availed himself largely of the Homeric poems; nor does Dante form an exception to the rule, although his *Divina Commedia* is rather a tragedy, or series of tragedies, than an epic.

This universal admiration is of no modern growth. It has existed from the time Lycurgus brought the Homeric poems into the Peloponnessus from Crete, or Ionia, eight hundred years anterior to the Christian era; and how long previously they were known and admired throughout the Greek Islands, no one can pretend to say. At all events, they only required to be seen in continental Greece to become the delight of all capable of appreciating the beautiful and sublime. Poets and painters, philosophers and statesmen, generals and historians, were equally inspired by them. To them Phydias owed his noblest creations; and it was they that stimulated Pericles, his patron, to the most brilliant deeds of patriotism and generalship, which rendered him at once the wisest statesman, the best orator, and the most liberal patron of the fine arts of his time. If it be denied that Pericles possessed those qualities, all, of whose superior judgment there can be no doubt, bear emphatic testimony to the divine excellence of the Homeric poems. Plato and Aristotle were alike enthusiastic in their admiration of the Iliad and Odyssey, especially the former. Next to the Stagirite, the best critic that any age has produced is Longinus, whose treatise on the Sublime is pervaded throughout with that Homeric fire and spirit which afforded him such genuine delight, and which taught him to die like a hero at the hands of the executioner, scorning to beg his life even from one of the Cæsars.

In a still more unequivocal manner, if possible, did the poets of Greece evince their admiration of Homer—especially the three most renowned—Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles. This can be easily seen by turning to their works. Thus the "Agamemnon" and "Chœphoræ" of Æschylus are based wholly on the Homeric poems. In the former, the King of Men is returning from the siege of Troy with the beautiful Cassandra as his captive, when he is assassinated

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by his wife, Clytemnestra, and her paramour, Ægisthus. The principal character is the Trojan prophetess, who predicts, with startling earnestness, the many woes about to befall the house of Agamemnon. Of a kindred character is the tragedy of the Chœphoræ. In the latter, Orestes avenges the murder of Agamemnon ;* in doing which he commits parricide, and is delivered over to the Furies, who render him insane. The very name of the piece is derived from the libations brought by the female Trojan captives, held as slaves by Clytemnestra, to the tomb of Agamemnon.

Still more Homeric are the tragedies of Euripides, especially his Hecuba, Orestes, Andromache, and Iphigenia. In the first, we have the sacrifice of Polyxena, whom the Greeks immolate to the angry manes of Achilles ; also the vengeance of Hecuba on Polymnestor, who, amid the sorrows of her captivity, deprived her of her children. In the second, Orestes and his sister Electra are tried by the people. Menelaus favors their condemnation as parricides, and they are sentenced to death ; but it is declared that they must become their own executioners. Instead of preparing for their doom, they meditate the assassination of Helen. The latter is saved by Apollo, who brings about a double marriage, uniting Orestes to Hermione, Helen's daughter, and his sister Electra to

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* In the whole range of tragic literature there is nothing more awfully startling than the dialogue between the mother and the son before the parricide is committed. Anything that takes place between Hamlet and his mother, in similar circumstances, is tame and commonplace compared to this.

"*Clytem.* I nursed thy childhood, and in peace would die.
Orestes. Spare thee to live with me—my father's murderer?
Clytem. Not I ; say rather Fate ordained his death.
Orest. *The self-same Fate ordains thee now to die.*
Clytem. My curse beware, the mother's curse that bore thee.
Orest. That cast me homeless from my father's house.
Clytem. Nay, to a friendly house I lent thee, boy.
Orest. Being free-born, I like a slave was sold.
Clytem. I trafficked not with thee. I got no gold.
Orest. Worse—worse than gold : *a thing too foul to name!*
Clytem. Name all my faults ; but had thy father none?
Orest. *Thou art a woman sitting in thy chamber.*
Judge not the man that goes abroad and labors.
Clytem. Hard was my lot, my child ; alone uncherished.
Orest. Alone by the fire, while for thy gentle ease
Thy husband toil'd.
Clytem. Thou wilt not kill me, son?
Orest. I kill thee not. *Thyself dm't kill thyself.*
Clytem. Beware thy mother's anger—whetted hounds.
Orest. My father's hounds have hunted me to thee.
Clytem. *The stone that sepulchres the dead art thou,*
And I the tear on't.
Orest. Cease! I voyaged here
With a fair breeze ; my father's murder brought me.
Clytem. Ah me! I nursed a serpent on my breast.
Orest. Thou hadst a prophet in thy dream last night ;
And since thou kill'dst the man thou should'st have spared,
The man that now should spare thee, can but kill thee."

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Pylades. In Andromache, the principal event is the death of the son of Achilles, who is slain by Orestes, after having deprived him of his wife, Hermione. Nor is Sophocles less sparing of the Homeric fountain, as the titles alone of his principal tragedies sufficiently show, namely, Ajax, Electra, and Philoctetes, the *dramatis personæ* in each of which are borrowed from Homer.

We might thus occupy the whole extent of this paper with the mere titles of poems of various kinds, the chief materials of which have been drawn from Homer, showing how much truth there is in the remark of Dr. Johnson, that "Nation after nation, and century after century, have been able to do little more than transpose his (Homer's) incidents, new name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments." That national partiality may induce a certain class of critics to compare their own favorite poets to Homer, is not strange. Nor must we be surprised to find those favorites sometimes declared superior to their great master, even by such judges as Dryden and Cowper, the former of whom places Milton above all the world's poets, making him combine all that is beautiful and sublime in Homer and Virgil. Nor is the latter much less eulogistic, as may be seen from the following lines from his *Table Talk:*

> "Ages elapsed ere Homer's lamp appeared,
> And ages ere the Mantuan swan was heard;
> *To carry nature to lengths unknown before,*
> To give a Milton birth, asked ages more."

Language like this would be much less absurd, if applied to Shakespeare, who has certainly "carried nature to lengths unknown" to Milton. But the Italians, Germans, French, Spanish, and Portuguese, institute similar comparisons. Even the Russians do not scruple to compare their tragic poet, Azerov, to Homer. In a recent elaborate review of his *Œdipus*, *Polyxena*, and *Demetrius*, attributed to no less a personage than Prince Demetrius Gorchakoff, those performances, though scarcely ever heard of beyond the frontiers of Russia, have been pronounced "little, if anything, inferior to the Iliad and Odyssey!"

Without pausing to say anything of Corneille, Racine, Voltaire, Goethe, Schiller, Klopstock, De Vega, Calderon, &c., &c., we may remark that while, as we have said, all have availed themselves of the characters of Homer, they have been more or less degraded by the best of them; in

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other words, the men and women of Homer have never been equalled by any other poet—none others, that have been attempted on their model, are so true to nature, or exhibit characteristics so various, without confounding any individual, male or female, with another. Even Virgil has utterly failed in this respect; though he had proved himself a great poet before he attempted the Æneid. Not one of his characters approaches that upon which it is modelled. It is sufficient to note those of Helen and Ulysses as examples. The former he represents as, indeed, beautiful in person, but in every respect odious in mind, capable of committing the most revolting crimes, in order to secure immunity for herself—willing, for this purpose, to betray alike the Greeks and the Trojans. Her deep remorse, gentleness, modesty, and tenderness—all those feminine and amiable qualities with which she is everywhere invested by Homer—are entirely ignored by Virgil. Thus, no worse character could be given, of man or woman, than she receives at his hands, in the sixth Æneid, where he represents her as having made use of the religious orgies, on the night the wooden horse entered Troy, in order to betray those who had always treated her so kindly, into the hands of their enemies—including her third husband, Deiphobus, whom she is said to have deprived of his weapons of defence, and then thrown open his sleeping apartment, so that Menelaus might kill him in his sleep.* In the first book, he represents her as seeking Troy and unlawful nuptials, instead of having been carried away, if not by actual force, at least against her will.

> "Ornatus Argivæ Helenæ quos illa Mycenis,
> Pergama cum peteret inconcessosque Hymenæos,
> Extulerat; matris Ledæ mirabile donum."—*Æn.* I., 650.

She is painted in still darker colors, if possible, in that magnificent passage in the second book, in which Æneas relates how he saw her crouching before the altar of Vesta amid the final conflagration, in order to escape the vengeance of Menelaus, while she was alike detested by Greeks and Trojans, as the wanton cause of the miseries of both.

> "Illa sibi infestos eversa ob Pergama Teucros,
> Et pœnas Danaûm et deserti *conjugis iras*
> Præmetuens Trojæ et patriæ communis Erynnis
> Abdiderat sese atque aris invisa sedebat."—*Æn.* II., 571-4.

* *Æn.* VI., 515-25.

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Yet the humiliating and degraded position in which she is placed is by no means the darkest shade in the picture, for Æneas tells us, that so satisfied was he of her guilt, so much did he regard her in the light of a human monster, that he would have killed her, had his mother, Venus, not appeared just at the moment, and told him that he would be better occupied in trying to save his own wife, son, or father.

Nothing is more contrary to her true character, as drawn by Homer, than this. No poet was more opposed to vice than the author of the Iliad. In not a single instance does he allow it to go unpunished; and he is equally careful to reward virtue. Nothing is more improbable, therefore, than that he would have made Andromache, the model wife and mother, regard Helen as a sister and companion, had he intended to represent her as an adulteress, a slave to her own licentious passions. It is, if possible, still more unlikely that he would have caused the venerable Priam, and the chaste and gentle Hecuba, to treat her as a daughter, as they do on every occasion. That she erred, she did not deny herself, but always regretted it. She was not faultless; but this is a very different thing from being worthless, as Virgil and others represent her. Assuming that she did elope willingly with Paris, and was consequently guilty of adultery, that is no reason that she should be for ever held as a reprobate. How many Christian women of our own time have erred in a similar manner, and been forgiven—taken back by their husbands, and often without any evidence of repentance on their part! It must be remembered, besides, that it was not as a mistress or concubine Helen lived with Paris, but as his only wife; and as such her conduct was irreproachable. She had not, indeed, much respect for him; she rather despised his character. Still, she was not only faithful, but we have many proofs of her tenderness towards him. But there is more than circumstantial evidence to support the theory of her having been regarded by Homer as a woman "more sinned against than sinning." Even Menelaus never reproaches her —never alleges that she has done him any injury—never expresses any resentment against her; but, on the contrary, often speaks of her with kindness and respect, as of one who, if she brought ill upon him, did so, either because, being innocent and credulous, she was deceived by Paris, or because she was forced on board his ship. The critics are nearly equally divided on these two points, although the preponder-

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ance is in favor of the theory of her having been seduced rather than forced, notwithstanding the fact that Homer more than once applies to her case the term ὁρμήματά (rape). For example, we find in the second book of the Iliad the line—

τίσασθαὶ δ' Ἑλένης ὁρμήματά τε στοναχας.

In the third book she is called Διὸς εκγεγαυια (the child of Jupiter), (Il. iii., 199); in the same book (v. 171) she is called δῖα γυναικον (the flower of women).* Both in the Iliad and Odyssey she is frequently called ευπατερεια (the high-born, &c.,) (Il. vi., 292; Od. xxii., 227). But if we had no other evidence of the intentions of Homer, as to the character of Helen, than the fact that he gives her the third place, as mourner, beside Andromache and Hecubà over the dead body of Hector, it would be sufficient to provè that he regarded her as leading a blameless life. True, indeed, the speech she makes on this occasion shows that she had enemies among the Trojans—at least, that there were many who did not like her; but this is abundantly accounted for by her being looked upon as the cause of the war, whether the willing cause or not. At all events, there is not a passage in the whole Iliad more imbued with true pathos, or more like what a woman of sensibility and tenderness would say in similar circumstances. We quote Sotheby's translation, as nearest to the original:

"Grief fell on all around;
Then Helen thus breathed forth her plaintive sound:—
'Hector, to Helen's soul more lov'd than all,
Whom I in Ilion's walls dare brother call,
Since Paris here to Troy his *consort* led,
Who in the grave had found a happier bed.
'Tis now, since here I came, the twentieth year,

* Madame Dacier has well and truly said, that there never was a greater panegyric on female beauty and loveliness than that of Homer, where he represents the assembled counsellors of Troy, while deliberating on the means of putting an end to the war, as exclaiming, when they see Helen approach, οὔ νέμεσις (no wonder—no matter of censure.—*Il. III.*, 186). Though all old men, they were so much struck with her wonderful beauty, that, notwithstanding all the calamities they had suffered on her account, not one could condemn her. Quintilian has a fine observation on the same subject, which we quote for the benefit of the classical student: "Quænam igitur *illa forma* credenda est? Non enim hoc dicit Paris qui rapuit; non aliquis juvenis; non unus vulgo; sed *senes et prudentissimi, et Priamo assidentes.* Verum et *ipse rex* decenni bello exhaustus, amissis tot liberis immenente summo discrimine; cui facem illam; et quâ tot lacrymarum origo fluxisset, invisam atque abominandam esse opportet; et audit hæc et eam filiam appellans juxta se toçat et excusat etiam, atque sibi esse malorum causum regat."

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Since left my land, and all I once held dear:
But never from that hour has Helen heard
From thee a harsh reproach or painful word;
But if thy kindred blam'd me, if unkind
The queen e'er glanced at Helen's fickle mind—
(For Priam, still benevolently mild,
Looked on me as a *father views his child*)—
Thy gentle speech, thy gentleness of soul,
Would by thine own, their harsher minds control.
Hence, with a heart by *torturing misery rent*,
Thee and my hapless self I thus lament;
For no kind eye in Troy on Helen rests,
But who beholds me shudders and detests.' "

Need we say that this is not the language of a corrupt woman, though it does little justice to Homer? In the first couplet of the translation the words that show most sorrow are not rendered. There is no rendering of κλαιουσα (weeping); Homer uses γοον in one line and γόοιο in the other; which are but poorly represented by the phrases "grief fell," &c., and "plaintive sound." Still, sufficient of the Homeric spirit is preserved to render the passage, as a whole, deeply affecting. The large crowd of people (δῆμος απείρον) present on the occasion are represented by Homer as having given expression to their sympathy by a sort of simultaneous sigh or wail. Priam, though overcome with grief and emotion, waits patiently until Helen has concluded, and then addresses the assembled people, calling on them to bring wood for the funeral pyre, and have no fear of the Greeks until the truce was expired. The speech of Andromache is, indeed, more beautiful and touching, as well as of greater length, than that of Helen. But the former had more to mourn for —not only her noble husband, slain, and son in danger of assassination, but also her own fate, certain as she felt of being taken into captivity by the conquerors. Yet, surrounded as she was by her own people, she does not seem to have excited so much sympathy as Helen, since, when the former concluded, only the women (γυναίκες) are said to have responded, while in the case of the latter the whole crowd (δῆμος) gave expression to their sorrow.

But harshly as Virgil has treated Helen, all the other poets have treated her still worse, not excepting the great Shakespeare, who does not scruple to degrade her, in his Troilus and Cressida, down to the position of a common courtesan. For the sake of the fame of the author of Hamlet, we have often wished to see this play omitted from his

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works, especially as there is reason to believe that other hands have been engaged upon it; though it seems beyond doubt that he wrote the greater part of it, and that the remainder received his sanction, if he did not actually adopt it as his own. Nowhere else can the admirers of Shakespeare find so much reason to regret that he understood "little Latin and less Greek" than in Troilus and Cressida, since the whole piece is little better, so far as poetical justice is concerned, than a caricature of such of the men and women of Homer as form the *dramatis personæ*. Nothing could be more evident than that his conception of Helen was not derived from Homer, but from some of his most unsuccessful imitators—those who had degraded her most. Had he studied the original, or any decent translation, he would never have put a speech like the following into the mouth of Diomed:

> "She is bitter to her country: hear me, Paris!
> For every false drop *in her bawdy veins*
> A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
> Of her *contaminated carrion weight*
> A Trojan hath been slain."—Act IV., sc. 1.

She is not respected so far as to be called by her proper name; as, for example, when Paris is made to say, in the third act, "I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have so." To this Helen answers, "He *hangs his lip at something;* you know all, Lord Pandarus."

Nor is it Helen alone that is thus degraded in Troilus and Cressida. The treatment received by Achilles, Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses and Ajax, is little, if anything, better. Paris becomes a much more important personage than Ulysses; Ajax is made a coxcomb and mere pretender to valor; Patroclus is represented by implication, if not in express terms, as a pander to the vices of Achilles; nay, the son of Peleus himself makes but a poor figure in Troilus and Cressida. That all this would have been the reverse, could Shakespeare have studied Homer for himself, no one who has read Hamlet, Othello, or Macbeth, will deny. We do not mean that the play of Troilus and Cressida is bad in itself; for it is not. On the contrary, there are passages in it not often surpassed, even in the Iliad. It is not of the structure or style of the play we are speaking, or of its comparative merits as a play, but of its characters. These are degraded, as we have said, though through no fault of Shakespeare's, but because they had passed through inferior hands since first taken

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from the portrait gallery of the Homeric poems before they reached him.

Virgil is called a woman-hater for his treatment of λευκωλενος (the white-armed) Helen, and for some traits which he has given to the character of Dido, although his portraiture of the latter is undoubtedly his noblest effort. No one, inexperienced in love, could have imparted so much natural passion to the Tyrian queen. Nor is she the only true woman Virgil has drawn, independently of Helen. His Lavinia has, indeed, not much to say, but the impression she makes is decidedly favorable; and her character has been deemed worthy of imitation by several of our modern poets. To Virgil also we owe Juturna, Amata, and Camilla; portraitures which show, at least, that if the author of the Æneid has failed to render Helen amiable, or even respectable, it was not for want of genius.

Ulysses is not allowed to develope his own character in the Æneid as he is in the Iliad. In the former he has very little to do with the action of the poem. True, his name is frequently introduced, but rarely, or never, favorably; while Æneas is everywhere styled *pius*. Ithacus is almost invariably distinguished by some disparaging epithet—almost always introduced as engaged in an imposture of some kind. The epithets most generally applied to him are *artifex*, *pellax*, *dirus*, *fandi fictor*, &c. None acquainted with Homer need be told how differently the Prince of poets treats Ulysses. True, he occasionally designates him the crafty (πολιμητις), but in no disparaging sense. Ithacus is crafty, too; but his craft is seldom, if ever, of a reprehensible nature. Perhaps no fairer specimen of it could be given, in the space at our disposal, than that which he exercises on his return to Ithaca, in order to ascertain whether his father Laërtes still loved him. At all events, a more admirable passage of its kind was never written; it is one which may be read and re-read at all periods of life, without losing any of its beauty, freshness, or pathos.

Ulysses discovers his old father digging with his spade alone in the "well-laid orchard," in which he himself had spent so many happy days. The posture of the old man, every article he wears, his whole appearance, are described as none but Homer could have done. The whole scene possesses an all-absorbing interest, and shows that Ithacus is anything but "*durus*," or "*saevus*," but we can only make room

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for a brief extract, here and there, omitting most of the old man's part of the dialogue:

"When brave Ulysses, tried in sufferings, saw
And recognized his father worn with age,
While a great sorrow on his spirits weigh'd,
He stood beneath a pear-tree's lofty boughs,
And dropp'd a tear. Then, musing, he resolv'd
Within his mind and heart if he should kiss
And clasp his father, and in order tell
By what events he reach'd his country's shores,
Or, first with questions prove him. Till while thus
He turn'd it in his thoughts, it better pleas'd
With cutting words to try the old man's heart;
And so considering, brave Ulysses went
Straight to his father. He with head bow'd down
Dug round about the plant. His noble son
Stood near him, and address'd himself in speech:—
'Old man, no want of skill is thine to tend
This garden, for thy care appears throughout;
No plant, no fig-tree, vine, nor olive-tree,
Pear-tree, nor bed, escape thy culturing hand
In all the garden. I would something add,
Nor let thy anger rise at this my speech.
Thy carefulness becomes thee not; thy age
Is heavy on thee; thou dost seem in plight
Ill-favor'd, and thy garb uncomely shows.
Good sooth, from no complaint of idle heed
Thy lord neglects thee thus; nor art thou mean
To look upon, nor servile in thy form
Or stature; rather like a king; like one
Who, having bathed and eaten, should repose
Softly; the custom due for aged men.
But come, I pray thee tell me, and with truth,
Whom servest thou? whose garden dost thou keep?
And tell me too, that I may surely know,
If this, the land which I have reach'd, indeed
Be Ithaca? as he, the first I met,
Has told me; but a man of what he knew
Sparing; nor had he patience to disclose
All that I wished, or listen to the drift
Of what I ask'd concerning one, my guest;
If yet he live, or lie within the grave.
But I will tell it thee; vouchsafe thine ear,
And hear me. In my native land, I once
Received within my house a man, than whom
No stranger more beloved from distant parts
E'er cross'd my threshold; and he named his race
Of Ithaca, Laërtes as his sire.
Him did I entertain and feast with love,
And spared not cost, for I had store within.
I gave him, too, as fitting, many gifts
In hospitable pledge; seven talents coin'd
Of gold well minted, and a goblet framed
Entire of silver, and enchased with flowers;

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Twelve single mantles, and as many robes,
Broider'd with divers colors; twelve fair cloaks,
With tunics fitted; and, above the rest,
Four comely women, in embroidery skill'd,
Free from a fault, which he himself might choose.'
The father, melting into tears, replied:—
'O, stranger! Thou in truth hast reach'd the soil
Of which thou questionest; but shameless men,
And violent in wrong, possess the land.'"—*Od.* xxiv., 281–81.

Laërtes proceeds to describe the conduct of the suitors, the incorruptible fidelity of Penelope, and the grief of himself and daughter-in-law at the supposed death of Ulysses. In reply to several anxious questions, Ithacus continues—still in the character of a stranger:

"'I tell thee true:
I am from Alybas, and there reside
In splendid mansions King Aphydas' son,
My name Eperitus. Some adverse god
Wide from Sicania drove me, and compell'd
Reluctant hither; but my ship is moor'd
Fast by the strand, at distance from the town.
Five years have roll'd their circles o'er his head,
Since that Ulysses parted from my land.'
* * * * * * *

He said; but then a cloud
Of blackest sorrow on Laërtes fell:
With both his hands he snatch'd the burning dust
And strew'd it on his hoary head, and groan'd
Deep from his heart. Ulysses' soul was moved
Within him, and the sharp and throbbing breath
Thrill'd to his nostrils as he looked upon
The father whom he loved. Sudden he leap'd
Unto his neck, and kiss'd and clasp'd him round,
And cried: 'I, I am he, my very self,
He whom thou seek'st, my father! I am come,
In twentieth year of absence, to my land.
But come, refrain from weeping and lament,
And I will tell thee; for the utmost haste
Is urgent on us. I have slain, e'en now,
The suitors in our palace, and avenged
Their evil deeds and spirit-galling wrongs.'
Laërtes, answering, spoke: 'If thou, indeed,
Be that Ulysses, if thou be my son
Return'd, give now some open sign, that so
It may convince.' Then, in answer, spake
The wise Ulysses: 'First observe the scar
Which, on the Mount Parnassus, passing forth,
A boar inflicted with his ivory tusk.
My venerable mother and thyself
Had sent me to her sire, Autolicus,
To take the gifts which, when he hither came,
My grandsire promised, smiling in consent.

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Come now and I will name the trees which once,
Within this well-laid orchard, thou didst give
Thy young Ulysses; for I ask'd them each,
When yet a boy, and rambled at thy side
Within the garden.'
* * * * * * *

He said; the old man's knees sank under him,
And his heart melted, for he recognized
The signs Ulysses told. Round his dear son
He cast his arms. The brave, long-suffering chief
Drew him with joy, half-lifeless, to his breast."

The filial affection and tenderness evinced by Ulysses, throughout this admirable passage, would fully acquit him of the charges implied by the epithets referred to, were there no other evidence of his being generous and philanthropic, as he is everywhere represented in the Homeric poems. The terms in which he first addresses his father show at once his knowledge of human nature, his respect for old age, and his love and esteem for his father—we mean where he says, "Old man, no want of skill," &c., but the original is much more touching, "O, old man," &c., (ὦ γερον) IV., 243, and the same may be said of every line in which there is most pathos.

Every one of the principal characters of Homer is distinguished, as already observed, by peculiar traits. Hector is generous, amiable, and, withal, a great warrior. Ajax, though somewhat sluggish, is full of majesty; Ulysses is patient and wise; Andromache is tender, faithful, and affectionate; Agamemnon is "every inch a king," and Achilles is stern and inflexible, possessed of enormous strength and indomitable courage, all which qualities are brought into full play by stronger passions than ever moved mortal breast; for it must be remembered that he was not of mortal birth. Achilles is not alone great in a physical sense; his strength of intellect is equal to his strength of bone and muscle; he is as kind and affectionate in friendship as he is noble and graceful in shape, or as he is swift to pursue an enemy in battle, and brave to attack. Had he been merely a giant, no matter what amount of animal courage he possessed, his character would not have continued at once to be a source of astonishment and instruction to mankind, as it has for three thousand years.

In this we see one of the chief points of difference between Homer and Virgil; for the latter makes his heroes invariably large, especially his gods. Homer, indeed, sometimes

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uses exaggeration—as what poet does not?—in order to enhance effect; but Virgil often carries it to caricature. Thus, for example, he gives a breastplate to Demoleos, who is no hero, which two men together could hardly carry on their shoulders. Tasso deals still more in exaggeration, as might be shown by numerous examples; but it will be sufficient to mention one or two. Thus, Rinaldo, in the assault on the Tower in the *Gerusalemme*, does the work of a battering-ram, tearing down the strongest brazen gates. (*Ger.*, c. xix., 3.) Even the gods of Homer are of moderate stature. The only exceptions are Otus and Ephialtes, of the lower regions, who, at nine years of age, when they were put to death, were fifty-four feet high, and nine cubits broad. But it was necessary, for the sake of even poetical vraisemblance, that they should be of enormous stature, since it was they who piled the mountains up to heaven. But Otus and Ephialtes are small, even as children, compared to the Mars of Tasso, who, while seated in council in the palace of Pluto, is represented as forming a larger mass than the highest mountain. (*Ger.*, c. iv., 6.) We take it for granted that all our readers remember the enormous size of Milton's Arch-fiend, which reminds one of the huge serpents in the second book of the Æneid.

> Pectora quorum inter fluctus arrecta, jubæque
> Sanguineæ exuperant undas; pars cætera pontum
> Poné legit, sinuatque immensa volumine terga.
> Fit sonitus spumante salo; jamque arva tenebant,
> Ardentesque oculos suffecti sangune et ignine et igni
> Sibila lambebant linguis vitrantibus ora.—*Æn. II.*, 206–11.

"Whose breasts are elevated among the waves, and their bloody crests rise above the billows; the remaining part of each sweeps the sea behind, and winds their huge backs in folds. A sound is made in the foaming sea; their glaring eyes are spotted with blood and fire, and they lick their hissing mouths with quivering tongues." Nowhere does Homer seek to astonish by mere size. The stature of Achilles is not described at all. We do not remember a single instance, either in the Iliad or Odyssey, in which he is designated by the epithet μέγας (large). Homer understood art as well as nature too well to place much stress upon mere size and extent of surface as a means of producing the sublime. No one among the moderns was better qualified to give an opinion on this branch of the subject than Edmund Burke; and it is as true now as when he wrote that, "there is an

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erroneous principle which is *extremely general in the present age*, and is a principal cause of our faulty taste—it is the confounding greatness of *size* with greatness of *manner*, and imagining that extent of canvas or *weight* of marble can contribute towards making a picture or statue sublime. The only kind of sublimity which a painter or sculptor should aim at is to express, by certain proportions and positions of limbs and features, that strength and *dignity of mind*, and vigor and activity of body, which enable men to *conceive and execute* great actions. Provided the space in which these are represented is large enough for the artist to distinguish them clearly to the eye, at the distance from which he intends them to be seen, it is large enough. A space, that extends beyond the field of vision, only serves to distract and mislead the eye, and to divide the attention. The representation of gigantic or monstrous figures *has nothing of sublimity*, either in poetry or painting, which entirely depend on expression. When Claudian describes a giant taking a mountain on his shoulders, with a river running down his back, there is nothing sublime in it, for there is no great expression, but merely brute strength; but when Homer describes Achilles advancing to the walls of Troy, clad in celestial armor, like the autumnal star that brings fevers, plagues, and death, we see all the terrible qualities of that hero, rendered still more terrible by being contrasted with the venerable figure of Priam standing upon the walls of Troy, and tearing his white hair at sight of the approaching danger. This is the true sublime, all else is trick and quackery. Any madman can describe a giant striding from London to York, or a ghost stepping from mountain to mountain; but it requires genius, and genius experienced in the ways of men, to draw a finished character with all the excellencies and excesses, the *virtues and infirmities* of a great and exalted mind, so that we by turns admire the hero and sympathize with the man—exult and triumph in his generosity, shudder at his rage, and pity his distress. This is the Achilles of Homer, a character everywhere to be seen in miniature, which the poet drew from nature, and then touched and embellished according to his own exalted ideas. Had he drawn him with great vices and abilities, *without great passions*, the character would have been unnatural, and of course uninteresting; for *a vigorous mind is as necessarily accompanied with violent passions, as a great fire with great heat.*"

All this is fully illustrated in the character of Achilles,

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from the time he hears of the death of Patroclus until Priam returns to Troy with the dead body of his son, the noble Hector. It was not until the former event occurred that the wrath and resentment of the son of Peleus attained their full force. A whole army flies before his single arm—the Trojans have been driven, like hunted fawns, into the town. On the hero alone every eye is fixed from the Trojan ramparts, until Hector issues from the Scæan gate to meet him and give him battle. The imagination can hardly conceive a more awful moment to the doomed city than this—especially to King Priam and his family, whose chief dependence for safety was in the mighty Hector. The startling interest of the scene is greatly heightened by the appearance of Apollo, who tries, but tries in vain, to dissuade Achilles from his terrible purpose. Even the god he would have attacked, had he persisted in thwarting his way. "Achilles! mortal thyself," says Apollo, "why pursuest thou me, immortal?" "Of all the Supernals! to me most adverse, Archer of the skies! Thou hast defrauded me of great renown; and would that on thee—sun-god as thou art—I might have my revenge." Meantime Priam, Hecuba and Andromache exert their best efforts, in turn, to induce Hector to forego the combat with Achilles; but are no more successful than is Apollo with his antagonist. The appearance of Achilles and the terror it occasioned are thus described in Pope's version:

"Then to the city, terrible and strong,
With high and haughty steps he tower'd along.
So the proud courser, victor of the prize,
To the near goal with double ardor flies.
Him, as he blazing shot across the field,
The careful eyes of Priam first beheld.
Not half so dreadful rises to the sight,
Through the thick gloom of some tempestuous night,
Orion's Dog (the year when Autumn weighs),
And o'er the feebler stars exerts his rays;
Terrific glory! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
So glowed his fiery mail."

The prevailing sentiment awakened by Achilles is one of terror and grandeur; that by Hector, or rather by his aged parents, wife and child—by all who loved him so well—is one of the deepest sadness. More striking pictures of grief and anguish have never been drawn. The struggle of Hector between love and duty—between his pity for those whose all he was, and the fear of seeing his honor gone and

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Troy taken at the same time—is so portrayed that no one, capable of an emotion, can be insensible to it. Andromache and Hecuba seek in turn to dissuade the hero from encountering the Destroyer. The mournful appeal of each, frantic with despair, fills the heart with anguish.

But the most affecting speech of all is that of the gray-haired, venerable King.

POPE.

"Then wept the sage,
He strikes his reverend head, now white with age;
He lifts his wither'd arms; obtests the skies,
He calls his much-lov'd son with feeble cries.
The son resolv'd Achilles' force to dare,
Full at the Scæan gates expects the war;
While the sad father on the rampart stands,
And thus abjures him with extended hands:
'Ah, stay not, stay not! guardless and alone;
Hector! my lov'd, my dearest, bravest son!
Methinks already I behold thee slain,
And stretched beneath that fury of the plain.
Save thy dear life; or if a soul so brave
Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory save.'
Pity, while yet I live, those silver hairs,
While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
Yet curst with sense! a wretch whom, in his rage
(All trembling on the verge of helpless age),
Great Jove has plac'd, sad spectacle of pain!
The bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain;
To fill with scenes of death his closing eyes,
And number all his days by miseries!
My heroes slain, my bridal-bed o'erturn'd
My daughters ravish'd and my city burn'd,
My bleeding infants dash'd against the floor;
These I have yet to see, perhaps yet more!
Perhaps even I, reserved by angry fate,
The last sad relic of my ruin'd state
(Dire pomp of sovereign wretchedness!) must fall,
And stain the pavement of my regal hall;
Where famished dogs, late guardians of my door,
Shall lick their mangled master's spatter'd gore.
Yet for my sons I thank ye, gods! 'twas well,
Well have they perish'd, for in fight they fell.
Who dies in youth and vigor, dies the best,
Struck through with wounds, all honest on the breast;
But when the fates, in fulness of their rage,
Spurn the hoar head of unresisting age,
In dust the reverend lineaments deform,
And pour to dogs the life-blood scarcely warm.
This, this is misery; the last, the worst
That man can feel; man fated to be curst!'"

Hector was proof against all that would compromise his honor and endanger Troy. Though he well knows how ter-

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rible is the antagonist so eager to encounter him, he resolves to meet him, let the result be what it may. As soon as Andromache is assured that he will, nay, must, fight, she shuts herself up in her palace, that the thick walls may deaden the horror breathed from the field. She fully understands his feelings, as she so gracefully shows at the parting, before the Scæan gate; when she smiles sadly through her tears, as their Astyanax shrinks back alarmed from the waving crest of his father. At all events, Homer understood human nature too well to give her prominence at such a time; he held the sorrow of a wife like Andromache to be far too sacred a thing to be trifled with, or exhibited to vulgar gaze; and accordingly he would not allow her to see so afflicting a sight. He knows that he needs not even mention her—that all will think of her in the solitude of her chamber; and who has not thought of her—nay, wept for her? But let the poet speak—in this instance we choose Cowper's version:

> "Unmoved he stood,
> Expecting vast Achilles now at hand.
> As some huge serpent in a cave, that feeds
> On baneful drugs, and swells with deadliest ire,
> A traveller approaching, coils himself
> Around his den, and hideous looks abroad,
> So Hector, fill'd with confidence untamed,
> Fled not, but placing his bright shield against
> A buttress, with his noble heart conferr'd."

We now come to the difficult point in the character of Hector—at least, the point that has caused most discussion between critics—we mean that at which, notwithstanding his former resolution, he runs away from Achilles. Some censure Homer for this; but they are by no means the best who do so. Had the antagonists been equal in all but their strength, then, indeed, we might regard the flight of Hector as a blemish. But this was not the case. The son of Priam and Hecuba was not goddess-born, like the son of Thetis. From no mere mortal would the defender of his country have fled. He would not have receded an inch from Agamemnon, from Ajax, or from Diomed. While the son of Peleus stayed in wrath at "the hollow ships" refusing to fight for Agamemnon, no other warrior was able to withstand the onset of Hector. But in the presence of the spear of Achilles, no hero might abide; even the river-gods quailed as he strode along, "and hid themselves," as the poet tells us, "among

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their reedy banks." Far from its being an error, then, on the part of Homer, he acts in strict conformity with nature when he strikes Hector with a sudden, uncontrollable panic, so that he runs three times round the walls of Troy, while the aged king and queen shriek from the battlements. He need not have been permitted to go round the second time, or even once; since the whole army of the Greeks was present nearly under the walls, commanded by its bravest generals; but

> "The son of Peleus, as he ran, his brows
> Shaking, *forbade the Grecians to dismiss*
> A dart at Hector, lest a meaner hand
> Should pierce him, *and usurp the foremost praise.*"

Once more Hector resolves to meet the Destroyer—though he had little, if any, hope of a favorable result. He announces his intention to Achilles; and seeks to make a covenant by which the victor would be bound to respect the remains of his fallen antagonist. But the enraged Peleus' son would have no covenant—no restraint on his sovereign will; but calls on him to summon his "every-kind of valor" (παντοίης αρετῆς μιμνησκεο).

> "Much now it behooves thee
> To be a combatant and a doughty warrior."

As might have been expected, the combat does not last long; and Hector, slain, weltering in his gore, implores that his remains shall not be dishonored. The dialogue that ensues is awfully tragical. No versified translation does justice to it; the following prose version, in which it is rendered line for line, without any ornament, will perhaps give the English reader a more correct idea of the original than any other rendering within our reach:

In the dust, therefore, he fell, and over him gloried the illustrious Achilles—
"Once wert thou wont to think, Hector, when despoiling the slain Patroclus—
That thou should'st be safe, and nought stood'st in awe of me when absent.
Fool! I, his avenger, mightier far than thou, apart
At the hollow ships, was left behind—
And have unnerved thy limbs; thee, indeed, the dogs and birds of prey
Shall tear, unseemly; *him* shall the Greeks bury, with due funeral rites."
Him the waving plume-helm'd Hector, exhausted, addressed:—
"By thy life, by thy knees, and by thy parents, thee I supplicate;
Let not the dogs of the Greeks at the hollow ships tear and devour me.
Brass in abundance, and gold, do thou receive
As gifts which my father and my venerable mother will give thee;
But send home my body—that of funeral pyre, me,
When dead, the Trojans and Trojan matrons may make a partaker."
Him eyeing sternly, the swift-footed Achilles addressed:—

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"Dog! me supplicate not, embracing my knees, by my knees, nor by my parents.
Would that my rage and fury would, by any means, permit me
To chop and devour thy raw flesh, for what thou hast done to me.
No! not even if ten or twenty-fold usually great ransoms
Were they to bring hither and place in the balance, and promise others besides.
No! were he even to counterpoise thy body with gold,
Priam, the son of Dardanus, not even thus should thy venerable mother,
Having placed thee on thy bier, lament him whom she bore;
But dogs and birds of prey shall thoroughly devour thee."
Him, the waving plume-helm'd Hector, dying, addressed:—
"Knowing thee well, I foresaw, indeed, that never should I
Persuade thee; assuredly, within thee is a spirit of steel!
Beware! now, lest towards thee I become the subject of anger to the gods
On that day when Paris and Phœbus Apollo thee—
Brave though thou be—shall destroy in the Scæan gate."
Him, while thus speaking, the completion of death veil'd,
And his spirit, flying from his limbs, to Ades descended—
Its fate bewailing, in having left the robustness and vigor of youth.
Him, also, when dead, the illustrious Achilles addressed:—
"Die! fate will I then receive, whenever
Jove may wish to bring it about, and the other immortal gods."
He said, and from the corpse he drew the brazen spear,
And placed it apart; and from his (Hector's) shoulders forced away his armor.
Blood-stained, around him hastened the other sons of the Greeks,
Who gazed with wonder on the size and the grand form
Of Hector; nor did any approach, without inflicting a wound (on the corpse),
And each, as he looked to his neighbor, thus spoke:
"Ha! ha! assuredly, much more gentle in being handled
Is Hector, than when he fired the fleet with glowing flames."
Thus, indeed, spoke each, and, standing near, inflicted wounds.

Il. XXII., 330.

Few passages, even in Homer, have drawn more tears than this. No one can withhold his sympathy from the fallen hero, the devoted, uncompromising patriot; the dutiful and affectionate son; the tender husband, and the fond and indulgent father—when the common soldiers attack his corpse in turn, each inflicting a wound. How different is the spirit in which these indignities are committed on his body, from that in which he predicts, with his last breath, that Achilles, too, goddess-born though he is, will one day meet a similar fate, at the hands of Paris and Apollo. Homer well knew that it was cowardly and barbarous—a disgrace to his countrymen—thus to stab and insult the lifeless body of noble Hector; but he allowed it, in order to render the conduct of his favorite hero less revolting, by suggesting that, since the thoughtless soldiers, who had experienced no personal injury from the fallen

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hero, took a pride in mangling his corpse, it was no wonder that the passionate Achilles, furious to revenge the death of his beloved Patroclus, should even so far forget the dictates of humanity and decorum as to drag his slayer's corpse at his chariot wheels. But, in the midst of all this rage, Achilles had respect for the patriot-hero, who refused to pay any attention to omens, or auguries, as long as his country was in danger, and he was able to combat for it—the chieftain who, in a word, has left us the noble maxim:

Εις οιωνός αριστος αμυνεσθαι περι πατρης.

The one best omen is our country's cause.

Achilles well knew that, when Hector fell, the days of Troy were numbered. The only question with him now was, Would the Trojans yield at once? or, Would they attempt a brief and fruitless struggle, without Hector, against the obvious will of the gods?

SOTHEBY.

Princes and leaders, since by favoring heav'n,
To us, o'er such a foe, this victory giv'n,
This mighty man, whose force surpassing all,
Long injured Greece, and guarded Ilion's wall,
Come, with our battle gird in arms their towers,
So learn the purpose of their hostile powers,—
If they abandon Troy, its guardian slain,
Or the great Hector perish'd, dare remain?
But why this commune? still Patroclus lies
Unwept, ungraced with solemn obsequies.
Ne'er while I breathe, he sleeps by me forgot,
Ne'er while remembrance mine, remember not.
Even in the dark oblivion of the grave
My soul with thine, sweet friend, shall commune have.
Now youths! your pæans raise, now swell the song,
Lead to the navy, lead the corse along.
Great is our glory; Hector breathes no more,
Whom Ilion hailed and wont as god adore.

The two closing lines are a noble tribute. It does not appear that, when thus addressing the Greeks, he had any intention of outraging Hector's body. On the contrary, the whole tenor of his speech seemed to evince a feeling of commiseration, rather than any further vengeance. But all of a sudden he is seized with a revulsion of feeling. Being shown the mangled corpse of Patroclus, already in a forward state of decomposition, his rage returns in all its violence, and he asks, Will it indeed fare better with the body of Hector?

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POPE.

Then his full soul a thought of vengeance bred,
Unworthy of himself and of the dead.
The nervous ankles bored, his feet he bound
With thongs inserted through the double wound;
Then fixed up high behind the rolling wain,
His graceful head was trailed along the plain.
Proud on the car th' insulting victor stood,
And bore aloft his arms distilling blood;
He smites the steeds—the rapid chariot flies,
The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.
Now lost is all that formidable air,
The face divine and long-descending hair
Purple the ground and streak the sable sand;
Deformed, dishonor'd, in his native land!
Given to the rage of an insulting throng,
And in his parents' sight now dragged along!

Andromache is framing a splendid texture in her chamber at the palace top, while her maidens, by her order, are heating an ample vase that a bath may be ready for Hector on his return from the field, when she hears the shrieks of the queen-mother, who, standing on the battlements, pulls off her veils and flings her gray hair by handfulls from the roots; while the venerable Priam weeps aloud, and lamentations are heard throughout the streets of Troy—all having witnessed the revolting scene described in the extract just quoted. In her agony, the shuttle falls from her fingers, for the thought strikes her at once that her Hector is no more; and she has only to look from her window to see his mangled and dishonored corpse whirling towards the Grecian fleet. Homer has been censured for having produced a spectacle at once so disgusting and atrocious; but, as in all other cases in which flaws are sought to be found in his astonishing work, he fully acquits himself. He prepares us for the worst, when he tells us, in his noblest oratory, that "The naked corpse of a young man, stretched dead on the field of battle, *is wrapped in a mantle of honor. No treatment can shame it.* The defilements of dust, blood and wounds *are so many dignities.* But the body of a feeble old man, butchered by an enemy, and torn by dogs, is a painful and disgusting spectacle."

Without any further evidence, this would show that the poet had no intention of dishonoring Hector; but he furnishes many times as much. First, Achilles is allowed to give full vent to the passion concentrated on the two dead bodies—those of Patroclus and Hector. In proportion as

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he loved the one, he hated the other; what was tenderness to the former, became ferocity to the latter; he had only to look at—nay, to think of—the body of Patroclus in order to exclude all remorse, and stifle every sentiment of mercy, if, indeed, any such was possible to him in the whirlwind of his wrath. Hence it is that his revenge is not sufficiently gratified, by dragging his corpse to the Grecian ships in the frightful, revolting manner described. He resolves that it shall be given to the dogs, that they may tear and devour it, while the Mymidons partake of the funeral banquet in honor of Patroclus.

"Rejoice with me, Patroclus, even in the mansions of Hades;
For everything shall I now fulfil, which I formerly promised:
That having dragged Hector hither, *I would give him to the dogs to be torn raw.*"

Passing over the dream of Achilles, when at last overcome with sleep, in which Patroclus appears to him, as the ghost of Hamlet does in Shakspeare, and several other incidents scarcely less interesting or startling, we come to that in which his mother Thetis descends from Olympus to tell him that it is the will of heaven he should now relent.

"Him there she found
Groaning disconsolate, while others ran
To and fro, occupied around a sheep
New-slaughtered, large, and of exuberant fleece.
She, sitting close beside him, softly stroked
His cheek, and thus affectionate began:
'How long, my son! sorrowing and mourning here,
Wilt thou consume thy soul, nor give one thought
Either to food or love? yet, love is good,
And woman's grief's best cure; for length of days
Is not thy doom, but even now thy death
And ruthless destiny are on the wing.
Mark me—I come ambassadress from Jove.
The gods, he saith, resent it, but himself
More deeply than the rest, that thou retain'st
Amid the fleet through fury of revenge
Unransom'd Hector. Be advised, accept
Ransom and to his friends resign the dead.'
To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift:
'Come, then, the ransomer and take him hence;
So be it, if such be the desire of Jove.'"

The son of Peleus complies without hesitation. Then Iris is sent to Troy in order that Priam may proceed to the Grecian camp, taking such gifts as may be most likely to please the slayer of his son. Nor is he afraid, for he has yet

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a princely spirit; besides, he is informed by Hermes that the hero is "prompt to raise the suppliant from the dust." A grander scene than that which now ensues was never conceived, much less described. We can only make room for a brief extract from Cowper's version:

"'Think, O Achilles, semblance of the gods,
On thine own father, full of days like me,
And trembling on the gloomy verge of life.
Some neighbor chief, it may be, even now
Oppresses him, and there is none at hand,
No friend to succor him in his distress,
Yet, doubtless, hearing that Achilles lives,
He still rejoices, hoping day by day,
That one day he shall see the face again
Of his own son, from distant Troy returned.
But me no comfort cheers, whose bravest sons,
So late the flowers of Ilium, are all slain,
When Greece came hither, I had fifty sons;
But fiery Mars hath thinned them. One I had,
One, more than all my sons, the strength of Troy,
Whom, *standing for his country*, thou hast slain—
Hector. His body to redeem, I come
Into Achaia's fleet, bringing myself,
Ransom inestimable to thy tent.
Rev'rence the gods, Achilles! recollect
Thy father; for his sake compassion show
To me more pitiful still, who drew
Home to my lips (humiliation yet
Unseen on earth) his hand who slew my son!'
So saying, he waken'd in his soul regret
Of his own sire; softly he placed his hand
On Priam's hand, and pushed him gently away,
Remembrance melted both. Rolling before
Achilles' feet, Priam his son deplored,
Wide-slaughtering Hector, and Achilles *wept*
By *turns* his father, and by turns his friend
Patroclus: sounds of sorrow fill'd the tent."

This is the noblest triumph of all, since it is that in which the hero triumphs over his own passions; and the Destroyer and the Bereaved are reconciled. Whatever is repulsive and revolting in the character of Achilles, is now, as it were, cut out like a gangrene by the poet:

"'Ah, wretched one! many ills hast thou endured in thy mind!
How didst thou dare to come alone to the ships of the Greeks,
Into the presence of a man who thy many and brave
Sons slew? Surely thou hast a heart of steel!
But, come, sit down beside me on the seat; and our sorrows altogether
Let us allow to lie down in our minds—grieved though we be,
For there is no profit in freezing lamentation.'"—*Il. XXIV.*, 518.

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The kindest hospitality is shown to the venerable Priam. The hero tells him that even the beautiful-haired Niobe, bereaved of her children, left nine days in their blood, without one to bury them, had to be "mindful of food." With his own hands he kills a sheep; the most honored and brave of his companions roast it "circumspectly," and he carves it. When all have fared well, and the time for rest approaches, a splendid couch is prepared for Priam, and both the hero and his guest "consign themselves to balmy sleep"—the former having beside him the beautiful-faced Briseis. Thus, under the same canopy, the Destroyer and the Bereaved repose, while no noise is heard save the murmurs of the midnight sea. The same heroic hands that slew Hector have now decently composed his limbs on the car of Priam, and covered his body with a fair vesture—having first had it duly washed and anointed—so that, after all, Andromache and Hecuba, however full of grief, need not look with horror on the face of the Defender.

And how mean do all other characters appear when compared to these—nay, compared even to Ulysses, whom it is so much the fashion to disparage as a mere trickster, if not a downright knave, or sharper, but to whom, in reality, the Æneas of Virgil is vastly inferior in all the qualities that constitute a hero. No matter which of their corresponding actions we place in juxtaposition, we shall find the superiority on the side of the Homeric character. Take, for example, the paltry excuse made by Æneas to Dido, when he is confronted with her angry shade in Hades, for having so basely deserted her; which is nothing more in substance than that he could not help it—that the gods, not he, were to blame, and that, at all events, he had no idea she would take it so much to heart.

> Invitus, regina, tuo de litore cessi;
> Sed me jussa deûm quæ nunc has ire per umbras
> Per loca senta situ cogunt noctemque profundam,
> Imperiis egere suis; nec credere quivi,
> Hunc tantum tibi me discessu ferre dolorem.—*Æn. VI.*, 461.

Nothing can be more different than this from the manly, truthful, and beautiful speech in which Ulysses takes his farewell of Calypso, in circumstances similar to those in which Æneas parted so suddenly and rudely with Dido: "Be not incensed against me, venerated goddess: I know how inferior Penelope is to thee in form, stature, and beauty

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of countenance; for she is mortal, while thou art immortal, and free from the effects of age," &c.

Ποττια θεὰ, μή μοι τοδε χώεο· οἶδα καὶ αὐτὸς
Παντα μαλ', ουνεκα σεῖο περίφρων Πηνελοπεια
Εἴδος ἀκιδνοτέρη, μέγεθός τ', εἰς ἅντα ἰδέσθαι·
(Ἠμὲν γαρ, βροτός ἐστι, σὺ δ' ἀθάνατος καὶ ἀγήρως.)
Od. V., 215–18.

We might add many similar contrasts, but enough. At the same time, far be it from us to make any attempt at disparaging the Æneid, which, of all the poems the European mind has produced, we regard as second only to the Iliad—an opinion which we may attempt to justify before long. Now we must pass on to one or two other imitators of the divine Bard, in order to adduce some proof of the remark that those who have adhered most closely to the Homeric traditions have succeeded best. Dryden, instead of studying Homer himself, in casting afresh the subject of Troilus and Cressida, sought to find in Shakespeare the Homeric characters. But what has been the result? He has brought all the characters down to a still "lower depth" than that in which we find most of them in Shakespeare. For example, he makes Thersites say:

"Ajax and Achilles! two mud walls of fool,
That differ only in degree of thickness."

Now, if we return to the old classic dramatists, we shall find that although they, too, exhibit a decided falling off from the Homeric standard, yet, because they have gone directly to the fountain-head, they have invested their men and women with more dignity than any of those who, like Shakespeare, Dryden and Shirley, have pursued a different course. Æschylus will serve as an example of this, without our referring to either Sophocles or Euripides. Nor does it matter much which of his men or women we select as an illustration. Thus, nowhere out of Homer is there a finer portrait of Helen, or, indeed, of any other woman, than that which we find in the Agamemnon of Æschylus:

"When first she came to Ilion's towers,
O, what a glorious sight, I ween, was there!
The tranquil beauty of the gorgeous queen
Hung soft as breathless summer on her cheeks,
Where, on the damask sweet, the glowing zephyr slept;
And like an idol beaming from its shrine,
So o'er the floating gold around her thrown,

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Her peerless face did shine;
And though soft sweetness hung upon their lids,
Yet her young eyes still wounded where they look'd.
She breathed an incense like Love's perfumed flower,
Blushing in sweetness; so she seem'd in hue,
And pained mortal eyes with her transcendent view:
E'en so to Paris' bed the lovely Helen came.
But dark Erinnys, in the nuptial hour,
Rose in the midst of all that bridal pomp,
Seated 'midst the feasting throng,
Amidst the revelry and song;
Erinnys, led by Xenius Jove,
Into the halls of Priam's sons,
Erinnys of the mournful bower,
Where youthful brides weep sad in midnight hour."

But we find tenderer thoughts than these in the Agamemnon, in regard to Helen, though they are introduced only in an indirect manner. Nor are they put into the mouth of any of the principal characters; but are used as a melancholy episode by the chorus—showing the feeling then entertained in Greece, as to the view taken by Menelaus of his wife's abduction. There is a tradition to this day, in Greece, that the minstrels of the bereaved husband daily sang a concert, accompanying themselves with different instruments of music. Be this as it may, there are few elegies more sweetly plaintive and pathetic than the exquisite episode in which Æschylus makes the chorus mourn the absence of λευκωλενος.

"And wo the halls, and wo the chiefs,
And wo the bridal bed!
And wo her steps—for once she loved
The lord whose love she fled!
Lo! where, dishonor yet unknown,
He sits—nor deems his Helen flown—
Tearless and voiceless on the spot;
All desert, but he feels it not!
Ah! soon alive to miss and mourn
The form beyond the ocean borne
Shall start the lonely king!
And thought shall fill the lost one's room,
And darkly through the palace gloom
Shall stalk a ghostly thing.
Her statues meet, as round they rise,
The leaden stare of lifeless eyes.
Where is their ancient beauty gone?
Why loathe his looks, *the breathing stone?*
Alas! the foulness of disgrace
Hath swept the Venus from her face!
And visions in the mournful night
Shall dupe the heart to false delight,

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A false and melancholy;
For nought with sadder joy is fraught
Than things at night by dreaming brought,
The wish'd for and the holy.
Swift from the solitary side
The vision and the blessing glide,
Scarce welcomed ere they sweep,
Pale, bloodless dreams aloft
On wings unseen and soft,
Lost wanderers gliding through the paths of sleep."

But we cannot pursue our comparisons at any further length on the present occasion. Fortunately, it is not necessary that we should, since the main object of our article was, to remind those too apt to forget, if not deny, the fact, that no other poet has ever equalled Homer, and that to maintain the contrary is to exhibit a want of intelligence, as well as want of taste. There is not one of the great poets who has been compared to Homer—declared equal, or superior to him—who would for a moment make any such pretensions himself. Virgil and Dante, as well as Milton and Tasso, knew better; and so did the divine Shakspeare. Those who think the moderns intellectually superior to the ancients, and who do not like the trouble of studying the Iliad, or, rather, of qualifying themselves for the study, will have little hesitation in denouncing our views of Homer as gross exaggerations. But fortunately we are supported in them by the greatest thinkers of modern as well as ancient times. To the verdict of the latter we have already alluded; there is no difference of opinion among them on the subject—at least, among those who have immortalized themselves. There is a world of testimony in the simple fact that Phidias, the greatest sculptor we know to have ever lived, owned that whatever expression of majesty he had been able to give his Jupiter was owing to Homer, whose shield of Achilles is admitted, by the best artists capable of criticising it, to contain all the beauties of picturesque composition that can ever be imagined. And in this, as we have already seen, he merely corroborates the testimony of Plato, Aristotle and Longinus, as Burke represents the opinions of all great modern critics when he says, in his letter to Barry, "I am persuaded that understanding Homer well, especially in his own language, would contribute more towards perfecting taste than all the metaphysical treatises upon the arts that ever were, or ever can be, written, because such treatises can only tell what true taste is, but Homer everywhere *shows* it.

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He shows that the true sublime is always easy and always natural; that it consists more in manner than in subject, and is to be found by a good poet or painter in almost every part of nature."

In history, ethnology, geography, criticism and even metaphysics, the Homeric poems afford equal instruction, interest and delight. In the boudoir of Helen or Andromache, Homer is as much at home as in the tent of Achilles or Hector. He is as perfect a master in describing the charms, nay, the dress, of the gentler sex, as he is in describing the armor of his warriors, or their prowess in battle. Thus, throughout the Iliad, we find such descriptive epithets as "the white-armed," "the white-handed," "the deep-bosomed daughters of Troy," Andromache's "fragrant bosom," "the beautiful-ancled Marpessa," &c. From the time of Pericles and Themistocles to that of Napoleon and Wellington, the greatest generals of all nations have studied his war maxims. We have the testimony of Aristotle to the facts, that Alexander always carried a copy of the Homeric poems about him, and that he studied them more than all other books put together. Nor was it for mere pleasure that he did so, but quite as much for instruction in the art of war. This may seem incredible, since he had the renowned Stagirite for his tutor, but it is not the less true. All his biographers state that at the battle of Arabella he made use of the maxim introduced in the sixth book of the Iliad, when Nestor sees Menelaus ready to spare an enemy for the sake of a ransom. In the heat of battle, when Parmenio was in danger of weakening the main body to defend the baggage, Alexander sent him this message: "Leave the baggage there, for if we gain the victory we shall not only recover what is our own but be master of all that is the enemy's." This is nearly word for word the advice of Nestor.

> Ὦ φίλοι, ἥρωες Δαναοί, θεράποντες Ἄρηος,
> μήτις νῦν ἐνάρων ἐπιβαλλόμενος, μετόπισθε
> μιμνέτω, ὡς κε πλεῖστα φέρων ἐπὶ νῆας ἵκηται·
> ἀλλ' ἀνδρας κτείνωμεν. ἔπειτα δὲ καὶ τὰ ἔκηλοι
> νεκροὺς ἀμπεδίον δυλιχέτε τεθνειῶτας.—*Il.*, *VI.*, 67–71.

"O friends, Grecians, servants of Mars, let no one now desirous of spoils remain behind, that he may return to the ships, bringing abundance; but let us slay the men, and afterwards, even at your leisure, shall you despoil the dead bodies over the plain."

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We have quoted these lines, rendering them freely into the vernacular tongue, all the more readily because there are some, even among those who consider themselves capable of instructing others, who tell us that none but professional commanders should undertake to criticise, much less pretend to suggest, military movements in the field. There is not the least evidence that Homer was a military chieftain; indeed, nothing is more unlikely than that he was. If he ever took any practical part in military affairs at all, it must have been in a subordinate capacity; yet he was able to instruct the conqueror of the world—the pupil of Aristotle—in the art of war; and Thucydides, the noblest of historians, frequently quotes him accordingly, as an authority. Thus it matters not, in a word, what branch of science or art we mention, that was known to the most enlightened nations of the ancient world, we have the very essence of it in the Homeric Poems.

ART. II.—1. *History of Civilization in England.* By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. Vol. 1st, pp. 854. London: 1857.

2. *History of Civilization in England.* By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. Vol. 2d, pp. 601. London: 1861.

IT has always been a favorite illusion, that social, like physical changes, do not conform to fixed and ascertainable laws. It is not that philosophers of a certain class have, from the earliest times, explained historical events as instances of the continual interposition of an arbitrary power, exterior to and independent of, the material universe; it is not that thinkers of an opposite school have referred the actions of men to a no less arbitrary power, operative in each individual as an ultimate, inexplicable agent; but that the mass of men have ever been accustomed to look upon the phenomena of society as upon isolated facts incapable of any scientific explanation whatever. And this is what might be expected from the great abstruseness and complexity of the subject. Since the science of human actions is the most difficult of all, and since it depends on the simpler physical sciences, it was not until these in the course of their development had been purified

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from the dreamy obscurities of metaphysics, that the conception of a universal and undeviating regularity in the succession of historic events was rendered possible. Accordingly, when physical science was yet in its infancy, as in ancient times, there could be no social science. The speculations of Plato upon this subject were but profitless reveries; and even the admirable "Politics" of Aristotle disclosed "no sense of the progressive tendencies of humanity, nor the slightest glimpse of the natural laws of civilization."* Coming down even to modern times, we find, in the seventeenth century, nothing better on the philosophy of history than the puerile "Discourse" of Bossuet. The profound remarks of Pascal and Leibnitz, in regard to the progress of society, are to be deemed rather presentiments of the truth, than the results of deliberate investigation. Machiavelli was one of the first to subject social phenomena to a careful study; but he arrived at no broad generalizations, and "he suffered, moreover, from the serious deficiency of being too much occupied with the practical utility of his subject."† The "Scienza Nuova" of Vico contained many new and startling views of history, and the writings of Montesquieu presented a daring attempt to constitute a social science; but both these great thinkers were crippled by a lack of materials, owing to the imperfect condition of physical knowledge at the time when they wrote. Condorcet, proceeding from the suggestions of his friend Turgot, arrived at the law that the whole human race is in a course of evolution, from the less perfect to the more perfect; but his writings are encumbered with metaphysical notions, and he had no idea of the true nature of human development. Far above all his predecessors stands Voltaire, whose "Essai sur les Mœurs" was an immortal attempt to apply the principles of scientific investigation to the entire history of our race. Nothing more was done in this direction, until the unprecedented development of physical knowledge which ushered in the present century was followed by the appearance of the "Philosophie Positive" of Auguste Comte. In this noble work, social as well as physical changes are shown to conform to invariable laws. Comte thus founded social science, and opened a path for future discoverers. But he did not perceive, any more than previous

* Comte, Philosophie Positive, tom. IV., p. 240.

† Buckle, vol. I, p. 751, note 181.

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inquirers, the fundamental law of human evolution. It was reserved for Herbert Spencer to discover this all-comprehensive law, which is found to explain alike all the phenomena of man's history, and all those of external nature. This sublime discovery—that the Universe is in a continuous process of evolution from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous—with which only Newton's discovery of the law of gravitation is at all worthy to be compared, underlies not only physics, but also history. It reveals the law to which social changes conform.

This preliminary glance is necessary, in order to comprehend the relation of Mr. Buckle's work to the treatises on social science which have preceded it. Mr. Buckle is one of that series of philosophers who, from Plato downwards, have studied human affairs. The Introduction to his "History of Civilization in England" is similar to the works we have just mentioned, in attempting to discover the laws which regulate the progress of society, and in many respects it surpasses them all. Mr. Buckle, it is true, gives us no new method of research, like Comte; nor does he, as we shall see, discover any universal law, like Spencer. Yet, in the boldness and comprehensiveness of his views, and in the fearless candor with which they are stated—in the wealth of his erudition, and in the honesty with which he applies his facts—in the noble love of liberty which pervades his work, and in the eloquence which invests all parts of it with an undying charm, he has had few equals in any age. Feeling that it is but just to pronounce our opinion at the outset, we say this with the more readiness, both because in the course of this criticism we shall be compelled to differ from him on many points of vital importance, and especially, because Mr. Buckle's work has been received with a bitter and contemptuous hostility on the part of many reviewers, which cannot have failed to excite much groundless prejudice against the author and his doctrines. Not only have the merits of the work been lost sight of, while its defects have been exaggerated to an enormous extent; not only have its tendencies been perversely misrepresented, and that it has been accused of aiming to subvert the principles of morality and religion; but some of the most obvious facts upon which its arguments are based have been disputed, and the author has been charged with inaccuracies and errors which would disgrace the composition of a school-boy. Without repeating or taking fur-

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ther notice of such accusations, which savor no less of ignorance than of a spirit of unfair depreciation, we propose to examine Mr. Buckle's leading propositions, in the hope of ascertaining how far they explain the phenomena of society.

Proceeding on the method of investigation pointed out by Comte, Mr. Buckle claims to have established, in the volumes now before us, four great laws, which "are to be deemed the basis of the history of civilization."*

The first of these fundamental laws is, "that the progress of mankind depends on the success with which the laws of phenomena are investigated, and on the extent to which a knowledge of those laws is diffused." In laying down this proposition, Mr. Buckle can, of course, make no claims to originality. It is simply a clear and precise statement of the position taken by all the foremost thinkers of the age. For example, Mr. Lewes says, "The evolutions of Humanity correspond with the evolutions of Thought."† Mr. Mill says, "We are justified in concluding that the order of human progression in all respects will mainly depend on the order of progression in the intellectual convictions of mankind; that is, on the law of the successive transformations of human opinions."‡ The same is implied in Mr. Spencer's law of evolution,§ and in the law of the three stages of civilization, discovered by Comte.‖ With respect to the proposition as it stands, we have no criticisms to offer. It is substantiated, not only by the numerous facts brought up in the course of Mr. Buckle's work, but by all those furnished by the history of mankind in all ages and countries. The annals of our race are but an illustration of the law that "the evolutions of Humanity correspond with the evolutions of Thought."

Thus far, Mr. Buckle proceeds on safe ground: but when he attempts, in his second fundamental law, to go still further, and to determine how much of our civilization is due to intellectual, and how much to moral progress—when he attempts¶ to prove that the intellectual element in our nature is advancing, while the moral element is not, and that knowledge is the cause of progress, while good intentions are not—he gets at once into complicated difficulties; and

* Buckle, vol. II., p. 1. † Philosophy of the Sciences, p. 23.

‡ System of Logic, vol. II., p. 517, 4th edition.

§ Social Statics, p. 409–456. Essays, p. 1–54. First Principles, p. 146–218.

‖ Philosophie Positive, tom. I., pp. 3–20. ¶ Vol. I., chap. iv.

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his argument, when stripped of its dazzling rhetoric, is so vague, confused, and unsatisfactory, that we cannot help suspecting that the author has but an imperfect comprehension of what he is arguing for. At the outset, he makes an assertion directly contradictory to the proposition which he is to prove. He says, "There can be no doubt that a people are not really advancing, *if, on the one hand, their increasing ability is accompanied by increasing vice*, or if, on the other hand, while they are becoming more virtuous, they likewise become more ignorant. *This double movement, moral and intellectual, is essential to the very idea of civilization*, and includes the entire theory of mental progress."* Having thus unequivocally expressed what we shall presently perceive to be in all probability the true state of the case, he proceeds to contradict himself, by setting to work to show that a people advance in civilization according as they advance in knowledge, leaving the moral element entirely out of the question. As this is one of the most important points in his whole work, and one which has excited hot discussion, we shall proceed to examine it at some length, taking up in succession the several steps of the argument.

Amid much that is obscurely stated, and much that is irrelevant to the subject, we trace the following line of propositions:

I. The native faculties of men do not improve, so that we must look for progress only in their acquisitions.

II. They acquire but few "moral truths," which "remain stationary;" but they acquire many "intellectual truths," which are "continually advancing."

III. Because civilization cannot be regulated by the "stationary agent," it must be regulated solely by intellectual progress.

Let us see whether these statements will bear a critical examination.

I. Mr. Buckle begins by denying that the natural faculties of man are in a course of development. "Here, then, lies the gist of the whole matter. The progress is one, not of internal power, but of external advantage. The child born in a civilized land is not likely, as such, to be superior to one born among barbarians, and the difference which ensues between the acts of the two children will be caused,

* Vol. I., p. 159.

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so far as we know, solely by the pressure of external circumstances; by which I mean the surrounding opinions, knowledge, associations—in a word, the entire mental atmosphere in which the two children are respectively nurtured."* This is only bringing up again the old dispute about "the innate" and "the acquired," which raged for centuries among metaphysical thinkers, but which we thought had been satisfactorily settled by the physiologists, some time before Mr. Buckle penned the above passage. After it had been proved that every organism is constantly advancing in the vigor and complexity of its functions, in relation to the conditions which surround it, nothing more was needed. But Mr. Buckle appears to forget this. He not only ignores some of the late results of physiological investigation, but, still worse, he, in the passage just quoted, flatly contradicts a theory which he elsewhere upholds. We refer to the doctrine, held by many naturalists, which supposes all the varieties of organic life, present and past, to have arisen from one or two primitive forms, by successive modifications of structure and function. With the evidence which might be brought forward in favor of this theory, we have, at present, no concern. It is enough to know that Mr. Buckle is himself one of its supporters, as appears from several passages in his work.†

Now, this theory supposes that all organic beings are continually advancing, not only in complexity of structure and variety of function, but also in the activity and vigor of their faculties. This may be illustrated by comparing the extremes of the animal kingdom. The *Hydra*, or fresh-water polyp, is little more than a mere bag. In common with all the *Acrita*, he possesses nervous substance, diffused in a cellular state throughout his body.‡ Moreover, if you turn him inside out, his skin will digest, and his interior membrane will respire; he will apparently suffer no discomposure from this reversed state of affairs.§ Again, if you put him

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* Vol. I., p. 162.

† Vol. I., p. 806, note 130, and p. 822. The same is implied on p. 641. He also accepts the kindred doctrine of the unity of the organic and inorganic worlds. See vol. II., pp. 529–533.

‡ Or, more accurately speaking, he possesses a sensitive substance which, in more elevated beings, is specialized into nervous tissue: see Lewes' Seaside Studies, p. 390.

§ Draper's Human Physiology, p. 501.

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into a vessel of water, he will invariably seek that part of it least exposed to the light, thus manifesting a rudimentary sensibility, which in its more developed state, in higher organisms, we call vision.* The lower polyps exhibit also contractility over their whole body; and it has been supposed that they also possess, in a diffused condition, the germs of smell, taste, and even hearing.† When now we ascend to the *Vertebrata*, we find digestion specialized in the stomach, respiration in the lungs, contractility in the muscles, sensibility in the nerves; taste, smell, hearing, and vision, in the mouth, nose, ears, and eyes. This difference coexists with a great increase of power in the several functions. The faculties of the mammal are, as every one knows, far superior to those of the polyp. No one would think of comparing the rudimentary scent of the zoöphyte with the developed scent of the dog, or the rudimentary sight of the acaleph with the developed sight of the Bosjesman. Vast, indeed, is the difference between the hydra, whose body is but one organ, feebly performing several functions, to the elephant, whose body is a community of organs, each powerfully performing its own peculiar function: so vast, that many persons, even after allowing for the accumulated influence of causes which have been in operation for countless ages, are unable to believe that the higher organism could have come from the lower, through myriads of intermediate forms. Yet, if we are to believe this, if we are to accept it as true, that this continuous perfecting of all the physical and mental faculties has been going on among the lower tribes ever since life first appeared on the earth, why are we to suppose that it has not taken place in man? Is it that, when man came upon the stage, one of the most comprehensive laws of nature was, by some miracle, suspended forever in his case? Is it that in the most perfect of organized beings, exhibiting both in structure and function the completest instance of the evolutional process, that process could no longer be carried on? If we are to accept the development theory at all, we must accept it without limitations. We might as well say that the human race forms an exception to the operation of the laws of gravitation or chemical affinity, as to say that it forms an exception in the case of the law of evolution, provided that law be once established.

* Spencer's Psychology, p. 401.

† Spencer's Principles of Psychology, pp. 394–408.

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We shall find our conclusion inductively confirmed, on observing that the development theory explains the differences between the races of mankind, as well as those between the animal tribes. Premising the fact, well known to every anatomist, that change in structure is invariably accompanied by change in function, we notice that the lower races, such as the alfourous, resemble the quadrumana in having very small legs, protruding jaws, receding foreheads, thick lips, eyes wide apart and curved upwards; that as we proceed in turn to the red Indians, the Turanians, and the Semites, this resemblance becomes much less marked, and at last scarcely perceptible; and that, on reaching the Europeans, it can no longer be traced, except in infants. The legs have become much longer and more massive than the arms, which have diminished in length; the jaws have retired; the forehead has advanced; the lips have become comparatively thin; the eyes have approached each other, and lost their upward curvature. These facts, so familiar to every one, that it is almost needless to cite them, show that, in respect to structure, we find a marked progress in the human species, no less than in the animal tribes. Even though the European is born with the structural peculiarities of the savage, he loses them almost immediately after birth; and his possessing them at birth no more proves that his matured faculties are on the same level with those of the savage, than his possessing the characteristics of a fish some months before birth proves that his matured faculties are on the same level with those of a fish. Unless, therefore, Mr. Buckle is prepared to deny that development in structure is necessarily attended by development in function, he cannot logically avoid the conclusion that the human species is in a course of evolution from the less perfect to the more perfect, or, to use his own expressions, that the progress of mankind *is* one of "internal power," *as well as* of "external advantage."

We have seen that Mr. Buckle accepts the law of development; that it is illogical to assert that man forms an exception to such a universal law; that this law, moreover, explains the facts of human variation, as well as those of animal variation; and that, consequently, Mr. Buckle's assertion, that human faculties do not develop, is totally inconsistent with the very theory held by himself respecting organic development in general. We have now to show that his assertion is in itself unfounded. But, preliminary to this, we must call attention to another point.

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How it is that Mr. Buckle, who holds fast to the law of development, can reject the law of hereditary transmission, we are unable to imagine. Nevertheless, reject it he does, in the following passage, which, as Mr. Lewes remarks, must excite the astonishment of the physiologist:

"We often hear of hereditary talents, hereditary vices, and hereditary virtues; but whoever will critically examine the evidence, will find that we have no proof of their existence. The way in which they are commonly proved is in the highest degree illogical; the usual course being for writers to collect instances of some mental peculiarity found in a parent and in his child, and then to infer that the peculiarity was bequeathed. By this mode of reasoning, we might demonstrate any proposition; since, in all large fields of inquiry, there are a sufficient number of empirical coincidences to make a plausible case in favor of whatever view a man chooses to advocate. But this is not the way in which truth is discovered; and we ought to inquire, not only how many instances there are of hereditary talents, &c., but how many instances there are of such qualities not being hereditary. Until something of this sort is attempted, we can know nothing about the matter inductively; while, until physiology and chemistry are much more advanced, we can know nothing about it deductively. These considerations ought to prevent us from receiving statements which positively affirm the existence of hereditary madness and hereditary suicide; and the same remark applies to hereditary disease; and with still greater force does it apply to hereditary vices and hereditary virtues; inasmuch as ethical phenomena have not been registered as carefully as physiological ones, and therefore our conclusions respecting them are even more precarious."*

All this sounds very fine; but we do not think that our ignorance of this subject is so hopeless as Mr. Buckle supposes. Although we are at present unable to explain all the phenomena of the case, and account for all the apparent exceptions that arise, we do, nevertheless, all of us know that oaks always produce oaks, oysters oysters, sharks sharks, dogs dogs, and men men. We should probably deem it somewhat out of the usual course of things, if a cow were to give birth to a leopard. We are not accustomed to think of a greyhound as having had for his sire an Arabian steed. We do not expect, on planting a nursery of acorns, to come back and find an orchard of apple-trees. And even the most unexcitable of us would open his eyes at the sight of a barn-door hen strutting about as the mother of a brood of eaglets.

* Vol. I., p. 161, note 12.

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And yet, if there is no such thing as the transmission of qualities from parent to offspring, we see no reason * why these hypothetical cases should not exist as realities. "Unless parents transmitted to offspring their organizations, their peculiarities, and excellences, there would be no such thing as a breed or a race. The cur would run the same chance as the best bred dog, of turning out valuable. The greyhound might point, and the cart-horse win the Derby. Daily experience tells us that this is impossible. Science tells us that there is no such thing as chance. Physiology tells us that the offspring always, and necessarily, inherits its organization from the parents; and if the organization is inherited, then with it must be inherited its tendencies and aptitudes."† This, from one profoundly versed in physiology, expresses what any one, not laboring to establish some preconceived theory, will at once recognize as the real state of the case. And, indeed, since structure and function are inseparably connected, since diversity of structure necessarily supposes diversity of function, and similarity of structure similarity of function; it follows, that, as like produces like, in the case of structural forms, so also must like produce like in the case of functional peculiarities: and as the nervous system is but a part of the organism, and must come under the same generalization as the whole, so also does the same hold true of the functions of the nervous system, that is, of thought, feeling, and the like. In other words, there must be cases not only of hereditary madness and hereditary disease, but also of hereditary vices and hereditary virtues, so long as disease and madness, virtue and vice, coexist with peculiar structural states. And, as before, unless Mr. Buckle is prepared to deny the inseparable connection of structure and function, he cannot escape this conclusion.

As we have already observed, it is passing strange that Mr. Buckle, while embracing the law of development, should spurn that of hereditary transmission, to which it is so intimately related, and on which it, in some degree, depends for its

* Lest it should be thought that we do injustice to Mr. Buckle, in giving such a broad significance to his rejection of the law of hereditary transmission, we give a definition of that law, taken from one of the greatest thinkers of our time: "Understood in its entirety, the law is, that each plant or animal produces others of like kind with itself; the likeness of kind consisting not so much in the repetition of individual traits as in the assumption of the same generic structure."—Spencer's Essays, p. 263.

† Lewes' Physiology of Common Life, vol. II., p. 377.

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proofs. But Mr. Buckle has a theory of his own to maintain. He wishes to show that the faculties of men do not improve. It is in order to do this that he rejects the law of transmission. But it has been shown that his rejection of it is illogical, and that the law of transmission is as universal as any other, since, were it not so, there could be no such thing as a species at all. With the help of this law, it is easy to demonstrate that, in the very nature of things, the faculties of men must improve.

Among that "highest class of biological truths," which apply to all organisms whatever, is the law that, "other things equal, development varies as function"*—that is, the growth of any organ depends upon its activity. We are everywhere met by instances of this—not only in the gymnast, who surprises us by the great size and power of his muscles; not only in the sailor, who sees a ship in the distant offing, where the passenger can descry but a speck; not only in the musician, who recognizes as different two sounds which, to unpractised ears, are alike; but also in the man of science, who unravels with ease problems which, to common apprehension, are insoluble. "On this law are based all maxims and methods of right education, intellectual, moral, and physical."† Expressed in the form, "Practice makes perfect," it is an axiom in every one's mouth. By exercising an organ, we increase its size and power. By neglecting to exercise it, we cause it to become diminutive, weak, inefficient.

It is evident, then, that when an individual has grown to maturity in the constant exercise of any faculty, the organ answering to that faculty will be correspondingly developed; and that, in the natural course of things, he will transmit to his offspring that faculty in its state of increased power. Thus it is that a Philip becomes the father of an Alexander; that the son of a Bernardo Tasso gives to the world a deathless poem; and that a family of three hundred musical geniuses at last counts among its members a Jean Sebastian Bach. In individual cases, however, the operation of this law is obscured, and often hindered by a concurrence of unfavorable circumstances. It is in the case of large collections of individuals, where the disturbing causes are averaged, that we find it most strikingly exemplified. Thus we

* Spencer's Essays, p. 262. † Ibid., p. 268.

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see red Indians so swift of foot; "telescopic-eyed bushmen;" and Peruvians with sense of smell so acute that, according to Humboldt, they can distinguish by it, in the middle of the night, to what race a man belongs.* Extending our view from separate nations to the whole race, we perceive the law in still greater generality. While some nations have been developing in some faculties, others have been developing in others, and the total movement has been ever onward. Each generation has inherited the faculties of the preceding, still further improved by constant employment. Phœnicians have thus spread commerce through unknown seas; Greeks have educated the world; Romans have legislated for it; Hindoos, Jews, and Arabs, have religionized it; Germans have deluged it with systems of philosophy; Frenchmen and Englishmen have given it positive knowledge; Americans have, by inventive genius, furnished material comforts; Italians have added the glorious embodiments of beauty, grace, and charm; and the consensus of the whole is civilization. Retrogression nowhere meets us; progress meets us everywhere. And, from the considerations above adduced, we are obliged to conclude that this advance has been one as well of "internal power" as of "external advantage." Mr. Buckle's assertion is, therefore, seen to be not only inconsistent, but also unfounded.

II. Having now proved, as he thinks, that we must look for progress in "external advantage" only, and not in "internal power," our author goes on to show the "superiority of intellectual acquisitions over moral feelings;" and first he asserts that all our acquisitions are either "moral truths" or "intellectual truths," and that the former are "stationary," while the latter are continually advancing. It is noticeable that he here deplores the difficulties which arise "from the loose and careless manner in which ordinary language is employed on subjects that require the greatest nicety and precision."† After giving us this caution, one would naturally expect to find the author very clear and accurate in the choice of terms, and in the statement of propositions; but, on the contrary, the loose and careless manner in which he himself employs ordinary language throughout the discussion is quite amusing. In the first place, he makes a verbally unintelligible distinction between "intel-

* Dunglison's Human Physiology, vol. I., p. 729. † Vol. I., p. 159.

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lectual truths" and "moral truths." Scientifically speaking, there can be no such thing as a "moral truth;" for every truth is a proposition, consisting of subject, predicate, and copula; and is uttered and recognized by the intellect, not by the "moral instinct," which belongs to the emotional part of our nature. It is the province of intellect to think, of emotion to feel. Mr. Buckle falls into exactly the same error in a singular passage in his second volume, where he says:

"The emotions are as much a part of us as the understanding: *they are as truthful; they are as likely to be right.* Though their view is different, it is not capricious. They obey fixed laws; they follow an orderly and uniform course; *they run in sequences; they have their logic and method of inference.*"*

All this is either strained metaphor, or downright nonsense. If it were true, what would be the use of making any distinction at all between intellect and feeling? If to feel is to judge, and to experience an emotion is to lay down a proposition, why not include both under one name? Mr. Buckle is misled by the fact that, in all our mental operations, feeling and thinking are closely united. Our wishes color our judgments. We are all led, in many cases, to believe that to be true which we wish to be true. Thus emotional states give rise to intellectual states. On the other hand, Mr. Bain has shown that belief, when active, always leads to volition;† and as volition is the final stage of emotion, we perceive that intellectual states likewise occasion emotional states. But this intimate connection of the two should not lead us to confound the one with the other; and we fall into a grave error whenever we do so. Once more, we repeat, it is the province of emotion to feel, of the intellect to think and form propositions. Scientifically speaking, therefore, all truths are intellectual; and there can be no such thing as a "moral truth."

But there is another sense in which the expression "moral truths" may be taken. It may mean "truths relative to morality." Mr. Buckle generally uses it in this sense, but he so often confounds "moral truths" with

* Vol. II., p. 502.

† Bain, The Emotions and the Will, pp. 568–598.

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"moral feelings," that the foregoing remarks were rendered necessary to a right understanding of his argument.

Our author then declares that the truths which we possess relating to morality have not changed for thousands of years. No, they have not. Neither have "intellectual truths." A truth, once established, never changes, cannot change, otherwise it would be no truth, but a falsehood. Take, for example, the law of gravitation: "All bodies in the universe attract each other with forces directly proportional to their masses, and inversely proportional to the squares of their distances apart." We have had no occasion to alter this statement since the time of Newton. It is a demonstrated truth, and will never be susceptible of the slightest change. The same is the case with the truth, "It is wrong to kill." Once recognized, this truth can experience no change, for the very reason that it is a truth, and not a falsehood. In a word, when a proposition has been once shown to be true it will for ever remain so, whether it relates to our moral obligations, or to anything else whatever. There is no ground for Mr. Buckle's distinction.

Nor would our author be one whit the more justified in saying, as he might say, that the interpretation put upon "moral truths" is unchanging as compared with that put upon "intellectual truths." On the contrary, it appears to us that the reverse is the case. When a truth, relating to some of the simpler subjects of investigation, is once received, its interpretation usually admits of little change. To employ the same example as before, the law of gravitation is received in the same acceptation now as when it was first discovered. Advancing to the more abstruse sciences, such as physiology, we find that the interpretation put upon generally-received truths suffers marked variations. The law of organic development has been held by the most eminent scientific thinkers since the beginning of the present century; but, since the embryological discoveries of the Germans, it is held in a form different from that in which it was held before. The followers of Spencer, Lewes, and Darwin, do not put the same interpretation upon the law of development that the followers of Lamarck did, forty years ago. Coming now to the very complex subject of morality, we find, unfortunately for Mr. Buckle, that the acceptation in which its propositions are held varies with every phase of civilization. Among the

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American Indians, so noted for their revengeful dispositions, the obligation not to take life, if recognized, was not so construed as to include the miserable object of the fell passion. Among the ancient Jews, the command, "Thou shalt not kill," meant, "Thou shalt not kill *Jews*;" and, from the story of Saul and Agag, we may suppose that the murder of Gentiles was considered rather a meritorious act than otherwise. And in general, where the same "moral truths" have been received, it has been in as many different ways as there were different kinds of people to receive them. This fact, that the way in which generally-received truths are understood varies as the complexity of the sciences to which they belong, results from the obvious circumstance that the more complex a science is, the less we know about it. As we know less about moral science than about any other, our opinions, even about those "moral truths" which are universally admitted, are more liable to change than our opinions about similarly-received truths in other matters. Mr. Buckle could have, therefore, no ground for asserting that the interpretation put upon "moral truths" is unchanging, as compared with that put upon "intellectual truths."

Our author says, somewhat inconsistently, that "moral truths" receive *no* additions, and again that they receive *fewer* additions than "intellectual truths." We shall speedily show that the first of these statements is at variance with fact, and that the second has no logical value, and will not help his argument in the least.

It is not true that "moral truths" have received no additions. It is not true, as Mr. Buckle says, that "the sole essentials of morals have been known for thousands of years, and not one jot or tittle has been added to them by all the sermons, homilies, and text-books which moralists have been able to produce." It is not true, as Sir James Mackintosh says, that "morality admits of no discoveries." It is not true, as Condorcet says, that "la morale de toutes les nations a été la même." It is not true, as Kant says, that "in der Moralphilosophie sind wir nicht weiter gekommen, als die Alten." For what is Moral Philosophy but the science which is to determine the laws to which our conduct should conform? And if this is the case, we need only to look into Mr. Buckle's work itself, to find a system of morality containing truths which only two centuries ago were not even dreamed of. Take, for example, the moral law that govern-

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ments shall not interfere with trade. This is as much a moral law as that which forbids stealing: but we find Mr. Buckle reckoning it among the merits of Voltaire, that he was one of the first to perceive the justice of a free system of trade.* Its justice is even now denied by opponents of reform. This, then, is a case of a "moral truth" which has not been known for thousands of years.

Mr. Buckle may say, however, that he does not use the term "morality" in so wide a sense—that he means by it merely a collection of general rules and precepts, serving as rough guides for daily conduct. Of course, if Mr. Buckle chooses to define his terms to suit himself, he can prove anything. If he defines morality so as to make it include nothing but the precepts known three thousand years ago, and then says that all moral truths now known were known then, he merely asserts that what was known then was known then; a statement which probably few will be hardy enough to dispute, but which unfortunately leaves the argument just where it was before.

But supposing we accept this narrow definition of morality, what will become of our author's statement, even then? He himself quotes, from several authors, passages which show that there was a time when some nations did not acknowledge the moral law, forbidding murder. "Among some Macedonian tribes, the man who had never slain an enemy was marked by a degrading badge."† And at the present day, among barbarous tribes, as the Dyaks of Borneo, "a man cannot marry until he has procured a human head; and he that has several may be distinguished by his proud and lofty bearing, for it constitutes his patent of nobility."‡ By calling up these facts, Mr. Buckle destroys his own statement that "moral truths" receive no additions.

As for his other assertion—that "moral truths" receive fewer additions than "intellectual truths"—it means simply that fewer discoveries are made in moral science than in all the other sciences put together. It is as if he should say that "optical truths" receive fewer additions than "physical truths." As we have shown, he is not justified in using the expression "intellectual truths," so as to exclude from it

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* Vol. I., p. 741.

† Grote's History of Greece, vol. XI., p. 397, quoted in Buckle, vol. I., p. 176, note 29.

‡ Journal of Asiatic Society, vol. IV., p. 181. Ibid.

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truths relating to morality, which are recognized by the intellect as much as any others. His statement, therefore, merely compares a part with all the other parts of the whole to which it belongs.

We are quite willing to admit that moral science has not been enriched by as many discoveries as any one of the other sciences. This results from the circumstance that it is far more difficult and complicated than the rest. Our knowledge of morality is less complete than our knowledge of chemistry, for the same reason that our acquaintance with chemistry is less perfect than our acquaintance with astronomy. The laws expressing the relations of men to one another are the most recondite of all, and the most liable to apparent exceptions. We are accordingly longer in ascertaining them.

To sum up: we have seen that the distinction made by Mr. Buckle between "intellectual" and "moral" truths, is a vague and popular one, and will not bear a critical analysis. We have throughout, however, used the expression "moral truths" as equivalent to "truths relating to moral subjects," and the expression "intellectual truths" as equivalent to "truths relating to all other subjects:" and this is admissible, because it gives the meaning intended by the author. We have then shown: first, that intellectual truths are as fixed and unchangeable as moral truths; secondly, that the interpretation put upon moral truths is even less constant than that put upon intellectual truths; thirdly, that moral truths receive additions, no less than intellectual truths; fourthly, that the fact that moral truths receive fewer additions than intellectual truths is of no logical value, because it compares one class of truths with several; and fifthly, that the circumstance that moral science advances with a slower pace than the other sciences shows only that it is more complex than they are, but does not warrant us in assuming that it is radically different from them. Reviewing our conclusions in this compact form, we see that moral truths come under the same category as intellectual truths, throughout. This confirms what we said at the outset, that there is no such difference between them as Mr. Buckle supposes, and that both should be spoken of together as truths or judgments, in distinction from feelings. Mr. Buckle's argument, then, when laid bare, is as follows: that some truths are constant, while others are not—which is false; and that one set of

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truths receives additions, while another does not—which is also false.

But this is not all. Our author's argument is not only untenable, but it is irrelevant to the subject in debate. Even if he could establish his point, he would be none the more forward. Startling as this assertion may seem, it is nevertheless indisputable. For if his reasoning hitherto were valid, it would prove merely this—that our *knowledge* of some subjects advances, while our *knowledge* of others does not. But Mr. Buckle's professed object is to show that *feeling*, as compared with *knowledge*, is of no account as a civilizing force. To what end, then, does he go so far out of his way in giving us this jumble of ill-digested argument to show the "superiority" of *some intellectual acquisitions over others?* This singular aberration results from his confounding truth with feeling, the intellectual with the emotional part of our nature. He seems to forget the distinction between knowing in what duty consists, and having the intention to perform it. But it is altogether one thing to wish to do right, and another thing to know what it is right to do, as many a luckless wight finds out to his cost. Farther on, Mr. Buckle recognizes the distinction clearly enough.

It would, however, be rather unfortunate than otherwise for Mr. Buckle's main argument, if he could succeed in showing that "the sole essentials of morality have been known for thousands of years." For if it were true that men knew what was right—that they were acquainted with all the laws to which our conduct ought to conform—in ancient times as well as at the present day; and that they have nevertheless advanced in the practice of morality; we should be obliged to conclude that—as the knowledge has remained stationary—it must have been the development of moral feeling and the increase of good intentions alone which could have occasioned the progress. The contrast is really between moral truths and moral feelings. So that, if Mr. Buckle had succeeded in proving that "moral knowledge" does not advance, and should at the same time succeed in his attempt to prove that "moral feeling" does not improve, he would, if consistent, arrive at the singular result that there has been no improvement at all in the actions of men.

It is quite a relief, on emerging from this labyrinth of baseless assertion and ill-directed argument, to find that our author at least seems to remember his original object,

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as he sets himself to work really to show the "superiority" of knowledge over feeling, as a civilizing agent. His reasoning is here very plausible, and his illustrations drawn from the history of war and religious persecution are well chosen, and appear at first quite convincing. He tells us that good intentions were of no avail in stopping persecution, because persecutors themselves have generally had the best intentions. The heathen emperors of Rome, who tortured Catholics, the Catholic Inquisitors of Spain, who tortured Protestants, all meant well enough, he argues—they were very often men of the purest character; *but they did not know that it was wrong for them to interfere with the religious convictions of others.* So Mr. Buckle does perceive, after all, that our knowledge of our moral obligations has increased somewhat! We are no better, he says, than the Inquisitors of old—but we know that religious persecution is wrong, wicked, harmful; while they, in their mistaken zeal, thought it to be right, holy, beneficial. This point he argues admirably; but he does not succeed in absolving religious persecutors from all charge of selfish passion. Indeed, he elsewhere expresses it as his own opinion, that the clergy have been strongly influenced, in their vindictive attempts to destroy or injure those dissenting from their views, by motives of ambitious policy. We have no doubt that such motives have always been of immense power among this class of men, as well as among other classes. But we will not urge this or any similar objection against Mr. Buckle's grand argument. We will merely call attention to the circumstance that a man's "moral feeling," his "moral instinct," his "conscience," or whatever any one chooses to call it, is a natural faculty. In other words, ethical emotions, being functions of the nervous system, are natural faculties. And we have already shown that the natural faculties of mankind develop. The refutation of Mr. Buckle's first grand argument carries with it the refutation of the second.

III. It carries with it, likewise, the refutation of the third. For the proposition that civilization is regulated, not by the "stationary agent," but by intellectual acquirement, can have no value, unless it be proved that moral feeling is the stationary agent. But this cannot be proved. On the contrary, it has been shown that our powers, both moral and intellectual, are continually developing, and that our acquisitions, both moral and intellectual, are constantly increas-

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ing. The moral element is, then, no more stationary than the intellectual; and thus Mr. Buckle's third grand argument falls to the ground, and with it falls his fundamental law, which is shown to be utterly destitute of any truth whatever.

It may be well to remark, before proceeding further, that rejection of Mr. Buckle's second law is perfectly compatible with acceptance of his first. There is no inconsistency in saying, on the one hand, that moral feeling is a civilizing agency, and on the other hand, that the progress of civilization conforms to the successive transformations of opinion. For the ethical, as well as all the other emotions, enter largely into every opinion-forming process. Though our emotions do not combine into propositions the ideas which are constituent parts of our beliefs, they do none the less, as Mr. Bain has clearly proved,* sway the intellect, as it performs this operation. The emotions accordingly enter into every act of belief, and there can be no complete theory of human opinion which leaves them out of account. Thus our acceptance of Mr. Buckle's first law confirms our rejection of his second, and we see, more clearly than ever, that "the double movement, moral and intellectual, is essential to the very idea of civilization," and that, without including both elements, there can be no complete theory of progress.

It may likewise be well to remark that a discussion of this sort has no immediate bearing on the subject of Christianity. It has been supposed by some persons that Mr. Buckle's entire argument is nothing but a sinister attack upon the Christian religion. We see nothing of the kind in it. Christianity is a system of belief, in which intellectual and moral forces must both coöperate; and a person, while denying the civilizing agency of the moral element, may with perfect consistency maintain the civilizing agency of that set of opinions, in the formation of which the moral element has had but a partial share. Our author's argument, therefore, is not to be construed into an assault upon Christianity. Confusion necessarily results from mixing questions which should be kept separate.

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* See the whole of his admirable work on The Emotions and the Will.

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We come now to Mr. Buckle's third* law—that skepticism "has in every department of thought been the invariable preliminary to all the intellectual revolutions through which the human mind has passed," and that "without it there could be no progress, no change, no civilization."† In examining this proposition, it is needful, at the outset, to have a clear idea of the nature of skepticism, as understood by Mr. Buckle. The word itself has been variously interpreted: sometimes in a more general sense, as meaning the absolute denial of all dogmas, theories, and beliefs whatever; sometimes in a more special sense, as signifying disbelief in the peculiar doctrines of Christianity. It is in neither of these senses that Mr. Buckle uses the word. He defines skepticism as suspension of judgment, or hesitation in forming or receiving an opinion. A true skeptic, then, would neither believe nor disbelieve any thing at all. He would doubt even his own doubts. History presents but few instances of a consistent and thorough-going skeptic. Pyrrho and Hume will, however, serve sufficiently well as examples. Skepticism‡ is not to be confounded with that philosophy which, not content with doubting, absolutely denies. This might be called negative § philosophy, or negativism, in broad distinction from positive ‖ philosophy, which aims at establishing from incontrovertible data a system of results, comprising all that it is in the power of the human mind to know. Negativism and positivism, then, constitute two opposite phases of human thought. As examples of negative thinkers, we have Hobbes, Voltaire, Lessing, and Rousseau; while as instances of positive thinkers we may cite Bacon, Leibnitz, Newton, and Spencer. Skepticism is identical with neither of these philosophies, though it has some point in common with both. Skepticism, indeed, is not a philosophy at all; it is a no-philosophy—a transition state where, robbed of its belief, the mind rests not, but stays unresting, in dreary incertitude and distressful vacillation, until it finds refuge in belief again.

Bearing in mind this meaning of the word, we can safely proceed to examine the proposition before us. We do not

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* On the first page of his second volume, Mr. Buckle places this law *second* in order, and the law just considered *third*. But as it is convenient to examine this law in connection with the fourth, we have taken the liberty to alter Mr. Buckle's arrangement.

† Vol. I., page 328.

‡ σκεπτομαι, to look about, to inquire.

§ Negare, to deny.

‖ Ponere, to posit or affirm.

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think it altogether probable that Mr. Buckle would, on mature reflection, lay down this law about skepticism as a universal one, operative alike in all stages of progress; but, as he makes no limitations to it in the course of his work, we must discuss it here in relation to the three stages of mental evolution, and see whether or not it is alike applicable to all.

We shall find, to begin with, that it is not applicable to the theological state. When man first looked upon the wonders of Nature, his untaught imagination gave birth to weird, fantastic shapes innumerable, peopling the air, the streams, the forest, and the mountain-chasm. Just awakened, as it were, to self-consciousness, and feeling his own life thrilling within him, he ascribed that life to everything around him. He looked upon the wide, dark surface of the "many-sounding sea," and saw there a mighty, restless, earth-upheaving Power, which refinement afterwards personified, and called Poseidon. Gazing above him on the blue expanse which seemed to encompass the "plain of the earth," he came to recognize there a Divinity of light and warmth, a Devas, a paternal Zeus. When the bright clouds flitted along the sky, it was Hermes driving the celestial cattle to the milking; when the north-wind arose, cold and blustering, it was Boreas, storming in his wrath; when the stars came out at night, there were countless deities, to whom this primitive man made sacred the days of the week. The changes of the seasons, the ceaselessly recurring death and resurrection of Nature, were typified in wild legends of Jemsheed and Zohâk, of Osiris and Thammuz, of Siamek and Maneros, of Hylas and Orpheus. The whole universe was thinking, feeling, and willing. Nothing was dead or inert; all things were endowed with life and activity. From this came sacrifices, shrines and temples, oracles, and sacerdotal orders. It would be difficult to find any traces of skepticism in all this. Belief then reigned alone in the human mind, and doubt found no place there. As long as the phenomenal was as yet harder to comprehend and more difficult to control than the unseen and unexplored world that lay beyond it, skepticism was impossible. Not only was it impossible, but it would have been harmful. For the primitive man was barbarous, treacherous, revengeful.* His selfish instincts were as yet

* Spencer's Social Statics, pp. 409-413.

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all in all. His sympathetic and social feelings were as yet undeveloped. In such a rude condition, it was only the bond of a firmly-rooted and wide-spread belief—it was only the ascendency of a priestly and governmental order, thus secured—which could keep society from being disorganized. Had skepticism been once let in, religious and political organization would have been weakened, sects and parties would have sprung up prematurely, and the strong check needful to curb the undisciplined passions of men would have been destroyed, civilization would have stopped, and society could no longer have existed. It was only after centuries of theocratic and monarchic rule—after the primeval nomadic mode of life had been long abandoned, and agriculture and commerce had in course of time, by mingling men with each other in peaceful relations, called forth social virtues—that skepticism could safely arise. And then it did arise. We find it first showing itself in the States of Greece, where popular despots arose and were overthrown, as at Corinth, Sicyon, and Megara; and where philosophers began to speculate about the first principles of things, as Thales, Xenophanes, and Heraclitus. Thenceforward skepticism increased, until it reached for the time its culmination in the universal doubts of Pyrrho. But it is not in ancient times at all that we are to look for any very prominent manifestation of skepticism. The spirit of doubting and hesitating inquiry was of slow growth, and did not attain to its maturity until monotheism had been established in Europe for more than a thousand years. Not only, therefore, has skepticism not always been essential to progress; not only have some important changes in human opinion—as the change from fetichism to polytheism—been accomplished without it; but also, in the first of the three great periods of civilization it did not arise at all, until very late, and was then but a secondary force in the minds of men.

It is in the metaphysical or revolutionary period of modern society, extending from the twelfth century to the present time, that we see the skeptical spirit in full operation. To this stage of human evolution, Mr. Buckle's proposition is applicable without any limitations. The application he has himself given us, with great fulness and detail, in the case of England, France, Spain, and Scotland. In the brief space to which we are here restricted, it would be vain to attempt to add to the profuse and happily chosen illustrations con-

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tained in those instructive chapters which our author has principally devoted to this portion of his subject. Nowhere else has the revolutionary period of history been so admirably portrayed. Nowhere else can we find a truer, a juster, a profounder appreciation of the workings of the skeptical spirit. Here we discover no inconsistencies, no errors of statement, vitiating the whole argument. Here Mr. Buckle reveals his wonderful power. Here he draws sure conclusions from well-ascertained data. For there can be no shadow of doubt that in the twelfth century the skeptical spirit had begun to greatly increase its power and extend its influence; that in the sixteenth it had become a mighty civilizing force; and that in the eighteenth it had penetrated all departments of thought. It was this skeptical spirit which gave rise to the conceptualism of Abelard, the infidelity of Vanini, and the heresy of Wickliffe. It became, as Mr. Buckle remarks, "in physics, the precursor of science; in politics, of liberty; and in theology, of toleration." But for the skepticism in his own mind, Luther could not have become the founder of Protestantism; and but for the skepticism already rife in the minds of others, he could have found no followers. We find skepticism dictating the metaphysics of Descartes and the diplomacy of Richelieu. We find it inciting the English to rebellion against the despotism of the Stuarts, and striving, though vainly, in the wars of the Fronde, to establish political liberty in France. It lay at the foundation of the sensationalism of Locke and the idealism of Berkeley, and was itself at last organized into an independent system by Hume. It was the opening phase of that negative philosophy which, first receiving definite shape in the deism of Herbert and Bolingbroke, ended in the atheism of Diderot and Helvetius. It was the parent of the transcendentalism of Kant and Fichte, the physio-philosophic vagaries of Schelling and Carus, the absolutism of Hegel, and the pantheism of Feuerbach. Carried into science, it paved the way for the immortal discoveries of Lavoisier and Bichat. Wielded by Voltaire, it broke down ecclesiastical power in France; and, in the hands of Rousseau, swept away the vilest of despotisms by the most fearful of revolutions. It roused the Dutch to cast off the yoke of Spain, sent the Puritans to Massachusetts, inspired the Americans in their "Declaration of Independence," and shaped the fabric of their democratic government. What need of further examples?

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It is the skeptical spirit, advocating liberty in politics, and toleration in religion, which has been at the bottom of every change through which humanity has passed in modern times. Mr. Buckle's law is entirely applicable to the metaphysical period of civilization, and is the key to the explanation of its phenomena.

But the metaphysical state is not a permanent one. It constitutes a transition from that primitive belief which was the offspring of man's early endeavors to compass and explain the Infinite about him, to that new belief which is founded on a long and thorough investigation into the laws of the natural world. Giving up as hopeless all search for the undiscoverable, all striving to know the unknowable, science contents itself with finding out that which lies within our reach. But it was not in the power of man, on first perceiving the inadequacy and incongruity of his old belief, to pass at once to the new. No one can reject an old system of opinions, which has shaped his thoughts and guided his actions in the past, and then take up a new system, to shape his thoughts and guide his actions in the future, without going through an intermediate state of painful and wearisome doubt. As with the individual, so with the race. The skeptical period could not but intervene. It was only after countless attempts to explore the dark and dangerous region of the Infinite had all proved futile—it was only after successive theories had all been weighed in the balance, and found wanting—that man could come at last, to repose in the calm spirit and sure methods of scientific inquiry. Before this must necessarily have come that tumultuous season of doubt and denial, of discord and revolution, in which the skeptical spirit reigned supreme. The rottenness of old institutions, forms and dogmas, had to be exposed before they could be given up. Then the barrenness of doubt had to make itself felt before it could be supplanted by knowledge. It was not until Hume, by carrying skepticism to its uttermost extent, had shown its unsatisfactory character and vain results, that the germs of scientific method, implanted by Bacon and Descartes, could develop and bear fruit in the positive philosophy of Comte.

As the metaphysical period is but a transition from the theological to the positive, it only remains to show that skepticism is peculiar to it, being a transition from belief to knowledge. We have here very few facts to guide us in an

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inductive investigation, since the positive era is only now commencing. But, if we consider the state of human thought at the present day on the various subjects of scientific research, we shall find that in the most advanced departments skepticism no longer finds a place. Astronomers long ago gave over doubting and asking questions of each other about the fact of the earth's motion. It was the skepticism of Copernicus and Galileo that overthrew the old notion of its fixity; but that skepticism speedily issued in positive certainty. Whether a man believes or disbelieves in the motion of the earth, is now a mere matter of knowledge or ignorance. There is no place for doubt, no room for difference of opinion. So with all demonstrated facts and laws. A truth once established remains forever a truth. We cannot choose but accept it. And science, as a body of established truths, cannot admit of skepticism.

The past history of science confirms, and its future progress must also confirm, this conclusion, which might be drawn at once from the very nature of thought. When we know as much about the most complex subjects as we now know about the most simple ones, there can be no such thing as doubt at all. "The mystic drama will be sunny clear, and all Nature's processes will be visible to man, as a divine Effluence and Life."*

We have seen that in the theological stage of human development, skepticism did not exist; that in the metaphysical stage, it arose and extended its sway over every department of thought; but that, in the positive stage, it is destined to decrease, until it exercises no perceptible influence. Corresponding to these three stages of evolution, are the three predominant mental states of belief, doubt, and knowledge. The three great periods into which Comte has divided the history of civilization might be named with perfect accuracy, the period of credulity, the period of skepticism, and the period of science. Mr. Buckle's law has this much of truth in it; that the skeptical age is the necessary forerunner of the scientific; that in the race, no less than in the individual, doubt must intervene between belief and knowledge.

We shall now briefly consider Mr. Buckle's fourth fundamental law—that "the great enemy of civilization is the protective spirit," or in other words, "the notion that society

* Lewes' Sea-side Studies, p. 219.

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cannot prosper, unless the affairs of life are watched over and protected, at nearly every turn, by the state and the church; the state teaching men what they are to do, and the church teaching them what they are to believe."* Here, as in the foregoing case, Mr. Buckle errs only in stating his law without any limitations, as if it were a universal one. It cannot be questioned that for several centuries the protective spirit has been extremely prejudicial to progress. The notion that government ought to control the actions and beliefs of men has, when carried into politics, furnished a plea for despotism, and when carried into theology, it has been productive of intolerance and persecution. Mr. Buckle devotes a large portion of his work to the establishment and elucidation of this fact. He shows that government and legislation are incompetent to direct the affairs of men. He shows that politicians have injured trade by interfering with it; that legislators have caused smuggling, with its attendant crimes; that they have also increased hypocrisy and perjury; and that, by their laws against usury, they have but heightened the evil they sought to prevent. He shows that the protection of literature by Augustus, by Leo X., and by Louis XIV., caused literature to decline. In each case "there was much apparent splendor, immediately succeeded by sudden ruin."† The system of protecting literature was carried to its fullest extent by Louis XIV., and nowhere can we see more clearly the baneful effects of such a course. For the scientific progress which had been so marked in the reign of Louis XIII., stopped forthwith. Descartes and Pascal, Fermat, Gassendi, Riolan, Joubert, and Paré died, and left no successors. Nothing was done in astronomy, in chemistry, in physiology, or in botany. Of mechanical inventions there were none. Even the fine arts soon began to decline; and intellectual decay, the natural consequence of patronage, was seen in every department of thought. So in many other cases we see the damage entailed by the interference of government. Laws fixing a minimum of wages have caused thousands of laborers to be turned out of employment.‡ Laws regulating marriage have ended in increasing the number of illegitimate births.§ Laws for the establishment of sanitary supervision have spread disease, and

* Vol. II., p. 1. † Vol. I., p. 647.

‡ As in the case of the Spitalfields weavers, in 1773. § As in Bavaria.

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lengthened out the mortality returns.* Laws for the support of colonial government have given rise to the most barbarous tyranny.† Trade-union projects, economic experiments, poor-laws, education-laws, church-laws, currency-laws, have all turned out to be failures, and in many cases have inflicted upon society positive misery, instead of conferring upon it positive benefit. Paradoxical as all this may at first seem, it is but a statement of historic facts.‡ Modern history is filled with similar examples, all showing the utter incompetence of government to regulate the affairs of men. The duty of government is, to insure the fulfillment of the first principle of morality—that no man shall infringe upon another's sphere of action. If it but performs its duty, it will do well. But when it goes to making plans for securing the "greatest happiness to the greatest number," it usually contrives to end up by securing the least happiness to every one, having failed in its projects, and neglected its proper function meanwhile.

But on looking back, and contemplating society in its primitive state, we shall arrive at very different conclusions. We shall perceive that the protective spirit, far from being prejudicial to progress, was one of its most essential conditions. Indeed, on calling to mind all those centuries of primeval history, when there was nothing to counteract the workings of the protective spirit, and when all things conspired to strengthen its power, one might reasonably ask at the outset why it was that under such circumstances the human race made such sure and unceasing progress; why it was that it progressed at all; why it was that it did not even retrograde. If the protective spirit is of necessity in every age the enemy of civilization, how did it happen that we ever emerged from a state of barbarism? How comes it that we have not remained uncivilized—mere nomads, or at best diggers of earth, living from hand to mouth, little better, on the whole, than a race of chimpanzees? For Mr. Buckle's own facts show that the protective spirit has never been so strong as in the early ages of history. "In India, slavery, abject, eternal slavery was the natural state of the great body of the people."§ The "vast social system" of Egypt was "based on despotism" and "upheld by cruelty."‖ In Mexico

* As in England, some years ago, during the cholera pestilence.

† As in the case of the East India Company, and of the American Colonies before the Revolution.

‡ See the evidence in Spencer's Social Statics, p. 195 to 406, and in Mr. Buckle's volumes.

§ Vol. I., p. 73.

‖ P. 83.

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and Peru, "there was the same utter absence of anything approaching to the democratic spirit: there was the same despotic power on the part of the upper classes, and the same contemptible subservience on the part of the lower."* Again, in Babylonia, Assyria, and Persia, despotism was the only form of government ever experienced or thought of.† We have evidence of the same in the case of China and Japan. We find, moreover, that in barbarous countries, like Ashantee, despotism universally prevails. Going still lower—still farther back—we see nomadic tribes always in subjection to the will of the strong man. Now, for many thousands of years‡ civilization was advancing in Egypt, Babylonia, Persia, and many of the other nations above mentioned made considerable progress; India even arrived at a high state of refinement, as is witnessed by her extensive and magnificent literature. All this shows that in early times progress did coexist with the strongest possible manifestation of the protective spirit; and when we consider that there was nothing then to counterbalance the workings of the protective spirit—that all physical causes contributed to favor its development§—and that skepticism, the only thing that could have weakened it, did not exist, we may suspect that the protective spirit could not have been so detrimental to the interests of civilization as Mr. Buckle supposes.

On looking at the matter deductively, it will even appear that without the protective spirit there could have been no civilization. For what but the most absolute despotism and the profoundest awe of the ruling power could ever have kept together the communities of the primitive men, with their cannibalism, their blood-thirstiness, their dishonesty and treachery? As long as men could not live together peaceably—as long as they neither knew nor practised the first principles of morality—there must have been some power sufficient to keep society from falling to pieces, or there could have been no progress at all; and the only such power conceivable was that total subjection of the

* P. 101. In Peru, according to Mr. Prescott, the people could not even change their dress without a license from their rulers!

† The passage in Herodotus, b. III., c. 80-83, is well known to have no historical value; see the remarks of Rawlinson, vol. II., p. 393.

‡ Bunsen's Egypt, passim. Darwin on the Origin of Species, p. 23.

§ Buckle, vol. I., chap. 2.

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many to the few which constitutes the protective system of government. As long as Persians mutilated each other, and Carthaginians burned their children, and Chinamen beat to death their wives—as long as Hindoos practised thuggee, and Spartans practised stealing, and Ionians practised piracy—there must have been "Draconian statutes written in blood," there must have been absolute despotism. Without this, society would have become a parcel of units. Imagine a republic of Tartars, a constitutional democracy of Vandals, and develop the consequences!

Thus, in the primitive stage of civilization, the protective spirit played the same part as universal credulity in preserving society from disintegration. Thus, it becomes more evident than before, that skepticism would have been harmful at that early period. It would have weakened the protective spirit, and destroyed allegiance, besides causing religious dissension. Nothing of the kind was then admissible. The selfish and brutal feelings of men had to be restrained, and their social and humane feelings called forth, before the skeptical spirit could safely commence its inroads upon the spirit of universal belief, and universal submission. The protective spirit was, therefore, in early times, the great safeguard of civilization, and the all-essential condition of progress: and this very important restriction must be placed upon Mr. Buckle's law.

On looking at the subject in its broadest and most general aspect, we shall arrive at the conclusion, that all systems of belief and all great institutions are beneficial when they first spring up. Each has its functions to perform; and the more carefully we study history, the more deeply shall we be convinced that it performs it in the best possible manner. But after these beliefs and institutions have done their work, and are no longer needed—after they have been stereotyped in lifeless forms—then it is that they become productive of evil, and are prejudicial to the interests of mankind.

With the help of these considerations, we can more completely understand Mr. Buckle's two propositions. With the restrictions here placed upon them, they might be stated thus: in the revolutionary period of modern society, skepticism has been uniformly essential to progress, and the protective spirit has been uniformly detrimental to it. This is strictly true, and needs no qualification.

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In his second volume, our author develops another fundamental law, which we have not time to consider here. It may be stated thus: in a country where the deductive method of investigation prevails, there will be a much greater difference in the intellectual and social condition of the upper and lower classes, than in a country where the inductive method is the prevalent one. This may be illustrated by comparing Greece, Germany, and Scotland, on the one hand, with England and the United States, on the other. The application of this law in the case of Germany and America is to be contained in the third volume.

In conclusion, we must say a few words in regard to Mr. Buckle's application of his four great laws. The application of the first runs through the whole work. In every chapter, we are met by numberless illustrations of the law, that the progress of humanity conforms to the progress of opinion. It is different, however, in the case of the second law which we have discussed. Mr. Buckle appears to entirely forget his theoretical neglect of the moral element in our nature, and to take it practically into account as much as any one else. In his delineations of wars, civil revolutions, and especially of religious persecutions, he seems to believe in spite of himself that "moral feelings" do exercise as much power over men as "intellectual acquisitions;" and that the effects produced by the former are quite as lasting as those produced by the latter. He repeatedly recognizes the fact that our desires and impulses influence us strongly in the acceptance and defence of opinions. In speaking of the Scotch clergy, he attributes their tyrannical enforcement of superstitious notions to an inordinate desire for power, not to a mistaken interest in the welfare of others. After noticing the profound reverence of the Scotch people for their clergy, he observes: "It is not surprising that the clergy, who, at no period, and in no nation, have been remarkable for their meekness, or for a want of confidence in themselves, should, under circumstances so eminently favorable to their pretensions, have been somewhat elated, and should have claimed an authority even greater than that which was conceded to them. * * * It was generally believed that whoever gainsaid the clergy would be visited, not only with temporal penalties, but also with spiritual ones. For such a crime, there was punishment here, and there was punishment hereafter. *The preachers willingly*

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fostered a delusion by which they benefited. * * * *They did not scruple to affirm* that, by their censures, they could open and shut the kingdom of heaven. * * * The clergy, intoxicated by the possession of power, reached to such a pitch of arrogance, *that they did not scruple to declare*, that whoever respected Christ was bound, on that very account, to respect them. * * * Such was their conceit, and so greatly were they after applause, that they would not allow even a stranger to remain in their parish, unless he, too, came to listen to what they chose to say. * * * *How they labored to corrupt the national intellect*, and how successful they were in that base vocation, has been hitherto known to no modern reader."* He also tells us that the Scotch clergy used "means of intimidation," because, being "perfect masters of their own art," they well knew that "by increasing the apprehensions to which the ignorance and timidity of men make them too liable," they would also "increase their eagerness to fly for support to their spiritual advisers."†

All this is very significant. It shows that Mr. Buckle is unable to escape from recognizing the enormous influence of feeling in leading to belief and action. After laboring to show that persecutors are actuated only by mistaken benevolence, he here declares that the tyrannical and intolerant acts of the Scotch clergy were dictated by cunning selfishness and long-sighted craft. We think that he here commits almost as great an error as before, though in the opposite direction, by attributing too much to the selfish desires of these men, and by taking too little account of their good, but mistaken, intentions. There is glaring inconsistency in this: but when a man lays down a "law" so incredibly absurd as the one in question, we must expect to find him inconsistent in its application.

But Mr. Buckle devotes by far the largest portion of his work, thus far, to the illustration of his third and fourth laws. As he treats only of the revolutionary period, his illustrations are all appropriate and forcible. We lack words to express our admiration of these profound and instructive chapters. The inquiry into the history of the intellect in England, France, Spain, and Scotland, shows an extent of learning and a depth of thought unsurpassed, so far as we

* Vol. II., pp. 344, 347, 348, 537, 355. † Vol. II., pp. 366, 384.

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know, in historic literature. Our author traces the rise of skepticism and the decline of the royal power in England, the workings of the protective spirit in England and France, the causes, remote and proximate, of the French Revolution, all with the most consummate skill. In the case of Spain, he sets before us in vivid colors the utter impotence of government to direct social progress. He describes in bold outlines the course of philosophic investigation among the Scotch, and the influence of their habits of thought upon their general condition. Everywhere, in this part of the work, we see the touches of a master; everywhere we find something to instruct and entertain. Had Mr. Buckle written nothing more, these chapters alone would suffice to make his name immortal. Considered merely as historic pictures, they rival any thing in Gibbon or Grote.

We have not criticised at length Mr. Buckle's first law, because we have no restrictions to place upon it, and because it may be found demonstrated, as completely as possible, in Mr. Buckle's own work. As the result of our examination into his other laws, we have found that the second contains no truth whatever, being supported by a tangled chain of sophisms, every link in which is unsound; but that the third and fourth are strictly true, if limited to the period of which Mr. Buckle treats. The first law did not originate with him, and the second he has failed to establish; but the third and fourth may take their places as important additions to our knowledge of human history. This is the lasting service which Mr. Buckle has already rendered to science.

With respect to the tendency of Mr. Buckle's work, an unprejudiced mind can have but one opinion. It is calculated to awaken independent thought, and to diffuse a spirit of scientific inquiry. Written in an easy and elegant style, it will be read with pleasure by many who would not otherwise have the patience to go through with the subjects of which it treats. Thus, grand and startling in its views, impressive and charming in its eloquence, it cannot fail to arouse many a slumbering mind to intellectual effort. Such has its tendency already been, and such it will continue to be. Indeed, with Mr. Buckle's diligence, his honesty, his freedom of thought, his bold outspokenness, his hearty admiration for whatever is good and great in man, the tendency of his work could not well be otherwise. All these are

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qualities which will be remembered, when his inaccuracies and errors, however great, shall be forgotten. And whatever may be thought about the correctness or incorrectness of Mr. Buckle's opinions, the world cannot be long in coming to the conclusion, that his "History of Civilization in England" is a great and noble book, written by a great and noble man.

ART. III.—1. *Essay on Epitaphs.* By SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

2. *Dart's History of Westminster Abbey, its Monuments and Epitaphs.* London.

3. *A Collection of American Epitaphs and Inscriptions.* By TIMOTHY ALDEN.

4. *Burning the Dead; or, Urn Sepulture, Religiously, Socially, and generally considered; with Suggestions for a revival of the practice, as a sanitary measure.* By a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons. London.

IN spite of the assertion of Johnson, that all important epitaphs should be written in a dead language, as then they would live forever, our mother tongue is ever preferable for that purpose. Let grandeur, in this instance, at least, be made subservient to usefulness. Better far a valuble precept, though couched in the homeliest rhetoric that ever extorted a smile, than an inane platitude disguised in the most faultless Latin or Greek. The two simple epitaphs recorded by Leigh Richmond in "The Little Cottager," have done more service to the world than all the classic Latin and mystagogic philosophy that ever, through cathedral arch or academic grove, trumpeted real or suppositious virtue. There is a vast amount of sentiment wasted upon tomb-stones which might be put to far better purpose. Of what general utility, for instance, is that hackneyed passage from Pope, which so frequently challenges our sympathy—

> "How loved, how honored once, avails thee not," &c., &c.?

And the famous distich from Young—

> "Early, bright, transient, chaste, as morning dew,
> She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven"—

is, to the chance wayfarer, an unproven assertion. We grant that they are both nice bits of poetry, polished and eupho-

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nious, but neither of them is calculated to awaken one salutary emotion in the soul. It is surprising how much ingenuity has been expended, and how many changes have been rung, on the heading of inscriptions—we are continually meeting with something new. "Here deposited his mortality;" "In the mean time to stay the flying memory of so great a man;" "Here lies until the resurrection;" "A resurrection to immortality is here expected for what was mortal;" "Blush not, marble, to rescue from oblivion," are a few specimens. One ambitious mortal, determined, if he can help it, not to be overlooked in the mass of co-sleepers, issues the peremptory challenge, catching one, as it were, by the button, "Stop, passenger;" and winds up with the equally imperious injunction, "Go, passenger;" as if said passenger could possibly have any desire to remain. In Westminster Abbey there is a curious memorial to one "Mr. Thomas Smith" (probably a progenitor of some of the multitudinous tribe of Smiths who flourish now), "who, through the spotted veil of the small-pox, rendered a pure and unspotted soul to God." "Tyme tryeth truth, quod Walter Hungerford, Knyght, who lyeth here and Edward hys sone. To God hys mercy in whom he trusts forever," begins with a lofty appeal to the judgment of posterity.

In recent years, the anxiety of people to surpass each other in novelty and dramatic power led to such an abuse of common sense, that, at length, a sort of reaction took place, leading to the present ignoring of such prefacing *in toto;* a matter, we think, not a little to be regretted. Some people carry their feeling of exclusiveness even to the tomb. In our finest cemeteries may be seen broad surfaces of marble, destitute of text or monitory precept. In this regard, as in every other, the rich are rarely such benefactors of their kind as their less affluent brethren. The incident of the widow's mite is exemplified every day. It is in the sleeping-places of the lowly that Religion most loves to raise the cheering voice; it is amidst their modest memorials that

> "Many a holy precept round she strews,
> To teach the rustic moralist to die."

Such simple inscriptions as "My Father," "My Mother," "My Wife," or a mere Christian name, are much in vogue in our day; and, indeed, where they are accompanied by a striking emblem or motto, they are tenderly impressive, es-

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pecially over private individuals, whose memory and fame are the exclusive property of their families. We frequently see hieroglyphic inscriptions, that, in their graphic significance, are more eloquent than the most florid exuberance of epithet. Of this description is one referring to an aged man: near the summit of a stately column there is carved, in *alto relievo*, a large sheaf of wheat. The interpretation on the base, from Job, "He shall come to his grave in full age, like a shock of corn fully ripe," seems almost tautologic. Of the same class are the sculptured image of a hand pointing upwards—an eye, emblematic of vigilance—a star—a butterfly emerging from a chrysalis—an anchor—a cross—a dissevered rose or bud—a lamb—a broken shaft—a butterfly fluttering over a flower—a lyre with snapped string and sprig of laurel—a cresset with flame issuing from the mouth—a blazing torch—a pen, book, or scroll; these are all symbols beautiful and unmistakable. A young artist's monument has sculptured on it a group of pencils and a palette, across which is engraven his name. One peculiarly poetic idea, embodied in marble, is a lark soaring heavenward with a rosebud in its beak, emblematic of innocence under the protection of its guardian angel. Another, of a watch-dial with its hand fixed at the hour of twelve, is not quite so lucid, since we are not certain which is indicated, the age of the slumberer beneath, or the hour when she ceased to belong to time. The hour-glass, sometimes represented as winged, is likewise an apt symbol of fleeting probation. A *basso relievo* on one of the sarcophagi at Pompeii, says a traveller, presents a very happy allegory of the flight of the immortal soul from the frail bark of mortality. A ship has returned from her voyage—she has reached her port—the helmsman has relinquished the helm—the attendant genii, whom we may suppose to represent the ordinary faculties of human sense, feeling, perception, &c., &c., are going aloft to furl the sails; and the picturesque conception happily concludes, as a bird soars away, with expanded wings, from the mast-head—the beautiful emblem of the soul steering direct to heaven.

Equal to our admiration of these is our abhorrence of the devices by which the Egyptians sought to enwrap in total darkness the shadowy precincts of the sepulchre; the symbols of the reversed torch, the foul bat, the serpent, and the various animals consecrated to their inexorable deities, with sometimes an oracular saying, hopeless and rayless as

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the emblem itself, awaken but emotions of horror. One exception to the general spirit of gloom was the symbol of the cross, which they regarded as the emblem of a future life.

Our immediate ancestors, too, enjoyed their day of obitual design, in which they must stand acquitted of the imputation of being plagiarists from the stern Egyptians. Plagiarists! not they; in the grotesque and comic they revelled, in a way that would scandalize the shade of the most humorsome of the Ptolemies. Not escaped the observant eye, surely, have the gems of fat, chubby cherubs, with stubby wings, and mouths pursed up in Borean efforts on tall trumpets; and of languid-looking effigies, sailing aloft on luxurious feather-bed clouds, that adorn every old burial-ground. Of by no means so mirth-provoking a nature are the contemporaneous skull and cross-bones, often accompanied with the grim warning, "*Memento mori*," and the representation of the last enemy, bald-pated and scythe-armed, that tone down, by their charnelesque ugliness, the too lively effect of the other artistic figures.

Dr. Johnson, in his Essay on Epitaphs, recommends, in their composition, terseness, point, simplicity, and, more particularly, *truth*. Some are positive satires, so glaringly do they diverge from the last-named virtue. He quotes a very ancient one, which he deems a model of its kind:

> "Orate pro anima—miserrimi
> Peccatoris."

It was an address, he affirms, to the last degree striking and solemn, as it flowed naturally from the religion then believed, and awakened in the reader sentiments of benevolence for the deceased, and of concern for his own happiness. While we do not agree with the Spartans and Romans, who forbade epitaphs to any save those who fell in conflict, or had distinguished themselves by miraculous virtues or state services, yet would we wish a censorship established, which might restrict to the expression of religious hope or pious love the memorials of the departed. High-flown adulations of the dead are always in questionable taste; all displays of facetia are revolting; and essentially vile are profane or ludicrous metaphor, and the vulgar doggerels which often disfigure the monumental marble. It would be a sorry compliment to a person of literary erudition to suppose him to be ignorant of this pathetic jewel which has graced so many stones and

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prefaced so many obituary notices, with variations almost incredible:

"Affliction sore long time he bore,
Physicians' aid was vain;
Till Heaven did please to give him ease,
And free him from his pain, pain, pain,
And free him from his pain."

Or this:

"An honest man, a husband dear,
And *a* good Christian slumbers here."

The crime of desecrating the most sacred spot on earth by the use of such fulsome atrocities should be punishable by fine or imprisonment. Here is a sweet little poem from a stone in Derbyshire, England:

"The man that lies beneath this stone
Was for his honesty well known;
An industrious wife he had, and children kind,
Which gave great satisfaction to his mind;
His debts he paid; his grave you see!
Prepare yourself to follow he!"

Viewing it from all points, it is a profoundly suggestive paragraph, and by no means clear of the suspicion of being a bright scintillation of the genius of said "industrious wife." The fact, however, that "his debts he paid," is an important item of information, highly creditable to his integrity of soul, and forcibly reminds one of a circumstance related in the history of an illustrious prince-warrior, a son of the Fourth English Henry, who, dying while absent on a crusade, gave orders that his body should not receive sepulture until his debts were all paid. Were this observance followed in our day, an undesirable and unwholesome state of things would, it is to be feared, prevail. We remember of once reading an epitaph dedicated by a French woman to the memory of her spouse—we fear it may be found in the Cemetery of Père la Chaise—which struck us as being extremely comical. After recording his name and virtues, it proceeds to say that his disconsolate relict continues his late traffic (in teas and groceries, we think) in the Rue something, where she will sell on the most accommodating terms.

Terseness is frequently more expressive than the greatest redundancy of language, and on tombs it may be employed with finest effect. Byron, in a letter to a friend, adverts to the profound impression produced on his mind by seeing upon some tombs sententious inscriptions. He says: "Some

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of the epitaphs at the Certosa Cemetery, at Ferrara, pleased me more than the more splendid monuments at Bologna; for instance:

'Martini Luigi
Implora pace.'

Can any thing be more full of pathos? I hope whoever may survive me will see those two words, and no more, put over me." To those who believe in the efficacy of prayers for the repose of the departed, the words are fraught with import, though to us they are no more than a gentle sentiment. On a nameless monument in Worcester Cathedral, the single word "*Miserrimus*" claims from the passing stranger the tribute of a sigh; and "O rare Ben Jonson!" which, engraven upon a tablet that cost eighteen pence, may be seen any day at Westminster Abbey, is a well-known instance of conciseness. "Exit Burbage" is similarly laconic; but nothing can exceed in beauty an epitaph which a literary gentleman ordered should be inscribed upon his tomb-stone—"Finis." There is a certain fitness in the inscription which designates the sleeping-place of Tasso: "Here lie the bones of Tasso." It seems to disdain eulogium.

In Dart's erudite and celebrated History of Westminster Abbey, there is a poetical descant, tracing the progressive improvement in sepulchral architecture and monumental biography, from the earliest date of their commencement in England, down to the period at which the work was issued. Concerning the funeral customs of the very early ages, he says,

"But no vile epitaph bely'd the dead,
For with the corpse they enclos'd the lettered lead;"

showing that, at that rude period, the spirit of ostentation, which afterward so prevailed, was yet in a nascent state; for they merely carved the name of the deceased on a piece of lead, and laid it on the coffin.

A curious work, which lately fell into our hands, is entitled, "A Collection of American Epitaphs and Inscriptions, by Timothy Alden." It contains some rare specimens of funeral lore. One of the most unique gems upon which it has ever been our fortune to light, is from the tomb-stone of an eccentric gentleman of Virginia, who expressly enjoined it upon his administrator to see these words engraved thereupon—he died about 1750: "Here lies the body of John

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Custis, who died [*illegible*], aged 77 years, and yet lived but *seven*, being the time of his keeping a bachelor's house at A——, on the eastern shore of Virginia."

In the same book is a brace of others, nearly as quaint, although not acrimonious in nature. Their raciness is extremely refreshing. One is on a New England clergyman, who died in 1705:

> "Here, in a tyrant's hand, doth captive lie,
> A rare synopsis of divinity.
> Old patriarchs, prophets, gospel bishops meet,
> Under deep silence, in their winding sheet.
> All rest awhile, in hopes and full intent,
> When their King calls, to sit in Parliament."

Observe what a respectable company the worthy gentleman musters up; his predilections evidently were nicely aristocratic. The other of the twain strikes the ear with a measured military tramp—a roll of muffled drums, and a soul-piercing clang of band-metal:

> "Heare lyes our Captaine, and Major of Suffolk was withal,
> A goodly Magistrate was he, and Major Generall.
> Two troops of horse with him here come, such worth his love did crave,
> Ten companys of foot also mourning marcht to his grave.
> Let all that read, be sure to keep the faith as he has don;
> With Christ he lives now crowned. His name was Humphrey Atherton."

In the book of Judges, the stone of Abel is spoken of; from which an imaginative writer adduces the belief that it was a monument to the memory of the first martyr. He furthermore suggests the probability that the stone in question was inscribed with the epitaph, "Here was shed the blood of righteous Abel" (Matt. 23: 35). On this text he grounds his theory, but we have vainly sought for any authorization of it, either in this passage or elsewhere in Scripture. The poet Cowley may have been struck by a similarly brilliant idea; for, in treating of the death of Abel, he says of Cain:

> "I saw him fling the stone, as if he meant,
> At once his murther and his monument."

The allusion contained in these lines may, however, bear another interpretation. Throughout the principality of Wales are scattered many huge piles of stones, or *tumuli*, called the *Carneddan* or *Carnan;* among the most curious of which are those on *Pumlumon*, the *Carneddan Hevgwn*, and

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Carneddau y Gawres (the Giantess' Heaps), in Merionethshire, with some in Anglesea. An eminent antiquarian, Rowland, author of Mona Antiqua, opened one of the latter, and found therein deposited an urn, which led him to believe that the Carnedd examined was a sepulchral monument. It is generally believed by those versed in archæological lore, that, previous to the establishment of Christianity in Great Britain, stone-heaps were not merely thrown together to confirm and commemorate a covenant, but were also frequently erected over the graves of persons of distinction; and that, in conformity with a Scottish custom, every passenger, imbued with a decent respect for quiescent mortality, cast a stone on the pile, in lieu of the muttered *Requiescat in pace* of the Crusaders, and later adventure-seekers. It appears, that after the Christian practice of inhumation had been generally adopted, the *Carnedd*, instead of being a mark of honor and grateful homage, was appropriated to murderers and criminals. A writer on the subject says that the origin of this custom, among the Welch and the Highlanders of Scotland, is to be traced far away into the darkness of antiquity, probably to the earliest period of Druidism. In the book of Joshua, we learn that Achan, for his theft of the Babylonish spoil, was stoned to death by the Israelites, and buried underneath a great heap of those missiles in the valley of Achor; and the same writer suggests that the resemblance between the Hebrew word *Garnaid* and the ancient British *Carnedd* (both signifying a heap of stones) may tend to establish the identity of the usage thus adopted by the two nations. It is, moreover, probable that the custom of burying malefactors in this manner, as well as individuals of celebrity, may have originally prevailed in England, and that upon the introduction of Christianity the former description alone were buried in this way. "Nor was the usage confined to the Hebrews and Britains. Homer obviously alludes to a similar practice in the following passage, in a speech of Hector to Paris, when the former is haughtily predicting the fall of his adversary, in the contest that was about to ensue between them:

> 'For surely shalt thou now,
> For thy misdeeds, thy *garb of stone* assume:'

which seems to imply that the *tumuli* under consideration were also among the Greeks appropriated to persons of infamous character."

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The first monumental stone for the dead mentioned, is the one erected over Rachel by her husband, Jacob. The cave of Macpelah was, undoubtedly, of the simplest construction, more the work of nature than of art; and it is interesting to note, that in negotiating for it, Abraham was careful to include the trees which shaded and ornamented the environs. Purely the creation of art were those royal tombs, the Pyramids; and from them, to keep pace with the growth of pomp and magnificence, down through the lapse of ages, the rage for splendid mausolea became so great, and the honors lavished upon the dead so extravagant, as to be attended with no slight inconvenience to the surviving friends. There is in Agra a tomb over a queen, which employed in its erection, during the space of twenty-two years, twenty thousand workmen and artists. The Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans exceeded all other nations in the honors and tender care which they bestowed upon their dead. To their repose were consecrated the most beautiful and picturesque spots without the limits of the cities, which were embellished by every charm that skill could devise. Murmuring fountains, forests of superb trees and ornamental shrubbery, and ever-varying blossoms, attested the might of nature's handicraft; while magnificent sculptures, and stately mausolea and cenotaphs, showed the power of art. "*Sit tibi terra levis*" (May the earth rest light on thee!) was, with the Romans, a favorite inscription; and on one very ancient tomb was inscribed "*Quietorium*" (resting-place). Dr. Johnson affirms, that one of the first distinctions of the primitive Christians was their neglect of bestowing garlands and other funeral honors on the dead; "for," said one of their apologists, "we lavish no flowers nor odors on the dead, because they have no sense of fragrance or of beauty." One of the most eminent of the early fathers of the Church—St. Augustine—taking the view of the subject which is most commonly entertained, says: "The care of funerals, the place of sepulture, and the pomp of obsequies, are rather consolations to the living, than any benefit to the dead."

The burial customs of different nations are possessed of singular interest; and the grand pageant, moving by torchlight to the ancestral vault, or the simple village train, bearing, with songs of holy resignation, a companion to his silent home, are, to a reverential spirit, equally invested with deep solemnity. As we are told in classic story, even the rudest

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nations cherished within their hearts the sentiment aptly expressed by Young—

> "The dead, how sacred!
> Sacred is the dust of this Heaven-labored form,
> Erect, divine;"

and regarded the relics of their friends with a veneration not seldom amounting to idolatry, and a tenderness frequently refused to the living. "He that hath the ashes of his friend," says Sir Thomas Browne, "hath an everlasting treasure;" and the Scandinavians believed that severe sufferings to the departed spirit were the consequences of any profanation of the sepulchre. The most beautiful votive offerings to the manes of the deceased have ever been fresh flowers and odorous shrubs. Flowers, "the illuminated scriptures of the prairie" and mountain, have always been considered the sweetest emblems of love and memory. The asphodel was used in funeral solemnities, because it was believed that the shades of the departed walked in vast groves of it, where they quaffed from the fountain of oblivion. Chaplets of amaranth were bestowed upon the quiet sleepers, as that flower was sacred to immortality. The ancients were also wont to burn the berries of the juniper at their obsequies, in order to drive away any evil spirits that might be hovering nigh, that plant being supposed to be peculiarly obnoxious to demons. The Troglodytes attached branches of the hawthorn—the symbol of hope—to the dead bodies of their friends, and also threw boughs of it into the grave, at interment. Irving tells us, that at Latium it is customary to place a branch of cypress before the door of a house where there is one dead. A very pretty custom prevails among the natives of Bengal and the coast of Malabar. The mourners bring cages filled with birds to the graves of their friends, over which they set the winged captives at liberty. "The Jews," says Camden, "anointed the dead bodies, wrapped them in sindon, layed them on covered sepulchres, hewed out of stone; the Egyptians embalmed and filled them with odoriferous spices, preserving them in glasse or coffins; the Assyrians in wax or honey; the Scythians carried about the cleansed carkases to the friends of the deceased for forty dais, with solemn banquet. And that wee may not particulate, the Romans so far exceeded in funeral honours and ceremonies, with oyntments, images, bonfires of most precious woods, sacrifices and banquets, burning their dead bodies

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untill about the time of Theodosius, that laws were enacted to restraine the excesse."

Three methods of burial, mummification, incineration, and inhumation, have been in use from the earliest ages, and have, perhaps, equally prevailed among different nations. The first was practised by the Egyptians, with a view to the resurrection or resumption of the body, which they believed would take place at the expiration of three thousand years. The antiquity of the second method, that of burning the dead, reaches as high as the Theban War, when sundry of its defunct heroes were consumed with vast solemnities. In the interior nations of Asia, the practice of cremation is of very ancient date, and the custom extended to many of the Western countries. It was held in such repute, that some were precluded from the privilege; as young infants, those who were killed by lightning, and suicides. The Romans, in the most ancient times, appear to have practised inhumation, or burial of the dead; but having, from the Sybaritic Greeks, borrowed the revolting custom of burning, soon the blazing *Bustum* and its fragrant fumes disputed favor with the fresh, calm grave. For either ceremony, the deceased was crowned with flowers, and arrayed in his richest habit. The Greeks and Romans had funeral games, which, in the former nation, consisted chiefly of horse-races; and the garlands given to victors on the occasion were usually made of parsley, which was thought to have some relation to the dead. The rites of the Romans were of a fiercer and sterner kind, for sometimes mortal combats of gladiators took place around the funeral *pyra*. After the burning, the ashes were gathered, and the officiating priest, sprinkling the assembly thrice with clean water, while the eldest of the *Præfacæ* cried aloud *Ilicet*, dismissed the people, who took their leave of the deceased in this form: *Vale, vale, vale; nos te ordine quo natura permiserit cuncti sequemur.* Could any thing be more touching and impressive! Both burning and burial prevailed until the introduction and adoption of Christianity, and the former fell into disuse about the end of the fourth century. Burning was so revolting to the ideas of the Persians and Egyptians, that the keenest insult which Cambyses could offer to the memory of Amasis, king of Egypt, and the manner in which he could best manifest his rage against him, was to cause his remains to be taken from the royal tomb, and, after savage indignities, to be burnt in his presence.

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Many funeral customs of the ancients were somewhat unpleasant to the compulsory actors therein, and savored a trifle of barbarity. If we may credit Herodotus, the officers and courtiers of the Scythian court must have experienced not a little trepidation on the demise of one of their kings. That sage historian relates, that after being embalmed and wrapped in waxed clothes or cerements, the body of the defunct ruler was placed in a gayly decorated chariot, and paraded from city to city, in order that his late subjects might be blessed with a glimpse of one whom, perchance, in life they heartily detested. Afterwards came the ceremony of interment. A huge pit was dug, in which was deposited the royal body, and with it his choicest wife, his chief cup-bearer, his chamberlain, his master of horse, his secretary of state, and a few other prime favorites, who, can it be doubted, scuffled with and buffeted one another for the honor of being thus slaughtered. Several horses, costly drinking vessels, and furniture were added, after which the grave was filled in with earth. But let it not be supposed that the ceremonies ended here: no, indeed; for on the anniversary of his interment, the loyal lieges, who, on the first occasion, had been defrauded of their right to be slain, had a fresh chance; for the powers that were, cut the throats of fifty more of the dead king's officers, and of the same number of horses; and having caused them all to be prepared and handsomely stuffed for the purpose, mounted the officers on the horses around the royal tomb, to attend their master, should he deem it necessary to require their services. In describing this ceremony, Rollin naïvely remarks, "Whether employments that terminated in this manner were much sought after, I will not determine;" but some satirist of our own day declares, that if the *plague* had offices to bestow, it would be courted. Verily is human nature an enigma.

The ancients buried without their cities and towns; a usage which prevailed equally among Jews, Greeks, and Romans. The usual places of interment were in the suburbs and fields, but especially by the waysides. Intramural interment was prohibited, although a few, for singular merit or dazzling achievements, were buried within the cities. To inure the youth to the aspect of death, the Lacedemonians were permitted by Lycurgus to bury in the city and around the temples. The bodies of heroes, especially, were buried

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with superb honors, in order to impress powerfully on the minds of the rising generation the grand maxim,

"Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori;"

which, doubtless, then as now, was a favorite one with those home warriors, who, though determined themselves to *live* for her, are, nevertheless, entirely willing, nay, anxious, that their neighbors should immolate themselves upon her altar. During the first three centuries, burying in cities was not permitted by the early Christians, and in churches it was altogether interdicted until long after.

We observe, in a recent work, entitled, "Burning the Dead, or Urn Sepulture," that some persons have been libelling human nature in the nineteenth century, by advocating a resort to the practice of cremation, on the plea that the dead encroach upon the territories of the living, to the detriment of health and convenience, and this, too, while vast tracts of land are lying waste in pleasure-parks and forests. The mere suggestion kindles within us a flame of wrath. Sooner, ten thousand times sooner, would we consign the body of our friend to the tender mercies of the deep, or even to the fearful burial-pits of Naples, than be guilty of thus accelerating the dissolution which is the office only of kindly nature. We sympathize with the Egyptians in their fond anxiety to preserve by antiseptic arts the dead from decay; but from the funeral *pyra* of heathen Rome we recoil with disgust and loathing, and esteem it sacrilegious and revolting, though kindled with the most precious materials that the universe affords. A French chemist, it is said with the approbation of the French government, has proposed a method for superseding cemeteries by great edifices termed sarcophagi, wherein all bodies may be reduced to ashes in a few moments. He follows the description of his plan with the brilliant suggestion that it might also be the means of inaugurating a new era in art. "Who," says he, "would not wish to preserve the ashes of his ancestor? The funeral urn may soon replace, on our consoles and mantel-pieces, the ornaments of bronze clocks and china vases now found there." The amiable genius which, for infantile amusement, prompted the construction of toy guillotines, with their frightful paraphernalia, would, were this system to be adopted, have a rich field of operation in manufacturing for children, from the remains of parents and friends, all manner of dainty playthings, such as marbles, tops, and balls. What exhilarating sport it would be for a group of

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urchins to knuckle down at taw with pockets full of old grandparents and other reverend kin! The idea is expansive, and opens a brilliant vein of thought. By the exercise of a little graceful ingenuity, the taste of every description of mourner might be gratified. The antiquarian might be modelled into a Grecian cresset or Roman vase; the philosopher into the head of a walking-stick or snuff-box; the dreamy student into a fancy meerschaum. The artist might still subserve his darling profession in a tube of mummy, or as the knob of a maul-stick; the musician as piano or organ-keys; the author as an inkstand or penholder; and the gamester could then literally hazard his all upon a *die*. The vaporish belle would make a capital vinaigrette; and the busy housewife one of the numerous insignia of housekeeping. Confusion to every such suggestion—may they all end in smoke!

ART. IV.—1. *Della Literatura Italiana nella seconda metà del Sicolo XVIII. Opera di* CAMILLO UGONI. 3 vols. Brescia.

2. *Famiglie Celebri Italiane del* C. POMPEO LITTA. Milan.

3. *Storia di Napoli dal* 1734 *at* 1825. Del GEN. COLLETTA.

4. *Teatro Comico dell'* AVVOCATO ALBERTO NOTA. 5 vols. Livorno.

THE contemporary literature of Italy is so little known in this country, that the general impression, even among our educated classes, is, that there is no longer any intellectual activity among the countrymen of Virgil and Horace, Dante and Tasso, Michael Angelo and Machiavelli. Our main object in the present article will be, to show that this is a mistake; and, although our limits will not admit of extended extracts, we feel satisfied that the specimens we shall give, even at random, from comparatively recent works, will agreeably undeceive many. It is true, indeed, that neither the eighteenth nor the nineteenth century has produced such intellectual giants as any of those mentioned, and whose names have rendered Italy more illustrious than any other country in the world, save Greece alone. But a similar remark may be made in reference to England and France, as well as to Spain. Even Germany, whose intellect may be said to be the youngest, compared to the principal nations of Europe, can boast no living Goethe, Schiller, or Klopstock.

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Not to mention Shakespeare, Burke, Bacon, or Swift, England has no longer such thinkers as Pope, Addison, Dryden, Locke, and Newton. Still less can France boast such men as Corneille, Racine, Boileau, and Fénélon. We might easily extend the comparison, but this is sufficient.

It may be replied, that, if the countries mentioned have exhibited a falling off in this way, they still afford evidence of considerable intellectual activity. This is true—they exhibit more to foreign nations than Italy; nay, they really are more intellectually active. But there are reasons enough for this, without attributing it to the degeneracy of the Italian race. Almost from the time of Tasso to the present, the greater part of Italy has been under a foreign yoke; to a considerable extent, the Italian mind has been fettered. But, had full liberty of thought and speech been allowed, political inferiority, and consequent poverty, would be sufficient to account for the comparative obscurity of Italian writers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

It is with nations as with individuals, in this as in many other cases. If a wealthy and powerful man writes a book, it is sure to be talked of; if it has any merits, they are sure to be extolled; whether it has or not, it will get many to commend it; whereas, if a poor man perform a similar feat, except there is something extraordinary in his book, or that a rich man, or an author already famous, is supposed to have written it, the probability is that it will fall still-born from the press. Nay, much depends on the wealth, or supposed wealth, of the publisher who issues a book. If he is poor and can only issue one at long intervals, it is either "killed with faint praise," or ignored altogether; whereas, if it bears the imprint of one who issues a large number of volumes annually, and who is willing to appreciate any efficient aid in bringing the same before the public, the case is entirely reversed. Many a true genius has been discouraged in this way. No amount of praise and encouragement can, indeed, render mediocrity immortal; but it often establishes a reputation which lasts for a decade, if not for a lifetime.

Because France and England are the wealthiest and most powerful nations in Europe, their literatures are the most generally read in proportion. The character of the language, too, has considerable influence in contributing to the fame of authors. The French is more attractive than the English, hence it is more studied—no other language of ancient or modern times approaches nearer to the character of a univer-

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sal language; and just in proportion as it is thus universal has the author who writes in it a superior opportunity of rendering himself famous.* But the Italian language is comparatively little studied out of Italy. This has been the case since the downfall of the Republics of the middle ages. As long as these were powerful and carried on an extensive commerce with the other great nations of the earth, even fourth-rate Italian authors might aspire to be read from one end of Europe to the other—authors much inferior to many of the present day, who are scarcely ever heard of beyond the Alps, or, if read by a few in France and Germany, are entirely unknown in England and America. Independently of these facts, we should bear in mind that, if few Italian authors of the present day are read in England or America, few English or American books are read in Italy. If we make due allowance for the political importance of England and America in comparison with Italy, we shall find that, judging from what they see and hear, the Italians have as good reason to charge us with intellectual degeneracy as we have to charge them. Nay, indeed, a good deal more; for if they do not furnish us many books, we are forced to admit that they still furnish us the best specimens of sculpture and painting in the world, not to mention their musical compositions, which are the delight of all nations.

But, as we shall presently show, they furnish us good books also, at least they produce such, and if we do not avail ourselves of them, the fault is not theirs. Let us first bear in mind that Italian literature is the oldest of modern Europe. While the darkness of barbarism brooded over almost every other country in Europe, the minstrels of Italy were chanting their songs of love and chivalry, and Italian romancists invented stories that were listened to with avidity from the Tagus to the Vistula. When Dante wrote his *Divina Commedia*, no other modern nation in Europe could boast a first-class thinker, and he was immediately followed by Petrarch and Boccaccio. No more delightful authors have ever written anywhere than these; the illustrious trio have again and again been translated into every language in Europe; yet there is much in each which only the learned, even of their

* "The French," says Corniani, "found first the art of distributing, with measure and taste, a certain sum of knowledge and ideas—the modern art, in short, of making books. They introduced in their works clearness and precision, an easy manner of expression, with a befitting proportion of ornaments."

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own countrymen, can understand, which proves that they not only possessed genius of a high order, but much of the profound and mysterious erudition of antiquity. By this means they exercised an influence on the mode of thinking of the rest of Europe which few can estimate at its just value. For example, those who have borrowed most, even from Boccaccio, cannot comprehend one-fourth of his allusions. What one critic praises in his writings, is censured by another; what one regards as unpardonable obscenity and an incentive to vice, is proved by another to inculcate the most beautiful moral precepts. This is well explained by Rossetti in his criticisms on the *Divina Commedia*.

"That a great part," he says, "of those literary productions which have hitherto been regarded by us as works of amusement, as poetical trifles, as romances, amatory verses, or heavy and tedious treatises, are writings in which are enveloped hidden doctrines and mysterious rites, transmitted from early ages, and that those parts of their contents which have the appearance of fantastic fables contain a mass of unknown history, expressed in a peculiar cipher, which preserves the memory of the secret labors of our ancestors.

"That the obscurity for which these are frequently remarkable is purposely produced by deep study; and that if that obscurity has not been hitherto dissipated (of which the comedy of Dante offers the first proof), this has proceeded not from the want of those who could have dissipated it, but from the danger of doing so, and the necessity of silence. That the most famous learned and literary men of various ages and languages in Europe were for the most part pupils of this mysterious school, which, in the constant pursuit of its objects, never failed to seek out eminent talents, in order to convert their possessors into coöperators in its bold designs. That the modern civilization of Europe is in great part the matured fruit of the operations of this school, which labored directly or indirectly, by a vast number of works, to instruct the nations, and prepare them for the arrival of a great event. That after the decay of the Latin tongue it was this school which devoted itself, in the countries where that language had prevailed, to the cultivation of the popular dialects, and which gradually ennobled and perfected them, and enriched them with various productions calculated to enlighten mankind."*

* *Comento Analitico* di Gabrielle Rossetti, pp. 84–5.

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It is not only the great representative authors of Italy that have evinced a familiarity with the mysterious knowledge here alluded to. We find evidence of the same in many of the Italian works of the seventeenth century, although the heavy yoke of Spain did much to extinguish it. Of the writers who still combined learning with genius, were the poets Guidi, Tassoni, Filicaja, the Jesuits Bartoli and Segneri, the historians Davilla and Sarpi, the scientific discoverers Galileo, Cassini, Malphigi and Torricelli, not to mention Salvator Rosa, Campanella, &c. The majority of these would have become illustrious in any other country; but the fame of Dante and Petrarch eclipsed that of all the other poets; while the fame of Galileo had a similar effect on the great mathematicians and discoverers of his time. Hence it was that nearly two centuries ago Italians were sneered at, as they are now, as having degenerated in intellect. Even thinkers like Fontenelle, Boileau and Voltaire did not scruple to write epigrams on Italian writers who had scarcely ever an equal in France. It was not want of taste or judgment, nor yet prejudice that caused this, but ignorance of the Italian language, though nowhere else was it so much studied as in France. In England and Germany it was regarded as fit only for poetry. It was deemed unsuited for the higher flights even of poetry—for all save amatory poetry; and this for no better reason than that Dante, conscious as he was of his genius, did not attempt a regular epic, and that Petrarch succeeded only in his amatory effusions—his more serious efforts having immediately fallen into oblivion.

All this, however, did not prevent the Italians from continuing to emulate the efforts of their illustrious countrymen, so that the eighteenth century exhibited yet another intellectual revival in Italy, producing such thinkers, in various departments of science, literature, and the arts, as Gianone, Metastasio, Vico, Maffei, and Muratori. It is interesting to observe that, in proportion as the government was mild and indulgent, literature improved. Under the domination of Spain, thought was all but stifled. If a great author appeared here and there, it was one whose thoughts burst forth impatient of control, like an eruption of Vesuvius or Etna. Not that Italy was altogether free from a foreign yoke in the eighteenth century. Lombardy was an Austrian province, as Venice is now, and Austrian influence prevailed throughout the peninsula; but it was different then from what it is at present. The reign of Maria Theresa especially was distin-

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guished by a degree of mildness, which may be truly called paternal—surely as much so as that of any of the native princes. Any one who visits Milan may see evidence of this to the present day, for there is scarcely a Milanese family of any respectable standing who have not a painting or statuette—at least a tiny marble bust—of the good Empress. No other sovereign of her time interfered less with the liberty of the press; and the results of this, as compared to the previous state of affairs, were soon apparent to all Europe. "It was then," says Ugoni, "that the writers of Italy separated into two families; the one consisting of worshippers of the past, the others of partisans of emancipation. The former pleaded the cause of ancient literature in those hallowed regions, and under the same sky where the Latin muses had long and nobly held their sway. The others maintained that the spirit and taste of literature ought to follow the bent of the social system; they demonstrated the weakening effects of an imitation protracted through centuries, imitation which at last had reduced itself to the external form and moulding of the works of the classics, after the spirit had long fled and was irrevocably lost."*

We now pass on rapidly to the beginning of the present century, when we still find such names in Italian literature as Pellico, Vico, Monti, Genovesi, Manzoni, Pagano, Grossi, Foscolo, and Nicolini. Several of these had witnessed the results of the French Revolution and the wars of Napoleon. A fragment of an ode by Manzoni, on the death of young Napoleon, will serve at once as a pretty fair specimen of Italian poetry of the present day, and at the same time give an idea of the sentiments of the Italian people towards the fallen conqueror. Those acquainted with the language will be glad to find it copied here, though only in the form of a note, as there are but few, if any, of the author's works which contain it, and we subjoin a translation for the benefit of those who need it, but without pretending to give any adequate idea of the tenderness and vigor of the original:

"Appear not, ye radiant suns—ye thoughts of war! Hush, stories and songs of his own native land!—wherefore a cradle and a grave do ye wish to show him? Of what stars flamed forth on the father, let the son be ignorant: let him not know the vast empire—the deeds—*the exile*—of the man the seas and the storms feared to confine. Tell me, O son of the

* *Della Litteratura Italiana nella seconda metà del Secolo XVIII.*

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exile, what has thy heart experienced when thinking of the fate of Asia and of Europe—appear to rise again for thee the days that are dead! when the world tells thee of the subdued nations, and the throne of the West—the victories, the horrid retreat, and the fallen, abandoned royal home! O, how many will believe they hear, when they speak to thee, a murmur of his voice—an echo—the voice that flew over the ocean—which filled the whole earth! As the generous *offspring of the eagle through its grated cage glares vainly on the sun to which it would strain its strong wings*, so in the obscure idleness of the watched palace did the prisoner long for the light of events and deeds, for a life which towers over wounds and dangers. And since it was forbidden him to traverse the earth stamped by his father with the deep traces of war, he desired to sink into it, and there he laid his mortal part. And through the unremitting strength of grief without tears, which preyed continually on his earthly mantle, his spirit conquered for itself liberty immortal. In the unawakenable sleep hast thou shut thine eyes, O youth! never mayest thou wend thy dubious way through forests of arms, nor after a victory check thy charger. Never does the splendid column* raise its triumphal imagery of trophies to my eyes, but thine homage offers itself to the innost vision of my thoughts."†

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* Vendome.

† Non gli apparite, O fulgidi
Soli, O pensier di guerra!
Tacete, O storie, O cantici
Della natal sua terra!
Perchè una culla e un feretro
Volete a lui scoprir?

Quai soli fiammeggiarono
Sul padre, ignori il figlio:
Non sappia il vasto imperio,
Le geste, nè l'esiglio
Dell' uom che i mari e i turbini
Temean di custodir.
* * *
Dimmi, o figliuol dell' Esule,
Ciò ch' ha il tuo cor provato
Quando, in pensar dell' Asia,
E dell' Europa il fato,
Parean per te risorgere
I giorni che morir!

Quando i soggetti popoli,
E il trono d' Occidente,
E le vittorie, e l' orrida
Ritratta, e la cadente,
Abbandonata reggia
Il mondo ti narrò!

Oh quanti udir credeano,
Quando parlavan teco,
Della sua voce un fremito,
Della sua voce un' eco!
Essa volò sul pelago,
Essa la terra emprè.
* * *
Qual, rapita, dell' Aquila
La generosa prole
Per la ferrata gabbia
S' affisa invan nel sole,
Ver cui vorrebbe stendere
Il veloce poter;

Tal nell' oscura inerzia
Di vigilata reggia,
Luce d' eventi e d' opere,
E vita che grandeggia
D' affanni e di pericoli,
Bramava il prigionier.

E poi che a lui vietavasi
Di correre la terra
Impressa delle patrie
Profonde orme di guerra,
Desiderò di scendervi,
E vi depose il fral.

E per forza recondita
Di dolor senza pianto
Che consumò continuo
Della sua polve il manto,
Vendicossi in perpetua
Liberta l' immortal.

Nel sonno ineccitabile
Gli occhi, o garzon, chiudesti,
Nè mai per entro a dubbia
Selva d' armi movesti
Obbliquo, o per vittoria
Fermasti il tuo corsier.

Mai la Colonna* splendida
Altezza di trofei
La trionfale immagine
Non offre agli occhi miei,
Che la tua non percotami
La vista del pensier.

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Passing over at least a dozen of authors of undoubted genius, we come to Monti and Foscolo. The former, as well as the latter, is the founder of a school, but one that has few, if any, representatives at the present day. Both authors died the same year—1827; both were highly popular in their lifetime; but Foscolo is much better remembered than Monti. The latter was one of the first of modern writers, who performed the part of a critic fearlessly. Whether he has done more good as a poet than as a critic, is a question much discussed by his countrymen, though it is generally admitted on the Continent, as well as in Italy, that his poetical writings have not been surpassed by any of his contemporaries. Be this as it may, he set the dictatorship of the Academies at defiance, composed, as their judicial committees were, of men who had each distinguished himself in one department or other of literature, science, or the arts. Prior to his time, all who hoped to secure a respectable position as authors had to fashion their style according to the classic models. But Monti acknowledged no model; he treated every new subject in a new style, and overwhelmed with ridicule those who criticised him for doing so. The most successful authors of his time and country feared him on this account. Even Foscolo formed no exception, and he did all in his power to conciliate the critic.* But Monti was stern and inflexible. In this respect

* Of this we see an interesting proof in Foscolo's letters. There is one so characteristic of both authors—in short, so valuable a curiosity—one that so completely lifts the curtain—that, although it is of considerable length, we do not hesitate to transcribe it here, omitting a small portion. It reminds us of Locke's letter to Sir Isaac Newton, written under somewhat similar circumstances, though there is this difference: that the great English philosopher was not afraid of the great astronomer and discoverer. Foscolo's letter is dated June 18, 1810.

"I send you," he says, "a little book, in which to give the lie to the report of our being at open war. I have spoken of you. But I have spoken of you for the last time. It is proper I should tell you why. o o o o o

"The same heat which hour after hour makes you friend and enemy of some man or other, has led you to believe and to repeat *several accusations against me*. I know that some persons, amongst others Mustoxidi and Pieri (to whom I gave perhaps moderate praise, not from want of esteem, but because I am not in the habit of giving or receiving Pindaric laudations in prose), have told you that I spoke ill of your *Homer*. I did say, indeed, that several things in the first book did not please me, but that the second, on the contrary, appeared to me to be admirably translated (Monti had criticised him in the mean time). However, although I could read in your countenance the irritation which others had fomented, I contented myself with speaking of it with some bluntness to the Creons, always expecting that you would come to ask me an explanation as frankly as you have done at other times, when, for instance, Ceretti played

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there was much in his character to remind one of Swift. He was quite as fond of using the lash as the Dean, but he wanted the genius of the author of "A Tale of a Tub." And it was well for those who took most pains to secure his friendship that it was so. It is not strange that an author of this character should himself have been severely criticised when his retaliation was no longer feared. While alive, and in the full enjoyment of his faculties, no author of his time was more praised. The most successful of his countrymen—those who might well claim to be his rivals in poetry, if not in criticism—did not scruple to compare him to Dante and Petrarch. Manzoni has gone farther still; for he compares him to Virgil in melody, and to Dante in grandeur and greatness of soul.

"Salvi o divino a cui largi natura
Il cor di Dante e del suo Duca il canto
Questa fia il grido dell' età futura;
Ma l' età che fu tua tel dice in pianto."

But once unable to criticise, as he was for some three years before his death, he was assailed by some of the very men who had been most extravagant in his praise. In short, the most elaborate efforts were made, to prove that he possessed no genius for poetry; and that whatever was worthy of being remembered in his writings had been stolen from others—often from those against whom his fiercest invec-

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the Creon towards us. You have not done so; but you *go about saying and writing that I am hated even by those who welcome me to their houses.* They write to me from Mantua, that you now condemn those same literary opinions, which you have so often applauded in me as just and virtuous. I have in my hand a letter to that effect, which has been written by you against me—an old friend—to some new friends. This document and those reports have been sent to me without any request on my part, and I defy the world to find a letter of mine which speaks of you otherwise than to praise your works. (Who will deny that this was a moving appeal to his forbearance?) Be more prudent, then, in writing against old friends, and in trusting yourself to new ones. Know at once that for several years they have been looking for an adversary for you, of greater eminence than the Giannis, the Coureils, the Lampredis, and less easily pacified than the Bettinellis and the Mazzas. For some years many people have believed *that you fear me for my manner of thinking, and that I envy you for your manner of writing.* I will furnish you a thousand instances of the zeal with which I have everywhere in public protected your name from calumny, even to the extent of *publicly giving a blow to one who was aspersing you, and bringing on myself a duel.* Now-a-days these same wretches divide into parties, attach themselves to me; others, by their speeches and writings, wish to excite us to the field; and as fast as I drive the whole set away from me, they will go to swell your party.

"As for me, *I will cut off my hand before writing a single word against you.* I know that you have said in several places that I am the *court Cato*, and that you

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tives had been directed. It is incredible to those who have paid no attention to the subject, what a vast amount of research, talent, and erudition has been brought to bear on his writings in this way, with a view of depreciating them. For a time the attempt was successful, though, with all his faults, Monti did not want defenders—even among those he had most mercilessly criticised. The public were made to believe that he was better entitled to the character of a plagiarist than of a poet; but the grass had scarcely time to grow over his grave, when the same public again betook itself to the eager perusal of his works. It was remembered that, if he was not a great poet, he was at least the first, since the time of Dante, to attempt innovations in political ideas as well as in ideas purely literary. Even the Academies admitted, when too late, that his death was a national loss; and that his writings deserved to be ranked with the best of those of his contemporaries. The revival thus caused has again subsided; but he is quite as much read at the present day as Wordsworth or Coleridge—in the opinion of respectable French critics, as much even as Byron or Moore. This is undoubtedly an exaggeration of his popularity; but he is surely popular enough, and possesses sufficient intrinsic merit to render it strange that so little is known about him in this country. Not a few of his lyrical effusions are worthy of

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have meanly alleged as a proof, a salute that I gave, whilst walking to the carriage of the *Gran Giudice*. I know that you have threatened to *scatter the dust of my tombs*." (An allusion to the "I Sepolcri.") "Monti! we shall both go down to the tomb; you the more lauded, doubtless, and I, perhaps, the more mourned. Eulogium will speak in your epitaph; and in mine—I am sure of it—will be read, that born and bred with strong and bad passions, I have yet preserved my pen unpolluted by falsehood, but perhaps my name will be buried with me.

"Of my writings you will speak as you please; for myself, I shall forget that you have praised them. But since many of our fellow-citizens may not forget it, leave to Lampredi, to Guillon, to Lattanzi, and their companions, *the business of tearing me to pieces*. (No child could dread the rod more.) They will add personal malignity towards *the enemy of the courtiers and grandees of my time*, a malignity which will do me more harm than all their literary criticisms. You have condemned these men to infamy; and now, to earn your friendship, *they offer me to you, as the sacrifice of reconciliation*. Let them, *my dear Monti;* but, for the love of heaven, do not fraternize anew with them. Let them, and welcome, live in their illusions, so the Philebi who torment you will leave you in peace, and they will lose their time in barking round me. Myself—I am more patient and more hard of hearing. The wretches cannot rob me of my name. As for places and favors, you know that I have none, and that I have no fear of losing any. *Nevertheless, if you should attack me, by writing, or rather, by speaking, as you are accustomed to do, in the unhappy moments of your passion, I shall be silent;* but beware, for the heart of many an Italian breast will, perhaps, with a shuddering indignation, respond for me....Ugo Foscolo."

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comparison with those even of Petrarch. The first and last cantos in his *Mascheroniana* are worth an octavo volume of modern poetry; the whole poem deserves to be translated into English, as it has been into French and German, and, we believe, into Spanish.

Those aware of the amount of labor performed by Foscolo, as a critic, may well wonder at his being so much afraid of the criticisms of Monti. During his residence in England, he contributed to all the principal Reviews, especially to "The Quarterly," and "Edinburgh," in each of which he has written admirable papers on Dante, Tasso, Alfieri, &c. But in none of his criticisms is he satirical; his object is more to discover beauties than to expose faults. Had he been of an ill-natured disposition, he had ample opportunity, in the two great English Reviews, to avenge himself of all his countrymen who had sought to depreciate his writings, and who had caused him that pain which he scarcely makes any effort to conceal in his letters to Monti. His revenge might have been complete, since there is scarcely one of his purely literary contributions to those journals which was not immediately translated into Italian, and reproduced in the principal periodicals of Sardinia, Venice, Tuscany, and Naples. There is every reason to believe that, at all events, it was not for want of courage he forbore to retaliate on his detractors; it was precisely because he was bold, fearless, and impatient of wrong, that he was forced to abandon his beloved country, at a time when she was most in need of his services. Even Napoleon failed to intimidate Foscolo; and he was equally proof against the conqueror's offers of patronage and honors. This was well illustrated in his celebrated Address before the Congress of Lyons, which was convoked by order of Napoleon, whom he was expected to eulogize. Indeed, it was expressly for this purpose he was invited. But how did he perform his task? The following extract, from the Address itself, is the best answer to the question. The conqueror was astonished to find that, instead of his being addressed as the greatest man the ancient or modern world had seen, he was simply told:

"There is not one, of all thy splendid qualities, but meets with its counterpart in history: in the impenetrable policy of Tiberius; in the philosophical spirit of Marcus Aurelius, and in that patron of letters, Leo X. If many noble and brilliant examples like these were, as we are assured, more or less stained with crimes, that was, because they were men, and

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mortals, *as thou, too, art*. Let us recollect that it was the voice of *undaunted posterity, and not the hopes or fears of their contemporaries*, which pronounced final sentence upon their tombs. Innumerable and illustrious examples have rendered sacred, by its fulfillment, that maxim of the wise of old: '*No one ought to pronounce himself fortunate before his death.*'"

It is to the honor of Napoleon that he not only allowed him to give free expression to his opinions, but shook him warmly by the hand after he had concluded his Address. "I do not object," said Napoleon, "to your reminding me that I have been excelled by others, but I have a request to ask of you—it is this, that whatever you say of me as an individual you will not exercise the influence of a poet and orator to the prejudice of my government. Yet, why do I ask you, for I know you love Italy too well to speak against one who, I am sure you will admit, has already done much to render her prosperous and happy." As might have been expected, this made a deep impression on the poet, though it failed to produce the effect intended by Napoleon. Foscolo did not, indeed, expressly oppose his government, for he gave him credit for good intentions towards Italy. Soon after, Monti was appointed Historiographer of the kingdom of Italy, and Foscolo received the appointment of Professor of Literature in the University of Pavia, with the information that he would have a higher salary than any of his predecessors, not excepting Monti. In this position, too, it was expected that, according to established custom, he would pronounce a eulogy on the existing government. Monti had done so, and, with the exception of the incident already mentioned, there was no reason to apprehend that he would not do the same, especially as he had been treated so kindly by Napoleon. But, instead of a eulogy, his very first lecture consisted of an earnest and powerful invective against the baseness and depravity of those writers who prostitute their talents to the cause of tyrants and the enslavement of their country. The rest of the faculty got frightened, and reminded him of the invariable custom of his predecessors; but his only reply was, "that it belonged to history alone to do full justice to the character of great sovereigns." It was thought he would be dismissed at once, but Napoleon had better sense. In reply to those who complained of the rashness of the poet-professor, he remarked that it was better to convince him of his error by improving the condition of his country, than by

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punishing him for what he evidently regarded as a solemn duty. But another lecture, delivered three months after, changed his mind to some extent. It was intimated to the Professor that he ought now to do what he had omitted at his inauguration; at least, that he ought to make such remarks as would counteract any injurious effect that might have been produced by his disparaging allusions on the occasion referred to, and that he could do so without any sacrifice of principle, since Napoleon was daily giving new proofs of his disposition to contribute in every way in his power to the prosperity of Italy. Had his advisers confined themselves to this, they would probably have succeeded, but they reminded him, in conclusion, that all the other Italian poets and authors who were favored with the patronage of the government did not hesitate to give Napoleon that credit for noble intentions towards their beloved country which was not denied him even by his enemies. Foscolo listened patiently, until they had exhausted all their arguments, and then replied sarcastically that Augustus Cæsar once issued a decree for the sole purpose of prohibiting bad poets and petty orators from sullying his fame by their vulgar eulogies. This only made bad worse, for it was evident that what Foscolo meant was, that Cæsar, being truly great, did not doubt himself—he needed no praise; but that Napoleon, being a *parvenu*, courted praise—nay, seemed to enforce it as a tax. It was now generally predicted that the daring poet would be banished, if not imprisoned. Neither was done, however. The Emperor was loath even to dismiss the satirist, but, after considerable hesitation, he issued a decree suppressing the professorship of the University of Pavia. This was sufficiently plain, at the same time it was a delicate way to put an end to attacks which, emanating as they did from one of the most learned universities in Italy, seemed to possess a semi-official character.

It was a consolation to Foscolo that, if he was no longer Professor of Literature, nobody succeeded him in that office; and it is said, besides, that he got his salary as usual—at least, an amount equivalent to it. At all events, it does not appear that Napoleon ever molested him. The best proof of this is to be found in the fact that he resided in comfort, if not in affluence, at Milan until the downfall of the Emperor, and that, as soon as the Austrian domination was restored, he felt it necessary to retire at once to Switzerland. Finding

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that even there he was subject to annoyance from Austrian spies, he only remained a few months, when, bidding a final farewell to his countrymen, he removed to England, where he spent the remainder of his days in poverty—often wanting the common necessaries of life. The Austrian government soon learned that it would have been a much wiser policy to have permitted him to remain at home without annoyance; for his exile awakened the sympathy of all Italy. In spite of the severe censorship of the press, deemed necessary to stifle public opinion, nearly all the principal journals of Lombardy and Venice, as well as Sardinia and Naples, copied his farewell address. How well calculated this was to show what the Italians had to expect from Austria in the future, notwithstanding her "many fair speeches and fine promises," may be inferred from the following extract:

"There will now be no occasion for the Austrian Minister to watch or persecute me in my Swiss asylum. Let him know that my career is accomplished; that I have no longer a wish to rouse the hopeless passions of my countrymen. It is true we were in want of arms; France presented us with them; and Italy once more might have boasted a name among the nations. It has been otherwise ordained; affairs have flowed into another channel; Italy must still linger on *in a slow and lethargic decline; soon we shall behold her only a lifeless corpse.* But what resource is left for her generous sons?—they can only grieve in silence. Let them grieve, for *they have cause to weep;* but let them not indulge the feeble lamentation and the mutual revilings of slaves."

The space we have prescribed for these general remarks will allow us to say but very little of Foscolo's writings. There is scarcely any species of authorship which he has not attempted. To-day we find him translating the Iliad of Homer; to-morrow, *The Sentimental Journey* of Sterne; then the *De Comâ Bernicæ* of Catullus; then composing a tragedy; then an amatory lyric; then an elegy, &c., &c. Without regarding the order of time, we will first make an observation or two on his tragedy of *Ajace*, which is regarded by many as his noblest effort. There is no doubt that it contains splendid passages, and is characterized throughout with remarkable energy and power—sometimes reaching to the true sublime. But when it was first represented at Milan, in 1812, it was a complete failure, though curiously enough only by the frequent use of one term. It so happens that in the Italian language *salamini* means small sausages, as well as

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natives of Salamis, being used as a diminutive for *salame* (sausage); and the mercurial portion of the audience, indeed, the most intelligent part, could not help laughing at the idea of hearing Ajax talking, in almost every scene, of his little sausages. So the tragedy was turned into a comedy, and the author was mercilessly ridiculed by his enemies. But the hint was given that the whole composition was allegorical—that Agamemnon represented Napoleon, and Ajax Moreau. This put a new face on the whole affair; so that the manager was importuned to have the play represented again without delay. A request of such a character was not likely to be neglected; the play was put upon the stage again in a day or two, and its success was complete. But now another difficulty arose. The police were surprised at their own stupidity in having failed to detect the satire, before they gave a license for its representation; and they resolved to be revenged of the author, who, in order to avoid their petty annoyances, found it necessary to retire, if only for a few weeks, to Florence. In the mean time, Monti, Lamberti, Lampredi, and a host of others known to be in the pay of the government, attacked both the play and its author with the utmost virulence—pronouncing the former stupid, dreary and bombastic, and denouncing the latter as not only an empty pretender to poetic genius, but one of the most malignant enemies of his country. It was on this occasion that Monti wrote the celebrated epigram which hurt poor Foscolo more than all other attacks, however scurrilous and abusive, put together.

"Per porre in scena il furibondo Ajace
Il fiero Atride e l' Itaco fallace:
Gran fatica Ugo Foscolo non fè
Copiò se stesso e si divise in tre."

"To body forth wild Ajax' furious strain,
Atrides proud, wily Ulysses vain,
No mighty toil for Foscolo could be—
He drew himself, *but portioned into three.*"

It was as a reply to these various attacks—or, rather, for the purpose of being revenged of his enemies—that he wrote his *Didymi Clerici Prophetæ Minimi Hypercalypseos, Liber Singularis.* It is, undoubtedly, a witty satire—one in which there is more poetry than truth—but being written in corrupt Latin—a dialect by no means familiar to the best classical scholars—it was but little read. It was published at Zurich, in 1815, under a fictitious name; but it seems that not more

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than eighty copies were printed, and that of these scarcely a dozen were sold. Not but all the *literati* of Italy wished to read the book. Every author wished to see what had been said about himself, or whether he was noticed at all; but as the copyright was not secured, copious extracts, rendered into the vernacular, were given by all the journals; so that there was nothing in it that anybody took an interest in which was not thus placed within the reach of all. The criticisms of Didymo (Foscolo) were, however, not confined to contemporary authors. Thus, for example, he compares Shakespeare to a forest on fire, pouring a flood of radiance through the night, but which by day sent forth *noxious clouds and vapor*. In a similar vein he compares Æschylus to a noble oak burning upon a desert mountain.

But the best poem of Foscolo, and that which will endure longest, is his *I Sepolcri* (The Tombs). There is a deep pathos pervading this, but the poet eschews those excessively lugubrious and revolting pictures which are all we have for the sublime in Blair's Grave, Hervey's Meditations, and other similar performances. The tributes which he pays to the master spirits of his country—to Dante, Michael Angelo, Alfiero, Machiavelli, and Galileo—are often full of grandeur, but upon the whole calculated rather to soothe than rend the heart. We could give no extract from any of these without doing injustice to the poet, but the following lines from the opening of the poem will serve as a pretty fair specimen of its general style:

> "Lives not and triumphs, o'er his mortal spoils,
> The friend who dead to day's loved harmony,
> Yet wakes its music with fond memory's vows,
> And gentle thoughts and cares. Communion, sweet
> And holy, for the sundered loves of earth:
> A language given by heaven, to speak and live
> With parted friends: and call them back to us!
> If earth, that first received him to her bosom,
> And cherished long through helpless infancy,
> Again within her mother's lap shall fold,
> And sacred keep the reliques of her child,
> From storm and cloud (that on his living path
> Beat rudely chance) and from each foot profane;
> Or tell his name on some protecting stone.
> Some friendly tree, its odorous flowers exhale,
> And cast a gentle shadow round the spot,
> Most soothing to genius of the dead."

We had intended, in commencing this article, to glance at the writings of Genovese, Verri, Carli, Galiani, Passeroni,

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Parini Ceserotti, Nicolini, &c., but we now find we can do little more than mention the authors' names. Even this would be almost sufficient to show that, far from being in a state of intellectual degeneracy as compared with the rest of Europe, modern Itally fully maintains her position in the field of thought.

The works of Giambattista Vico do honor to Naples, his native country. He is not only the head of a school, but he was the first modern author who treated history as a science, and his writings have been translated into French,* German, and Spanish. He was also the first to draw a rational distinction between the theory and practice of government. "Philosophy," he says, "is apt to conceive man such as we fancy he ought to be, but *the legislator should consider him such as he is, in order to derive from his very passions useful results, and transform them into social virtues; in short, government ought to be conformable to the nature of the people governed.*"

Pietro Verri is another Italian philosopher of the modern school, whose works should not be overlooked, even in so rapid a sketch as this. His work on political economy, entitled *Meditazioni sull' Economia Politica*, is used as a text-book in all the principal Universities of Europe. It was from his writings the late Sir Robert Peel became impressed with the importance of free trade, especially to England; and the same statesman made liberal use of Verri's arguments in many of his best speeches. It is at the beginning of the work referred to that Verri makes the following memorable observation: "The inexorable words, *to prescribe* and *to constrain*, stand written over most of the codes which nations have inherited from their forefathers. The progress of reason in our age begins to substitute the milder ones, *to invite* and *to guide*. Whatever be the form of government under which a community lives, I think it *the interest of the rulers* to allow the citizens the greatest possible liberty." Not only did Verri give the world a great work himself, but it was he who induced Beccaria to write his famous work, *Dei delitti e delle pene* (On Crimes and Punishments). Beccaria himself would, it seems, have never attempted it; not but he was con-

* His French translator is no less eminent an author than M. Jules Michelet, who has rendered his principal works under the title of "*Principes de la Philosophie de l' Histoire, traduits de la Scienza Nuova de J. B. Vico, et précédés d'un discours sur le Système et la Vie de l' Auteur.* Par Jules Michelet, Professeur d'Histoire au College de St. Barbe. 8vo.

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scious of possessing great abilities, but he was one of the most indolent of mortals. Ugoni tells us in his history of Italian Literature that when Verri used to return home in the evening after a severe day's labor, he used to transcribe the interpolations, interlineations and corrections of his friend, in order to encourage him to proceed with the work.

One of the most charming modern writers of Italy was Passeroni. Let those who pretend that a Catholic priest cannot possess a liberal mind and a feeling heart read the works of this truly good man. None others are more like those of Goldsmith, whom the author greatly resembled in the main features of his character. But, though as gentle and full of simplicity as a child, Passeroni was a true reformer of the taste of his countrymen, for he did not hesitate to ridicule the insignificant, inane effusions which it was then the habit of the Academies to sanction with their fiat, but which he boldly announced as "a heap of turgid words that often puzzled the intellect of the reader, and which Italy could no longer listen to." His principal work is *Il Cicerone*, of which Cicero the orator is nominally the hero. What the general character of it is may be inferred from the fact that Sterne is said to have borrowed from it the first idea of his Tristram Shandy, the former as well as the latter being merely an imaginary biography. Be this as it may, Sterne took care to visit the author when in Italy; and it is said that, finding that owing to reprints and piracies he derived but little profit from his work, he offered to share his purse freely with him. But the good priest gratefully declined, as he had many similar offers. It is related by Ugoni, that he was one day passing over the bridge of Porta Orientale when he saw a porter lying fast asleep on the balustrade. Alarmed lest he should be precipitated into the canal beneath, he awakened him, but the latter, not at all pleased with being disturbed, replied, grumbling, that he wished he would mind his own business. Passeroni, hurt at the thought of having offended him, drew some change out of his purse, desiring him to go and drink his health. On reflection, he thought he had not done right, that the man might get intoxicated and then be more likely to injure himself than ever. With these misgivings, he retraced his steps towards the wondering porter, to whom he handed some more change, telling him to eat something with his drink! (Ugoni, vol. I., p. 211.) How like what the simple-hearted, generous Goldsmith is known to have often done!

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The dramatists, historians, and critics, we must pass over for the present; nor can we do more than to allude to the novel writers, who also form a numerous class, and several of whose works have both a European and American reputation. Of those thus known, we need not speak here. But we dare say that there are few of our American readers who have ever heard of the *Assedio di Firenzi*, of Anselmo Gualandi. And yet it is one of the best novels ever written. It is full of life and incident. As the title implies, the scene is laid at Florence. In speaking of the ancient grandeur of the Republic, and describing the terrible feuds between its principal citizens, it is often sublime, always original, vigorous and poetical. To show that we do not exaggerate its intrinsic merits, we subjoin two or three extracts, taken almost at random:

"But I concealed the sorrow that possessed me, and whenever a mournful duty required me to address the crowd, turning to the youth alone—for the times had taught me that gray hairs were not a crown of wisdom to the hoary head—that each year plucked out a virtue, and that man became clay long ere the breath had departed:—turning, I say, to none but the youth, I admonished them thus:—'Brothers, I exhort you to be great: true, my flesh quivers whilst uttering such a phrase; but God forbid that fear should deter me from the manifestation of lofty sentiments. There exists in creation a law which says, Be great and unhappy. But there exists another law, still more universal, which ordains—Be man and die. If nothing, then, can ward off glorious death, what does life present that *you should preserve it at the price of dishonor?* Perhaps you envy the drop from heaven which silently falls, and, unnoticed, loses itself in the sea! Who would not rather choose one day's existence of a bird—a day of song, of flight—who would not prefer one minute of thunder, one minute of sublimity and brightness, to the centuries of the sepulchral worm? Weighty ills will attend you, your lacerated heart will break—you will die: but in the hour of death you will call to mind the exile of Dante, the chains of Columbus, the stripes of Machiavelli, the prison of Galileo, the ravings of Tasso, and from these recollections you will acquire fortitude for that lot which the race of torturers will provide for you. The tyranny of man, which appeared to you a colossus of brass, will become an object of contempt when you detect the feet of clay, and you will dissipate the vision as easily as Dante's angel chased from his face the smoke of hell.' * * * *

"So spoke my lips, while my soul withered in bitterness. But a voice from within me answered thus: God doth not always repent him that he hath created man. Thou livest in an age which excelleth, in worthless-

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ness, all comparison with the meanest metal. Search history, and thou wilt find there times according to thy heart. Cloak thyself with memory. From the virtues of the dead, seize arguments to chastise the crimes of the living. The noble deeds of the dead will give thee hope in the virtues of those who are to come; for nothing under the sun endureth forever, and, on this earth, vicissitudes of good and evil continually alternate. Thou shalt live a life of visions of the past and the future.

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"I opened the volume of history in quest of this epoch of human felicity, and I read with the gasping breath of a dying man who longs for the light. Ah! how many days were spent in vain! Ah! how often, sorrowful but not despairing, did I lay my head on the fatal pages, exclaiming, 'I shall be happier to-morrow.' To-morrow came, and the day after, and the next, and still thick darkness on every side. This is the history of the brutes of the forest. I threw away the book, but with the book I did not throw away the knowledge of evil. Ye wakeful nights over the volumes of those who have preceded me, resistless agony for knowledge, what fruit did ye bring to my soul? Out of dejection and sorrow, I have woven the winding sheet of hope.

"I looked on Italy, and beheld a race spring up, overrunning the world to fetter the creature of God's workmanship; then the patience of the oppressed changed to fury; the iniquity of ages fell, and then came the day of danger; barbarous hordes drove before them, as shepherds their flocks, other barbarians towards our country. The torrent spreads from the Alps to Reggio. One throne became the lever to overthrow another; and we, the unhappy vanquished, bear the imprint of the fall of each. Civic broils succeed priestly. Guelfs and Ghibelins, Bianchis and Neris, Montecchis and Cappelettis, Maltraversis and Scacchesis, Bergolinis and Raspartis—blood on every stone in the villages; blood on every tower in the cities; republics and continent miserable; perpetually warring with each other, within and without; lustful and avaricious tyrants, afraid even of the night, and yet of unbounded cruelty, betraying and betrayed; men put up for hire—Italian souls bartered for gold; illustrious cities treating with base marauders; lofty intellects bowing to ferocious ignorance; finally, as the tempest arises from the bottom of the deep, tyranny advances, pollutes heaven and earth, spreads a desert wild, unnaturalizes the soul—and stands."

The death of Nicolini, which took place on the 24th of last September, has awakened a new interest in his writings, to which, however, we can only allude in passing His *Foscarini* and *Procida*, especially the former, are, perhaps, the best specimens of the classic outline, clothed in the drapery of romanticism, and, what is more, the most likely to "sur-

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vive their century." This would be readily assented to even by those who have never seen his works, could we only make room for some extracts. But to do him justice would require a whole article, and this we may give on a future occasion; though, if we devoted one to every Italian author of equal eminence, it would be a long time before we should need to take up any other subject.

Modern Italy has produced but few philosophers who are known, beyond the Alps, as such; although, in this department, too, she affords ample evidence against the theory of degeneracy. In proof of this, we need only mention Romagnosi, whose writings have exercised a considerable influence on the profoundest thinkers among his contemporaries.* No one has written more thoughtfully and forcibly on penal laws. "The right of punishment," he says, "is an habitual right of self-defense against the permanent menace arising from an innate intemperance."† Romagnosi is one of the most earnest and powerful opponents of the theory of indefinite progress. "An indefinite progress," he observes, "is a vain chimera, *because human nature herself is limited;* our organization and soil, climate, stimulus, all demonstrate that she is inclined by herself to quietness. Methinks, rather, that the condition of the world suggests the great problem, whether the nations will ever be able to attain that finite apex to which the mind of the philosopher may soar, and whether it will be given to all of them to approach equally that point. *Decay may intrude at every stage, as is attested by history.*"‡ M. Guizot, as well as Mr. Buckle, and several other writers on the philosophy of history, have borrowed largely from this work, especially from those admirable chapters of it which relate to civilization and government. "The establishment of a government," says Romagnosi, "is a good, as far as it is a necessary, remedy, for an evil such as the ignorance, vices, &c., of the different individuals"§ composing the body politic. No one who has examined the subject will deny the force of the following observation: "Civilization has been, and is, a wholly *special, wholly traditional, wholly industrial art,* which had its origin in a point of the globe, was propagated not

* See his *Alcuni Pensieri sopra un ultra metafisica Filosofia della Storia.* Florence, 1834.

† *Genesi del Diritto Penale.*

‡ *Dell' Indole e dei fattori del incivilimenti.* § *Ibid.*

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otherwise than by alphabetical writing, in certain practicable modes, in certain climates, in certain countries, and which *may succeed differently with different physical and moral peculiarities of nations.*"* In this we have the whole affair, as it were, in a nut-shell—quite as much as M. Guizot gives us in several of his lectures on the same subject, although, for the reasons mentioned at the beginning of our article, Guizot is much more read by foreigners than Romagnosi.

ART. V.—1. *The Commercial Agency Annual.* New York: John McKillop & Co.

2. *Credit the Life of Commerce. Being a defence of the British Merchants against the unjust and demoralizing tendency of the recent alterations in the Laws of Debtor and Creditor, with an outline of remedial measures.* By J. H. ELLIOTT.

3. *An Act for the More Easy Recovery of Small Debts and Demands in England.* Aug. 28, 1848.

4. *Bill to Amend the Laws of Bankruptcy and Insolvency.* Prepared by the London Committee.

LAWS regulating the relations between debtor and creditor are the most ancient on record, although nothing is more common, among a certain class of writers and orators, than to boast of the laws of the present day as the results of a civilization never attained to at any previous age of the world. This being taken for granted, the benighted people of antiquity, whether Egyptians, Greeks, or Romans, are pitied for the crushing oppressions they must at all times have suffered. That the ancients were oppressed in different countries is very true; but is not the same true of the moderns? Perhaps it would not be so easy, as most persons think, to prove which have had the advantage in this respect. We learn from history that Bocchoris promulgated a law in Egypt, declaring that no citizen should be liable to imprisonment for debt, and that the same law was renewed by Sesostris.† That which Solon gave the Athenians, and by which he

* *Dell' Indole e dei fattori del incivilementi.* † *Diodorus*, Lib. I., chap. iii.

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relieved so much suffering, was one of the remnants of a civilization then passed away, and which, no doubt, was as old as the Pyramids. Whatever may be said of the Egyptians, certain it is that the Athenians had a law of bankruptcy, and a law of insolvency—the former for the punishment of the debtor, and the latter for his relief. "So greatly were the poor in debt to the rich," says Plutarch, "that they were obliged either to pay them a sixth part of the produce of the land (hence they were called *Hecteronii* and *Thetis*), or else to engage their persons to their creditors, who might seize them on failure of payment. Accordingly, some made slaves of them, and others sold them to foreigners. Nay, some parents were forced to sell their own children (for no law forbade it), or quit the city to avoid the severe treatment of those usurers." The law which afforded protection against this cruel oppression may be called the *Magna Charta* of the Athenians. Solon himself tells us in his poems that he had brought back from foreign countries citizens who were forced to wander about from one State to another, until they forgot the Attic dialect, for no crime but their inability to satisfy their creditors. But he not only secured their persons from arrest, he also secured to them a certain amount of their property as not liable to seizure. To use his own words, he "made free those lands which were before bound," and "took away the marks of mortgaged land,"* &c. So far as history gives us any account, he was the first that distinguished the cancelling of debt by the name of a *discharge*.† That the Romans had also both a bankrupt law and an insolvent law, we have evidence in the works of all their historians. The laws of the Twelve Tables, brought, it will be remembered, from Greece, inflicted the most cruel punishments on the fraudulent debtor, after he was proved to be such. We are told, on the best authority,‡ by Gibbon, that, "after the judicial proof or confession of the debt,

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* Life of Solon.

† Montesquieu, in commenting on this in his "Spirit of Laws," observes that this exemption from debt may do very well in ordinary civil cases, but that it should hardly be observed in those of large commercial transactions. "Cette loi est très-bonne, pour les affaires civiles *ordinaires*; mais nous avons raison de *ne point l'observer* dans celles du commerce; car les négociants étant obligés de confier de *grandes sommes pour des temps souvent fort courts*, de les donner et de les reprendre, il faut que le débiteur remplisse toujours au temps fixé ses engagements; ce *qui suppose la contrainte par corps*."—*De l'Esprit des Lois*, Tome II., p. 207.

‡ Livy and Tacitus.

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thirty days of grace were allowed before a Roman *was delivered into the power of his fellow-citizen.* In this private prison twelve ounces of rice were his daily food; he might be bound with a chain of fifteen pounds weight, and his misery was thrice exposed in the market-place to solicit the compassion of his friends and countrymen. At the expiration of sixty days the debt was discharged by the loss of liberty or life; the insolvent debtor was either put to death or sold in foreign slavery, beyond the Tiber; but, if several creditors were alike obstinate and unrelenting, they might legally dismember his body, and satiate their revenge by this horrid partition."*

The speculator and the spendthrift might well pause before they contracted debts which would subject them to such frightful punishments; and we have ample testimony that the latter had the desired effect in the great majority of cases. In other words, fraudulent debtors, from being numbered by hundreds of thousands, soon became nearly, if not quite, as scarce as murderers. Then milder laws were adopted, those known as the Porcian and Valerian laws, which prohibited the magistrates from inflicting any capital or even corporeal punishment on a free citizen. Before condemning either the Greeks or Romans, as barbarous for having such laws as those of the Twelve Tables, it is well to remember that they too, each in turn, had been brought, on several occasions, to the verge of ruin by revulsions caused by dishonest debtors.

To come to our own times, the Japanese, the most exclusive people in the world, who can scarcely be said to have any commerce, have general bankrupt laws; and the same may be said of all the adjacent Islands. Thus a Boston merchant, writing from Java, in 1850, to a friend in New York, says:

"To be bankrupt here, is a somewhat different affair from what it is in the United States. Immediately on becoming bankrupt, the names of the parties are placarded about town, and in the Exchange, as if *prima facie* infamous. The books are then examined by the public officer for that purpose. If the estate does not pay 60 per cent., and the bankrupt can be proved to have done business after he knew that fact, he is put into prison, as a criminal, for a number of years, and declared 'aloost,'

* Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, vol. IV., p. 372.

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which signifies infamous, or without character. After this, the 'aloost' person is indeed excommunicated. His word is not to be taken; he is not allowed to be a witness, even on oath, and if a man trusts him, he does it at his own risk; he has no legal remedy against him. On the other hand, if a man takes his books to the public officer, and declares that he has given up all he has, and it does not appear that he has been doing business, *knowing he was a bankrupt*, and after a strict investigation there are no suspicious circumstances, his creditors *must* sign his papers. Thus, the creditor *is protected without oppressing the debtor;* the rogue is distinguished from the honest; and a person is obliged, by a terrible penalty, to know the state of his affairs, and, when once embarrassed, to refrain from speculating to retrieve himself."

The bankrupt law of France is very nearly, if not quite, as strict as this, because it is presumed, until an investigation takes place, that the debtor has been guilty of fraud. As soon as the failure occurs, the tribunal of commerce proceeds at once to put the property into the hands of commissioners, who are to see that all is to be disposed of for the benefit of the creditors. The title of the debtor entirely ceases, except that his family are entitled to their household furniture and wearing apparel, and that his wife can claim whatever she has an independent interest in, herself. But not only is the debtor's property liable in this way; he is liable himself to be imprisoned or forced to work for the benefit of his creditor, if it appears, on investigation, that he was guilty of any fraud. If, upon the other hand, it is found that he has been doing business in good faith, and that his failure was the result of inexperience, the dishonesty of those with whom he dealt, or any other legitimate cause, he then receives protection, and may obtain his discharge as an insolvent, pretty much the same as debtors do in this country and in England. In other words, there is a wide distinction made between the debtor who has been guilty of fraud and the debtor who fails simply because he finds it impossible to meet his engagements.

In almost every country in Europe—certainly in each of the principal nations—there are similar laws. In short, ours is the only commercial nation, worthy of the name, that has no general bankrupt law. The Constitution gives Congress full power "to establish uniform laws on the subject of bankruptcies throughout the United States" (Art. 1, Sec. 8). On two occasions such laws were passed accordingly—first in 1800, and secondly in 1841, but neither was allowed to exist for

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three years, until it was repealed. With these exceptions, we have been content to allow each State to enact its own laws on this subject. Nor have any neglected to do so; but it is notorious that many of their laws are of a character to retard or prevent, rather than facilitate, the collection of debts; and, as long as this is the case, we must expect periodical revulsions, whose extent and frequency will be proportioned to the increase of dishonest debtors. Before the war had commenced at all, the country had not yet recovered from the crisis of 1857. This is illustrated but too painfully by the following statistics of failures in the United States, from one of the circulars of McKillop's Commercial Agency:

	1857.	1858.	1859.	1860.
Failures...	4,937	4,225	3,918	3,676
Amount...	$291,750,000	$95,750,000	$64,294,000	$79,807,000

It has been estimated that, of all who have failed in this way, at least one-fourth come under the category of *swindlers*. And would not this fact by itself be sufficient to account for the failure of one-fourth more of the honest remainder, without including the reckless speculators who are little, if any thing, better than swindlers?

It appears from the statistics of bankruptcy, as collected under the uniform bankrupt law of 1841, that the amount of debts claimed was $440,934,615. Now, what proportion of this will the uninitiated suppose was paid? Was there 25, 15, 10, or even 5 per cent. on an average? Not at all. It seems that the southern district of New York paid the largest average dividend paid in any State in the Union—that is 13⅞ cents on the dollar. This will not seem a high rate to the casual observer, but let us compare it with the rates paid by other States.

In Mississippi the average rate was	6	cents to	$1,000
In Maine	½	"	100
In Michigan and Iowa	½	"	100
In Massachusetts	4	"	100
In New Jersey	1	"	100
In Tennessee	4½	"	100
In Maryland	1	dollar to	100
In Kentucky	8	"	1,000
In Illinois	1	"	1,500
In Pennsylvania, East Virginia, South Alabama, Washington	0		

In view of facts like these, it is not strange that, from reliable records kept for a period of forty years, it appears that

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of every hundred persons who commence business in New York, scarcely two ultimately acquire wealth; and that, of the same number in Boston, ninety-five at least die poor; while in Philadelphia the proportion of those who succeed is smaller still. Notwithstanding the facts thus established by the ruin of thousands, there are many with whom it is a favorite theory that, when citizens of any particular country are indebted only to each other, the general result is rather favorable than otherwise; the truth is, however, that this is no real alleviation, since it merely serves to cover up the fatal wound. Montesquieu puts this in a clear light: "Quelques gens," he says, "ont cru qu'il étoit bon qu'un état dût à lui-même: ils ont pensé que cela multiplioit les richesses en augmentant la circulation. Je crois qu'on a confondu un papier circulant qui represente la monnoie, ou un papier circulant qui est le signe des profits qu'une compagnie a faits ou fera sur le commerce, avec un papier qui représente une dette."*

That neither of the general bankrupt laws, of 1800 and 1841, was suitable for this country, would be sufficiently evident, from the promptness with which both were repealed, altogether independently of the statistics just given. Each was too much in favor of the debtor, encouraging him to run more and more in debt, rather than pay what he owed, and confine himself to his legitimate business. The creditor had little to gain, but generally much to lose, by bringing the debtor into court. But the case is still worse now—worse than the English bankrupt law was from the time that imprisonment for debt was abolished until the Act, 9 and 10 Vict., entitled, "An Act for the more easy recovery of Small Debts and Demands," &c., was passed as a remedial measure; so that the following graphic picture, drawn by an eminent English jurist, applies with tenfold force to the present state of the law of debtor and creditor in this country; and the same sketch may serve as a warning against making the new law too partial to the debtor, encouraging him to engage in speculations, and indulge in palpable fraud:

"An ordinary wholesale dealer sells a parcel of goods on credit to the retail dealer, and takes a bill of exchange, payable on a day certain. On the due payment of this bill he relies to enable him to pay the manufacturer who supplied him. The bill of exchange is not paid. He makes

* *Esprit des Lois*, Tome II., p. 344.

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inquiries, and finds that his debtor is selling his goods over the counter, to ordinary customers, under prime cost, is sending away large parcels by carrier in a manner quite inconsistent with the business of a retail trader, and he learns other facts which convince him, as a man of business, that his debtor is about to cheat his creditors. He goes to his solicitor, and this conversation passes:

"*Client.* 'What can I do?'

"*Solicitor.* 'Nothing! At least, nothing effectual!'

"*Client.* 'Cannot I arrest my debtor?'

"*Solicitor.* 'No! The cry for many years before 1838 was, that arrest was unjust and cruel; and in 1838 the legislature abolished it, unless there was evidence that the debtor was about to abscond; and debtors don't abscond *now;* they don't run away now, because there is nothing for them to run away from; they used to run away from arrest, but now there is no arrest for them to run away from; so that they stay where they are!'

"*Client.* 'Had I not better, then, bring an action against him?'

"*Solicitor.* 'I don't think it would do you much good. As soon as you bring your action, your debtor will get some friend to sue him; he will defend your action; he will make no defence to his friend's action. His friend will get judgment and execution first; and, when the sheriff goes in under your execution, he will find an officer in possession under another execution, and will be obliged to retire, and you will only be so much the more out of pocket. By bringing an action, you will only be throwing good money after bad.'

"*Client.* 'Can I not, then, make him a bankrupt? he is a trader.'

"*Solicitor.* 'No, you cannot; for you cannot make a man bankrupt without proving an act of bankruptcy; and, since the abolition of arrest, you cannot *force* a man to commit an act of bankruptcy. Whilst the law of arrest continued, you could; because then you could obtain the writ *capias*, and the debtor ran away to avoid being arrested, or would not come out of his house at all for fear he should be arrested; and either running away, or shutting himself up in his house, was an act of bankruptcy; you issued your fiat, and got a fair inquiry and a fair distribution of your debtor's property. But that cannot be done now, since arrest has been abolished.'

"*Client.* 'But I thought that a new act of bankruptcy was introduced, to replace those which had been abolished by the abolition of arrest.'

"*Solicitor.* 'It is true that a new one was introduced by a law of 1842, but it is quite useless against a knave, for all that a knave has to do, to defeat the process, is to swear that he believes he has a good defence to *part* of your demand, and the whole process falls to the ground, and you pay the costs.'

"*Client.* 'Am I, then, wholly remediless?'

"*Solicitor.* 'I fear you are; and as long as the law remains as it is, my advice to you must be, if your debtor offers you five shillings in the pound, take it; if he offers you one shilling or one penny, take it; and if nothing, leave him alone, and rejoice that his next victim will be some one else.'"

The laws in operation in this country are not uniform, and the merchants of our large cities know too well how

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unfavorably they operate towards creditors. We want a general law which will work equitably; one which will give creditors a power over *dis*honest debtors, and protect honest debtors against oppression by heartless creditors. Such a law, in order to be valuable, ought to be so well considered and equitable in all its parts that it may become permanent, and that all may remember they do business under it. The commercial embarrassments now existing—partly the result of the panic of 1857, and partly of the war—are so great and wide-spread, that the voice of the community is fixed for a stringent bankrupt law. Those best capable of judging have come to the conclusion that we must have such a law passed at the next session of Congress. Our merchants, therefore, should be on the alert in time, and spare no effort to secure the enactment of a proper law.

The question, What is a proper law? is very important, but by no means easily answered. But one thing is certain; it should be based on the truths that misfortune in business is not a crime, and ought not to be treated as such; but that fraudulently contracting a debt, or fraudulently evading payment, is a crime, and ought to be treated as such.

There is no better school-master, to teach people honesty and fair dealing, than a good law faithfully administered. The philosopher, the moralist, and the preacher, may declaim as they will against false promises, extravagance, idleness, and luxury; but in nine cases out of ten they will do so in vain, as long as there is no immediate danger to be apprehended from not heeding them. But let the greatest spendthrift be taught that, if he does not moderate his desires, he will have to undergo a certain amount of punishment, though not quite as much as that inflicted by the Romans or Japanese, and the result will undoubtedly be salutary. The most eminent writers on law and the most humane men are of opinion, that the person who borrows money without intending to return it, or who buys merchandise without intending to pay for it, is as guilty, morally, as the person who steals the same amount. The former does an equal amount of injury with the latter, and adds the guilt of making false promises, the thief making no promise. The man who forges, or coins, is very properly taken into custody; but he who possesses himself of an equal amount of money, by means of false representations, has nothing to fear

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but a law-suit, which may prove much more injurious to the plaintiff than to the defendant. Surely the debtor should expect no more immunity than the naval officer, who, if he loses his ship, is put under arrest, brought before a court martial and tried: if it is found that he showed proper courage and that the vessel was lost through no neglect or ignorance on his part, he leaves the court with honor; but if the contrary appears, he is ignominiously cashiered, and he is never trusted with similar responsibility again. To this we can only add the hope that Congress will finish at its next session the General Bankrupt Law it so well and so properly commenced at its extra session in July last.

ART. VI.—1. *The Progress and the Present Position of Russia in the East; an Historical Summary.* London: 1854.

2. *Det Brittiska Riket i Ostindien* (*The British Dominions in Hindoostan*). By Count M. BJORNSTJERNA. Stockholm: 1849.

3. *The Russians on the Amoor; History of Discovery, Conquest, and Colonization, up to the Treaty of Peking in* 1860; *with a detailed Description of the Country, its Inhabitants, Productions, and Commercial Capabilities, together with Personal Accounts of Russian Travellers.* By E. G. RAVENSTEIN, F. G. S., Corresponding F. G. S., Frankfurt. London: 1861.

4. *La Russia et Les Russes*, par N. FOURGUENEFF. Bruxelles: 1847.

5. *Japan, the Amoor River, and the Pacific, with Notices of other Places; comprised in a Voyage of Circumnavigation in the Imperial Russian Corvette* "Rynda," in 1858–1860. By HENRY ARTHUR TILLEY. London: 1861.

6. *Revelations of Russia; or, the Emperor Nicholas and his Empire*, 1844. By One who has Seen and Describes. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1844.

7. *Les Nouvelles Acquisitions des Russes dans l'Asie Orientale. Le Fleuve Amour.* Par V. A. MALTE BRUN. Paris: 1860.

8. *Eastern Europe and the Emperor Nicholas.* By the Author of "Revelations of Russia." London: 1846.

MOST persons are aware that the Russian empire is of vast extent, but there are very few who have any adequate idea

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of the immense strides the nation has made in territorial aggrandizement, even within the present century. The simple facts, when stated, seem almost fabulous—many of them quite as much so as the fictions of the Arabian Nights. Sometimes, indeed, Russia has received checks and met with reverses—several other powers, jealous of her growing influence, combining against her; but scarcely have her enemies time to lay down their arms, when she resumes her forward march. In order to illustrate this, we need only take a brief retrospective glance at her history; and the first idea that strikes us in doing so is, the youth of Russia as compared to any of the other great nations of Europe.

The most ancient Russian prince of whom history gives any authentic account, is Rurick, Grand Duke of Novogorod, who reigned towards the close of the ninth century, and whose subjects, if such they could be called, were little better than savages. Even Russian historians do not pretend to claim a higher antiquity for their present monarchy than the close of the fifteenth century (A. D. 1474). There was no established government in the ancient Sarmatia anterior to this. True, the Scythians had kings; but their power was only nominal. The first Christian king was Woladimer, who commenced his reign in 981. In his time there was not a stone laid of the foundation of Moscow, the most ancient city in Russia proper. Nor was the Muscovite capital commenced until the middle of the twelfth century. It is not likely that Audrey I., who is regarded as its founder, had more than two or three hundred thousand subjects. Certainly not more than this number were willing to recognize his authority. Yet we have evidence that he made important conquests on his eastern frontier; so important, that he excited such alarm amongst the Mongol Tartars, that they raised a powerful army, and overwhelmed all the forces he was able to bring against them.

This is the first reverse we find in Russian history, but it resulted in the complete subjugation of the people. The latter fought as long as they could; but after a most heroic struggle, that lasted for three years, they had to submit their neck to the yoke. They yielded, however, but a sullen obedience to their Tartar masters. They rose in insurrection about every third year. These struggles for independence became more and more earnest and bloody, from one decade to another, for a period of nearly three centuries,

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when Ivan Basilowitz succeeded, in 1550, in completely expelling the Tartars, and took the title of Czar.

No sooner did the Russians find themselves independent, than they resumed their aggressions on their neighbors to such an extent that in five years they had more than doubled their original territory. Once more the Tartars attempt to crush them. In 1571, they surprise Moscow, and butcher 30,000 of the inhabitants, without regard to age, sex, or condition. They are, however, expelled the second time, and forced to cede some of their finest provinces to the victors. These successes on the part of the Russians excited the jealousy of Poland, which was then one of the principal powers of Europe. Sigismond II. invaded Muscovy with a large army, and, after a bloody war of some three years' duration, he placed his son Ladislaus on the throne of the Czars.

This brings us to the fact so generally forgotten by writers who are adverse to Russia—namely, that no people have been more oppressive than the Poles, as long as they were able to maintain their ascendency. Even the Tartars did not oppress the Russians so much as the Poles, though be it remembered that the two latter belong to the same race. All Europe sympathized with the Russians, so cruelly were they oppressed by the Poles. This is sufficiently evident from the fact that, when the former revolted in 1613, they received assistance in men and money from Sweden, Germany, and even from Italy and France. This may be called the final war of Russian independence.

The Russians having succeeded in putting an end to Polish tyranny, Michael Fedorowitz, of the house of Romanzov, the founder of the present dynasty, was placed upon the throne. Thus, when, a little more than a century later, the Empress Catharine undertook to dismember Poland, she did what, of all acts in her power, was best calculated to render her popular with her own people, who still retained a traditional hatred against the Poles. We take occasion to make this observation in passing, because nothing is so little understood, in this country and in England, as the relations between the Russians and the Poles. The latter have, indeed, been much oppressed and cruelly treated in our time; and it is well that the civilized world should sympathize with them. At the same time we should bear in mind, as a useful moral lesson—one of the most impressive that history teaches—that, however much they suffer now, the Russians

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had once suffered vastly more at the hands of their ancestors. It is different with the Venetians and the Hungarians, neither of whom have ever oppressed the Austrians, who are now their masters. Besides, neither of the two former belong to the same race as the latter do; yet how much more sympathy do the Poles continue to command than either the Venetians or the Hungarians? The use made by the Poles of their power, when they had it, will account for the fact that even those powers that were to gain nothing by the change can scarcely be said to have offered any real opposition to the dismemberment of Poland. Even despots are not altogether insensible to the claims of justice, especially in cases in which their own interests are not involved. Thus the very same men who could see no great harm in the dismemberment of Poland, and the destruction of Polish nationality, gave the Greeks all the aid they required to break the Turkish yoke—aiding and assisting, at the decisive battle of Navarino, in the destruction of the Turkish fleet.

These few preliminary remarks are intended to show those, unacquainted with the subject, that it is nothing new for Russia to evince vigor, spirit, and ambition. In order to form an adequate idea of the progress she has made in extending her boundaries, it is only necessary to compare a map of old Russia to the Russia of the present day—that is, the map of a small province to that of about one-ninth part of the habitable globe. The largest of all other empires and kingdoms fall into insignificance, in point of extent, when compared to Russia. But let us see how did this vast increase take place; so that we may be able to form an opinion of what is likely to be her course in the future. To do this with any satisfaction, some details are necessary, though nothing more than an outline need be expected in our whole article.

On every side where territory was to be acquired, Russia has extended her boundaries. But we desire to call particular attention to the fact, that the point to which she has made the most gigantic strides is Central India. Nor is this the result of accident. In no other direction has she taken so much pains to extend her frontier and her influence; and she has evinced this partiality for the East ever since the accession of the founder of the present dynasty, that is, since 1613—thirteen years after the first charter of the London Company of Merchants was granted—four years after

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the second charter, which may be said to have inaugurated the East India Company.

But, in order to advance successfully in Asia, it was necessary to acquire as much strength, power, and influence in Europe as possible. Accordingly we find that there is not a single nation in Europe bordering on Russia on whom the latter has not made extensive inroads. Thus, to begin with Poland, her acquisitions from that once flourishing monarchy are nearly equal to the Austrian empire. The part now belonging to Russia of the ancient kingdom of Sweden is much more extensive than the whole of the present kingdom. She has recovered from Turkey in Europe an amount of territory little, if any thing, less than the whole extent of the Prussian dominions; and she is in possession of still more of Turkey in Asia.

But it is Tartary, not Turkey, that is on the direct road to the heart of the East, and, accordingly, vastly more of the former than of the latter has been annexed—an extent of territory which we may well seem to exaggerate when we say that it presents an area equal to that of the whole of European Turkey, Italy, Greece and Spain. The next on the road is Persia, and the Shah has had to cede to the Czar an amount of territory nearly equal to England, Ireland and Scotland. One would think that this ought to satisfy the ambition even of Russia, for at least an age; but not a day is lost after its formal annexation, before the same influences are brought to bear upon China, so that, within the present year, an amount of territory, on the Amoor river, not less than 361,000 square miles, has been added to the same empire.

What is still more remarkable, if possible, than this enormous periodical increase, is the fact that the greater part of it has been made without the shedding of a drop of blood. No other country in the world, ancient or modern, has accomplished so much by her diplomacy. Thus Russia is called a semi-barbarous nation; but the influence exerted by the tongue and the pen is not a characteristic of barbarity. France and England boast of being at the head of European civilization. As nations, it cannot be denied that they are so; but neither has been able to obtain any valuable accessions from China without having recourse to the cannon and the bayonet. This remarkable success of Russian diplomacy, in cases in which the diplomacy of every other nation in Europe has utterly failed, proves, beyond dispute, that, however

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inferior may be the civilization of the Russian people, the ruling classes are at least equal in enlightenment and intelligence to those of any other country in the world. Indeed, this is no longer denied, except by the thoughtless and prejudiced. Nor is the fact strange; for nowhere else is diplomacy taught as a science as it is in Russia, especially that peculiar kind of diplomacy that is required to deal successfully with Orientals. Even in thoughtful and learned Germany, there is not so much attention paid to the Oriental languages as in Russia. In recent years, considerable attention has been paid in England to the study of Sanscrit and Hindostanee. It has become necessary, as a condition of success, for any one aspiring to become a functionary of the East India government, to understand, at least, a smattering of the two languages mentioned; but even these are studied to much greater perfection in Russia than in England.

Rarely, if ever, is a Russian ambassador sent to any country, either of Europe or Asia, of whose language he is ignorant. It is ten to one that the Russian ministers at Vienna, Berlin not only understand German but speak it fluently. The minister at the Court of St. James is almost invariably a good English scholar, capable of conversing freely in English, while there is no educated Russian who does not understand French. And nearly the same may be said of the Russian ambassadors to the different Oriental courts—certainly of those accredited to Persia and China; whereas it is but seldom that English ministers know any thing of the language of the courts to which they are accredited—scarcely ever of the Persian, or the Chinese—a remark which, we are sorry to add, is equally applicable to American ministers. If the assertion of Charles V., that a man knowing four languages is worth four men, be true, in any case, it is so in that of the diplomat; who, if he understands the language of the court to which he is accredited, can certainly forward the interests of his government, and protect its rights, more effectually than four who do not. And may this not account, at least in part, for the superior success of Russia in her diplomacy?

At all events, such are the facts, and now we proceed to adduce other evidence of the enormous development of the Russian empire—that to be found in the increase of population. Judged by her population, Russia would not seem to the ordinary observer to be one-tenth as large as she is; but in this respect she is truly gigantic. At the accession of

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Peter the Great, Russia had already begun to be regarded as a powerful nation; her population in 1689 being 15,000,000. At the accession of Catharine II., in 1762, it had increased to 25,000,000, and she added to it 11,000,000; so that at her death, in 1796, the population of the empire was over 36,000,000. A still greater increase was made in the reign of Alexander I., at whose death the population was over 58,000,000. At the death of the Emperor Nicholas, it had increased to 75,000,000; and, now that the extensive territory of the Amoor River has been annexed, the population of the whole empire cannot be less than 100,000,000 of souls.

This vast increase will seem the more wonderful, if we bear in mind that there are powerful antagonisms operating in Russia. In no other country are there more parties, or parties more violently opposed to each other. The principal of these are the native and German parties. The former, as the name implies, are opposed to all interference from abroad in the affairs of the empire. They protest against the employment of foreigners in any of the offices of honor or emolument under the government. In a word, they are quite as exclusive, in this respect, as were the Know Nothing party, in this country, some two or three years since. In this respect they are antagonistic to the Emperor as well as to the German party, because the Czar is always ready to avail himself of talent, let it come whence it may. No sovereign in the world is more liberal in this regard; and it is a policy which has not been confined to any particular occupant of the imperial throne, from the time of Peter the Great to the present. The German party is foreign only in name. No other party are more faithful, more attached to the sovereign, or more ready to devote their lives and fortunes to the aggrandizement of the empire. Indeed, all parties agree on this point; but they differ widely as to the means that ought to be used for its accomplishment. One will oppose a measure, if only because it originated with another; nor does the opposition always cease in time of war with foreign nations, but has often been the cause of disasters which would have proved the ruin of nations possessed of less recuperative energy.

The Czar is regarded as a despot; but, in reality, he is so only in the eyes of foreign nations. The great nobility consider themselves as the guardians of the sovereign, and hold that he must be guided by their wishes and advice. Sometimes, indeed, he has set both their wishes and advice at de-

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fiance, but seldom, if ever, with impunity. In proof of this, we need only refer to the several Czars put to death under one pretext or other; for, even in the instance in which the Czarina is supposed to have murdered her husband, she would not have dared to attempt it had she not known that the all-powerful nobility were on her side. It is not strange, then, that the latter regard the Czar as little more than the nucleus and motive power of their own will. The moment he attempts to ignore this, his days are numbered—his career as a sovereign is nearly at an end. That the Czar not unfrequently sends one of the first nobles in the empire to the mines of Siberia, would seem to conflict with this view of the case; but the fact is not the less true. In order to understand how this is done, it is only necessary to remember that, in sending a great duke or prince to the mines, the Czar is influenced more by the wishes of the rest of the nobility than by his own. In other words, it is ten to one that the obnoxious noble is one who has excited the jealousy and hatred of his brethren, who denounce him to the sovereign, and claim that he should be punished. This is so well known in Russia, that the wife or friends of the disgraced noble almost invariably petition the leaders of the nobility for his pardon and liberation, before making any application for that purpose to the Czar.

Then there are, besides, the boyars, or rustic nobility, and the boors. The former are nearly the same now as they were in the time of Peter the Great; always fond of barbaric magnificence, and imbued with a lively faith in the superiority of every thing Russian, to the best that any other nation in the world can boast of. They love their sovereign, because he is a Russian; but their devotion to him is always proportioned to the tenacity with which they can induce him to cling to ancient habits and customs. As for the boors, as long as they get enough to eat, and a Greek priest to prepare the way, for them, to heaven, they never give trouble to the government on their own account; they look upon the Czar, if not as God, at least as the most holy and most infallible of saints. But should he incur the displeasure of the nobility, their masters, they would very soon be taught to regard him in a different light—in short, as their enemy, rather than their friend; as a traitor to Russia, and an apostate from the true religion, rather than as a saint, or one that deserved to be the Czar of all the Russias.

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Those who examine the characters of the various antagonisms thus briefly glanced at, and see how much even the ministry are disposed to act independently of the sovereign, will be likely to change their mind as to the absolute power of the Czar. Perhaps, in point of fact, that he is as little absolute as our President. The former, as we have shown, is liable to be put out of the way any day, as soon as he ceases to command the confidence, or as soon as he excites the ill-will, of whatever party happens to be in the ascendant—nay, as soon as he forfeits the regard of the nobility alone; whereas, no matter how unpopular our President may become, he is sure to continue the chief magistrate of the Republic for four years, except he dies in the mean time, or is proved guilty of high treason. But it is not the less true that all foreign nations may regard the Czar, in connection with any public document he may issue, as a true exponent of Russian feeling. For example, there need be no doubt but his recent letter to the Russian Minister at Washington, in reference to the difficulties in which we are at present involved, represented the sentiments of the large majority of the governing class. If our Secretary of State was not sufficiently acquainted with the history and politics of Russia to comprehend this, the document was not the less important in itself on this account; and, perhaps, we may add that, after all, it may not prove the less important in its results. If Mr. Seward were the only medium through which the American nation could indicate its appreciation of such friendly sentiments as were contained in the Czar's letter, then, indeed, the Russian government might well have felt hurt to find that that functionary had written a much more elaborate State paper in reference to the letters of Mr. Russell, of the London *Times*, than he did in reply to the friendly communication of one of the greatest powers in the world; and this at a time when almost every other power seemed to wish the disruption of the Union. But the Court of St. Petersburg is well aware that one may happen to be Secretary of State of the United States for three or four years, or even President, and yet be no true exponent of American feeling. If our principal public journals were never to reach St. Petersburg, as they regularly do, the Russian minister at Washington would hardly fail to explain to his government that, however thoughtlessly, not to say discourteously brief, was the reply of Mr. Seward, the American people fully appreciate the sympathy so kindly expressed on the part of the Czar.

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What if it is not altogether for love of us the Russian government has expressed that sympathy. Assuming that the Czar had Russian interests in view, much more than American interests, when he caused the letter in question to be written—that he looked more to the Indus, and the Ganges, than to the Potomac, or the Mississippi, we should not value it the less on this account, as long as we had any reason to apprehend hostilities from another quarter, whence they seemed to be threatened. Nor should England have any blame to us for this; or infer from it any hostility on our part towards her. More than once she has herself avowedly entered into an alliance for no other purpose than to place a barrier between India and Russia, in order to protect the former against the aggressive spirit and cupidity of the latter. No fact in history is more universally known than that the policy of England towards Turkey, for the last sixty years, has had for its main object the plan of throwing obstacles in the way of Russia on the road to India. Lord Castlereagh, Canning, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Aberdeen, admitted in turn that were India in no danger from Russian ambition, the British government would give itself very little trouble in regard to the integrity of the Ottoman empire. Even the late war in the Crimea had much less to do with the interests of the Sultan or his people, so far as the intentions and feeling of England were concerned, than it had with the integrity of her own Eastern empire.

If we look to Persia, we shall find that the same policy is pursued there, nor is its introduction by any means of recent date. Several treaties have been entered into with the Shah, in which it was expressly stipulated that he should do all in his power to intercept the progress of Russia to India. Nay, it is notorious that enormous sums of money have been paid to him out of the British treasury for the sole purpose of opposing the onward march of the gigantic despotism of the North. We have abundant proof of this in the official dispatches of British ambassadors, but we need not go beyond the treaties which have been duly ratified by the courts of St. James and Tehran. So early in the history of British India and Russian intrigue in the East as 1809, England succeeded, after expending an enormous amount of money in presents to the Shah and his principal ministers, in inducing the court of Tehran to agree to a treaty, the

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spirit of which may be inferred from the third article, which we here transcribe.

"ART. 3. His Majesty, the king of Persia, judges it *necessary to declare* that from the date of these preliminaries every treaty or agreement he may have made with any one of the powers of Europe, becomes null and void, *and that he will not permit any European power whatever to pass through Persia, either towards India or towards the ports of that country.*"

Lest this might not answer every purpose, another article is introduced to prevent future treaties with any other power save England.

"ART. 8. It is acknowledged that the intent and meaning of these preliminary articles are entirely defensive. (That is, defensive of India.) And it is likewise agreed that, as long as these preliminary articles remain in force, his Majesty the king of Persia shall not enter into any engagements inimical to his Britannic Majesty, or *pregnant with injury or disadvantage to the British territories in India.*"

In consideration of this treaty, the Shah was to receive 200,000 tomans—about $800,000 annually. Every possible effort was made besides to extend British influence, and exclude that of Russia. The amount expended in presents, altogether independently of the subsidy, was not less than a million sterling for the first year after the preliminaries were agreed to. For a time this extraordinary liberality on the part of England had the desired effect. Not only the Persian government, but the Persian people were excited to the bitterest hatred of Russia. Matters went on in this way until 1829, when, in the month of February, M. Grybyadoff, the Russian envoy at the court of the Shah, and forty-four individuals belonging to his suite were massacred at the embassy, at Tehran, by the enraged populace. When this outrage was committed, the British government saw that for the present at least there was no need to be liberal with money, and, accordingly, Sir John Macdonald, the British Chargé d'Affaires, was instructed by Mr. Canning to purchase, *as cheaply as he could*, the erasure of those articles from the treaty which bound England to pay the subsidy. The Shah protested against the withdrawal of the latter, as a violation of the treaty, but was finally induced to accept one year's subsidy for the whole, promising to use his influence with

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the home government, in the hope of obtaining an additional sum. As might have been expected, England lost much more than she gained by thus withdrawing, so shabbily and without any reasonable pretext, what she had herself volunteered to give. Once more the Russians got into favor, and in a short time exercised a more powerful influence in the councils of the Shah than ever, the English falling into disgrace in a corresponding ratio. Of this and its consequences we have abundant evidence in the dispatches of the British envoys, who warned the home government that the Russian agents, accredited to the Shah, were openly engaged in efforts to excite both Persia and Afghanistan against British India. The character of these efforts can be readily understood from the following letter from Captain Burnes to the Secretary of the Indian Government:

"CABOOL, 15th November, 1837.

"I do myself the honor to transmit, for the information of the Governor-General, the copy of a letter received some time since by the Ameer of Cabool from his Excellency Count Simonich, the Russian Ambassador at Tehran; likewise one from the Ameer's agent forwarding the same.

"His Lordship is already aware, by the dispatches of Her Majesty's Ambassador in Persia, that a communication was also addressed by the Russian Ambassador to the Chief of Candahar. *A double opportunity is now offered of judging of the designs and intentions of Russia in this quarter.*

"If any thing were wanting to bear out the correctness of Mr. M'Neil's views, as expressed in his dispatch of the 30th June last, Her Majesty's Secretary for Foreign Affairs, *regarding the encouragement given to Persia by Russia to extend her influence to the countries eastward*, these *papers now forwarded carry the clearest proof of it*, for the Russian Ambassador himself commences the correspondence with the Chief of Cabool, and tells him that, if *the Shah of Persia will not assist him, his court is ready to do so.*

"'INCLOSURE 1.

"'*The Russian Ambassador, at Tehran, to Ameer Dost Mahomed Khan of Cabool:*

"'In these happy days, the respectable Hajee Ibrahim Khan, one of your people, arrived at the door of His Majesty the Shah. He has now got leave to return to you, and I embrace the opportunity to write to you, being induced to do so by the praises which I am always hearing of you, and the friendly conversation which has passed between your man and myself. Through him, therefore, I send this friendly letter, and hope that you in future will keep up a correspondence with me.

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"'Considering me your friend, I trust that you will strengthen the bonds of friendship by writing to me, and freely commanding my services, as I shall always be happy to do any thing for you.

"'Look upon me as your servant, and let me hear from you.

(Sealed) "'COUNT IVAN SIMONICH,

"'*Minister Plenipotentiary of the Russian Government.*

"'INCLOSURE 2.

"'*Letter to Ameer of Cabool, forwarding the preceding, from Hajee Ibrahim, his agent at Tehran:*

"'I reached the camp of the Shah in the month of Jumad-ool-val. When his Majesty learned the contents of your letter, he was happy and kind to me; at that time the Shah was at Cushma Ali, seven marches from Tehran, near Dam Ghan; he stated that on arriving at Khalpush he would discharge me with some messages to you. On his reaching Khalpush, he went to punish the Turkomans, and I accompanied His Majesty as desired. When we returned to Sharood the winter set in, and the Shah, by the advice of his counsellors, left his artillery there, abandoned the intention of going to Herat this year, and returned to Tehran. He ordered his nobles to get ready by Noo-Roy, for an expedition to Herat.

"'The Shah directed me to inform you that he will shortly send an Elchee, who, after meeting you, will proceed to Runjeet Sing to explain to him, on the part of the Shah, that if he (Runjeet) will not restore all the Afghan countries to you, the Ameer, he must be prepared to receive the Persian army. When the Shah takes Herat he has promised to send you money and any troops you want.

"'The Russian ambassador, *who is always with the Shah*, has sent you a letter, which I enclose. The substance of his verbal messages to you is that if the Shah does every thing you want, so much the better; and if not, *the Russian Government will furnish you* (the Ameer) *with every thing wanting.*

"'The *object of the Russian Elchee, by his message, is to have a road to the English India, and for this they are very anxious.* He is waiting for your answer, and I am sure he will serve you. The letter you sent through Aga Mahomed Kashee pleased the Shah very much, and he (Mahomed Hossein) will soon return to you.

"'The Ansef-ud-Dowlah, the ruler of Khorassan, has written to the Shah that he saw Gar Mahomed Khan on this side of Turrah; he says that he has not power to oppose the Shah, but he will not serve him until the Shah gives him money *to take Candahar and Cabool.*

"'I send you the letter (Firmann) of the Shah, which will, I trust, meet approbation.'"

To these we might add numerous similar documents, writ-

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ten at different periods from 1800 to 1861—all tending to prove beyond dispute, first, that Russia has framed her whole Eastern policy for nearly a century, and does so still, with a view to the ultimate acquisition of India, and, secondly, that England has framed her Eastern policy so as to throw all possible obstacles in Russia's way. We do not mean that Great Britain is to blame for this; on the contrary, we hold that it is her duty to protect her possessions by all means in her power. Still less do we mean that it would be better for the cause of liberty or civilization that Russia should succeed in her efforts to possess herself of British India, for we do not believe it would.

That the East India Company has cruelly oppressed, nay, *tortured*, the Hindoos much more recently than the time of Burke and Sheridan, is but too well known. But this is no longer the case; at least, the use of torture has been discontinued; for none have protested more strongly against it than Englishmen. At all events, we point out the progress of Russia to the eastward only as an important political fact —a fact which, as we have already intimated, may exercise a considerable influence on the present war.

Perhaps it is well for England herself, for more than one reason, that she knows, from experience, that she has need, even in time of peace, to keep an ever-vigilant eye on the movements of Russia. Had she not to be always on the alert to guard against the intrigues of the great despotism of the North, it may well be doubted whether she could have remained at peace with us as long as she has, for be it remembered that in not a single instance has any difficulty arisen between this country and England, but leading members of both Houses of Parliament—some of her ablest statesmen—have openly warned those, disposed to war, against such complications as it was in the power of Russia to bring about at any time, as soon as she found Great Britain engaged with a power like the American Republic.

If Russia had made no progress in the East but what she has made within the last year, her movements might well be regarded with anxiety, if not with alarm, by England, who cannot forget that the same power that confronts her everywhere in the East, also confronts her in the North; that, in short, the Russian Empire is not confined even to the whole of Northern Asia and Northern Europe, but also extends into North America. An alliance, therefore, on the part of

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Russia, with the United States, would be very different, so far as India is concerned, from an alliance on the part of the same power with any of the great nations of Europe, not excepting France.

We all remember with what difficulty England, France, Turkey, and Sardinia, combined, were able to bring Russia to terms in the Crimea. Having once succeeded, the combined powers congratulated each other that it would be some time again before the common enemy could exercise any important influence in the affairs of the world. This, indeed, was the universal opinion; but all were mistaken. It is now clearly proved that, at the very time Russia was engaged, single-handed, with all the powers mentioned, she was also engaged in the East, rapidly paving the way for the annexation of an extent of territory on the Amoor river, equal to the combined areas of France and Italy. In inducing China to agree to a formal treaty, which has been duly ratified, for the annexation, not only of the whole of the left bank of the Amoor, but also an extensive region bounded by the Gulf of Tartary, by the Usuri, as far as the lakes of Khinka, and by another line between Napoleon's Bay and Khinka—a region which embraces a large part of the maritime province of Manchouria—nearly the whole of the Pacific coast to the frontiers of Corea—Russia has shown more skill and adroitness in diplomacy than England, France, and the United States put together, since she succeeded, without the shedding of a drop of blood, in obtaining more important concessions than they, with all their threats and military demonstrations, had been able to obtain for years. Even when the demands of the Allied Powers were complied with by the Chinese Government, in the autumn of last year, the intelligence of the fact was first heard in England and France *via* St. Petersburg, having reached that capital from Peking in five weeks—the shortest period on record for the transmission of similar news from the heart of China. The treaty, which was ratified at St. Petersburg, on the first of January of the present year, is all that could have been desired even by Russia, since, after carefully defining the new boundaries of the two empires, it guarantees to Russian merchants, not only the right to travel in any part of China, for commercial purposes, but also to visit the capital or any other city in the empire, remaining there as long as they find it necessary to do so, the only restriction being, that

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more than two hundred of them are not to meet in the same locality.

Thus, without entering into any further details, we see that Russia is rapidly approaching India on every side. Her wars with Persia show that the Shah could not prevent her onward course, if he would. In Tartary her dominion extends almost to the frontiers of Afghanistan. What the feelings of the Afghans are towards England, were made sufficiently evident in 1841, when they rose *en masse*, butchered Sir Alexander Burnes, Sir William Macnaghten, and several other officers of distinction, finally forcing the British to evacuate Cabool, leaving Lady Sale and others as hostages in the hands of Akbar Khan. In short, the Afghans have to this day bid defiance to all the forces England could bring against them. Russia is well aware of this, and she is doing all in her power, at the present moment, to gain the confidence of the brave and unconquerable Asiatic Swiss. And who forgets the heroic struggle made by the Sikhs for their independence from 1845 until 1849, during which period it took all the available forces of Great Britain to subdue them? Nor are they by any means contented with their condition at the present day; it may well be doubted whether they love England a whit more now than they did then, or rather whether they hate her rule a whit less. And be it remembered that their country, the Punjaub, is in the north-western extremity of India, bordering on Afghanistan, and separated from Tartary only by the Hindoo Coosh mountains. Thus virtually surrounded as British India is, on every side, save on the ocean, which is her own element, by the antagonistic, active influence of Russia, and confronted by the same power on this continent, while Napoleon III. may form an alliance with the Czar when such an event is least expected, if only to carry out the traditional policy of his uncle, it is easy to understand that England has enough to occupy her attention without attempting to force a power, that has an army of little less than 500,000 men already in the field, to open its own ports in order to enable the rebels, in arms against it, to sell her as much cotton as she wants. Independently of any such dangers as those alluded to, it would ill become a nation, with far less pretensions to greatness or political wisdom than England, to engage, on such grounds, in a war which at best could hardly fail to prove disastrous to herself.

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ART. VII.—1. *The Works of George Berkeley, D. D., late Bishop of Cloyne, in Ireland; to which are added an Account of his Life and several of his Letters.* In two volumes, 4to. London: 1784.

2. *The Works of George Berkeley, D. D., Bishop of Cloyne; to which are added an Account of his Life and several of his Letters to Thomas Prior, Esq., Dean Gervais, Mr. Pope, &c.* London: Gregg. 1837.

ONE of the most distinguished and enduring names in modern history is that of George Berkeley, to whom a great contemporary poet* assigned "every virtue under heaven;" but of whom a modern bard† sneeringly says: "When Berkeley said there was no matter, it is no matter what he said." His fame as a philosopher has travelled into all lands and climes, and, as the great champion and representative of the Ideal System, his reputation is world-wide. His memory is, in a peculiar manner, linked with America by a benevolent, self-imposed mission, by his residence in the country, and by the famous poem in which he gives expression to such grand and glowing hopes of its future:

> There shall be sung another golden age,
> The rise of empire and of arts,
> The good and great inspiring epic rage,
> The wisest heads and noblest hearts.
>
> Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
> Such as she bred when fresh and young,
> When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
> By future poets shall be sung.
>
> Westward the course of empire takes its way;
> The four first acts already past,
> A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
> Time's noblest offspring is the last.

How would the generous heart from which emanated these lines now grieve, if it were in the land of the living, over the fratricidal strife which threatens to falsify all its aspirations. But the end is not yet, and time will tell whether Berkeley was a true poet in the sense of the ancients (*Vates*)—a prophet as well as a weaver of verse.

The companions of Berkeley were princes, and his friends

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* Pope. † Byron.

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were the most distinguished English statesmen, philosophers, and literati of his day—Prior, Arbuthnot, Atterbury, Chesterfield, Johnson, Swift, Pope, Steele, Addison, and the rest of that brilliant circle of wits and scholars who reflected a lustre upon the age. Yet, never did any man more thoroughly despise the trappings and show of conventionalism, or the authority of great names. He esteemed human virtue for its own sake, and not for its surroundings. His modesty and simplicity of character were only equalled by his varied knowledge and gigantic intellect. In the words of Swift, who was not accustomed to praise men, he was "one of the first men in the kingdom for learning and virtue." He was a churchman, without blind zeal or narrow sectarian bigotry. He was not only a patriot, but a cosmopolitan in his expansive ideas, his charity continually enlarging, like the circles produced in the centre of a lake by the dropping of a stone—spreading wider and wider, till they reach the farthest shores. He was a philanthropist in the broadest acceptation of the term. His life was one labor of love to the human race. He was a mathematician of a high order, but most celebrated as a metaphysician. His philosophical works have become part of that struggle of the human mind, extending over so many thousand years, to know itself, the objects of its operations, and its relation thereto—a struggle on which the mightiest intellects have entered, but which has hitherto resulted in failure. But, though the essence of mind and matter and the connection between them are still as impenetrable mysteries as they ever were, it does not follow that the investigations of the philosophers have been altogether in vain. If they have failed to establish their own theories, they have exploded the systems of their predecessors, and they have made most important discoveries in the laws of both Mind and Matter. Thus, Berkeley was more successful in demolishing the fabric of Materialism than in building an imperishable structure of Idealism; but the world is indebted to his keen and searching analysis for the discovery of those laws of human vision which are now incorporated with every system of optics, though, like the motion of the earth, steamships, and the electric telegraph, his theory was considered, at the time of its first promulgation, as a philosophical romance. But before proceeding to a review of his works, let us examine his life, and consider his character, which will be found both curious and instructive.

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George Berkeley was born on the 12th day of March, 1684, not, as most of his biographers assert, at Kilcrin, near Thomastown, in the county of Kilkenny, Ireland, but at Dysart, about a mile below Thomastown, on the banks of "the gentle Nore," which flows through a valley of surpassing fertility and beauty. To the south of "Dysart Castle," a tall and graceful ruin, emblematic of a nation's decay, still stand the remains of the Berkeley mansion in which the renowned Bishop of Cloyne first saw the light. The scene is one of the most secluded and lovely, in a country famous for the beauty and sublimity of its landscapes, and seems to be the fitting birth-place of a poet and philosopher, who knew how to appreciate the charms of nature, and whose amiable and retiring disposition withdrew him from the dust and din of the battle of life, and the glitter, glorious pomp and circumstance of the bustling, busy world. Kilkenny has given birth to many other illustrious names, among which we may mention Langrishe, Flood, Bushe, and Banim. He received the first part of his education at Kilkenny School, from which so many scholars of the first eminence, including Dean Swift, have come. In his fifteenth year he entered the University of Dublin, and in 1707 he obtained a fellowship. In the same year, he published an essay on mathematical science, written before he was twenty years of age, and which was probably the fruit of his studies for the fellowship. It was an attempt to demonstrate arithmetic without algebra or Euclid—an attempt which first unfolds a moral feature in his character that influenced all his future writings, and in a great degree regulated his whole conduct. This was a freedom from the influence thrown over the human mind by the settled conventions of opinion, and a consequent disposition to depart from the beaten track and pursue new courses, as reason or duty seemed to dictate—a temper, of which the results were extreme simplicity and singleness of character, and a remarkable boldness in the adventurous career of his philosophy. In two years after the publication of his first work, he gave to the public his *Theory of Vision*, the root of all his philosophical opinions, though some of those opinions cannot be logically deduced from it. The chief aim of the work was, to "distinguish the immediate and natural objects of sight from the *seemingly instantaneous* conclusions which experience and habit teach us to draw from them in our earliest

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infancy; or, in the more concise metaphysical language of a later period, to draw the line between the *original and the acquired perceptions* of the eye."* This is admitted by standard psychological writers as a grand truth contributed to their science; and is asserted by the ablest of modern metaphysicians† to have "remained one of the least disputed doctrines in the most disputed and most disputable of all sciences—the science of man." The same writer thus states and illustrates Berkeley's theory:

"Of the information which we appear to receive, and which we really do, in the maturity of our faculties, receive through the eye, a part only is originally and instinctively furnished by the sense; the remainder is the result of experience. The sense of sight informs us of nothing originally except light and colors, and a certain arrangement of colored lines and points. This arrangement contributes what are called, by opticians and astronomers, apparent figure, apparent position, and apparent magnitude; of real figure, position, and magnitude, the eye teaches us nothing: these are facts revealed exclusively by the sense of touch. We judge an object to be more distant from us, by the diminution of its apparent magnitude, that is, by linear perspective; or by that dimness or faintness of color which generally increases with distance, or, in other words, by aerial perspective. Berkeley alleges that, to a person born blind, and suddenly made to see, all objects would seem to be in his eye, or, rather, in his mind. It would be more correct to say such a person would, at first, have no conception of *in* or *out*, and would only be conscious of colors and not of objects."

In 1810, one year after the appearance of the *Theory of Vision*, which made an epoch in science, Berkeley published his *Principles of Human Knowledge*, which gave the final stamp to his philosophical character, and made an epoch in metaphysics. In this he asserted the doctrine of immaterialism, a doctrine much misunderstood and misrepresented, and which innumerable literary snobs have "vanquished with a grin."‡ The adverse critics of his time either had not read what they criticised or dishonestly imputed to him what he never asserted or believed. They repeat the most trivial objections, which he had himself anticipated, answered and refuted in his book. They misunderstand, or affect to misunderstand him, and, forcing a meaning upon his words which he had expressly rejected, then reproach him

* Dugald Stewart. † Mill.

‡ And coxcombs vanquish Berkeley with a grin.—*Pope.*

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with inconsistency. When he denied the existence of matter, he merely denied its existence in the sense which the philosophers had assigned to it. He denied the existence of that unknown *substratum*, which Locke had declared to be a necessary inference from our knowledge of qualities, but the nature of which must ever be altogether hidden from us. Philosophers had assumed the existence of substance, that is, of something lying underneath all phenomena, and supporting all qualities—something in which all accidents *inhere*. This unknown substance Berkeley denies, regarding it as the basis of Atheism. He maintains that the appearances themselves are the things, and that there is nothing beyond. In this he is supported by the common sense of mankind. When, therefore, Dr. Johnson says, "I thus refute Berkeley," kicking a stone, he does the philosopher great injustice, as if Berkeley ever denied that what we call stones exist. In reply to the learned lexicographer, he says:

"That the things which I see with my eyes and touch with my hands do exist, really exist, I make not the least question. The only thing whose existence I deny is, that which philosophers call matter or corporeal substance. * * * If the word *substance* be taken, in the vulgar sense, for a combination of sensible qualities, such as extension, solidity, weight, &c., this we cannot be accused of taking away. But if it be taken in the philosophic sense, for the support of accidents or qualities without the mind, then, indeed, I acknowledge that we take it away, if we may be said to take away that which never had any existence. * * * Assert the evidence of sense as high as you please, we are willing to do the same. That what I see, hear and feel, doth exist, that is, is perceived by me, I no more doubt than I do of my own being; but I do not see how the testimony of sense can be alleged as a proof of any thing which is not perceived by sense."

How uncandid, then, Beattie, Reid and others, who tauntingly asked, why Berkeley did not run his head against a post, or walk over precipices, as, in accordance with his theory, no pain, no broken limbs could result.* Whiston said he could not answer Berkeley, but did not believe his absurd conclusions. Towards the close of the year 1714, Berkeley had a

* "What is the consequence? I resolve not to believe my senses. I break my head against a post that comes in my way; I step into a dirty kennel; and, after twenty such wise and rational actions, I am taken up and clapt into a mad-house. Now, I confess I had rather take one of these credulous fools, whom nature imposes upon, than of those wise and rational philosophers who resolve to withhold assent at all this expense."—*Reid's Inquiry*, chap. vi., sec. 20.

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fever, and Dr. Arbuthnot, in a letter to his friend Swift, speaking of his convalescence, writes: "Poor philosopher Berkeley has now the idea of health, which was very hard to produce in him, for he had an idea of a strange fever on him, so strong that it was very hard to destroy it by introducing a contrary one." It was much easier, however, to laugh at Berkeley than to answer him.

In 1713, three years after the publication of his *Principles of Human Knowledge*, he left Ireland and proceeded to London, where he produced his *Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous*, which contain a further development and defence of his doctrine of Immaterialism; and these are the only works in which his Ideal Theory is formally and directly maintained. The *Dialogues* are singularly animated and imaginative. The ingenuity and acuteness of intellect displayed in these writings attracted the attention of literary circles, and his acquaintance was sought and cultivated by the most distinguished persons of the time. His countrymen Steele and Swift were active in introducing him to those who might advance his interests. He wrote several papers in the *Guardian*, for each of which, Steele, the editor, is said to have paid him "a guinea and a dinner," together with the public compliment that he "embellished the *Guardian* with many excellent arguments in honor of religion and virtue." At Steele's house he frequently met Pope, and formed an intimacy with him which grew into a permanent friendship. He was introduced to the celebrated Earl of Peterborough, by Swift, whose influence with this nobleman was very great. At his instance, the Earl took Berkeley with him as Chaplain and Secretary, when he was appointed Ambassador to the King of Sicily and the other Italian States.

In 1714 he returned with Lord Peterborough to England, upon a change of ministry; but soon met with a favorable opportunity to extend his travels. Dr. St. George Ashe, then Bishop of Clogher, proposed to him to accompany, as tutor, his son on a tour through Europe. He accepted the office, and proceeded first to Paris, where he met the celebrated Father Malebranche, a philosophical inquirer, who had held opinions nearly similar to Berkeley's own, but renounced them on reading the beginning of Genesis, which seems to affirm the existence of the external world independently of the human mind. When Berkeley paid him a visit in his cell, he was

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laboring under an inflammation of the lungs; the disputants became so heated in argument and the impetuous Frenchman spoke so vehemently that his disease became greatly increased by the interview, and he died in a few days—a tragical result which must have deeply afflicted the amiable mind of Berkeley.

At this period he spent upwards of four years travelling over Apulia, Calabria, and Sicily. He had collected materials for a natural history of Sicily; but they were unfortunately lost in the passage to Naples. His eloquent description of his visit to Ischia (ancient Inarime), in the Bay of Naples, and a brilliant account given of an eruption of Vesuvius, which he witnessed, have caused his biographers to regret this loss as a misfortune to the literary world. Had his genius been turned at an early period in this direction, there is little doubt that he would have been eminently successful as a naturalist. His keen penetration and discriminating judgment, his remarkable vigor, his graphic power of description, his inquisitive and patient research, together with his profound intellect, would have made him the Humboldt of his age. He evinced a love of external nature and a passion for its description, and his style is clear and unaffected, possessing a graceful ease and a freshness like that which characterizes the pages of Izaak Walton. There is a remarkable combination of poetic effect and accurate observation in his description of the island of Inarime, which he calls "an epitome of the whole earth," and of its mountain, Mons Epomeus, rising from the centre and overlooking the scenery of the Æneid—"from the promontory of Antium to the cape of Palinurus." His enthusiasm, however, about the inhabitants, is highly amusing. He describes them, in their Arcadian innocence and simplicity, as men "without riches and honors, and so without the vices and follies that attend them." Yet in the next sentence he says "they have got, as an alloy to their happiness, an ill habit of murdering one another on slight offences." He naïvely tells his correspondent that, "by the sole secret of minding our own business, we found a means of living safely among this dangerous people." In the same rapturous strain he afterwards sung about the American Indians, when he was inspired by his intended pious mission to the Western World—

> "In happy climes the seat of innocence,
> Where nature guides and virtue rules."

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But increased intercourse with men and manners soon taught the man of books and of the closet how visionary were his poetical notions about the innocence of the human race in a state of nature, and how romantic his ideas about "another golden age."

In a letter to Dr. Arbuthnot, he describes his three ascents to Vesuvius. Of the first, he says:

"With much difficulty I reached the top of Mount Vesuvius, in which I saw a vast aperture, full of smoke, which hindered the seeing its depth and figure. I heard, within that horrid gulf, certain odd sounds, which seemed to proceed from the belly of the mountain—a sort of murmuring, sighing, throbbing, churning, dashing, as it were, of the waves, and, between whiles, a noise like that of thunder, or cannon, which was constantly attended with a clattering like that of tiles falling from the tops of houses on the streets."

In this ascent he obtained but an imperfect view of the scene below; but a momentary dispersion of the smoke displayed two furnaces nearly together, throwing up a "very ruddy flame," and discharges of red-hot stones. On the second occasion, on the 8th of May, he ascended under a different aspect of things. The air was calm, and a column of smoke ascended straight up, so as to leave clearly visible the boiling and bellowing chasm beneath, in which the two furnaces burned with greater fierceness than on the former day; one of them "throwing up every three or four minutes, with a dreadful bellowing, a vast number of red-hot stones—sometimes, in appearance, about a thousand—and at least three thousand feet higher than my head, as I stood upon the brink;" the other furnace being equally remarkable in a different way, "filled with red-hot liquid matter, like that in the furnace of a glass-house, which raged and wrought as the waves of the sea, causing a short abrupt noise, like what may be imagined to proceed from a sea of quicksilver dashing among uneven rocks." Between this ascent and the 20th of June, he continued to make excursions in the vicinity, during which he observed the varying appearances of the mountain, sometimes pouring from its summit bright and glittering streams of lava, of which the burning course was traceable by the "ruddy smoke which overhung it" along a huge track of sky. On other nights a tall column of flame shot up to the heavens out of the mountain, and disappeared in sudden

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darkness after a moment, as if "the jaws of darkness had devoured it."

As might be expected, from his visits to Vesuvius, Berkeley formed a theory of volcanoes. He supposed "a vacuum to be made in the bowels of the earth by a vast body of inflammable matter taking fire, the water rushing in and being converted into steam; which simple cause was sufficient to produce all the wonderful effects of volcanoes."* But, notwithstanding the opinion of Berkeley, the question still remains unsolved, whether the volcanic matter is thrown directly from the great reservoir of liquid fire in the centre of the earth, or whether the eruption proceeds from the infusion of water upon mere local accumulations of volcanic elements near the surface.

On his way back to England, Berkeley published, at Lyons, an essay upon a question proposed by the Royal Academy at Paris. The subject was, the principle and cause of motion. The tract is written in Latin, and is entitled, *De Motu; sive de Motus Principio et Natura.* He published it in London in 1721. In this tract he arrives, with consummate art, at the same conclusion which he had already reached in his great metaphysical theory.

Fom his philosophical speculations he was diverted for a season, and finally altogether, by the development of the innate benevolence of his character. At this time the country had suffered severely from the South Sea Scheme, and Berkeley published a tract, in which he points out the prime causes of the national suffering and the remedies. He endeavors to show that intemperance, profligacy, luxury, irreligion, and immorality, in fine, the corruption of society, are the great sources of national evil, and that the regeneration of the nation can only be effected by moral and religious reform. There is no doubt of the general correctness of these conclusions in theory. But, practically, such appeals are attended with little effect. Berkeley's pure mind soars into the lofty regions of primary truths, and not only points to heaven, but leads the way. The practical and the possible, however, lie far below his high standard, for, as has been truly observed, "no one will mend his ways, because the nation might be improved by a general reform."

* Clarke's note.

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Shortly after his return to England, Berkeley was introduced by Pope to the accomplished Earl of Burlington, whose name is familiar to the student of architecture. Berkeley had cultivated this art, and during his travels became acquainted with the first existing specimens. His knowledge of the subject, his enthusiasm, his learning, and his talents, excited the admiration of this nobleman, who introduced him, with strong encomiums, to the Duke of Grafton, who was about to go over, as Lord Lieutenant, to Ireland. The Duke appointed him his chaplain. Berkeley had by this time become a senior fellow of Trinity College, and now took his degree of Doctor in Divinity. In the following year he obtained a bequest, amounting to $20,000, from Miss Esther Vanhomrigh* (the Vanessa of Swift), who had made her will in favor of the Dean of St. Patrick's, but afterwards changed it, when she discovered the relation which existed between him and Miss Johnson (Stella). It is stated, on good authority, that Berkeley had only once met the unfortunate lady at dinner, and had not seen her since his return to Ireland. But he must have been well known to her by reputation, besides he was acquainted with the Vanhomrigh family in London, through the introduction of Swift; and his pure, original character was well calculated to impress most favorably a lady so susceptible of such impressions. Berkeley, we are told, who was made one of the two executors of the will, received the news from the other executor, Mr. Marshall, with great surprise. A remarkable condition is said to have accompanied the bequest: that her executors should make public all the letters which had passed between the testatrix and Swift, as well as his celebrated poem of Cadenus and Vanessa. If such an injunction was ever given him, Berkeley disobeyed it, and burned the letters, though the poem was published soon after Miss Vanhomrigh's death, a circumstance which Roscoe† deems to be in favor of the supposition. Every biographer of Swift, up to the time of Sir Walter Scott, has recorded either his censure or apology for Berkeley, on the ground that he disobeyed the injunction of his benefactress. But Scott shows, from an examination of the will, that it contains no such injunction. It is said,

* Not Mrs. Vanhomrigh (the widowed mother of Esther), as erroneously stated by Dr. Stock and other biographers.

† Roscoe's Life of Swift.

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however, that she delivered copies of the letters, in her own handwriting, to Mr. Marshall, and strictly enjoined the publication, and that he was influenced by Berkeley to suppress the correspondence. It is probable that fear of the satirist had more weight with him, and that he did not care to bring on himself the lash of that pen from which Mr. Bettesworth, a particular friend of his, had lately smarted severely. After the Dean's death, he had serious thoughts of fulfilling the alleged intention of Vanessa, and with this view showed the letters to some friends, who made extracts. But his own death put a stop to the matter, though the mutilated extracts found their way to the public. We are assured by Dr. Delaney that there was nothing criminal in those letters, as, indeed, appears from the letters themselves, which have been given by Mr. Nichols and Sir Walter Scott, from the originals in possession of Mr. Berwick; but Berkeley observed a warmth in the lady's style, which delicacy required him to conceal from the public.*

In 1724, Berkeley was preferred by the Duke of Grafton to the deanery of Derry, one of the best then in Ireland, being worth $5,500 a year. But his lofty spirit was little influenced by money; for soon we find him offering to resign this deanery with its $5,500 per annum, for $500 per annum as president of an Indian college, which he proposed to found in the Bermudas, or the Summer Isles, as they were then called, with a view of "converting the savage Americans to Christianity." While on his travels on the continent of Europe, he was captivated by the scenery of Italy, with which he associated visions of human happiness. The idea of a purer and better form of society, founded on the perfect basis of Christianity, was the natural offspring of such a mind as his, and it became the favorite project of his life. The splendor and the luxury, the pomp and vanity, which are the great objects of attraction to common minds, had no charms for him. By his enthusiastic zeal he enlisted, in aid of his Bermuda scheme, many persons who, for example, like the Dean of St. Patrick's, regarded it as visionary.

Addison and Steele also aided his views. It is told by Lord Bathurst that, at a dinner given by his Lordship to a literary club, it was agreed to banter Berkeley on his Ameri-

* Dr. Stock.

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can scheme. He took all that had been said with good humor, and, as his host afterwards declared, "displayed his plan with such an astonishing and animating fire of eloquence and enthusiasm, that they were struck dumb, and, after some pause, rose all up together, with earnestness exclaiming, 'Let us set out immediately.'" Well, therefore, might Warburton write of him, "He is a great man, and the only visionary I ever knew that was."

Such was the force of his disinterested example, that three fellows of Trinity College consented to give up their position and prospects at home and accompany him across the Atlantic, with the expectation of a salary of £40 per annum. In advocating his project, he did not rest its claims merely on the hope it held out of promoting Christianity, but its advantage to the government. At that time public lands in the island of St. Christopher's, which had been ceded to England by the treaty of Utrecht, were about to be sold for the benefit of the government. Berkeley discovered that he could raise from them a much greater sum than was expected, and proposed that a part of the proceeds of the sale should be applied to the erection of his college. Through a Venetian of distinction, the Abbe Altieri, whom he had met in Italy, and who had access to the court of George I., he laid his proposal directly before the King. His Majesty directed his prime minister, Sir Robert Walpole, to introduce and conduct it through the House of Commons, and, at the same time, granted a charter for a college, to be called St. Paul's in Bermuda. On the 11th of May, 1726, it was moved in the Commons "That an humble address be presented to his Majesty, that out of the lands in St. Christopher's, yielded by France to Great Britain by the treaty of Utrecht, his Majesty would be graciously pleased to make such grant, for the use of the president and fellows of the College of St. Paul in Bermuda, as his Majesty shall think proper."

A debate took place on the motion, but none spoke against it except two commercial men. The comment of Berkeley was, that the mercantile interest feared lest America might become independent by the advance of civilization. The motion was carried, and the sum of £20,000 was accordingly promised by the Minister. But, to a man like Walpole, the scheme was a vision of Utopia, and such a sum of money a serious expenditure without any prospect of return; and had Berkeley been a man of the world, he might well

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have distrusted the good faith of the Premier. But it is not the only instance in which men of vast intellect and profound learning have been deceived by the practised arts of shallow but wily and unprincipled politicians. Nor is Berkeley's the only example of superior minds, whose sphere is the closet and the library, proving themselves utterly incompetent to the management of the practical affairs of life. To the enthusiasm and simplicity of the philosopher, the address of the House of Commons seemed decisive—the opposition of the Council, which was silenced and apparently set at rest, went for nothing. Several private subscriptions were raised to promote "so pious an undertaking," as it is called in the King's answer to the address. Such a bright prospect of realizing his dream kindled the muse of Berkeley into a flame, and the poem, of which the verses quoted above are the conclusion, was the happy result.

In the mean time, Berkeley, in August, 1728, married Miss Anne Foster, eldest daughter of John Foster, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, of whom he writes to his friend Prior: "I am married, since I saw you, to Miss Foster, daughter of the late Chief Justice, whose humor and turn of mind please me beyond anything I knew in her whole sex."

Accompanied by his wife, he set sail for America shortly after his marriage. The other companions of his voyage were his wife's friend, Miss Hancock, two gentlemen of fortune, named James and Dalton, and Smilert, the painter, who sketched on board, and afterwards finished, the portraits of the group as they appeared in the cabin. This picture, which is now in the Trumbull gallery at Yale College, New Haven, marked the dawn of art in America, and with it associates the visit of Berkeley. Smilert was the first artist of merit who had ever trodden American soil. Before his arrival, nothing beyond a single figure had been produced. New England owes to him the portraits of many of her distinguished men. Thus did Berkeley draw to him men of talent and of noble nature.

The first land made by the ship which bore Berkeley to the New World was Rhode Island, but it is not certain whether this was by design or accident. It is believed by some that the visit was intentional, and that it was for the purpose of purchasing the lands there which were to sustain his Bermuda establishment. Others, however, are of a contrary opinion. It is said the captain was unable to discover the island of Bermuda, and then steered in a northerly direction, which course resulted in his reaching the coast in the

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vicinity of Newport harbor. They believed the place at first inhabited only by Indians, the race in whose behalf Berkeley had abandoned his native land and undertaken a perilous voyage. They met some fishermen, however, of their own race, who piloted the ship to Newport. The following notice of the arrival appeared in a Boston journal, under date of September 3, 1728:

"Yesterday arrived here Dean Berkeley, of Londonderry, in a pretty large ship. He is a gentleman of middle stature, and of an agreeable, pleasant, and erect aspect. He was ushered into the town by a great number of gentlemen, to whom he behaved himself after a very complaisant manner. It is said he purposes to tarry here about three months."

Whatever may have been his original design, certain it is, he was so delighted with the beautiful bay, the surrounding scenery, and the climate, which is softened by the Gulf stream, that he decided to settle at Newport in preference to Bermuda. It would appear that he concluded to settle at Newport, if practicable. He calls Newport "the Montpelier of America," and is evidently charmed with the place. He erected a house a short distance from the town, and near the seaside, where it still stands.

Berkeley's time passed happily here at first, and bright were his visions of the future. To enhance his tranquil enjoyment, his wife presented him with a son, who was his idol. He thus writes to a friend: "I snatch this moment to write, and have time only to add that I have got a son, who, I thank God, is likely to live." Of this child he writes the following year: "Our little son is a great joy to us; we are such fools as to think him the most perfect thing in his kind we ever saw." Every thing seemed for a while to prosper. The lands to support the College were agreed for, and nothing was wanted but the promised grant from the Crown. But adversity soon clouded his prospects. His first-born went the way of all flesh: he sleeps in the grave-yard adjoining Trinity Church. Berkeley's own private money—a considerable sum—which he had taken with him, was now expended. He was "worried to death by creditors," and was "at an end of his patience and almost his wits." His remittances from England were slow, and for one package he received he had to pay in postage "four pounds sterling." This, however, was not the worst. The King died, which was a sad blow to his scheme. Walpole, who, from the first, was opposed to

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it, exerted his influence to have the royal grant applied to other purposes. The lands sold in St. Christopher's brought £90,000, of which £80,000 went to pay the marriage portion of the Princess Royal, and the rest was obtained by General Oglethorpe for his new colony of Georgia. Berkeley had now expended a considerable amount from his own private purse, and finding that the promised £20,000 was not forthcoming, as he expected, he induced Bishop Gibson to apply to Sir Robert Walpole, who, at last, made the following characteristic reply: "If you put this question to me as a minister, I trust and can assure you that the money shall most undoubtedly be paid, as soon as suits with public convenience; but if you ask me as a friend, whether Dean Berkeley should continue in America, expecting the payment of £20,000, I advise him, by all means, to return home to Europe, and to give up his present expectations." This had the effect of awakening Berkeley from his dream, and showing him how vain was the dependence on which he had thrown away so much good money, and seven years of the prime of his life. As an able writer observes, his project was "too grand and pure for the powers that were." He was soon on his way to England, and when he arrived there, his first act was to return the various subscriptions he had received for his enterprise.

Though Berkeley did not succeed in his grand design, his visit to America was not altogether unfruitful of good. By his presence and example he gave strength to those principles of religious toleration which already prevailed in the most tolerant community of New England. In one of his letters he bears this testimony to the character of the people:

"The inhabitants are of a mixed kind, consisting of many sects and subdivisions of sects. Here are four sorts of Anabaptists, besides Presbyterians, Quakers, Independents, and many of no profession at all. Notwithstanding so many differences, there are fewer quarrels about religion than elsewhere; the people living peaceably with their neighbors, of whatsoever persuasion. They all agree in one point, that the Church of England is the second-best."

This was remarkable for the times, and presented a strong contrast to the spirit that prevailed in Massachusetts, from which Roger Williams was compelled to fly, for merely advocating toleration. The prevalence of the principles of Williams in Rhode Island, where he settled, and the fact of the Quakers being numerous in the colony, were the chief

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causes of the religious freedom of which Berkeley writes in terms of eulogy. He was a universal favorite, and held familiar intercourse with men of all sects. So charmed were the Quakers with his broad charity and liberal principles, that they frequently attended his ministrations in Trinity Church, where he preached every Sunday for the Episcopal clergyman. To that church he presented an organ, whose peals still resound through the old aisles. He presented to Yale College his valuable library of a thousand volumes, the most important collection of books then in America, and which cost him $2,000. He devoted his farm to the support of three free classical scholarships in this institution, which was controlled by a religious denomination the very opposite of his own. He also made a donation to Harvard University. As a proof of the estimation in which Berkeley was held, it may be mentioned that a town of Massachusetts bears his name.

In company with Smilert, he visited the Indians on the island of Narragansett, and it may be interesting to ethnologists to know the opinion of the painter as to the origin of the race. When he was in Italy, he had been employed by the Grand Duke of Tuscany to paint the portraits of two or three Siberian Tartars, who had been sent as a present to the Prince by the Czar of Russia. The moment Smilert saw the Indians, he recognized them as of the same race with the Siberian Tartars—an opinion confirmed by Wolff, the Eastern traveller, and maintained by Mr. Macfarlane in his work on Japan.

In a sermon preached in 1731, after his return from Rhode Island, and published among his works, Berkeley says: "The native Indians, who are said to have been formerly many thousands, within the compass of this colony, do not at present amount to one thousand, including every age and sex. And these are either all servants or laborers for the English, who have contributed more to destroy their bodies by the use of strong liquors, than by any means to improve their minds or save their souls. This slow poison, jointly operating with the small-pox and their wars, but much more destructive than both, has consumed the Indians, not only in our colonies, but also far and wide upon our confines."

It was shortly after his return from America that Berkeley published the most popular of his writings—the *Minute*

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Philosopher; in which he adopted the ancient method of the Socratic and Platonic dialogue. It is the happiest imitation of the ancient philosophers in modern literature, pursuing, says Clarke, "the free-thinker through the various characters of atheist, libertine, enthusiast, scorner, critic, metaphysician, fatalist, and skeptic; and very happily employing against him several new weapons, drawn from the storehouse of his own ingenious system of philosophy." Of his style, Sir James Mackintosh remarks: "It is the finest model of the philosophical since Cicero." At the Court of the Princess of Wales, the literati of the day had free access, for she delighted in their society. Berkeley, as we have seen, was among those who had the *entrée*, and was a great favorite. The failure of his Bermuda scheme somewhat turned the laugh against him, but such a man was not to be annihilated by any amount of ridicule. His philosophy was a subject of constant debate at these literary reunions. Bishop Hoadley, who believed that Berkeley "must have something soft in his head," mostly took part with Clarke against Berkeley; but Sherlocke espoused his side, and when the *Minute Philosopher* was published, he hastened with a copy to the Princess, and asked her triumphantly, whether such a book could be the production of an unsound mind. The deanery of Down fell vacant, and Berkeley was named to fill it. But the Duke of Dorset, then Lord Lieutenant, took offence at the nomination to the richest deanery in Ireland being made without consulting him. The Queen remarked, that if they would not permit Berkeley to be a dean, he should be a bishop, and she kept her word. The see of Cloyne soon became vacant, and he was preferred to it. Berkeley complained that he was made a bishop against his will, and perhaps he was the only man among the bishops of the Established Church who ever used with sincerity the words of the Latin poem in the ceremony of consecration—"*Nolo episcopari.*" Upon a subsequent occasion, when the primacy of Ireland became vacant (with $100,000 per annum), he was urged by his friends to press his claims. His reply, as we find it in one of his letters, was: "I am no man's rival or competitor in this matter. I am not in love with feasts and crowds, and visits, and late hours, and strange faces, and a hurry of affairs often insignificant. For my own private satisfaction, I had rather be master of my time than wear a diadem."

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And this was one of the secrets of his projected college in Bermuda, where he hoped to enjoy that leisure so precious to the philosopher and man of letters. In another letter he says: "As to what you say, that the primacy would have been a glorious thing—for my part, I do not see, all things considered, the glory of wearing the name of primate in these days, or of getting so much money—a thing every tradesman in London may get, if he pleases. I should not choose to be primate, in pity to my children." He was most active in his benevolence and charity, at the same time that he cultivated his fine taste in the arts. He was zealous in encouraging native talent, and it is owing in no small degree to his efforts, in conjunction with his friends', that the genius of Barry, West, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Wilson, was developed, and wiped away the reproach of the country as to painting. He promoted a taste for the art among all his neighbors. His wife painted his own portrait—her first effort—which was presented by him to his friend Prior, and is now in the hall of the University of Dublin. Nor was music less his idol. In a letter of invitation to his friend Mr. Gervais, he says: "Courtiers you will here find none, and but such virtuosi as the country affords—I mean in the way of music, for that is at present the reigning passion at Cloyne. To be plain, we are musically mad." What he thought of one of the virtuosi may be gathered from another letter, in which he says his wife is "inferior to no singer in the kingdom." A musical teacher was taken into his family to instruct all his children, which led him to remark that they were "preparing to fill his house with harmony, at all events." He continued to write and publish able and useful pamphlets on the topics of the day, until his health began to fail. He then desired to retire to Oxford, to superintend the education of his children; and, at the same time, to enjoy the leisure of a university, by obtaining an office in it suitable to his character. He wrote to the Secretary of State for permission to resign his bishopric, as he could not conscientiously take its emoluments, when not present to discharge its duties. The King, however, astonished at so unusual a petition, declared that Berkeley should die a bishop in spite of himself, but gave him permission to reside wherever he pleased. He directed the proceeds of the lands attached to his house, amounting to $1,000 per annum, to be distributed among the poor housekeepers of Cloyne, and he set out for

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Oxford. His residence there, however, was not long. On Tuesday evening, January 14, 1753, as he was sitting among his family, and engaged listening to a sermon of Bishop Sherlocke's, which Mrs. Berkeley was reading to him, he expired so quietly, that his death was not observed till some time after, when his daughter approached to give him a cup of tea, and found him cold and stiff. The cause of death was paralysis of the heart.

But all of Berkeley did not die. In view of the monument he left behind him, more enduring than marble, he might well exclaim with the Roman poet: *Non omnis moriar.* He lives in his works. In the temple of philosophy, he holds a niche beside the sages of ancient Greece—Thales, Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and the rest, together with the profoundest thinkers of modern times. His ideal theory forms an era in the history of metaphysics. If he has failed to make good his own system, he has not only effectually demolished all those theories which preceded his own day and generation, but his reasoning leads to the irresistible conclusion that all future systems of philosophy are simply impossible, and that positive science alone is within the scope of human ken, and the proper object of investigation—a conclusion established by the latest and greatest writer on philosophy, Auguste Comte,* the Bacon of the nineteenth century. Berkeley has shown the weakness of the arguments of the materialists. But his own logic at the same time refutes himself, and demonstrates that his theory of immaterialism is equally incapable of proof. Berkeley overthrows Locke, but falls himself over the prostrate philosopher. The humiliating confession must at last be made, that for thousands of years philosophy has been only moving in a circle, and has made no progress whatever. At this very day, the Germans are puzzling themselves and the world with the discussion of the same metaphysical questions which exercised the minds of the Grecian philosophers. After engaging in its investigations the mightiest intellects in every age, philosophy has arrived just where it started from; and left mankind no wiser than before; unless, indeed, that by its failure it has taught the incertitude and fruitlessness of such speculations, and fixed the limits of the human understanding, saying, "Thus far shalt thou go and no further." And this result, to which Berkeley has in a high

* Cours de Philosophie Positive.

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degree contributed, is a great gain to the world; for henceforth the master minds of modern civilization will be diverted from barren abstractions to the pursuit of science, in which they will find their reward. There are two grand distinctions between science and philosophy: one is, that science is based on facts, and its conclusions arrived at from *à posteriori* reasoning; whereas, philosophy is based on assumption, and its conclusions are reached by the *à priori* process. The other distinction is, that while philosophy makes no progress, science is continually advancing, establishing new facts and evolving new laws. What vast and wonderful truths have been brought to light by the application of the law of gravitation, discovered by Newton! Metaphysical philosophy and positive science are irreconcilable. The former vainly aspires to the knowledge of essences and causes. Positive science contents itself with the observation of phenomena, and the deduction, thence, of unerring laws. Thus are the marvels of astronomy unfolded to the astonished gaze of man, and their verity established by the fulfilment of the predictions of science, which foretells with certainty the eclipses of the sun and moon, the transit of a planet, the return of a comet after a lapse of hundreds of years, and even the appearance of a new planet, never before observed.

ART. VIII.—1. *Opere Politico-Economiche del Conte Camillo Benso di Cavour.* Cuneo, 1857.

2. *Camillo di Cavour. Commemorazione,* per CIRCO D'ARCO. Torino, 1861.

3. *Camillo Benso di Cavour,* dal *Professore Roggero Bonghi.* Torino, 1860.

4. *Discours du Conte de Cavour, et Discussion à la Chambre des Députés sur la Question de Rome.* Turin, 1861.

5. *Deuxième Lettre à M. De Cavour, President du Conseil des Ministres à Turin.* Par M. LE COMTE DE MONTALEMBERT. Paris, 1861.

PROBABLY there has been no statesman since the time of Chatham whose death has been more universally regretted than that of the Count de Cavour. For the last ten years

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no other man of any country has attracted so much attention by the mere force of his intellect. For a time he has been eclipsed by Garibaldi; but only while the latter has been performing brilliant actions in the field. No sooner were these over than the eyes of the world were again turned towards Cavour. This had not been strange had he been the first minister of any of the Great Powers—of France, England, Austria, or Russia; for the representative of a great nation is sure to be heard, even when he has little that is of importance to say. That it is not alone the peculiar position of Sardinia that had rendered him thus conspicuous is sufficiently evident from the fact that scarcely any of his immediate predecessors have been heard of beyond the Alps. Nor have those who have acted with him, or who have, for a while, taken his place. It is not the altered condition of Italy in his time that has caused every eye to turn to him, since it is undoubtedly he, who for the most part, has brought about this change of condition.

This is admitted alike by friends and foes, and accordingly the former as well as the latter pay him the homage due to intellectual greatness. Thus far all are agreed; but there is a wide difference of opinion among the most patriotic of his own countrymen, as to whether he has, after all, done much real good for Italy. Nay there are not a few of the same class who do not scruple to question the purity of his motives. But before we attempt to discover how much justice or injustice there is in the charge thus implied we will give a brief sketch of Count Cavour's life.

Camillo Benso, Count de Cavour, was born at Turin the 10th of August, 1810, when the French Empire was at the zenith of its splendor. His father, the Marquis Michael Joseph Benso de Cavour, belonged to one of the haughtiest and most aristocratic families in Italy. So fond was he, it seems, of tracing back his pedigree to the middle of the dark ages, and so much disposed to scorn those who, however brilliant in intellect, were of humble birth, that he was one of the most unpopular men of his time. The biographer of his son tells us that even Napoleon disliked him on account of his overweening pride; although this seems inconsistent with the fact that the Emperor's sister, Pauline Borghese, was one of the sponsors of the future statesman. But we are told that the Marquis was an absolutist as well as an hereditary aristocrat. In other words he was as fond of arguing that there could be no

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stable, or good government, of which the head had not absolute power, as he was of boasting that his ancestors were in possession of the fiefs of Chieri so early as the middle of the twelfth century; and it is well known that with the First Napoleon opinions of this kind covered, like charity, a multitude of sins.

Nor was the wife of the Marquis, Adelaide Susanna Sellon, less aristocratic, or less proud of her pedigree, though a native of a republican city, Geneva, where her family had been established for ages. It was but natural that the future Premier should be taught to think like his parents in his early youth; and in this respect he was no wiser than other children. But he was only nine or ten years of age when he was sent to a Jesuit school. Many of our readers would think that this was not the way to teach him to be liberal, but the result proved the contrary. He was not more than a year in the hands of the Jesuits when his opinions were entirely changed. He no longer thought that there was any merit in belonging to a family that could trace its ancestry back to the dark ages, except in doing so he could also point to their noble and virtuous deeds. Still less did he believe that the best form of government was that in which absolute power was placed in the hands of one man.

His parents were by no means pleased with the change. As soon as they discovered it, they lost no time in remonstrating with his teachers, who made very courteous replies, and gave fair promises, but still continued to pursue the course which they thought was right. When he had attained his tenth year, the Marquis induced a friend to question him in private, in order to ascertain whether he was still democratic in his views. The report made was against the youth; and it was immediately decided to withdraw him from the influence of the Jesuits. Not that either his father or mother had any objection to the religious tenets of the Jesuits; on the contrary, they firmly believed in them as the very best. In short they were as bigoted and intolerant in religion, as they were in politics; but we may form an opinion of the progress young Cavour made in his education under the tuition of the Jesuits from the fact that now when withdrawn, in his thirteenth year, it was found that he was qualified to enter an advanced class in the Military College of Turin.

Here again his opinions soon underwent a change. At least such was the general impression among those who

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knew the family; and that it was not altogether without foundation would appear from his having left the college after a residence of some three years as the page of King Carlo Felice. This position he liked very well until the novelty of it wore away; when his duties began to grow irksome to him to such an extent that he often neglected them, and, after having been duly cautioned two or three times, he was dismissed from Court, though not with any stain of ignominy attached to his name or reputation. There was one excellent trait in the character of his father—he was always anxious that he should have the advantage of the best teachers. He now sent him back to the Military Academy, or rather allowed him to return to that institution, placing him under the tutorship of the celebrated astronomer Plana; and such was the progress he made, that he was discharged when only eighteen years old, with the rank of a Lieutenant of Engineers. His knowledge of mathematics—especially of engineering—had entitled him to this, according to the laws of the institution. Accordingly, not more than two months had passed when he was sent on active service, in which it became his first duty to draw plans for the construction of a fort designed to guard the road from Genoa to Nice. In reference to this he writes a letter to a friend, in March, 1829, before he attained his twentieth year, in which he says: "I have passed the whole winter in the Appenines to make the plan of a new fort, the object of which would be to close the road between Nice and Genoa."

No sooner did he find himself away from Turin and to some extent his own master (at least so far as the formation of opinion was concerned) than he changed his views once more, becoming more liberal than ever. But he asked himself what was he to do in order to make others think like himself. He knew that by means of his family influence he might easily secure an official position. But here he could address only the aristocracy, the ruling class; his speeches would seldom if ever reach those whom they were intended to benefit; for although the press was nominally free, it was not the habit with even the most enterprising of the journals, to give reports of debates. While hesitating as to what course was best to be adopted under the circumstances, he visited Paris. There he found the first intellects of the day engaged in the field of journalism. He talked

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on the subject with Guizot, Thiers and Lamartine; and each encouraged him to establish a journal of his own, as he said he had some notion of doing. With his mind fully imbued with this resolution, he returned to Turin; but he soon found that there were formidable obstacles in the way. His friends, being aware of the views he would advocate, were not willing to advance him the necessary funds; so that for a time he was obliged to abandon the project.

His failure only served to excite him more and more against absolutism, at the same time rendering him a more decided Liberal than ever. This soon brought him into collision with the authorities, for we find that he was arrested in 1832, while visiting some congenial friends at Genoa, and confined in the fortress of Fort du Bard. It was while suffering here for avowing his belief in the Rights of Man that he wrote his celebrated prophetic letter to a lady of Turin, in which he boldly predicted that he would one day be a Minister of the Kingdom of Italy. "Je vous remercie," he says, "Madame la Marquise, pour l'intérêst que vous prenez à ma disgrace; mais *croyez le bien*, je *ferai tout de même ma carrière.* J'ai beaucoup d'ambition, une ambition énorme, et lorsque je serai ministre, j'espère que je la justifierai, puisque dans mes rêves je me vois déjà ministre du Royaume de l'Italie." Thus he thanks the lady for the kind interest she has taken in his disgrace, but confidently assures her that it will not prevent him from fulfilling his career, and attaining the highest position in the government of Italy.

Shortly after his liberation from Fort du Bard, he set out on a visit to Lombardy; but the Austrian police refused to allow him to cross the frontiers. He was not to be easily discouraged, however. He waited for a few days at Vercelli, and wrote to the authorities at Milan. The latter, ashamed to refuse an Italian nobleman, in the face of Europe, to pass through an Italian province, sent him a passport, but it was accompanied with orders to the police that he should be carefully watched. He was too much annoyed at Milan by government spies to remain long; but he saw and heard enough, even in a few days, to convince him that a majority of the Milanese, if not of the whole people of Lombardy, entertained opinions in regard to the domination of Austria which were not very dissimilar to his own.

It was with this knowledge and experience that, in 1835,

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he set out on his European travels, visiting, in turn, all the principal capitals on the continent, and alternately residing at Paris, Geneva, and London, but staying the greater part of his time at the last-mentioned city. Having paid hurried visits to Scotland and Ireland, he undertook to write a book, or rather a pamphlet, on the latter country. He had previously written several pamphlets on different subjects—chiefly in relation to Italian affairs; but they had attracted little if any attention. It was otherwise, however, with his work on Ireland, which gave great satisfaction in England. Indeed, it was very generally believed, at the time, that this was the chief object of its author. Just then O'Connell was engaged with the Repeal movement—holding "monster meetings" in all parts of the country, and attracting the attention of all Europe. The friends of constitutional liberty in all parts of the world warmly sympathized with the great Agitator in his efforts to obtain a repeal of the Legislative Union. But, to the surprise of most people who knew him, Cavour formed an exception. Overlooking the fact that O'Connell had previously wrested many important concessions from the British Government—such as Catholic Emancipation, the abolition of the tithes, &c., concessions which fully entitled him to the name of Liberator, bestowed upon him with one accord by nine-tenths of his countrymen—the Count de Cavour saw fit to sneer at him as a selfish agitator, who did Ireland more harm than good. He was also the first foreigner, and, so far as we can remember, the last, to express the opinion that Ireland had little, if anything, to complain of, so far as the British Government was concerned. This, indeed, was news to the English themselves. Of many Englishmen and Englishwomen who visited Ireland at the same time, we cannot recall one who had not the honesty, generosity, or characteristic love of "fair play," to point out grievances of which the people had a just right to complain. But, nevertheless, his book on Ireland brought Cavour into notice in England, and from its publication until the day of his death, whatever policy he pursued was sure to receive the approbation of the leading organs of public opinion in Great Britain.

No English statesman could have taken more pains to render himself popular in England than Cavour. During the sessions of Parliament he was always a regular attendant at the House of Commons, attending the House of Lords as

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often as convenient; and he lost no opportunity of expressing his admiration for such important measures as happened to become law in his time; so that, when he returned to his native country in 1842, he was regarded by a large party in England as the best representative of British interests that could have been sent to Italy—a better representative than if he had been a Englishman, since, in this case, his advocacy of English policy would be received with a due allowance for patriotism, diplomatic position, &c.

Nor were the Italian Liberals slow in taking this view of the case. Mazzini said ten years ago in a Turin paper that if Cavour got into power England need send no minister or chargé d'affaires to the Sardinian capital; nor did he alter his opinion until the day of the Minister's death; an opinion, or rather a feeling, which has been shared by a large proportion of the Republicans of Italy. To many this may seem a strange remark in view of what has been accomplished within the last three years for Italian nationality, but we will explain presently, and try to show how much of the credit of the change is due to the Count de Cavour.

It was not until 1847 that the Count commenced the publication of his second journal (the first was devoted almost exclusively to agriculture), the *Risorgimento;* having first secured the aid of such contributors as Azeglio, Santa Rosa, Balbo and Buoncompagni—all Counts—not one of them what Cicero would call a *novus homo*, or a self-made man chosen from among the people. The paper was conducted with considerable ability; though it exhibited no remarkable talent. At no time was its circulation extensive; but few copies of it passed the frontiers of Sardinia, scarcely any went beyond the Alps. As a business enterprise, it never was successful. Had the founder been merely a literary person he could not have carried it on for one year. In short, it is said that he lost a sum equal to fifty thousand dollars by it, each of his colaborateurs having lost a smaller sum according as he was able to afford contributions. It was, however, no loss in the end, but a great gain, at least to Count Cavour, for there is no doubt but it contributed in no small degree to his elevation.

One of his first political papers was an attack not upon Austria but upon the Neapolitan government. That the king of Naples deserved to be denounced few will deny; but it would have been more patriotic, if not more manly, to

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have denounced the stronger power, especially as it deserved it quite as much as the weaker. Austria was the common enemy of Italy, and had been for ages, whereas, whatever oppression the Neapolitans experienced, it was at the hands of their own countrymen, for even the king, though a member of the Bourbon family, had become an Italian in his feelings and sympathies, as well as in his interests. In short, the Neapolitan government was as much a native government as that of Spain, France, or England, while the Italian rule of Austria was notoriously and emphatically that of the foreigner and the stranger.

The next movement in which the future Minister took an active part was the getting up of meetings having for their chief object the expulsion of the Jesuits—those who, whatever were their faults, had taught him his best lessons. The one of the fraternity who had taken most pains with his education remonstrated with him against pursuing such a course. "Is this," he asks, "the way you would reward me and my brethren? What evil can you say we have done to Sardinia, or to Italy, except you can call it an evil to devote our best efforts to the cause of education and civilization, as well as to the cause of religion?" This seems to have had its effect on Cavour; for when the petition was brought up for general signature, at one of the meetings convened for that purpose, he introduced a very different subject, and gave utterance to the noblest sentiments to be found in his whole works. Several had been discussing the propriety of sending a deputation to the King, composed of citizens both of Turin and Genoa, which would not only present the petition, but also urge it upon his Majesty to comply with its prayer. "Why should we," says Cavour, "ask, in a round-about way, for concessions which end in nothing? I propose that we should petition the King to concede to us the inestimable benefits of public discussion in the face of the country, *in which the opinions, the interests, and the wants of the whole nation shall be represented. I propose that we shall ask for a constitution.*"

This was undoubtedly a good proposition; but far from pleasing the Republicans it excited their suspicions against the author—suspicions which seemed to assume an air of reality, when it was found, not long after, that as soon as the meeting was over Cavour sought an interview with the king, Charles Albert, in which he assured his Majesty that the con-

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stitutional party, of which he might now be regarded as the head, had no other object in view than the support of the throne and the true interests of the people as identical with those of the government. And that his assurance was believed is sufficiently evident from the fact that in a few weeks after a constitution was granted by the King, in compliance with a petition presented by the municipality of Turin.

It is only now the public life of the Count de Cavour may be said to have commenced. It was he that framed the first electoral law, and the first electoral college of Turin sent him to the Chamber of Deputies as its representative. The Republicans now felt convinced that they need put no confidence in him; they even insulted him in the public streets as a traitor to the cause of Italian liberty. It was in vain that he was the first to urge the King in 1848 to declare war against Austria. "If he does so," replied Mazzini, when informed of the fact, "it is for the sake of monarchy, or for his own aggrandizement, not for the sake of Republicanism, of which he is at heart one of the worst enemies." The indignation of the Republicans pursued him into the Chamber of Deputies, where his speeches were interrupted by shouts and uproar, while those who spoke against him were enthusiastically applauded; for he himself had introduced a clause into the constitution by which the spectators in the galleries were allowed to signify their dislike, or approbation, of what was passing in the Chamber. His unpopularity increased from day to day until the King, being compelled to form a democratic ministry, had to dissolve the Chamber. The city of Turin deemed it prudent to choose another representative for the new Parliament, and Count de Cavour retired once more into private life. But he was not destined to be long in obscurity. The excesses of the Republicans in 1849 soon led to a dissolution of the Chambers, and he was triumphantly elected towards the close of the year.

Charles Albert had now been succeeded by Victor Emanuel, who had unbounded confidence in the statesmanlike abilities and patriotism of Cavour. He was still looked upon with suspicion by the Republicans; but there was soon a change. Siccardi introduced a bill, the object of which was to establish ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and it was vigorously supported by Cavour. Four-fifths of those who had lately hated him so much, now gathered around him and called him

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the Liberator of Italy. Even Manin gave him his cordial support. But Mazzini still held back—he could never forgive him for petitioning for a constitution—while in his opinion he ought to be seeking to establish an Italian Republic.

Soon after Santa Rosa, a member of the Cabinet, died, and Cavour became Minister of Agriculture and Commerce. Nor was he long confined to two portfolios. As soon as the Department of Marine became vacant, he accepted that also. He was not more than a month or two in the new office, when he projected a Treaty of Navigation and Commerce, against which the Savoyards protested, as calculated to ruin their trade in wines; but they did so in vain. The treaty was soon ratified, and there were those who predicted at the time (May, 1852) that there would be a change, at no distant day, in the relations of Savoy with Sardinia. The treaty was not long in existence, however, when a change of Ministry occurred, and Cavour found himself without any portfolio. This exclusion mortified him so much that he immediately left the kingdom for a tour through England and France. His reception in London was more like that of a monarch than of an ousted Minister. He had protracted interviews in turn, with Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, and the Earl of Derby—that is, with both the Whig and Conservative leaders. While thus engaged in London, he received the intelligence of the resignation of the Azeglio Ministry, which had been caused by its inability to come to terms with the Pope's legate. Cavour saw that it came to his turn to assume the reins again. The king called upon him to do so. He expressed his willingness, but only on condition that he could resist the demands of Rome. First the King was unwilling to come to an open rupture with the Holy See, but having no one else that he could rely upon, his Majesty was finally induced to yield. He now found himself in the position to which he had always pointed as the goal of his ambition. Previously, as we have seen, he had held four portfolios together, but now he might be said to hold all—to be, in fact, sole Minister. He has often been blamed, both at home and abroad, and not without some reason, for monopolizing so many offices, with, of course, their principal emoluments, to himself; although no man lived in simpler style.

The series of events that have since taken place are still

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fresh in the minds of our readers. It was generally believed that it was a very injudicious act on the part of the government of a fourth-rate State, like that of Sardinia, to join the league of France, England, and Turkey, against Russia. The bill presented by Cavour to the Chamber, for that purpose, encountered the most violent opposition. When it was finally passed, by a merely nominal majority, members of his own cabinet resigned rather than affix their signatures to a document which they insisted would render the little kingdom of Piedmont an object of derision to the rest of Europe. To all this opposition Cavour had but the one answer to make. Again and again, he insisted that "The independence of Italy must be conquered in the Crimea." Whether the events which have since been accomplished bear out his prediction is another question—some think they do; but quite as many think otherwise. The latter ask, What did the Sardinians do after going to the Crimea that could not have been done just as well had they remained at home? And they add that Sardinia owes much more to the family alliance between Louis Napoleon and Victor Emanuel, which was effected through the instrumentality of the Count de Cavour, than any bravery displayed by the Sardinians before Sebastopol, or anywhere else. If Napoleon was bound to interfere in the affairs of Italy, because the Government of Turin agreed to send 25,000 men to the Crimea, England and Turkey were bound to interfere in a similar manner, for the same reason; but neither had the least notion of doing so.

If there was any doubt as to whether Louis Napoleon had other motives than gratitude towards Sardinia for having joined the coalition against Russia, in sending a French army into Lombardy, in order to wrest that province from Austria, it has been removed when the cost of the service rendered came to be counted up. For, be it remembered that, if Sardinia obtained Lombardy, she had to part with Savoy and Nice. This, too, was the work of the Count de Cavour. It was he who induced the king to surrender what, until recently, was the chief, nay, the sole patrimony of his family, since 1417, when Victor Amadeus II., of Savoy, solicited the Emperor Sigismund to erect his dominions into a duchy. And it was not until 1720 that the House of Savoy had any claim whatever on Sardinia, when the Duke obtained it in exchange for Sicily, with the title of King.

In a brief sketch like this we can do no more than refer

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incidentally to what Count Cavour has done for Italy, or to what Italy has gained by the recent changes—which amounts to the same. Most of those who write in glorification of what is now called the Kingdom of Italy, overlook the fact that the house of Savoy is really no more Italian than the house of Austria, but, indeed, less. Lombardy belonged to the German emperors from the beginning of the ninth century, ages before the dukes of Savoy were ever heard of; since the first member of the family of which history gives any account, is Hubert, a marauding chief of the eleventh century. Be it remembered, that, so early as A. D. 1158, Frederic Barbarossa invaded Lombardy with a large army, and besieged Milan; not as a foreign monarch seeking a new conquest, but as the rightful sovereign wishing to reduce his revolted subjects to submission. Nor did he fail in his attempt; but so much was he exasperated at what he called the ingratitude and treason of the Milanese, that he utterly annihilated their city in 1162, leaving not one stone upon another.

At this time Sardinia was in the hands of the Spaniards, who had just succeeded in expelling the Moors; and it was not until the decline of the Spanish power that the dukes of Savoy got any foothold in the country. Even then it was given to them as a sort of gift of doubtful value, in consideration of services rendered by them to the German Emperor.

But, strictly speaking, Sardinia forms no part of Italy, and never did. Until the fall of the Roman Empire, it was a province, not of Italy, but of Cisalpine Gaul—the same as Lombardy or Venice. In the time of the Romans, it was never considered that Italy was invaded from the north until the Rubicon was passed, or a line connecting that river with the Marca, in latitude 44° 20′.

We are told also, by the principal historians of ancient Rome—the best authorities on the subject—that the reason those provinces were called Cisalpine Gaul was because Sardinia, the ancient Luguria, and Taurini, had been taken possession of by the Gauls, under Brennus. Subsequently, it became a part of the Kingdom of Lombardy, until it was taken back, not by the Italians, but by the Burgundians. Thus, according to the most authentic accounts, ancient and modern, continental Sardinia is much more Gallic than Italian; while the inhabitants of the Island of Sardinia are a mixture of Phœnicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Saracens, and Spaniards.

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Now, because Count Cavour has succeeded, with the aid of Napoleon III. and Garibaldi, in annexing several states to Sardinia, we are told that Italy is at last free; at least, that she will be free as soon as two or three states more shall have been added to the dominions of Victor Emanuel. We should be very glad to believe that this is true, but we cannot see that it is. No doubt Victor Emanuel is a better king than was the late king of Naples; and his rule is infinitely milder than that of Austria has been in Lombardy. But all the Italians have to depend upon now, more than seven years ago, is the difference in disposition between one sovereign and another. We see that the Neapolitans are becoming dissatisfied already with the new state of things, and there are rumors that even the people of Lombardy begin to complain that they have but changed masters. We are aware that both accounts are denied. We are assured that there is no truth in them—that their very absurdity proves them to be false.* But those who reason on the subject in this way forget that before any state had been annexed to Sardinia, the Genoese rose in open rebellion against the present king, their rightful sovereign, so that General Marmora had to besiege Genoa and reduce it to submission. Since these events occurred, so recently as March and April, 1849, how can we regard it as incredible that the Neapolitans and Milanese are not entirely satisfied with the rule of Victor Emanuel?

Nor can we have much confidence in Sardinia as a military power. She has established no military reputation. Without the aid of Louis Napoleon and Garibaldi, there is not much reason to believe that she could have wrested one square mile from Austria, or even from the king of Naples. Victor Emanuel has not yet proved himself a more skilful commander or a braver soldier than his father, Charles Albert; but the latter was defeated again and again, with the flower of his army, by the Austrians, under Radetzky. His forces were so completely routed at the battle of Novara, in March, 1849, that his only alternative was to abdicate in favor of his son, the present king.

With all these facts staring us, as it were, in the face, we

* The *Opinione* of Turin states, that when the king paid his last visit to the dying count, the most earnest advice given him by his late Prime Minister was to this effect: "As for the Neapolitans, purify them, purify them" (li lavi, li lavi, li lavi), that is, in plain language, make them submit.

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cannot join in the rejoicements now so fashionable for "United Italy." None would rejoice more heartily if we could regard Italy as really liberated and united; but we do not. It remains to be seen whether anything much better has occurred than that certain Italian states have changed masters. But all this is no reflection on the memory of the Count de Cavour. As already remarked, no unprejudiced person, capable of judging, would venture to deny that he was a great statesman. It is equally evident, from all accounts, that his death was, and is, deeply regretted—at least by the people of Turin, his native city.

ART. IX.—1. *The Industrial History of Free Nations, considered in relation to their Domestic Institutions and External Policy.* By W. TORRENS MCCULLAGH. London: 1846.

2. *The Annual Sermon, preached at New Haven,* before the Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church. By the Rev. JOHN S. STONE, D. D., Rector of St. Paul's Church, Boston.

3. *The Philosophy of Trade; or, Outlines of a Theory of Profits and Prices.* By PATRICK JAMES STIRLING. Edinburgh: 1856.

ALL agree that the lessons of adversity make the most lasting impressions; but, unfortunately, there are but few who can turn them to account, because to do so requires thought and a due appreciation of the difference between right and wrong. Calamities are inseparable from war; but it should no more be avoided on this account, when the integrity and honor of the country are involved, than the skilful surgeon should avoid using the lancet when he sees it is the only means by which the life of his patient can be saved. At all events, it is those who provoke a war that are morally responsible for the evils which it entails upon themselves, as well as upon others.

This, however, is no reason why others should not profit by its lessons. It has been well said that emperors and kings have been forced into honesty by war, and the same remark applies with still greater force to subjects and citizens. In the former, more than in the latter case, it is not the worst transgressors that learn most—generally,

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the contrary. We may well doubt, for example, whether any amount of adversity could have made Nero a good sovereign, or a conscientious man; but it is not the less true that his tyranny and the fate it brought upon him have proved a salutary warning to many a prince since his time. In a similar manner, it may be said that the reckless, inveterate speculator is proof against all lessons. The man whose ruling motive is to say or to do anything by which he can make money, without incurring the penalty of the jail, or the penitentiary, is not likely to learn honesty from his failure as a cheat. Depravity has taken too strong a hold of him to permit him to see that the evil which befals him, however great may be its magnitude, is the natural result of his own dishonesty. That all who make it a point to defraud those with whom they have any dealing do not come to an evil end, but, on the contrary, that many such bequeath wealth to their posterity, proves no more against the law of retribution than that many a murderer not only escapes detection, but grows rich on the property of his victim.

Even in time of war we see sufficient illustration of the precept that honesty is the best policy. Those whose conduct has been most exemplary may indeed meet with reverses —nay, be reduced to indigence; but, except when there are popular outbreaks and violent revolutions, it is those who have carried on a fraudulent business that fail, in nine cases out of ten. No such outbreaks have occurred during the present war; none of our loyal citizens have been deprived of their rights, much less of their property, save in those instances in which the rebels have confiscated or plundered the latter. The laws of trade, then, have undergone but little change; so that, according to the principles we have laid down—principles which have the sanction of the greatest statesmen and political economists from Solon and Lycurgus to Montesquieu and Adam Smith—those who have failed in business—at least those who have made assignments—are, in the great majority of instances, persons who, had they got their deserts, would long since have ceased to be ranked among respectable dealers.

Now is the time to reflect on this. Even those already tainted by the prevailing passion for making money at the expense of truth and honesty, may be induced to ask themselves, whether after all they had not better eschew fraud, and be prepared, when peace is restored, to commence a new

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course. The history of the world affords examples enough of this kind. There is scarcely a war in which the great nations of antiquity were engaged, by which the morals of their business men were not greatly improved. The Punic wars proved alike beneficial in their effects on the merchants of Carthage and Rome, until the former was no longer able to resist the latter. The same results were produced by the same causes in the republics of Venice and the Netherlands, and, when each in turn ceased to exist as a nation, she could well say that she could still have continued to bid defiance to the greatest powers of the earth, had her business men not degenerated into a community of swindlers and cheats. This is particularly true of Venice, whose merchants, however, became honest again, but only when it was too late —after the fall from which she has not yet risen.

Constantinople, too, was once one of the most flourishing cities in the world. No other city was more admirably situated for all the purposes of commerce. "Enjoying," as an eminent French writer* says, "the most beautiful situation on earth—surrounded by the most fertile and populous provinces of the empire of Constantine, it appeared enfranchised from all the obstacles which a country arrived at mature growth complains of having received from its infancy. Abounding in literature, gorged with *chefs d'œuvre* of all kinds, *familiar with all the processes of industry, possessing immense and absorbing manufactures, an unlimited commerce with Europe, Asia, and Africa—what rival has Constantinople ever had?* For what corner of the earth could Heaven have done more than for that majestic metropolis?" But, amid all this glory, scarcely could any two merchants believe each other. In time, foreign merchants would believe neither. As a natural result of this want of confidence, trade fell off by little and little, until there was scarcely any of it left. But this is not the worst. So certain as a nation, once great and flourishing, declines in her commerce, will her people lose their courage and become effeminate in proportion, thus paving the way for their own subjugation. This is the startling lesson taught us in turn by Carthage, Rome, Venice, and Byzantium—and yet, are we to take no warning?

Far be it from us to attempt to depreciate the pursuit of commerce. On the contrary, we hold that civilization has

* M. de Gobineau.

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no more powerful instrument; no other agency, save religion alone, has contributed so much to the development of the human mind. In all ages and countries, in proportion as it has flourished, the arts and the sciences have flourished with it; and as it declined, so did art and science. All historians bear testimony to its effects in softening the manners of the half civilized and barbarous races of all nations, and in contributing to refine the civilized.* If we compare commercial nations with non-commercial nations, we shall find striking differences in their manners and customs. "Where the exclusion of the industrial race (that is, the Pelasgic) was broken down," says McCullagh, "the habits of the dominant race were improved; the well-born engaged in commerce, and took pleasure in the pursuits of agriculture; while the protection of rights and privileges gave a higher and nobler stimulus to humble thrift and toil." On the other hand, where trade and agriculture were despised, as in Crete, Sparta, and Bœotia, the dominant class sought to indemnify themselves by overworking their slaves. The Athenians and Corinthians were always a commercial, industrious people, and the Thebans were the reverse; and need we say how great was the superiority of the former over the latter. Thus, in Thebes, it was held that no one should be eligible to any public trust or station, who, during the ten preceding years, had been in any way connected with mercantile pursuits; and in Epidamnus, another Grecian city, no citizen was permitted, under any pretence, to engage in trade or business.

It is well to bear in mind, however, that these laws were not enacted until the merchants had rendered them-

* The opinion of Montesquieu is, that, to a certain extent, commerce has the effect of softening the manners, but that pure manners are corrupted by it. On peut dire que les lois de commerce perfectionnent les mœurs par la même raison que les mêmes lois *perdent les mœurs*. Les commerce corrompt les mœurs pures; c'etait le sujet des plaintes de Platon; il polit et adoucit les mœurs barbares, comme nous le voyons tous les jour. He reminds us that it is on the same principle that Cæsar remarks, in his Commentaries on the Gallic war, that before the Gauls had been corrupted by the commerce carried on by the Greeks at Marseilles, they had always defeated the Germans in battle, but that subsequently they became inferior to the latter. Aristotle was of opinion that commerce was destructive of hospitality; and Tacitus, in his History of the Germans, gives his testimony in favor of the same theory, though in a different way—by showing that the barbarous Germans regarded it as a sacrilege to close their house against any man, known or unknown. Not only was it deemed a sacred duty to entertain the stranger in the best possible manner, but the host was expected to accompany him to the next place, lest he might fail himself in securing lodgings—Et qui modo hospes fuerat monstrator hospitii.—*De Moribus Germanorum.*

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selves odious and infamous by their habitual knavery. Anterior even to the time of Homer, the Greeks in general carried on an extensive trade both by sea and land; but centuries afterwards, while, as Mitford tells us, it was thought not unbecoming a prince to be a carpenter, to supply his own wants and luxuries, to be a merchant for gain was held to be a disreputable employment—as much so as that of a common pirate. But, as we have observed, Athens was in favor of commerce in the time of Lycurgus, and Sparta did all she could to prohibit it. Then mark the difference, even in humanity, between the two states! They both had slaves, but the Athenian laws provided expressly for their comfort and protected them from cruel treatment; whereas it makes the blood run cold to read, even now, after the lapse of thousands of years, of the atrocious cruelties with which they were treated by the Spartans. No fact in all history is better authenticated than that the Spartan youths used to murder the Helots in thousands, sometimes merely as an amusement; but generally, when large numbers were slaughtered together, we are told that it was because they multiplied too fast in spite of their wretched condition.* Much as Plutarch admires the simplicity of Spartan character, he does not attempt to deny this revolting practice, but tries to palliate it on the plea of expediency. "The governors," he says, "of the youth ordered the shrewdest of them, from time to time, to disperse themselves into the country, provided only with daggers and some necessary provisions. In the daytime they hid themselves and rested in the most private places they could find, but at night they sallied out into the roads and killed all the *Helotes* they could meet with. Nay, sometimes by day they fell upon them in the fields and murdered the ablest and strongest of them. Thucydides relates, in his history of the Peloponnesian war, that the Spartans selected such of them as were distinguished by their courage, to the number of two thousand or more, declared them free, crowned them with garlands, and conducted them to the temples of the gods; but, soon after, they all disappeared, and no one could,

* A modern author has written a book to prove that poverty is favorable to the increase of population. (See Doubleday's True Theory of Population.) Adam Smith maintains the same theory in his "Wealth of Nations." "Poverty," he says, "though no doubt it discourages, does not always prevent marriage. *It seems even to be favorable to generation.* A half starved Highland woman frequently bears more than twenty children; while a pampered, fine lady, is often incapable of bearing any, and is generally exhausted by two or three. Barrenness, so frequent among women of fashion, is very rare amongst those of inferior station."

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either then or since, give account in what manner they were destroyed. Aristotle says that as soon as the *Ephori* were invested in their office, they declared war against the *Helotes*, that they might be massacred under pretence of law."

Such are the extremes to which nations, like individuals, run. And be it remembered, that the people thus massacred, merely to prevent their being too numerous for their masters, were not negroes, but white men, generally members of the Caucasian race—men whose only crime was their poverty, or, rather, the poverty of their ancestors. What is strange is, that the people who saw no harm in atrocities like these, should regard it as a deadly offence to be called a merchant or trader, as at the present day one would resent being accused of forgery. This fact alone would prove that the Spartans had long been a business people, if not a commercial people. Commerce or trade did not become a disgrace without a cause. Merchants had doubtless cheated and swindled all they could, for centuries; they became such habitual liars that no one could believe them; until, finally, the outraged, indignant people insisted on the enactment of laws that would put an end to their depredations, as to a nuisance, and then run into the opposite extreme.

Is there no danger that similar results may be produced by similar causes in modern times? It may be replied that we have the benefit of Christianity to protect us. This, indeed, ought to be entirely satisfactory; but, unfortunately, it is not, though through no fault of Christianity, whose influence, when properly exercised, is to reconcile all interests to each other, however conflicting in themselves. But has it been thus exercised? Let a minister of the gospel answer. "When commerce, with her newly invented mariner's compass in her hand," says Dr. Stone, "went forth to the discovery of a new world, peopled with before unknown races of men, simple and guileless, generous and trusting, what a precious, what a glorious opportunity, was presented for carrying to them the blessings of real civilization, of useful knowledge, and of pure religion; and thus, for pouring the very soul of a heaven-descended Christianity into the minds, into the social state, and into the political and religious institutions of those who looked up to the newly arrived with feelings of veneration, as to beings of a superior order! How was this opportunity improved? By holding out, at

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first, a wooden cross, as the symbol of an unexplained gospel, and calling on the wondering multitudes to bow down and worship; *and then, in their bowed-down posture, loading them with every form and with every extreme of intolerable wrong.* Instead of Christianizing, the process exterminated. In the West Indies, the whole native population became speedily extinct; the ten millions of that almost unearthly race, the gentle Charibs, vanished, like a morning mist, before their oppressors. They bled in war; they wasted away in the mines; they toiled in death in the sugar-mills; they were torn in pieces by trained squadrons of ferocious dogs; and they pined and died in the dens and caves, whither they had fled from the foot of their civilized persecutors, until, at length, their native lands held not in life a single remaining trace of their once beautiful forms. They had disappeared from the earth; and as their spirits vanished, they went full of execrations upon the very name of Christianity, which should have been the instrument of both their temporal and their eternal salvation.

"In Mexico and Peru, history records that the Spanish sword drank the blood of *forty millions* of their sons. The whole Indian race in Newfoundland is extinct. Entire tribes in South Africa and in North America are no more. While, in numerous lands and islands, great races of aboriginal and pagan men are wasting away to weakness and nothingness before the relentless approach of a power bearing the ensign of life, but doing the work of death!

"And even where this power has not exterminated, it has wrought evils of a perhaps darker character. It has actually rendered the living savage *more* savage, and the living heathen *more* heathen than ever. It has made, not Christianity, for of this little or nothing has been carried by the agents of this power—but the *name* of Christianity, an offence and a loathing to the whole pagan world. Through all the realms of heathenism, it has made that name synonymous with hypocrisy and deceit, cunning and fraud, oppression and cruelty, avarice and extortion, pollution and crime. In this state of things, let the *true* missionary of the cross approach, and offer the genuine religion of the gospel as a light from Heaven, and as the only means of purity and of salvation to benighted man; and with what answer is he met? *'Go home and convert your own countrymen; cleanse your own seamen; regenerate the agents of your death-dealing commerce, and thus show that your*

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religion is the boasted blessing which you represent. Then come to us and we will listen to your instructions, and examine the claims of the gospel which you bring.'"

No intelligent person will deny the truth of this, dark and gloomy as the picture is. And does it not show us that it is not strange, after all, that the Greeks and Romans held business men of all classes in such contempt? If men, professing Christianity, will set truth, honesty, and honor at defiance, whenever they find it profitable to do so, what wonder is it that Pagans should have rendered themselves odious by the same means? How many of our business men of the present day could deny that the satire, for example, of Horace, in which he advises money to be sought before virtue, &c., is as applicable to them, though they may go three times to church every Sunday, as it was to the fraudulent *mercatores* and *negotiatores* of Pagan Rome? The satirist makes the distinction, that if money can be acquired fairly, good and well; if not, let it be got in any way:

———rem
Se possis recté; si non quocunque modo rem.

The satirist of the nineteenth century may omit the first clause, and tell our dishonest business men that they need care nothing about the means they employ, as long as they are successful in making money. They may lie and cheat as they like, especially if they put on an air of sanctity; if they have plenty of money, they are "substantial men," "men of position," &c. In the most degenerate days of Greece and Rome, we do not read of men writing books to publish to the world their own infamy—boasting of the cleverness and success with which they had imposed habitually for years on their fellow-citizens by false representations and the lowest species of cunning, and then, after an interval of a year or two, unblushingly resuming the same species of trickery. Even in Nero's time, the finger of scorn would have pointed at the charlatan capable of such baseness, so that he would have lied in vain for the rest of his life, except he shifted the scene of his operations. Now, it is different. The question in our day is, not what a man is, or has been, but what he *has*. Let him be a model of all the Christian virtues, he is an insignificant person if he does not possess, or be supposed to possess, a certain amount of gold, or its value. In short, the latter makes the most contemptible liar and swindler an honest man, while the want of it makes the honest man a rogue—the truthful man a liar.

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Let those who doubt this, wait until there is litigation between the poor man and the rich man. Before any witnesses are called on either side, which, in such a case, is most likely to be believed? Suppose the two have made a bargain without any witness. One is to perform a certain amount of labor; the other is to pay for that labor. The former does his part, and calls on the latter to do his. But, instead of paying, he pretends there was no bargain—that in fact he promised nothing; and he would give nothing; or if he would, it is some trifle, to offer which is to add insult to injury. An altercation ensues; the party swindled remonstrates; the swindler is indignant; he asks the bystanders, is it likely a man in his position would cheat his employé for a paltry matter of a few dollars? This logic is conclusive; and the party who fully performed all that he promised—that wanted not one penny but what he had honestly and honorably earned, is denounced as having attempted to obtain money under false pretences!

Fortunately, there are not many who are guilty of such contemptible conduct—probably not more than one out of every ten of those engaged in any respectable business; but even this is too large a proportion. One bad man can do more to disgrace a profession or calling, than nine good men can do to retrieve its character, for the obvious reason that the evil travels farther, is more talked of, and longer remembered than the good. Honest merchants and business men should bear this in mind, and treat the dishonest with the scorn and contempt they deserve. If, instead of pursuing this course, they seek to screen the evil-doers, as members of the same profession with themselves, their sense of right becomes vitiated insensibly, until they fall themselves into the same vice—that is,

"They first endure, then pity, then embrace."

It is pleasant to observe, that in proportion as any particular business is more or less intellectual in its character, those engaged in it are more or less honest and honorable in their dealings. Of course there are exceptions; but, as a general rule, the proposition is undoubtedly correct. Sometimes men engage in business for which they are not qualified, either by nature or education; it is not to be expected that the conduct of such will be equal to that of men possessed of the necessary qualifications; and accordingly, it is ten to one, that they

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will bring discredit on their brethren of the same calling. This is well illustrated in the case of book publishers, who, it must be admitted, are, in general, honorable men. That there are some amongst them who are as unscrupulous cheats as are to be found in any other business whatever, is but too true and too well known—men whose whole course is a system of lying and imposition—whose statements are as little to be relied upon as those of the mock auctioneers; than whom, too, they are much more dangerous members of society. But in nine cases out of ten, these are illiterate persons—persons better qualified for the trade of the butcher or the cobbler, than for the book trade. The wonder would be, if publishers of this class would publish good books in good faith. If ever so well inclined, what do they know about a good book? Often they may believe that the worst book is the best, because it is just the kind they would read themselves—if, indeed, they could be induced to read anything more intellectual than an account of a prize fight, or of the execution of an assassin. Thus far, they are not to blame; their ignorance and want of taste are rather their misfortune than their crime. But it is different when they rechristen a worthless book that has failed to sell, and represent it not only as a new book, but the best ever published. Let us suppose, for charity's sake, that they think it is the best; but if they represent that forty thousand copies have been sold, when not more than a score have been called for, no amount of charity can set aside the fact that they are impostors. It is, perhaps, no more than should be expected, that publishers of this character should regard criticism, even in its mildest form, as a crime never to be forgiven, send threatening letters to the critic, and do all in their power to crush him.

On the other hand, those who publish the best books, and who pay for them, when they need not do so, but reprint them, like others, are invariably the most polite, as well as the most honest, and the most tolerant of criticism. We could easily illustrate these facts in a manner that would be satisfactory to all; but we leave our readers to form their own opinions, feeling certain that no intelligent person need be told who the representatives are of either class—who they are that cheat and lie to the end of the chapter, or who they are that would suffer the ruin of their business rather than be guilty of any fraud, either on author or public. Let us hope, in passing, that the former, and all like them, will

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learn honesty, if not decency, from the depressing effects of the war on their pernicious traffic, adopting, as the future rule of their conduct, the memorable precept of Solon—

> "The flow of riches though desired,
> Life's real goods, if well acquired;
> Unjustly let me never gain,
> *Lest vengeance follow in their train.*"

In all countries and ages, publishers have been influenced by the character of the community in which they reside, and for whose tastes they undertake to cater. It is not the largest, but the most enlightened cities of the Old World that have the most publishers of the better class. London and Paris form no exception to this; because, if they are the most populous cities of England and France respectively, they are also the most intellectual and most enlightened. The same rule holds good in this country. In New York, indeed, there are respectable publishers—as honorable business men as are to be found anywhere; but are there as many in proportion to the population as there are in Boston? Certainly not. Scarcely one to three. If, upon the other hand, it is asked, are there as many "sensation" publishers in Boston, in proportion to the population, the same negative answer must be given, and still more emphatically than in the opposite case. If there be three good publishers in Boston for every one in New York, in proportion to the population, there are six bad publishers in the latter for one in the former. Indeed, we are not quite sure that there are more than one "sensation" publisher in the Modern Athens, altogether; while it can boast at least half a dozen of as respectable publishing houses as any other city in the world—which, we must confess, is twice as many of the same character as we can claim for New York, the remainder of whose publishers are, in all conscience, since the truth must be told, an exceedingly shabby party—certainly, no credit to the cause of literature, or to any other cause, save, perhaps, that of charlatanism. If we take Philadelphia and Baltimore into the comparison, we shall find the same relative state of facts, in still bolder relief. The people of the Quaker City, as a whole, are more enlightened than those of New York, but less than those of Boston; they are also less numerous than the former, and more numerous than the latter; the precise difference in this respect, it is not necessary to state here. Suffice it to say, that Philadelphia contains more first-class publishers than New York, in proportion to her population, and less of the same than

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Boston; while Baltimore, with a much larger population, but fewer institutions of learning, and less facilities for education than Boston, has only two publishing houses altogether that are worthy of the name.

Those whose education has been neglected may be expected to object to all this, and ask, If superior culture has so salutary an effect in preventing chicanery, how does it happen that learned men are often the greatest transgressors? and why are the best of them so ready to seek the aid of the wealthy, without taking much pains to inquire how their wealth has been acquired? The former question embodies no argument, but a fallacy. The most reliable statistics of ancient and modern times, as far as known, show that no other class of persons are guilty of less fraud, or any species of crime, in proportion to their numbers, than learned men, or men of superior culture. As to their following the rich, instead of the rich following them, the reason of that has been abundantly explained by Diogenes, who says that it is "because the philosophers know what they want, but the rich do not."

To this we do not wish to make any addition for the present. Among the best there is room for improvement; and, with regard to the worst, a goodly number of them have already got their reward. Not a few, who, only a brief year or two ago, played the charlatan with the arrogance of a despot and the insolence of an upstart, are now dunning fourth-rate politicians for their influence, in order that they may obtain some petty office. The dry goods merchant who acted on the principle of getting all he could, and giving as little as he could, treating his clerk, and often his servant-maid, the same as his other creditors, is now very glad to procure employment in some Northern navy yard or custom house, where it is not likely that any fighting will have to be done. The jeweller who sold glass for diamonds and brass for gold, is very thankful to get the position of a subaltern in the commissary department, and the publisher of "sensation" books is full of gratitude if he can induce the politicians whose "Speeches and Works" he published (and which by themselves would have been sufficient to ruin him) to give him some employment, if only that of measuring molasses in one of the Feegee Islands. To speak of any of these, save in the language of sorrow and commiseration, would be like insulting the criminal in the hands of the executioner. . . . .

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NOTICES AND CRITICISMS.

EDUCATION.

1. *Le Grand-Père et ses quatre Petits-fils. Livre de Lecture à l'usage des Écoles.* Par Mme. Fouqueau de Pussy. Apprové par le Conseil Royal de l'Instruction Publique. Eleventh American edition. By Francis S. Williams, Principal of a School for Young Ladies.
2. *Conversations sur Le Grand-Père*, designed for a first book in French Conversation. By Francis S. Williams.
Boston: Swan, Brewer & Tileston. 1861.

From one end of Europe to the other, "Le Grand-Père" has been in use as a Reader for nearly twenty years; and, so far as our observation extends, it is universally regarded as the best. That before us is the first copy of it we have seen in this country; but that it is the eleventh edition is pretty conclusive evidence that its value is no less appreciated in America than it is in Europe. We are well aware that a book of any kind may be highly praised, and still be little worth; nothing is more common than to pronounce the last publication superior to all others, without much regard to its intrinsic merits. But, if we assert that a book is superlatively good, or bad, we feel it incumbent on us to give our reasons for doing so, and we want no one to receive our estimate further than it is found, on examination, to be correct.

In the first place, the fact that "Le Grand-Père" has received the approval of the French Council of Public Instruction is at least presumptive evidence that it is well adapted for the purpose for which it is intended; for there is no tribunal more competent to decide upon its merits. But the latter are sufficiently obvious to every intelligent person. The plan of it is the best that could have been adopted: A well-educated, aged Captain receives into his family four grand-children, who are to attend the village school, and be under his guidance after school hours. One day each week is set apart for a conversation, in which all join; and sometimes a female domestic, remarkable chiefly for her superstition and curiosity, is permitted to "assist," for variety's sake. This continues for a year, so that there are fifty-two conversations, each occupying one chapter. In these conversations almost every conceivable topic is discussed, in a manner suitable to the capacities of the children; not formally, or with the avowed purpose, on the part of the grandfather, to give instruction; but incidentally—one topic being suggested by another, or by some passing incident, and what cannot be rendered sufficiently interesting otherwise, is illustrated by a brief story, which, independently of its engaging the attention, and making a lasting impression on the memory, embodies an excellent moral.

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Each chapter is headed by a quotation from some great thinker, ancient or modern, which embodies a useful and striking precept, that serves as a sort of text for the conversation that is to follow. Thus, when religious intolerance is to be rendered as odious as it deserves, and liberty of conscience vindicated, we are presented with the admirable precept of Fénélon, that, since God tolerates all religions, we should do the same—"Souffrons toutes les religions, puisque Dieu les souffre." All the great moralists and sages of the East, as well as the West, are thus laid under contribution for the instruction of the youthful mind. Thus, if kindness is to be shown to strangers, or to those we may never see again, Saadi, the Persian poet, is made to tell us, in the best French, that benefits are never lost, let them be bestowed where they may, &c., &c.—"Le bienfaits ne sont jamais perdu quelque part qu'on les place; ni les bienfaiteurs inconnus, en quelque lieu qu'ils se cachent."

In this attractive and impressive manner are the grandchildren introduced to every subject; now to a lesson in geography, anon to a lesson in arithmetic, history, philosophy, grammar—each in turn, after a suitable interval—amusement alternating with instruction, curiosity being awakened in one conversation, to be gratified in another; so that, on reaching the end, the intelligent reader has acquired an amount of useful information, on multifarious subjects, which surprises himself.

Mr. Williams has done good service in introducing such a book to the American student; but he has erred in making it an expurgated edition. There was not the least need for this. Not one word has Mme. de Pressy written that the most bashful and modest has any cause to blush at. There might be some excuse for expurgation, if the work were rendered into English, but in the original there is none. Fortunately, nothing of much importance has been omitted—only a brief passage here and there. We do not blame Mr. Williams for the loss of anything he has left out, but for being so squeamish as to suppose it was necessary to leave out any.

The Conversations sur Le Grand-Père, embodies all that is valuable in the work just noticed, in the form of question and answer. In the first chapter or two, the questions are given in English, and the answers in French; in all the rest, both questions and answers are in the original. The only fault we have to find in this is, that the editor gives the following advice to the teacher: "*If well versed in French*, he will not exact a rigid adherence to the answers before him, as others equally correct, can, of course, be given; *but, if not thoroughly acquainted with the language, it will be better for him to adopt one safe* and correct model *than to run the risk of the pupil's acquiring incorrect phrases.*" This implies that one may teach—at least pretend to teach—what he does not understand himself—nay, that he may be so ignorant of the language as not to be able to

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tell whether a phrase is right or wrong, and still be capable of teaching it. This is a great blunder on the part of Mr. Williams. But neither of the works before us is anything the worse for this, any more than it would be for anything we might say here. In one word, then, we know of no text books for the study of French, either in Europe or America, that surpass, if they equal, these.

Education: Intellectual, Moral and Physical. By HERBERT SPENCER, author of "Social Statics," &c. London: G. Manwaring. 1861.

Lord Brougham alone has done more for the cause of education in Great Britain than the author of this volume; indeed, there are not a few among the best judges who are of opinion that he has done more real good than even the famous ex-Chancellor. At all events, he is an original thinker, and what he believes to be calculated to elevate the condition of the masses, no fear of consequences deters him from being its advocate. For this he has been sneered at as a "pedagogue," by those who think that the less the people know, the better for the aristocracy, if not for the State at large. The peculiarity of his style has afforded a certain class of critics an excuse for attacks of this kind. He is too technical; he uses many words in his Essays on education which are not be found even in most dictionaries. This is certainly a defect; those writing for the people ought to address them in a language they can easily understand. But there are many things which ought to be done that cannot be done, and probably this is one of them. Milton would have found it as difficult to write like Bunyan, as Bunyan would have found it to write like Milton. If Mr. Spencer erred through pedantry it is not to the masses he would have addressed himself. We should, then, rather thank him for his generous labors in a noble cause, than seek to disparage all because all is not perfect. His favorite system is that of Pestalozzi, simplified as much as possible. His remarks on the subject of discipline, addressed to parents as well as to teachers, are such as will meet the approbation of every sensible person. "It will daily be needful," he says, "to analyze the motives of juvenile conduct—to distinguish between acts that are really good and those which, though simulating them, proceed from inferior impulses; while you will have to be ever on your guard against the *cruel mistake, not unfrequently made, of translating neutral acts* into transgressions, or ascribing worse feelings than were entertained."

Mr. Spencer is not one of those who think that corporal punishment should never be inflicted; though he has too much refinement and humanity not to remind both parent and teacher that such punishment should be the last resource. "The rough-and-ready style of domestic government," he forcibly observes, "is, indeed, practicable by the meanest and most uncultivated intellects. Slaps and sharp words are penalties

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that suggest themselves alike to the last reclaimed barbarian and to the stolidest peasant. Even brutes can use this mode of discipline; as you may see in the growl and half-bite with which a bitch will check a too exigeant puppy." The mistake of the present day, especially in this country, is that all should be left to "moral suasion," whereas daily observation proves that there are many girls, as well as boys, who laugh at "moral suasion," as a means of making them do anything they do not like; they are effected by it pretty much as the individual was who, being detected stealing clothes off the fence, was told by the owner that he would suffer at the last day for the theft: "Oh, then, if you please, madam, I'll take a few articles more, if I get off so long." It is a sad commentary on our boasted progress in civilization, that while the very worst class of novels are readily reprinted by our "sensation" publishers, books like this, which are really instructive, are not thought worth the cost of printing.

A Compendium of Classical Literature, comprising Choice Extracts translated from the best Greek and Roman Writers, with Biographical Sketches, accounts of their works, and notes directing to the best editions and translations. By CHARLES DEXTER CLEVELAND. 12mo, pp. 622. Philadelphia: E. C. & J. Biddle & Co. 1861.

In this volume we have the gems of classical literature in poetry and prose—the Greek from Homer to Longinus, the Prince of poets and the Prince of critics—the Latin from Plautus to Boëthius, the extracts from each writer being taken from the best translators. To the classical student the work will prove particularly valuable, as presenting admirable specimens of translation, and showing how much of the spirit of the original may be retained in an English dress; to the scholar it will be something like a series of meetings with old and beloved friends—meetings that will remind him of those days, which, though never to return, still continue to shed a grateful fragrance on his life, even in the midst of poverty and sickness. This is no exaggeration of the influence of classical studies. We have never known one in any part of the world who, being capable of conversing with the master-minds of Greece and Rome in their own languages, would exchange, if he could, his ability to do so for all the pleasures that gold can purchase.

But if it be a pleasure to the scholar to find those gems that were at once the care and the delight of his youth, as they were originally composed, now rendered into his mother tongue, how much more agreeable must it be to the mere English reader, who, however intelligent in other respects, can judge of the giant intellects of Greece and Rome only through versions that have the reputation of being more or less faithful to the original. As no description can give an adequate idea of the Pyramids of

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Egypt, the Parthenon at Athens, or any other of the great architectural wonders of the ancients, so no translation can do justice to the poetry of Homer, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Virgil, or Lucretius. But a sufficiently near approach may be made to the spirit of each, to satisfy the majority, even of scholars. At all events, a good translation is to the Iliad or Æneid, in the original, what a good description, aided by the pencil of the artist, is to a sight of the Pyramids. But comparatively few can visit the latter, whereas all intelligent persons may read descriptions of them, and do so with pleasure. There is, however, this difference: a good translation affords pleasure by itself—that is, it is agreeable, without any reference to the original. In other words, if we did not know it to be a translation at all, we should admire its beauties, whereas a description gives us pleasure, or interests us, only in proportion as we have faith in its truthfulness, or regard the thing described as interesting in itself.

We have extracts in the Classical "Compendium" from no fewer than eighty authors, in poetry and prose—indeed, from all those of Greece and Rome whose works have survived the ravages of time. Taking a hurried glance at the passages extracted, we find such as the following: from Homer, Minerva arming herself for Battle, Helen's Lamentation over Hector's Body, Parting of Hector and Andromache, Ulysses discovering himself to his Father, the Introduction of Penelope; from Hesoid, the Battle of the Giants, Pandora's Box; from Æschylus, the Sacrifice of Iphigenia, Lament for the loss of Helen, Orestes about to murder his Mother; from Sophocles, Creon—Antigone—Chorus, Creon—Œdipus; from Euripides, a scene from Alcestis, Opening of the Media; from Pindar, the Sailing of the Argo, the Power of Music; from Aristophanes, scenes from "The Clouds" and from "The Birds;" from Plato, the Perfect Beauty; from Virgil, the fourth Eclogue (Pollio), Æneas at the Court of Dido, Dido's Passion for Æneas; from Horace, Odes to Macænas, Pyrrha, Lydia, Phyllis, Virgil; from Martial, the Value of Literary Fame, the False and the True, Mourner, &c., &c. In most cases, several other extracts are given from each author besides those mentioned.

The compiler would have greatly enhanced the value of his labors, had he given a small portion of the original from each of the principal gems, in the form of a note at the bottom of the page. What would render this most important to the classical student is the superior excellence of the translations. This is particularly true of the extracts from Euripides, Aristophanes, and Æschylus, and of Virgil's Pollio. True, the original would be of no use to the mere English reader; and it is for him the work is mainly, if not exclusively, intended. It is not fair, then, to find any fault on this ground; but we may be permitted to hope that the compiler will give us a similar "Compendium," to be composed of the original of all the extracts of which translations are given in the work

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before us. We are much mistaken if such would not be well received. The biographical sketches of the various authors, with brief critical remarks on their principal works, both in foot-notes and in the text, form a valuable and interesting feature in the present volume.

A Hand-Book of Classical Geography, Chronology, Mythology, and Antiquities. Prepared for the use of Schools, by T. P. ALLEN and W. T. ALLEN. 12mo, pp. 123. Boston: Swan, Brewer & Tileston. 1861.

The classical student will be enabled to spare much time and labor, by this slender volume; for, small as it is, it contains the essence of many large works, which are accessible only to a few. Any intelligent person, having the "Hand Book" and Long's Atlas, to which it is adapted, can easily become acquainted with all that is worth knowing in ancient geography. Chronology, mythology, and antiquities are necessarily treated with brevity in so tiny a work; but if there is any truth in the adage, "A word for the wise is sufficient," it will, however, be admitted that nothing important has been omitted. A valuable feature to the student of languages is, that the ancient names, not only of persons and places, but also of laws, implements of husbandry, articles of dress, coins, measures, &c., &c., are given in the original—in Greek or Latin, as the case may be—with the modern English names beside them. The tables of Greek and Roman genealogies, at the end, will be very acceptable to the student of history who has not a larger work within his reach, or, if otherwise, has not time to examine it. In short, the great advantage of the "Hand Book" is, that it enables one to find, at a glance, what, without its aid, would cost him hours of laborious research. The work is got up in superior style. Unlike most books in which there are many Greek and Latin words, it is printed with remarkable accuracy.

Complete Spanish Course, in accordance with the Robertsonian System of Teaching Modern Languages. By LOUIS ERNST. 12mo, pp. 418. New York: Roe Lockwood & Son. 1861.

"Methods" for learning languages have multiplied to such an extent in recent years—each recommended by its author and publisher as casting all others into the shade—that we confess we took up the volume now before us with no more serious intention than to see how much more it promises than it is calculated to perform. But we did not glance over many of its pages, when it reminded us of Æsop, the fabulist, of whom it is said, that, having been exhibited for sale, with a variety of other slaves, he was asked what he could do. His reply was, "Nothing. These others tell you they can do everything; then, nothing will remain for me." That the same anecdote is related of others does not weaken the force of the moral, as applied to the present work, the compiler of which promises little, but performs a good deal.

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We know, from experience, how irksome and discouraging it is to attempt the study of a foreign language with a bad text book. Thousands have given up the task in despair, for no other reason. It is too often forgotten, that learning alone is not sufficient to produce a suitable text book. The compiler may be perfectly familiar, both with the language sought to be taught and with that of the pupils for whose benefit it is intended, and yet be utterly incompetent to communicate his knowledge to others. But, in too many cases, those who undertake the task are as destitute of learning as they are of every other necessary qualification. Hence it is, that we find one "Method" which has, indeed, a great many rules, and no lack of examples; but they are so jumbled together, that they might almost as well have been omitted. Another attempts to be systematic, and sometimes succeeds in that respect, but either the language to be taught, or that through the medium of which it is to be learned, is presented in forms that are full of errors.

For example, a Frenchman may exhibit as good specimens of his own language as the whole range of French literature admits; but, if he does not also understand the language of his pupils, the work is defective in proportion as he lacks such knowledge. In other words, a Frenchman, who is not an English scholar, is incompetent to compile a "French Method" for the use of English pupils; and an Englishman, or American, is equally incompetent for the same task, if he merely understands a smattering of French. In short, the compiler, in order to be qualified, must, in the first place, not only have a perfect knowledge of the idioms of both languages, but he must be able to illustrate the differences between those idioms with suitable examples—the whole to be done without any apparent effort—nay, in a manner, as it were, to entice the learner along, from one lesson to another, taxing his memory as little as possible.

Now, this is what we find accomplished in the volume before us. We see evidence, at every page, that the compiler understands the practice as well as the theory of teaching. He has marked the points in which his predecessors have failed, shedding a flood of light on what they had left in obscurity. We will here briefly indicate the manner in which this is done, premising that, with regard to the text, the author says that, instead of being an uninterrupted story, "it is made up of a series of short pieces, presenting, in turn, all the words likely to occur in ordinary conversation, followed by a selection from the best Spanish authors, and ending with a complete course of business letters and book-keeping; but the latter, having been added more especially for the use of those who study the language for commercial purposes, may be readily omitted, as all the grammatical rules and observations have been engrafted upon the earlier familiar lessons."

The first lesson begins with an interlinear translation, literally rendered. The same passage is then presented in Spanish and good English,

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in adjoining columns. This is followed by questions and answers for conversation in Spanish; and then come sentences for oral translation—the Spanish in one column, and the English in another, as in the Ollendorff System. In all this, we have but the practical part of the lesson; then follows the theoretical part, in which the simpler principles of Spanish Grammar, as developed in the passage, are fully explained without technicalities, and illustrated by examples. The lesson closes with exercises, consisting of a variety of English phrases to be translated into Spanish, each phrase being followed by a figure, which refers to the rule in the "theoretical part." These lessons become more and more elaborate and varied, according as the pupil makes progress, until he reaches the commercial part alluded to above. The conjugations and declensions are introduced gradually, according as required. Not the least useful or interesting part of the work is that which embraces the business letters in Spanish, translated into English. But the best feature in the whole book is the "General Index and Alphabetical Grammar," which may be regarded as an analytical review of the entire "Course," referring not only to all the rules of grammar, but also to such idiomatic forms of expression as are likely to present any difficulty to the student. It is rather a pleasure than an irksome task to examine a text book like this; and we have had to condemn so many, as blind leaders of the blind, that we are glad to be able to recommend this "Complete Spanish Course" as fully justifying its title. Prof. Ernst is the editor of all the Robertsonian text books published in this country, including an excellent "French Course," and we learn that he is now engaged on another French work, which will soon appear.

BELLES-LETTRES.

Die Harfe Von Erin. Märchen und Dichtung in Ireland. Von Julius Rodenberg. Leipzig: 1861.

We have here a new translation, into German, of Moore's Melodies, under the title of "The Harp of Erin." This, we believe, is the sixth German version; and it is not too much to say that it is better than all. The translator visited Ireland for the express purpose of qualifying himself for the task, and he remained sufficiently long in the country, making the best use of his time, to be able to explain the most interesting allusions in the Melodies. Before he attempted the translation of the whole, he wrote a book of Sketches, entitled "The Isle of Saints," which has been noticed in a previous number of this journal, and which has been so well received in Germany that it has passed through five editions in two years. In this he gave versions of several of the Melodies, as an experiment. In the volume before us he has added beautiful fairy legends, some of which he

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obtained in person, during his wanderings among the peasantry, selecting the rest from the Tales and Stories of Carleton, Banim, Lover, and Mrs. Hall.

Nothing pleased Moore himself more than to see the greatest minds of Continental Europe undertake versions of his poems. It is now more than forty years since *Lalla Rookh* was performed as a Divertisement at the Château Royale of Berlin, during a visit of the Grand Duke Nicholas, the late Czar, to that capital. But it was rendered, for the purpose, not into German, but into French, the language which all understood. All the principal characters were personated by imperial and royal princes and princesses, the stories being represented in tableaux vivans and songs. M. de la Motte Fouqué, who subsequently translated the poem into German verse, describes the performance as follows:

"La décoration representoit les portes brillantes du Paradis, entourées de nuages. Dans le premier tableau on voyoit la Péri, triste et desolée, couchée sur le seuil des portes fermées, et l'Ange de lumière qui lui addresse des consolations et des conseils. Le second représente le moment, où la Péri, dans l'espoir que ce don lui ouvrira l'entrée du Paradis recueille la dernière goutte de sang que vient de verser le jeune guerrier Indien. . . . . .

"La Péri et l'Ange de lumière répondoient pleinement à la image et à l'idée qu'on est tenté de se faire de ces deux individus, et l'impression qu'a faite generalement la suite des tableaux dn cet épisode délicat et intéressant est loin de s'effacer de notre souvenir."

But the present translation of the Melodies would have pleased the author still better, if possible, although one of his chief weaknesses was his love for the admiration of the great as such. To those who understand the poet best, and admire him most, and are also sufficiently acquainted with the German, the wonder will be that the rendering both of ideas and words is so perfect. We have no such versions of the lyrics of Heine or Uhland in English; not that English translators have not evinced quite as much of the poetic spirit as Herr Rodenberg, but that our language is decidedly inferior in this respect to the German. The same fact is illustrated in the principal German versions of Shakespeare, any of which is superior to the best English version of Goethe or Schiller. Students of the German language would find this a most instructive and delightful text book.

Poems. By JOHN G. SAXE. Complete in one volume. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861.

We like the Poems of Mr. Saxe, although we are not yet prepared to say that the author is a true poet. This, however, we will assert; that there are many pieces in this volume which deserve the name of poetry better than three fourths of the productions of both English and American authors, who are generally recognized as poets. But it is not the longer poems, by any means, that please us best. "Progress: A Satire" and "The Money King" are each very sprightly and interesting. Neither is deficient in wit; not unfrequently we meet with a passage in the one that

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reminds us of Pope, and in the other that reminds us of Hood. We do not mean that Mr. Saxe borrows from either; we only allude to the vein in which he writes. He is too genial to sting, like Pope; his satire is of that character which "instructs but hurts not." He is as cheerful and joyous as Hood—as much disposed to look at the bright side of life; but he lacks the sustained humor of the author of "Song of the Shirt." Before we explain, however, why it is that we do not like the longer poems of Mr. Saxe, as well as some of his shorter pieces, we will proceed to make an observation or two on the latter. And the first that occurs to our mind is, "I'm Growing Old." We neither know nor care what others think of this; but it strikes us that there is true pathos in it. Seldom has the approach of age been more happily described than it is in the following stanza:

"I'm growing fonder of my staff;
I'm growing dimmer in the eyes;
I'm growing fainter in my laugh;
I'm growing deeper in my sighs;
I'm growing careless in my dress;
I'm growing frugal in my gold;
I'm growing wise; I'm growing—yes
I'm growing old."

"The Old Chapel-Bell" is an effusion of kindred character, but in the ballad style, of which it is a truly excellent specimen. The lady whose prose tale suggested this fine poem may well lay claim to the faculty of inspiring others—at least *one*—if she is not inspired herself. But after all, it is when he woos the comic muse, that Mr. Saxe is most successful. In proof of this, we think we need only refer to the pieces entitled "Comic Miseries," "Guneopathy," "The Ghost Player," and "The Briefless Barrister." As there may be some, however, who will not take our word for the fact, we transcribe

"Ye Tailyor-Man.

A Contemplative Ballad.

Right jollie is ye tailyor-man,
As annie man may be;
And all ye daye upon ye benche
He worketh merrilie.

And oft ye while in pleasante wise
He colleth up his lymbes,
He singeth songs ye like whereof
Are not in Watts his hymns.

And yet he toileth all ye while
His merrie catches rolle;
As true unto ye needle as
Ye needle to ye pole.

What cares ye valiant tailyor-man
For all ye cowarde feares?
Against ye scissors of ye Fates
He pointes his mightie sheares.

He heedeth not ye anciente jests
That witlesse sinners use;
What feareth ye bolde tailyor-man
Ye hissinge of a goose?

He pulleth at ye busie threade,
To feed his loving wife
And eke his childe; for unto them
It is ye threade of life.

He cutteth well ye rich man's coate,
And with unseemlie pride
He sees ye little waistcoate in
Ye cabbage bye his side.

Meanwhile ye tailyor-man his wife,
To labor nothinge loth,
Sits bye with readie hande to baste
Ye urchin and ye cloth.

Full happie is ye tailyor-man,
Yet is he often tried
Lest he, from fullnesse of ye dimes,
Wax wanton in his pride.

Full happie is ye tailyor-man,
And yet he hath a foe,
A cunninge enemie that none
So well as tailyors knowe.

It is ye slipperie customer
Who goes his wicked wayes,
And weares ye tailyor-man his coate,
But never, never payes!"

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There is genuine humor in this, and the effect is greatly heightened by the quaintness of the style. Of a similar character is "Ye Pedagogue," of which at least one stanza contains more truth than poetry:

> "Sometimes he heares, with trembling feares,
> Of ye ungodlie rogue,
> On mischiefe bent, with felle intent,
> To licke ye Pedagogue."

In the "Cockney," the usual good-nature of our poet seems to forsake him. Much of the picture is true, considered as a caricature of a grumbling Englishman; but, in the name of justice, we protest against the closing stanza—especially against the last four lines:

> "When slept the man-in-gaiters,
> He was grumbling o'er his gin,
> At the charges of the hostess
> Of that famous Flemish inn;
> And he looked a very Briton
> (So me thinks I see him still),
> As he pocketed the candle
> That was mentioned in the bill!"

If this were said of a *North* Briton, we are not sure that we could deny the impeachment; but, whatever may be the faults of John Bull, he is certainly not a miser. That he likes to make money is very true; but it is equally true that he has the heart to spend it. As for sticking the candle, he gets at an inn, into his pocket, merely because he has paid for it, no one, in our opinion, would be less likely to be guilty of so shabby a trick.

With this exception, however, the "Cockney" is a good specimen of the comic ballad. But, now we must explain ourselves as to the longer poems. To come to the point at once, they contain too much slang. This is particularly true of "Progress." The quotation marks, to be found in almost every couplet, make no amends for the error, but rather aggravate it. Mr. Saxe is all the more to blame, for indulging so largely in *verbis vulgaribus*, because it is evident that he has the advantage of a liberal education. In most of his poems we meet with classical allusions, and, in general, they are judiciously applied; but the quoted phrases, of which the poet is so fond, spoil their effect. It is very well to satirize "Ladies' Schools," if they deserve it; also the rage, among a certain class of parents, for cramming learning into their daughters; but it strikes us that the following is rather a forced way of doing either:

> "Where hapless maids, in spite of wish or taste,
> On vain 'accomplishments' their *moments* waste;
> By cruel parents here condemned to *wrench*
> *Their tender throats* in mispronouncing French;
> Here doomed to force, by *unrelenting knocks*,
> Reluctant music from *a tortured box*;
> Here taught, *in inky shades and rigid lines*,
> To *perpetrate* equivocal 'designs;'
> 'Drawings' that prove their title plainly true,
> By showing nature 'drawn' and 'quartered' too!"

We fear that, if this is satire, it recoils on the author. The owners of the "tender throats" might say that they might "wrench" them by other

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means, quite as much as by mispronouncing French; and there is said to be such a thing as a tortured Pegasus as well as a "tortured box," while "unrelenting knocks" may be applied in vain to a head as well as to a box. But Mr. Saxe could well avoid such as this, if he chose. Were it otherwise, we should say nothing about it. He does not seem to remember, in his longer poems, that affectation disfigures a poem as much as it does a fine face. When he eschews affectation, as in his ballads and other lighter pieces, few minstrels are sweeter, more natural, or more tender. He is a great admirer of Horace, and Flaccus justifies him somewhat when he tells us that it is difficult to speak of common things properly:

Difficile est proprié communia dicere.

But Horace condemns the *sermo pedestris;* so does Longinus; the latter regarding well-chosen words as the proper light of the mind (τὰ κυρία ὀνόματα). Were Mr. Saxe a vulgar versifier, we should not quote either Dionysius or Flaccus to convince him that he can afford to be simple and unaffected in his style. We readily admit, at all events, that the defects we have pointed out—nay, all that are contained in the beautiful little volume (in blue and gold) before us—bear but a small proportion to its beauties.

The Works of Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, and Lord High Chancellor of England, collected and edited by JAMES SPEDDING, M. A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, ROBERT LESLIE ELLIS, M. A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and DOUGLAS DENON HEATH, Barrister-at-Law, &c. Vol. II. Boston: Brown & Taggart. 1861.

It is pleasant to observe that this complete and beautiful edition of Bacon's works is being appreciated, notwithstanding the heavy depression under which the book trade in general has been laboring since the beginning of the rebellion. Most other enterprises of a similar kind have had to be postponed, while more than one have failed altogether. This is the best evidence that could be adduced in proof of the high estimation in which the works of the great inductive philosopher are held in America; and it is regarded in the same light in England, several English journals expressing their surprise to learn that the publishers can find any inducement to proceed with the work, at all, in times of civil war, while Southerners could get no books, however willing they might be to buy, and Northerners are so much absorbed by the daily papers. The fact is deemed all the more strange, because, in the best of times, Bacon has comparatively few readers in England. It will be remembered that among the highest aspirations of Lord Brougham, in his educational efforts, has been the hope that the people would soon be able to read Bacon. It was in reply to this laudable boast on the part of his Lordship that William

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Cobbett remarked in the House of Commons that it would be much better that the people were first enabled to *eat* bacon. Then, he said, they would be in a more comfortable frame of mind to study the philosopher's writings, and to turn their teachings to practical account. There was considerable force in this. But not only is there less poverty in America among the masses than in England; there is also less ignorance, or, what amounts to the same, more general intelligence. It is not alone that the American masses can afford comfortable food; the poorest of them also enjoy the benefit of free education. In these facts we have the solution of the problem which has puzzled so many. Besides, in the present case, the American edition is remarkably cheap, seeing that it is not surpassed in tastefulness or elegance, more than in completeness, by the best English editions, which cost nearly twice its price.

Of the manner in which the present editors have accomplished their task, we have spoken at length in a former number.* It is needless to repeat, now that the enterprise has progressed so far, that they have severally given proof of the highest qualifications—of sound judgment, the strictest impartiality, and that they are by no means blind to the great philosopher's faults, while, at the same time, none are better capable of appreciating his merits. The former and the latter are, in turn, discussed; nor is the balance, greatly as it preponderates on the right side, a whit exaggerated. This, indeed, was not necessary. The simple facts—those that have been acknowledged by the best judges that Europe or America has produced for nearly three hundred years—are quite enough to show that Bacon is one of the master spirits of the world—one of the profoundest thinkers of ancient or modern times.

It is not necessary for us to note even the contents of the present volume, which, with the exception of the preface and some notes, are all in Latin. We are glad to see that the Latin text has been given by the American publishers. It is time that we should have some proof of the efficiency of our numerous colleges and universities, whose proudest boast it is that they teach the languages of Greece and Rome, especially the latter. There are few that study Bacon who would not be offended at the imputation that they are not liberally educated; yet no one ignorant of the language of Cicero is. Be it remembered, besides, that there are many who, for the life of them, could not read Lucretius or Horace, nay, Livy or Sallust, who would find little difficulty in understanding the Latin of Bacon. It presents fewer difficulties to the learner than the most flowing *ordo* to a classical work; in short, it is English Latin. Thus, we take a sentence or two at random, as an example: "Inquiratur quæ sit linea et Directio Motus Gravitatis; et quatenus sequatur vel centrum terræ id est massam terræ vel centrum corporis ipsius, id est, nixum partium ejus.

* December, 1860.

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Contra enim illa ad demonstrationes apta sunt; in naturæ nihil valent" (p. 393). To this we need only add, that the second volume of the philosophical works—that before us—contains some of the author's noblest thoughts—those which, in spite of his many faults, have rendered him immortal among the benefactors of mankind.

A Woman's Wanderings in the Western World. A series of Letters addressed to Fitzroy Kelly, M. P. By his Daughter, Mrs. BROMLEY. London: Saunders & Otley. 1861.

We do not like to find fault with the efforts of the ladies, especially when it is evident that they mean well; but we are compelled, in the name of outraged common sense, to protest against this book. It contains forty-seven letters, of more than ordinary dimensions, each written from different places in the United States, British America, the West Indies, Mexico, Central America, &c.; but one letter, from the "own correspondent" of a respectable newspaper, would be worth the whole batch. The author and a young friend were travelling all the time by sea or land. They saw a great many things that interested them, and from this they concluded that Mrs. Bromley could interest the public by attempting to describe the same. No doubt the letters were very agreeable to the old baronet to whom they were addressed; but he should never have allowed them into the printer's hands. The principal facts we learn from the book are: that the author and her friend were always in a hurry: often late for the cars, nearly as often late for the steamboat; that Mexican ladies are somewhat different in their manners and customs, if not in their morals, from the ladies of the United States; that the Canadian ladies are supposed to be somewhat taller than the ladies of the West Indies, but that the eyes of the latter have the advantage of being at once darker and brighter than those of the former; that the curious eye may detect similar diversities among the men, though, as a general thing, the ruder sex have not so many faults as the gentler—at least, they do not paint so much, nor do they talk so ill of their neighbors, &c., &c. It seems to us that all this could have been learned without travelling twenty thousand miles in search of it. At the same time, Mrs. Bromley is not deficient in talent; besides, she is evidently a lady of culture and refinement; but it was necessary that she should think before writing. Had she undertaken a novel, she might have gained fame; but ethnology and the delineation of the manners and customs of foreign nations are not her forte.

Poems by AMY W.

A small volume of poems, with this unpretending title, is now passing through the press of one of our principal publishers. Through the courtesy of the fair author, we have been permitted to examine a portion of the manuscript, and we can truly say that seldom, if ever, have we derived

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more pleasure from any similar privilege. Several of these poems possess a high order of merit. We gladly transfer one to our pages, not by any means the best, however, though an excellent lyric, but the most convenient, from its comparative brevity, for our limited space. It may somewhat enhance the interest of "The Artist Lover," to inform the reader that the author is a near relative of the late Governor De Witt Clinton, and that she is fair, gifted, and amiable enough to be the relative of one of the Cæsars.

THE ARTIST LOVER.

Smile and forget me! I am uncomplaining;
But tell me not of hope where hope is not!
Frown not on grief too bitter for restraining,
It is so hard to love and be forgot!

Nay, dry those tears! It cannot be they're falling
For one so lost, so little worth as I!
Weep not for me, though Duty now is calling
To flee thy fatal loveliness, or die!

Oh! have I not been blest in thus beholding,
Day after day, thy sweet, angelic face,
While on the happy canvas were unfolding,
Beneath my hand, thy loveliness and grace.

And have I not been blest while I did listen
Unto thy every soft Æolian tone.
Sweet were the tears that in mine eyes did glisten,
Love's silent fount had in my heart o'erflown.

But now farewell! If I have loved unduly,
Oh, pardon me, because it was in vain—
There are few hearts like mine, that love so truly,
And yet who ask for no return again.

Heaven bless thee! By my side, where'er I linger,
Memory's pale daughter, dewy-eyed Regret,
Unto this hour henceforth will point her finger
And bid me die, but never to forget.

Cecil Dreeme. By THEODORE WINTHROP. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861.

Few novels have more agreeably surprised us than this. We confess we took it up more because it is the production of a good patriot, and a brave soldier, than for any other reason. Nor can we say that in doing so it was our intention to read it. Indeed, we merely meant to examine it, as a matter of duty; though in no other imprint have we more confidence than in that of its publishers. But the perusal of a half-dozen pages satisfied us that it is no ordinary novel; and as we found a fascination in its pages, which we are little used to in modern novels, we were forcibly reminded of the Clergyman of the "Deserted Village," of whom we are told that

> "Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
> And those who came to scoff remained to pray."

On reaching the end of the tale, we found that we had marked nearly one third of the whole for extract; but now, when we come to notice the

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book, we see that it would be superfluous to extract any, since nearly all has been extracted already by the best class of our weekly papers. Besides, that which we have now before us is the sixth edition; a fact which would show of itself that the book is sufficiently known. Suffice it for us, therefore, to say in brief that "Cecil Dreeme" is one of the most brilliant and charming stories we have ever read. Few will peruse it without a deep emotion of regret that the author should have met even so glorious a death in the prime of youth; but we must remember that, though there were no war,

> "All that's bright must fade—
> The brightest still the fleetest."

The Rock, with an Introduction. By HENRY A. BOARDMAN. 12mo, pp. 364. Philadelphia: American Sunday School Union. 1861.

Our religious friends will thank us for calling their attention to this unpretending volume. It is one to which—whether we regard the precepts it inculcates or the style in which it is written—the author might well have prefixed his name. But he is evidently no "book-maker;" he does not write to turn a penny more than to gain fame. Otherwise, he would, at least, have presented us a table of contents. Even this seemed to him too much display; and accordingly he leaves the reader to find out for himself the subjects he treats and the manner in which they are treated. This, indeed, is no difficult task after the first ten pages have been read. Few that proceed thus far will need any sign-posts for the remainder of the journey. But there are hundreds who throw away a book, especially if it is religious, if they do not at a glance see something to invite them. We fear that many will do so in this case; although the topics discussed form an ample bill of fare—such, for example, as ancient writings, Jewish prejudice, value of opinions, ignorance, life's phases, fruits of decision, personal obligation, gratitude, apparel, books, &c., &c.

With its theological doctrines we have nothing to do. These our readers can discuss for themselves; we have enough both to instruct and interest us without them. The chapter which possesses most attraction for us is that which treats on books, and we think that most others will have the same preference. But there are many who may never see the book; for the benefit of these we transcribe an extract or two. Whether "the powers of darkness" have any hand in the matter, as the author intimates, or not, none will deny that many bad books are published at the present day.

> "In no former period of the world have such facilities existed for the diffusion of knowledge by means of the press as now; and it would be contrary to all the experience of mankind from the beginning, if the powers of darkness were not busy to avail themselves of them for purposes of evil. If two streams were running in different channels side by side, one of which was turbid and poisonous and the other pure and wholesome, the thirsty traveller, with his eyes open, could readily discern that there was a difference between them without tasting. But if they were flowing

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on together in the same channel, and the healthful and baneful currents could only be distinguished by great care and close examination, or even chemical analysis, he might well thank any one that should furnish him with a test.

"Books have a prodigious power. I had a young friend once whose early years were passed under decided religious influences. He was endowed with unusual strength of mind, and at a very early period of his life became distinguished as a public man. Few memorials in the quiet seclusion of Mount Auburn mark the resting-place of one more respected for learning and integrity."—pp. 314, 315.

It is but too true that it is necessary to make a close examination of books bearing the imprints of a certain class of publishers, before admitting them into the family circle; but it is equally true that those critics who venture to point out their real character get abuse rather than thanks for their pains, it being well known that there is no "sensation" publisher who does not keep in his pay at least one writer who, calling himself a literary person, does little more, from one end of the month to the other, than work of this kind. But let us hear our author. The truthfulness and force of the following passage will be recognized by all:

"If we could trace the means which have contributed to form our present views to three principal external sources, viz., what we have *seen*, what we have *heard* and what we have *read*, we should probably find the last by no means the least active or fertile. A book is a silent, but most intimate, companion. It does not ask attention, nor take offence at neglect. Its name and dress give us no certain clew to its character. The opinions of others as to its value may be the result of prejudice or ignorance. We are told that to know what it is we must read it; and to read it is to subject ourselves to its influence for better or worse.

"Prudent travellers in public conveyances, or sojourners at hotels, are very careful what intercourse they encourage or allow strangers to have with them; for a pickpocket is not always distinguishable by dress or manners from an honest gentleman. But how much more vigilant should we be to preserve the mind and heart from contact with what may pollute or pervert, than to protect our purse or watch from light fingers!

"When you take up a book to read, of the character of which you are wholly unapprized, is your presumption less than when you admit to your confidence one to whose principles and motives you are a stranger? It might, indeed, be easier to throw the book aside than to discard the treacherous friend; but, on the other hand, the former may conceal the poisonous fang till the fatal wound is made, while the latter, by his tone and manner, will be very likely to betray his character in season to defeat his evil purpose."—pp. 316, 317.

We can only make room for one brief extract more. This, it will be seen, especially the passage in italics, fully corroborates what we have ourselves often warned the public against in this journal.

"In the graver class of books—as histories and biographies—similar insidious attempts to subvert sound principles, implanted by a careful education, are by no means rare. But the more common theatre for the display of such skill is, as we have said, the lighter and cheaper literature which finds its way into the hands of all classes and communities. *Cart-loads of printed trash, decked out with coarse cuts and 'plates of fashion,' are in constant transit over the thoroughfares of the country: and, though you may be protected by your social position from direct contact with them, you can scarcely fail to feel their incidental influence in the general deterioration of moral sentiment and intellectual vigor which they are sure to produce.*"—pp. 324, 325.

We do not pretend to be more pious than our neighbors; but we certainly think that books of this kind are too little read. Unfortunately, none are sought after with such avidity as the very worst.

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HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Geschichte der Deutschen Monarchie von ihrer Erhebung bis zu ihrem Verfall. Von Dr. G. C. F. Souchay. Wien, 1861. History of the German Monarchy from its Rise (A. D. 687) to its Decline (A. D. 1519). By G. C. F. Souchay. Vienna: 1861.

Judging from the first volume, now before us, this will be a valuable work. It will be complete in seven volumes—at least, so the author inclines to think; though he is not sure but he may discover some manuscripts hitherto unknown, which may render it advisable to add two or three octaves more. Should this not happen, he expects to have the whole before the public ere the close of 1862.

His views, regarded as those of a German, are somewhat peculiar. For example, he does not think the Reformation proved such a blessing to Germany, as many other writers, English and German, have asserted; on the contrary, he tells us that it was the Protestant movement that extinguished the last hope of a United Kingdom of Germany, assigning as a reason, that it prevented the nation from rallying round Charles V., lest that monarch might reëstablish Popery. Ever since, he says, there has, strictly speaking, been no Germany, but a series of States, almost constantly at variance with each other. Though he does not state the fact in so many words, he is evidently of opinion that the only thing to make the "Fatherland" great, prosperous and powerful, is, to unite all the different States, great and small, not excepting Prussia, under the imperial sceptre of Austria.

There are not many who will believe this; but, were it even true, it would be nearly as difficult to bring about such a union as that of Italy with Spain. Nay, the latter would be a much more feasible attempt; nor is it necessary to enter into details as to the cause, or, rather, the causes, for they are many. It is sufficient to remember, that, leaving sectarian differences out of the question—differences which do not exist between the Spaniards and Italians—no nation in Europe, or in the world, is composed of more discordant elements than that known as the Austrian Empire, altogether exclusive of Austrian Italy. The German portion of the inhabitants might, easily enough, be induced to unite with the Prussians; but then there would remain the Hungarians, Croats, Poles, Sclavonians, &c., each of whom have a deep-rooted prejudice, not to call it by a worse name, against the Germans, who, in turn, regard them as inferior races.

This, however, does not prevent Souchay from being an instructive, if not an agreeable, writer. He is much more learned than entertaining, though more serious than profound. As long as he confines himself to the narration of facts, he seldom errs; but his reflections, though intended to be philosophic, seldom rise above declamation. The volume before us is divided into two parts—the first embracing the history of the Carlovingian

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dynasty, from 689 to 911; the second, the history of the Othos. We cannot see that the author has shed any new light on either period; but it will probably be different as to the future—at least, so we are informed. In any case, the work will be worthy the attention of the student of history and ethnology, especially the latter; and it is no slight commendation for the foreign reader that the style is more French than German.

Histoire de l'Italie Nouvelle et du roi Victor Emanuel. Par ERNEST RASETTI et CHARLES DE LA VARENNE. Tome Premier. London: David Nutt. 1861.

Those who desire to see Austria painted in her darkest colors will be gratified with this book. If only one half of what we are told in the first volume of the "History of the Italy of our own Time and of King Victor Emanuel" be true, Nero himself was mild and indulgent compared to the Austrian Kaiser of the middle of the nineteenth century. But not only is Austria without a redeeming quality; all Powers that did not oppose her in 1848 are nearly as bad as herself. Our authors tell us that England and France alike evinced the most pitiable cowardice, in not drawing the sword at once for the expulsion of the tyrant. No allowance is made for the fact that each of these Powers had quite enough to do at the time to take care of itself. But the most inexcusable of all European ministers was M. de Lamartine. The authors think it evident that he was no true poet, much less a statesman or philosopher, or he could not have shown such indifference to the fate of Italy as he did. Nay, it is not at all clear to their minds that he did not enter into a conspiracy with the Austrian despotism, in order to enable it to oppress the Italians more cruelly than ever.

These exaggerated statements render the volume before us more like burlesque than veritable history. That the yoke of Austria has weighed heavily on Northern Italy is notorious. It is doubtful whether any other European people have been more oppressed, within the last quarter of a century, than the inhabitants of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom have been by Austria. But this is the very reason why there is no need for exaggeration to make out a case against the latter, and still less is it necessary to make an onslaught on all others—individuals as well as nations—who might have taken part in the struggle of 1848, but did not see fit to do so. It has been well said that a historian should be without passion, prejudice and pay, since his opinions must be warped by any of the three. The authors of the present volume exhibit too much passion—so much that, when they state notorious facts, many will question their veracity.

As to the flogging of Italian women by the Austrian military authorities, it is undeniable that it has been done in some cases. Worse than even this, if possible—wives have been put to the torture, kept fasting and beaten with rods, in order to compel them to inform against their hus-

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bands. But in all countries unusual punishments are had recourse to in times of insurrection and civil war. For example, the government of England is nothing the less mild in its general character for having still more recently than 1849 blown Hindoos from the cannon's mouth, or for having applied torture in various forms to the same people. If it be said, as indeed it truly may, that the home government of England had not ordered either course, but, on the contrary, censured the authors of each as soon as the facts were known, a similar plea has been put forward on the part of the Austrian government. And who can take it upon him to say that the latter, as well as the former, did not deprecate the barbarity committed in its name.

The taxes also, levied by Austria in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, seem to be exaggerated in the present volume. According to the official statistics of the Austrian government, the annual amount is less than seventy-five millions (75,000,000) of florins, while in the *Histoire de l'Italie Nouvelle* it is estimated at one hundred and twenty-four millions (124,000,000), nearly as much more. Probably the truth lies between the two statements—perhaps half way; for Austria had as strong a motive for practising subtraction as our authors had for addition or multiplication. At all events, notwithstanding the defects mentioned, the new History will be read with interest. The survey, in the present volume, of the condition of the principal Italian States, from 1815 to the death of Charles Albert, embraces a large amount of well-attested facts, which will be new to most readers. The style throughout is agreeable, often brilliant. No one is at a loss to understand either author, even when he is most speculative. The language, at least, is always perspicuous—that of M. De la Varenne especially, affords as good a specimen of French style as the most fastidious foreigner need wish in a work like that before us.

The Last Travels of Ida Pfeiffer; Inclusive of a visit to Madagascar, with an Autobiographical Memoir of the author. Translated by H. W. Dulcken. 12mo, pp. 281. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1861.

The author of this handsome duodecimo was one of the best travellers of modern times, and few had the talent of rendering what they saw and heard more agreeably available for the instruction and entertainment of others. Her recent death imparts an additional interest to the present work, an interest heightened still more by the biography given by her son, from notes left for that purpose by herself. The author's account of her visit to Madagascar may be ranked among her best efforts.

Historical Sketches of Europe, containing accounts of Interesting Events, Distinguished Actions and Merits of Princes and Celebrated Men, &c., &c. By Joseph De Buelow, Historiographer. New York: De Buelow. 1861.

Little need be added to what is on the title-page of this work, in order

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to give an idea of its character. In our opinion, the original drawings, by which it is illustrated, are more valuable than the letter-press. Not but the latter embraces many fine sketches, including anecdotes of eminent men, few of which are to be found in other works.

"Historical Sketches" is published in monthly parts, each containing eight quarto pages of reading matter, and four engravings. It is to be completed in twenty-four numbers, the last of which is to contain a full index. Judging from the seven numbers now before us, we have no doubt but the work will prove a valuable addition to the family library. Among the engravings in these, are illustrations of such historical events as, the Sicilian Vespers, Queen Christina's accession to the Swedish throne, Pope Gregory VII. in conflict with the Emperor Henry IV., institution of the Legion of Honor, the foundation of the Turkish Empire, arrival of the Anglo-Saxons in England, Bajazet confined by Tamerlane in an iron cage, and his wife treated as a slave, assassination of Rizzio, Queen Caroline Matilda on her trial before the Commissioners, the Battle of Aboukir, the Earl of Essex in the Tower presenting Elizabeth's ring to the Countess of Nottingham, Charlemagne destroying the Idols of the Saxons, &c. Most of these are by distinguished foreign artists. The illustrations form an admirable feature in the work. In short, with the exception of certain peculiarities of expression, which occasionally occur in the letter-press, such as might be expected from any foreigner, however well he may have studied our language, we find nothing in the "Historical Sketches," in the hurried glance we have been able to give through its pages, which we cannot entirely commend. M. De Buelow is an utter stranger to us; but we think he deserves to be encouraged in his present enterprise.

Memorial Volume of the First Fifty Years of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Boston: N. Broughton, Jr. 1861.

Altogether apart from its religious character, there is much that is interesting in this volume. Its contents are multifarious, embracing reminiscences of travel, observations on the manners and customs and religious, social, and political conditions of various nations of the world, remarks on the peculiarities of their languages and literature, &c. Indeed, the amount of information of this miscellaneous kind which it includes has agreeably surprised us, for there is nothing in the title which seemed to us to promise anything more than a narrative of the labors of the missionaries in different parts of the world, together with some account of the results of those labors. This would have satisfied most of those for whom the work is particularly intended; but the general reader expects something more. This, we may remark in passing, is a fact too often lost sight of by the authors and compilers of religious books. They forget that, in order to secure the perusal of the whole, it is necessary to

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interest the non-religious reader, by introducing secular topics. But in the work before us, unpretending as is its title, the student of history, the linguist, and the ethnologist, are interested in turn. An extract or two will sufficiently illustrate this; and we are sure they will prove acceptable to our readers. The Secretary of the Greek Mission frankly acknowledges in his report that the Greek people set at defiance all efforts at converting them to Protestantism.

"The Greeks," he says, "have retired from us. To a most affecting extent, they have become inaccessible to our preaching, our books, and our influence. They will no longer hear us; and there is reason to believe it is now true, that few of them read when we address them through the press on the subject of vital godliness. I do not see where, or in what way, the Greek mind is, to any considerable extent, approachable, just now, to a spiritual influence from Protestant ministers of the gospel. The political state of the Greek mind—grasping after the recovery of Constantinople and the restoration of the Eastern Empire, and relying on the unity of the Greek Church as a means to this end—has a wonderful influence on the thoughts and feelings of the whole community, especially the higher classes. I am reluctant to mention also the national pride of the Greeks, which has been much increased since the revolution, and their strong aversion to strangers, and certain other traits in their character, all combining to render it difficult for foreigners to gain their confidence or awaken their gratitude by acts of kindness and benevolence. And then there are the high, arrogant assumptions of the Greek Church, which is more exclusive than the Roman; claiming for her clergy the only Apostolical succession, and for her trine immersion, performed by her clergy, the only baptism; and regarding that baptism as having a regenerative power, and all who are not thus baptised as beyond the pale of the Christian church and the hope of salvation. Of course all Protestant preachers of every name, episcopal and non-episcopal, are looked upon as unbaptized heretics."—855.

This affords new evidence in support of the theory that the descendants of the ancient Greeks and ancient Romans have alike persistently rejected Protestantism, while the descendants of the Northmen and ancient Germans have as persistently evinced a prejudice against Catholicism. Even the languages of the different nations mentioned are supposed to predispose those who speak them to one religion or the other. Thus the Italians, French, Spanish and Portuguese, are Catholics; whereas the Germans, Danes, Swedes and English—all in whose dialects the German element predominates—are Protestants. This seems strange, but it is not the less true.

The missionaries, without regard to sect, will, in time, become the best linguists; many of them are so already. None others have such opportunities, or, rather, none find it more necessary to learn foreign languages to perfection. The following extract will serve as an agreeable illustration of this:

"Of new translations into languages already having alphabets and versions of the Scriptures, perhaps the most important is the Arabic. As the Arabic is the language of the Koran, and therefore the sacred language of the whole Mohammedan world, it seemed a duty to furnish the millions, who read that language, with the Scriptures in a form that would command their respect, for both its literary and its mechanical execution. There had been for centuries two Arabic versions, both esteemed respectively good, and they had long been in print; but they failed to commend themselves to the taste of native Arabic scholars, and it was commonly supposed in Europe and America that the Mo-

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hammedans regarded the printing of sacred books as a profanation, and would never allow the Koran to be printed. This was found, on more perfect acquaintance with native readers of Arabic, to be a misapprehension. Their objection to printed books arose from the bad, unscholarly appearance of the letters, and not from the manner in which they were produced. With great labor and patient research, numerous specimens of approved Arabic calligraphy were collected; the letters in the best of them were taken as models, and types were made, and books were printed, acceptable to the critical taste of literary Arabs. The new type was not only used by the mission at Beirut, but was immediately adopted by the most respectable publishers in Europe. By this achievement, the art of printing was first made practically available, to any considerable extent, to the nations whose native or sacred language is the Arabic."—pp. 876.

It appears (p. 843) that books have been printed, by the presses owned by the Missionary Board, in no fewer than forty-three languages, including the Sanscrit, the Hebrew, the Persian, the Syriac, the Malay &c. We have now before us (p. 842) the Cherokee alphabet, several of whose characters bear so remarkable a resemblance to the Greek. The Lord's Prayer is given in the same language, with the pronunciation of each word according to the alphabet, which is followed by a literal English translation. Even this hasty glance will show that the "Memorial Volume" is no ordinary record of noble efforts in the cause of religion and civilization.

An Ecclesiastical Dictionary, containing Definitions of Terms, and Explanations and Illustrations of subjects pertaining to the History, Ritual, Discipline, Worship, Ceremonies, and Usages, of the Christian Church, with brief Notices of Ancient and Modern Sects, and Biographical Sketches of the early Fathers and Writers of the Church. By the Rev. WILLIAM STAUNTON, D. D. 8vo, pp. 700. New York: General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union.

The matter we have just transcribed from the title-page sufficiently indicates the value and interest of this work. Little need be added, further than to say that the author has accomplished his task with remarkable success. It can hardly be alleged that he has introduced anything sectarian, in the ordinary sense of that term. We do not, indeed, remember any sect whose history he does not give, at greater or less length; but he does so, not as a controversalist, but as an historian. In other words, far from evincing any bigotry, he treats all denominations with that forbearance and gentleness which are among the best characteristics of Christianity. As the imprint would naturally imply, more attention is paid to the Episcopal Church than to any other—more perhaps than to all other churches or denominations put together. But a large portion, if not the greater part of what is applied to the Episcopal Church, is equally applicable to each of the other principal denominations. Then, altogether independently of its religious character, the *Ecclesiastical Dictionary* is well calculated to afford important aid to the historical student, for it exhibits an amount of learning and research, especially in reference to the early ages of the Church, which is not often found in a modern work.

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La République Américaine, ses Institutions, ses Hommes, &c. Par Zavier Eyma. Paris: M. Levy Frères. 1861.

Although this volume had been written before the present rebellion commenced, there is much in it that has a direct bearing on that subject. Indeed, there are passages here and there that are singularly prophetic. The author had previously written a good deal on the United States and its destiny; but chiefly in the form of essays for periodicals and papers. It had always been his impression that, sooner or later, the South would revolt pretty much as it has done; but he thought that the North was not sufficiently united to attempt to coerce it. Further than these predictions, there is nothing very remarkable in the book, excepting some grave errors which he falls into, in instituting comparisons between the United States and the Republics of Central and South America. The work seems to be designed principally for schools, a purpose for which it would have been admirably calculated, had it not been for the defects alluded to, the style being at once simple, graphic, and sparkling—such, that it may be characterized by the well-known sentence of Plutarch, as translated by the author's countryman, Amiot—

"Tu tiens sans propos beaucoup de bon propos."

SCIENCE.

The Armies of Europe; comprising Descriptions in Detail of the Military Systems of England, France, Russia, Prussia, Austria, and Sardinia; adapting their advantages to all Arms of the United States Service, &c. By George B. McClellan, Major-General U. S. Army. 8vo, pp. 499. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1861.

The multifarious, well-arranged contents of this fine volume have agreeably surprised us. Altogether independently of its value at the present moment, in a military point view, embracing as it does an exceedingly lucid and comprehensive treatise on the art of war, it contains a large amount of information, of which no writer or speaker on international law should be ignorant; and which is interesting to all. Nowhere else can the American reader find so accurate an estimate of the military and naval forces of the principal nations of Europe. Still less can the soldier, let his grade be what it may, meet with a work in the English language from which he can learn so much as to the more important differences between the various systems of drill used by the French, English, Austrians, Prussians, Russians, &c.

That it is important to understand these differences in reading of great battles and their results, with the view of profiting by the lessons which they teach, need hardly be stated. It was precisely for this and kindred

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reasons, that the author of the present work was sent to the Crimea. No great battle occurs to the scene of which the principal Powers of Europe do not send engineers to examine every feature of its topography; taking corresponding pains to ascertain every available fact, as to the plan of the battle, the manner in which it was carried out—nay, the positions of the generals when they gave any particular orders.

Had General McClellan fought no battle in Western Virginia or elsewhere—had he not attained his present position at the head of an army of more than half a million of men, able and willing to defend the flag of their country against all foes, foreign or domestic, by his skill, valor, and success in the field, this work would have shown, by itself, that he possesses, at least, the scientific skill necessary for a great leader. His account of his mission to the Crimea is replete with interest; though it is written without any assumption of superior knowledge. On the contrary, it is distinguished throughout by that modesty which is so characteristic of the man. Rarely, if ever, does he make any observation having the least tinge of egotism. Indeed, in this respect, he is not unworthy of comparison with Julius Cæsar, who, in the whole course of his Commentaries on the Gallic War, never speaks in the first person. At the same time, Gen. McClellan does not shrink from criticising the generals on both sides, especially the allied generals. The following passage will serve as a specimen, and is not without interest, as showing that Russia had a right to feel complimented, as we all remember she did at the time; and we may remark, in passing, that this very fact is likely to have had some influence on the Czar when he sent his recent letter of sympathy with the Union cause to the Russian minister at Washington.

"To appreciate the position of the English army, on the night it reached the Tchernaya, it must be borne in mind that it had in its rear the precipitous heights of Mackenzie, several hundred feet in elevation, with but a single road leading to the summit, and that they were thus cut off from the immediate assistance of the French. If the English had been attacked this night, the result must have been disastrous to them in the extreme. Had the harbor of Balaklava been destroyed, and the attack been made during the next day's march, it is probable that their annihilation would have been the result.

"In considering this march, it is somewhat difficult to determine which party committed the greatest faults—the Allies in so exposing themselves, or the Russian in failing to avail himself of the opportunities offered.

"Thus far the Allied Generals displayed none of the qualities of great commanders: their measures were half-way measures, slow and blundering; they failed to keep constantly in view the object of the expedition, and to press rapidly and unceasingly towards it.

"From the moment the Allies occupied Balaklava and Kamiesch, the conduct of the Russian general deserves high commendation, and was in striking contrast with that of his antagonists."—p. 13.

This is followed by a short and interesting, but not captious, criticism on the battle of Inkermann, and on each of the other engagements in turn, until the taking of Sebastopol. The narrative is exceedingly lucid throughout. The plans of attack and of defence, the manner in which each was

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carried out, the nature of the ground on both sides, and the advantages and disadvantages of the contending armies, respectively, are so graphically described, that all the incidents which created so much interest at the time are recalled with a vividness seldom surpassed. We would gladly quote the author's description of the final assaults on the Malakoff and the Redan, but our limited space precludes us from doing so, without omitting another extract, which is, perhaps, more practically useful at the present moment. General McClellan evinces good sense and a liberal spirit in his comparison of the French and English attacks, and their results. While awarding their full meed of praise to the French, for the skill, intrepidity and dauntless bravery they displayed in the taking of the Malakoff, he makes no attempt to cast any slur on the British for having failed in the attack on the Redan; but, on the contrary, shows that, upon the whole, they behaved in a manner worthy of their ancient and well-earned fame. The remarks with which the author closes his report are of more value now than the most picturesque descriptions.

"It is believed," says Gen. McClellan, "that a calm consideration of the events so hastily and imperfectly narrated in the preceding pages, must lead all unprejudiced persons among our countrymen to a firm conviction on two vital points:

"1st. That our system of permanent coast defences is a wise and proper one, *which ought to be completed and armed with the least possible delay.*

"2d. *That mere individual courage cannot suffice to overcome the forces that would be brought against us, were we involved in a European war;* but it must be rendered manageable by discipline, and directed by that consummate and mechanical military skill which can only be acquired by a course of education instituted for the special purpose, and by long habit.

"In the day of sailing-vessels, the successful siege of Sebastopol would have been impossible. It is evident that the Russians did not appreciate the advantages afforded by steamers, and were unprepared to sustain a siege.

"This same powers of steam would enable European nations to disembark upon our shores *even a larger force than that which finally encamped around Sebastopol.* To resist such an attack, should it ever be made, our cities and harbors must be fortified, and those fortifications must be provided with guns, ammunition, and instructed artillerists. To repel the advance of such an army into the interior, it is not enough to trust to the number of brave but undisciplined men that we can bring to bear against it.

"An invading army of 15,000 or 20,000 men could easily be crushed by the unremitting attacks of superior numbers; but when it comes to the case of more than 100,000 disciplined veterans, the very multitude brought to bear against them works its own destruction; because, if without discipline and instruction, they cannot be handled, and are in their own way. We cannot afford a Moscow campaign.

"Our regular army never can be, and, perhaps, never ought to be, large enough to provide for all the contingencies that may arise; but it should be as large as its ordinary avocations in the defence of the frontier will justify; the number of officers and non-commissioned officers should be unusually large, to provide for a sudden increase; and the greatest possible care should be bestowed upon the instruction of the special arms of the artillery and engineer troops.

"The militia and volunteer system should be placed upon some tangible and effective basis, instructors furnished them from the regular army, and all possible means taken to spread sound military information among them.

"In the vicinity of our sea-coast fortifications, it would be well to provide a sufficient number of volunteer companies with the means of instruction in

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heavy artillery; detailing officers of the regular artillery as instructors, who should, at the same time, be in charge of, and responsible for, the guns and material.

"In time of war, or when war is imminent, local companies of regular artillery might easily be enlisted for short terms of service, or for the war, in the sea-coast towns. The same thing might advantageously be carried into effect on a small scale in time of peace."—pp. 84-5.

It were a thankless task to criticise the style of a work which is destined to impart to our brave armies so much of that knowledge which is really power. We have no disposition to do so; and were it otherwise, even the style would bear favorable comparison with that of many writers of the present day who have adopted authorship as a profession. The publishers have done their part with their usual taste and spirit. Finely printed, as the volume is, with large, clear type, on strong, white paper, and profusely illustrated, it is worthy of a place in the most elegant library.

A Thesis on Hospital Hygiene, for the degree of Doctor of Medicine in the University of New York. By VALENTINE MOTT FRANCIS, Member of the New York Historical Society.

It is not our habit to notice the efforts of students. Hitherto we have never done so; but it is only because none have fallen into our hands that seemed to claim any particular attention. Generally, there is no duller production than a thesis, especially that of a medical student. It is not often that it has even the recommendation of being written in the correct vernacular. We are all the more pleased, therefore, to find in the present volume a high order of literary merit.

It was, indeed, to have been expected that the son of the late venerable Dr. Francis would produce something of a character above mediocrity. Altogether independently of the theory of hereditary transmission, it was no ordinary advantage to be under the constant tuition of the Nestor of the New York medical profession. Besides, the author had for many years the benefit of the instructions of Dr. Valentine Mott, whom, in language that can hardly be called exaggeration, he designates in his dedication as "the father of American surgery." In short, young Dr. Francis had every opportunity presented to him, in the study of his profession, that science and experience could afford. How well he has profited by all these facilities is agreeably proved in this volume. That it is not a mere thesis will be sufficiently understood from the following observation in the preface: "The dissertation has been enlarged beyond its original limits, and quotations from works, published subsequent to its presentation to the faculty of the University Medical College as an inaugural address for the degree of Doctor of Medicine, have been cited as bearing upon the nature of the treatise." Old Dr. Francis had the habit of enlarging and enriching his best addresses, so that, from being pamphlets of ordinary

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size, they attained the dimensions and proportionate value of duodecimo volumes. Of this character was "Old New York," a highly interesting work, which consisted originally of an address delivered before the New York Historical Society.

But let us see a specimen of what our author does to justify our remarks. The following passage will remind many of our readers of the genuine philanthropy and benevolence of the good old Doctor, and show at the same time that his son is worthy of him, in loving "the luxury of doing good."

"No charities have accomplished more good, or have been of greater benefit to mankind at large, than hospitals. In them the bold mariner, separated from kindred and friends by thousands of miles of tumultuous sea, finds comfort and repose. There all, from the wounded soldier to the starving pauper, receive shelter and assistance. Every nation, all classes, are equally the recipients of their benefits; their portals are open to all, irrespective of creed; and upon each child of want are bestowed the purest offerings of that science which glories in its mission—the mitigation of human woe.

"If institutions of this kind are so necessary to the world, then it becomes us to use every means in our power to improve their condition, and render them as healing to the individual body, as they are beneficial to society. Shall we—a Christian people—be backward in a work so noble as this, when the Heathen spend willingly so much time and means in founding similar institutions for the brute creation? *Shall the cat and the dog receive more care from the benighted Pagan, than is given by civilized man to his helpless brother?*"—pp. 11, 12.

A handsome tribute is paid by Dr. Francis to the progress of science and discovery in the present age; although he is not of those who regard all, not of their own age or country, as gropers in darkness:

"At no time, since the foundation of the world, could the faithful student of medicine have used the beautiful quotation from Virgil, '*Miseris succurrere disce*,' with more propriety than at the present day. As year by year rolls on, so discovery follows upon discovery, invention on invention, and success rewards the arduous studies of the patient and determined, and crowns, with a halo of immortal glory, the ennobling aspirations of the sincere lover of his kind. No profession has ever been dignified with greater intellects, or more devoted followers, than that of medicine. Kings, queens, princes, and those in the highest walks of life, have exerted their best influence in its favor. Bards have tuned afresh their harps to sing its praises. Philosophers, historians, and poets have written in prose and verse of its worth. All pure philanthropists rejoice at each successive triumph, and the sweetest emotions of the soul arise in the bosoms of all, from the inmate of the wretched hovel to the luxurious occupant of the marble palace, to swell the chorus that chants its Heavenly attributes."—pp. 16, 17.

We should gladly transfer several other extracts to our pages, feeling satisfied that they would be appreciated by our readers; but we have to remember that a large variety of other books await our attention. This precludes us from giving one third the passages we had marked for that purpose. Nor can we say that those we have given are the best specimens. The passage, for example, extending from page 136 to page 138, descriptive of malaria and its peculiar characteristics, is more interesting, as well as more instructive, than anything we have quoted; but it is too long for our space, and the same remark, but slightly modified, would apply to several other passages. But, we presume, the book may be had for sale at our principal book stores. It is a well printed, neatly bound octavo, of over two hundred pages, embellished with fine portraits of the late Dr. Francis, Dr. Valentine Mott, and John W. Francis, jr.

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A Course of Six Lectures on the Chemical History of a Candle, to which is added a Lecture on Platinum. By MICHAEL FARADAY, D. C. L., F. R. S. Edited by WM. CROOKES, F. C. S. 16mo, pp. 228. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1861.

Much learning, without any pedantry, is shown in this tiny volume. Most persons would think that even one lecture on a candle would be sufficient to exhaust the subject; but here we have six, and the last is as instructive and interesting as the first. No ordinary lecturer could accomplish such a result; it may be doubted whether any other man in England could have succeeded as Faraday has done, for the very good reason that he is one of the best chemists, if not the very best, now living.

THEOLOGY.

Recent Inquiries in Theology, by Eminent English Churchmen; being "Essays and Reviews." Third American, from the second London edition. With an Appendix. Edited, with an Introduction, by Rev. FREDERIC H. HEDGE, D. D. 12mo, pp. 498. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. 1861.

The title of the American edition is much more characteristic of the book than that of the English edition. Of the eight papers which it contains, there is not one which is not an *Inquiry*, more or less elaborate and profound—the inquiry of one who has the manliness to proclaim what he has discovered in his researches, let prejudice and bigotry say and do their worst. No other articles, of a similar kind, which have appeared within the last quarter of a century, have attracted more attention. Certainly none have more startled a certain class of theologians. Nor have the authors been allowed to create such an excitement with impunity; they have been assailed with pen and tongue simultaneously, through scores of journals and pulpits; denounced, in turn, as heretics, deists, infidels—Bishops vieing with Deacons in the uncharitable, not to say unchristian, work.

Those who have not read the book, would naturally suppose that it must contain wicked and dangerous doctrines—that, at least, it is opposed to Christianity, as represented by the Protestant Episcopal Church. But such is not the fact. It is neither our business, nor our wish, to take any part in theological disputes; we have nothing to do with points of doctrine, or rules of faith, on which Doctors of Divinity themselves cannot agree. It is otherwise with the plain worldly facts involved; for it is not necessary to be a theologian, in order to form an opinion as to whether it is the bishop or the deacon who has best elucidated any particular text. But the best course, in the present case, is, to let the authors speak for themselves, if only in a brief passage, here and there. It would be idle

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to attempt anything more in this department of our journal, since it would require a long paper to discuss the points at issue, in almost any of the Essays and Reviews.

The titles of the different papers give an idea of their importance, and show that they are such as even ordinary minds could invest with more or less interest. The first in the volume is entitled "The Education of the World." This is a noble subject, and it is nobly treated, by one eminently qualified by experience, learning and talent; namely, the Rev. Dr. Temple, Chaplain to the Queen, and head master of Rugby School, one of the best institutions of learning of which even enlightened and liberal England may justly boast. In every page of this volume, we find elevated and striking thoughts—such, in our opinion, as none but the bigoted and intolerant would cavil with, as heretical or anti-christian.

"The human heart," says Dr. Temple, "refuses to believe in a universe without a purpose. To the spirit, all things that exist must have a purpose; and nothing can pass away till that purpose be fulfilled. The lapse of time is no exception to the demand. Each moment of time, as it passes, is taken up in the shape of permanent results into the time that follows, and only perishes by being converted into something more substantial than itself. A series of recurring cycles, however conceivable to the logical understanding, is inconceivable to the spirit; for every later cycle must be made different from every earlier, by the mere fact of coming after it, and embodying its results. The material world may possibly be subject to such a rule, and may, in successive epochs, be the cradle of successive races of spiritual beings; but the world of spirits cannot be a mere machine."—p. 2.

Sometimes we may not be able to agree with the authors' views; but even then we cannot but admire the ability with which they are enforced. For example, we do not believe in the theory of the progressive development of the human race from age to age, because, if it were true, great intellects and great nations would spring up in proportion as the world grew old—Homer should not have been born until the nineteenth century; nay, not perhaps until the fiftieth; Athens would not so soon have shed her lustre on the world, and then died, so far as she was mortal; nor would Rome have become the mistress of the world, then declined and fallen. Neither left any successor capable of inheriting her greatness; but the remarks of Dr. Temple on a kindred subject are not the less interesting on this account.

"This power, whereby the present ever gathers into itself the results of the past, transforms the human race into a colossal man, whose life reaches from the creation to the day of judgment. The successive generations of men are days in this man's life. The discoveries and inventions which characterize the different epochs of the world's history are his works. The creeds and doctrines, the opinions and principles of the successive ages, are his thoughts. The state of society at different times are his manners. He grows in knowledge, in self-control, in visible size, just as we do; and his education is, in the same way, and for the same reason, precisely similar to ours."—pp. 3–4.

Dr. Temple is not afraid to admit that, excellent and sacred as the Bible is, there are other sources of knowledge, to which it is sometimes necessary for us to have recourse while here below. He is equally candid in admitting the great indebtedness of our present civilization to Greece

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and Rome, pointing out the peculiar benefits we have derived from each. We must, however, close our extracts from his paper with a brief passage from his description of what he conceives to have been the peculiar mission of Greece.

"To Greece was intrusted the cultivation of the reason and the taste. Her gift to mankind has been science and art. There was little, in her temper, of the spirit of reverence. Her morality and her religion did not spring from the conscience. Her gods were the creatures of imagination, not of spiritual need. Her highest idea was, not holiness, as with the Hebrews; nor law, as with the Romans; but beauty. Even Aristotle, who assuredly gave way to mere sentiment as little as any Greek that ever lived, placed the Beautiful (τὸ καλόν) at the head of his moral system, not the Right nor the Holy. Greece, in fact, was not looking at another world, nor even striving to organise the present, but rather aiming at the development of free nature. The highest possible cultivation of the individual, the most finished perfection of the natural faculties, was her dream."—p. 19.

The paper of the Rev. Dr. Rowland Williams, on "Bunsen's Biblical Researches," consists of an able and candid review of that learned author's principal writings on the Bible. This is written in so liberal a spirit that it gave great offence to several functionaries of the Established Church, especially to the Lord Bishop of St. David's, who thought it necessary to denounce it, in more than one Charge to the clergy of his diocese, as replete with heresies. It was in reply to one of these attacks that Dr. Williams wrote his now somewhat famous "Earnestly Respectful Letter to the Lord Bishop of St. David's, on the difficulty of bringing Theological Questions to an issue." This combined so much wit and humor with learning that it placed his Lordship in an awkward position; and, in order to extricate himself, he wrote his "Letter to the Rev. Rowland Williams," &c., in answer to his "Earnestly Respectful Letter," &c., which, far from having the desired effect, compromised his dignity more than ever. This did not satisfy the Rev. Dr. Williams, however, for he lost no time in publishing his "Critical Appendix on the Lord Bishop of St. David's Reply," and, so far as we are aware, the Bishop has written nothing more on the subject since. The whole controversy is very interesting; more interesting, perhaps, than edifying, on account of the fierce attacks the Reverend and Right Reverend combatants make upon each other. It is very evident that both prefer the old Mosaic law, ὀφθαλμον ἀντι οφθαλμοῦ (an eye for an eye, &c.), to the milder doctrine of Christ, in his Sermon on the Mount, ἀλλ' οστις σε ῥαπισει επι την δεξιαν σιαγονα σου, στρεψον αυτῳ και την αλλον (but whosoever shall smite thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other, also). But, so far as we can see, there is not an objectionable word in the paper on "Bunsen's Researches," although the general reader may object to the familiarity with the Greek and Hebrew, as well as the Latin, evinced by the learned author.

Another excellent paper is that on the National Church, by the Rev. Henry Bristow Wilson, having for its text, *Séances Historiques de Genève*. This, too, is characterized by great boldness and freshness of thought. Those who read it will not be surprised that the cry of heresy has been raised against the author. We can only make room for one extract.

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"The skeptical movements in this generation are the result of observation and thought, not of passion. Things come to the knowledge of almost all persons, which were unknown a generation ago, even to the well-informed. Thus, the popular knowledge, at that time, of the surface of the earth, and of the populations which cover it, was extremely incomplete. In our own boyhood, the world, as known to the ancients, was nearly all which was known to ourselves. We have recently become acquainted—intimate—with the teeming regions of the Far East; and with empires, Pagan, or even Atheistic, of which the origin runs far back, beyond the historic records of Judea or of the West, and which were more populous than all Christendom now is, for many ages before the Christian era. Not any book-learning, not any proud exaltation of reason, not any dreamy German metaphysics, not any minute and captious Biblical criticisms, suggest questions to those, who on Sundays hear the reading and exposition of the Scriptures, as they were expounded to our forefathers, and on Monday peruse the news of a world, of which our forefathers little dreamed—descriptions of great nations, in some senses barbarous, compared with ourselves, but composed of men, of flesh and blood like our own, of like passions; marrying and domestic; congregating in great cities; buying and selling, and getting gain; agriculturists, merchants, manufacturers; making wars, establishing dynasties; falling down before objects of worship, constituting priesthoods, binding themselves by oaths, honoring the dead. *In what relation does the Gospel stand to these millions? Is there any trace on the face of its records, that it even contemplated their existence? We are told, that to know and believe in Jesus Christ is, in some senses, necessary to salvation. It has not been given to these. Are they, will they be hereafter, the worse off for their ignorance?*"—p. 171.

It will be admitted that it requires no ordinary courage on the part of a clergyman of the Established Church, the Vicar of Great Stoughton, Hunts, to ask questions like those we have marked in italics.

We had also marked several passages in the paper "On the Interpretation of Scripture," by Benjamin Jowett, A. M., Greek Professor at Oxford; but we are reluctantly compelled to omit all, save one, and this must be brief, merely sufficient to give an idea of the liberal, independent spirit in which the whole Essay is written:

"The tendency to exaggerate or amplify the meaning of simple words, for the sake of edification, may, indeed, have a practical use in sermons, the object of which is to awaken, not so much the intellect, as the heart and conscience. Spiritual food, like natural, may require to be of a certain bulk to nourish the human mind. But this 'tendency to edification' has had an unfortunate influence on the interpretation of Scripture: for the preacher almost necessarily oversteps the limits of actual knowledge; his feelings overflow with the subject. Even if he have the power, he has seldom the time for accurate thought or inquiry; and in the course of years spent in writing, perhaps, without study, he is apt to persuade himself, if not others, of the truth of his own repetitions."—p. 365.

The papers "On the Mosaic Cosmogony," "Tendencies of Religious Thought in England," and "The Present Relations of Science to Religion," from different pens, though inferior in originality and vigor to those we have noticed, are worthy of careful perusal. The American editor has performed his duty in a manner which cannot fail to be acceptable to all. With ample opportunity in his Introduction to give his own views on the subjects discussed in the Essays and Reviews, he modestly confines himself to less than a half-dozen pages, and these are historical and explanatory rather than controversial.

Œuvres de Spinosa, traduites par EMILE SAISSET, Professeur d'Histoire de la Philosophie à la Faculté des Lettres à Paris, avec une Introduction Critique. Nouvelle Edition, révisée et augmentée. 3 tomes. London: Williams & Norgate. 1861.

There are many, whose opinions are worthy of respect, who think

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that the works of Spinoza should never have been translated out of the bad Latin in which they were written. Doubtless this is the impression of three fourths of those who have heard of their character, for very few have read them in any language. That they should not be read by persons incapable of reasoning, or, what amounts to the same, by persons ready to believe whatever is invested with a philosophic air, is very true. But it is by no means necessary that one should be a great logician or a great thinker, in order to be able to perceive the fallacies which form the basis of Spinosa's system.

The author contradicts himself so often, and so often becomes bewildered in his ideas, that it is hardly necessary to confute him. His theory may be stated briefly, thus: he maintains that there is but one substance; that this substance is not only universal, but eternal; that it includes God and all animated beings, as well as all matter. With him, God is little more than an abstraction—there is no difference between God and nature; he is the soul of the world, and whatever exists, animate or inanimate, is a part of the same; life being no more, in its relation to the Almighty, than water in a bottle is to the water of the ocean; if the bottle is broken, its contents unite with the great source from which it was taken; in a similar manner, the life of an animal, whether of a hen or a man, unites itself with the universal substance from which it had been taken. According to him, there is no design in the works of nature—all are the results of accident. The eye is not made to see, the ear to hear, or the foot to walk; all are produced by necessity. What can be more absurd than all this? What danger can there be, save to the most thoughtless and credulous, in reading a book that sets common sense at defiance?

The whole fabric of Spinosa's system is founded on the hypothesis of Descartes, that "Nature is a plenum," but which has long been discarded as untenable. Newton, Gregory, Halley, Keill and others, have demonstrated, since Spinosa's time, that a void is essential to motion; and need we add, that it has also been demonstrated that a comet, a fixed star, a fly, an elephant, a man, and an oyster are not all made of the same substance? But, absurd as the system of Spinosa is, he indignantly denies being an atheist. "With regard," he says, "to the love of God, so far, as I conceive, is this idea from tending to weaken it (the idea of comprehending all), that no other is more calculated to increase it; since, through it, I know that God is intimate with my being; that he gives me existence and my every property," &c. Elsewhere, in the same work,* he remarks, "I must conclude that the absolute Being is neither thought nor extent, exclusively of each other; but that extent and thought are necessary attributes of the absolute Being." Strictly speaking, this is not atheism,

* *Traité Theologico-Politique*, p. 21.

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but a sort of pantheism, which, as M. Saisset admits, tends to atheism. In this, Spinosa does not differ with the ancient philosophers, also called atheists, as much as is commonly supposed. Lucan tells us, in his *Pharsalia*, that Jupiter is whatever may be seen, whatever may be moved, &c.*

Jupiter est quodque vides, quodcunque moveris.

Seneca, who approaches nearer to the Christian faith than any Heathen writer, entertained nearly the same opinion—that is, he believed God to be all and in all; but there is this important difference between Spinosa and Seneca, that the latter regarded the Supreme Being as the artificer of the universe. "All names," he says, "are equally applicable to him. Do you wish to call him fate? if so, you do not err. It is he from whom all things proceed—he is the cause of causes. Do you wish to call him Providence? you are correct in doing so. Do you wish to call him nature? you will not transgress in doing so, for it is by him all things are engendered—we live by his spirit," &c., &c.† Yet Seneca, too, is called an atheist. Indeed, it may be doubted whether, of all the thinkers that have ever lived, there have been half a dozen real atheists. The works of Lucretius and the Baron d'Holbach, *De Rerum Natura* and *La Système de la Nature*, are undoubtedly atheistical. Both expressly deny that there is a God, and pretend to prove that there is not; but how many advocate theories which they know to be untenable, if only in order to differ from the rest of mankind? Whatever may have been the private opinions of Spinosa, certain it is that he took no pains to popularize his system. He could have written his book either in French or Dutch, but he chose a language read in his time only by the learned. Those who have written most against him admit that he could have made money by his writings; but he lived and died in poverty. When his accounts were examined, after his death, it was found that he often subsisted for weeks in succession on four sous a day—what was barely sufficient to sustain life, or to save him from starvation. In short, in our opinion, his works are much more curious than dangerous. In politics, he was as eccentric as he was in religion; but his political writings have never caused a revolution in the pettiest State; and is it likely that a people will abandon the faith of their fathers more readily than exchange one form of government for another?

* Pharsal., Lib. IX., v. 578.

† Eundem quem nos Jovem intelligunt, custodem Rectoremque universi, animum ac spiritum mundani hujus operis dominum et artificem, cui nomen omne convenit. Vis illum fatum vocare? non errabis. Hic est, ex quo suspensa sunt omnia, causa causarum. Vis illum providentiam dicere? recte dices. Est enim, cujus consilio huic mundo prospicitur, est inconcussus est et actus suos explicet. Vis illum naturam vocare? non pecabis. Est enim, ex quo nata sua omnia, cujus spiritu vivimus. Vis illum vocare mundum? non falleris. Ipse enim est, totum quod vides, totus suis partibus inditus, et se sustinent vi sua.—Quæst. Natur., Lib. II., cap. XLV.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

1. *Part Songs, for three and four Female Voices, selected mostly from a Collection by* S. MILLER, and translated by FANNY MALONE RAYMOND, for the use of Normal Schools, Young Ladies' Institutes, &c. 16mo, pp. 160.

2. *Oliver's Collection of Hymn and Psalm Tunes, Sentences, Anthems, and Chants: a National Lyre, for use in the Church, Family, or Singing School.* By HENRY K. OLIVER. Half quarto, pp. 320.

3. *The Sacred Star, or Union Collection of Church Music; Psalm-Tunes, Anthems, Sentences, and Chants, for the use of Choirs, Singing Schools, Conventions, Musical Associations, &c.* Arranged and composed by LEONARD MARSHALL. Half quarto, pp. 264.

4. *The Union Star, a Collection of Operatic Choruses, Glees, Quartettes, &c., for the use of Conventions, Schools, Clubs, and the Social Circle.* Edited by B. F. BAKER and W. O. PERKINS. Half quarto, pp. 112. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

These four works present an excellent variety. They are suitable for almost every gradation of progress, from that of the young beginner to that of the accomplished scientific singer and instrumental performer; and each possesses features more or less novel, such, at least, as are not to be found in the same combination in any other work designed for a similar purpose.

"Part Songs" is admirably calculated for the object for which it is intended. We know no other publication so suitable, in all particulars, for the school-room and private family; and we venture to predict that wherever two, three, or four young ladies are practising music together, they will find this an important aid—a veritable boon. Though not what is generally called an elementary work, all the earlier pieces are at once simple and attractive—precisely of a character to encourage the student, whose taste is not yet formed, or who is hesitating as to whether the practice of music possesses, after all, such charms as are attributed to it by its enthusiastic votaries. The songs have been selected with judgment and taste, and include several of the best lyrics which Europe and America can boast.

We are also presented with a fine variety of operatic pieces—some of them perfect gems. Among the many composers whose best *morceaux* the fair translator brings before us, are Fischer, Muhling, Weber, Schneider, and Glaser; and the four-part translated songs are such as "The Singer's Welcome," by Nageli, "Christmas Song," by Reichardt, "All Things Renewed," by Fischer, &c. The volume is neatly and accurately printed; indeed, it is such, in every respect, as may be confidently recommended.

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"Oliver's Collection" is designed for a more advanced class of students. As its title implies, it is suited for choirs and the home circle; not for schools, except for the higher classes—those who no longer need an "elementary department." The anthems and chants which it contains include some of the best sung, and the most popular. The music of the former is by composers like Reisiger, Mendelssohn, Zeuner, &c. Among the chants are the *Benedic anima mea, Bonum est confiteri, Jubilate, &c.*

"The Sacred Star" is suitable for choirs, schools and conventions; but, having the advantage of an elaborate treatise on the Elements of Vocal Music, it may be used with much success by beginners. It is well calculated for those who, though having a good taste for music, and are anxious to make progress in it, cannot afford the aid of a teacher. It embraces a large variety of anthems, chants, dirges, &c., &c. In short, so far as we can pretend to judge, it is a work that claims the attention of every teacher, parent and guardian who is capable of forming any opinion as to what constitutes a good music book of the class indicated.

"The Union Star" is a work of another kind. In this there are no anthems or chants, though there is some of the music which may undoubtedly be called sacred. This is true, for example, of "See the God of Love descending," by Stevenson, "Sabbath Bell," by B. F. Baker, &c. But the work consists mainly of famous songs and operatic pieces, such as the Marseilles Hymn, the Last Rose of Summer, the Star Spangled Banner, Hail Columbia, the Storm King comes forth, from "Ernani," the Phantom Chorus, from "La Sonnambula," the Fishermen's Glee, by Stevenson, My Sighs shall on the Balmy Breeze, from "Lucia," &c., &c. For our own part, we readily admit that if, in order to form an opinion of works like these, which would be worth anything, it were necessary either to perform on some instrument with ability, or to sing with skill and taste, we should not attempt it. But, fortunately, this no more follows than that none are qualified to form a judgment of poetry but those who are poets themselves, or none qualified to criticise a piece of sculpture or a painting but those who are sculptors or painters, as the case may be. At all events, no music books, which it has been our privilege to examine for some time, have so forcibly reminded us of Pindar's Ode to Music:

> "Prelude sweet to festive pleasures;
> Minstrels hail thy sprightly measures;
> Soon as shook from quivering strings,
> Leading the choral bands, thy love's preamble rings."

Hymns for Mothers and Children. Compiled by the author of "Violet Daisy," &c. 8vo, pp. 287. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. 1861.

There is many a true lyrical gem in this volume. Nor is it composed exclusively of hymns, or what are known as such; it embraces every variety of moral and religious poetry. Although most of the pieces are

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the effusions of the American muse, they are mingled with such foreign *morceaux* as Mary Howitt's "Summer Woods," Wordsworth's "Kitten and Falling Leaves," Fredrika Bremer's "Swedish Mother's Hymn," Mrs. Hemans' "Cœur de Lion at the Bier of his Father," Barry Cornwall's "Sick Child," Leigh Hunt's "Angel in the House," &c., besides a large variety of songs from the German. We are sure that many a father, as well as mother, will thank the fair compiler, during the approaching holidays, for the excellent taste and judgment she has evinced in her selections. The publishers have done their part creditably—rendering the casket worthy of the gems which it holds, for the volume is beautifully printed on fine tinted paper, and tastefully bound. As a gift book for children, it is, certainly, the best we have seen this season.

NEW PUBLICATIONS,

NOT NOTICED IN THE REVIEW, WHICH MAY BE RECOMMENDED FOR PERUSAL AND STUDY.

The Puritans; or, the Church, Court, and Parliament of England, during the Reigns of Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth. By Samuel Hopkins. In three volumes. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1861.

The Okavango River; a Narrative of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure. By Charles John Andersson, author of "Lake Ngami." With numerous illustrations, and a Map of Southern Africa. 8vo, pp. 414. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Manual of Agriculture for the School, the Farm, and the Fireside. By George B. Emerson, author of a Report on the "Trees and Shrubs of Massachusetts," and Charles L. Flint, author of a Treatise on "Milch Cows and Dairy Farming," and "Grasses and Forage Plants," &c. 12mo, pp. 806. Boston: Swan, Brewer & Tileston.

Spare Hours. By John Brown, M. D., author of "Rab and his Friends." 1 volume. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The National Arithmetic, on the Inductive System, combining the Analytic and Synthetic Methods; forming a complete course of higher Arithmetic. By Benjamin Greenleaf, A. M., author of the "Common School Arithmetic," "Algebra," &c. New electrotype edition, with additions and improvements. Boston: Robert S. Davis & Co.

Unité de l'Espèce Humaine. Par A. de Quatrefages, Membre de l'Institute. 12mo, pp. 420. Paris.

Precaution: a Novel. By J. Fenimore Cooper. With a Discourse on the Life, Genius, and Writings of the Author, by William Cullen Bryant. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. Darley. 8vo, pp. 484. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co.

Die Wanderungen der Kelten. Historisch-kritisch dargelegt. Von Leopold Contzen. London.

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The Reliquary: a Depository of Precious Relics—Legendary, Biographical, and Historical. Edited by Llewellynn Jewitt, F. S. A. Vol. I. 1860–1. 8vo, pp. 262. London.

In Memoriam. By Alfred Tennyson. Holiday edition. With Biographical Sketch of Arthur Hallam, and Portraits of Hallam and Tennyson. 1 volume. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The Literary Women of England; including a Biographical Epitome of all the most Eminent in the year 1700, and Sketches of the Poetesses to the year 1850; with Extracts from their Works, and Critical Remarks. 8vo, pp. 570. London.

The Rejected Stone; or, Insurrection vs. Resurrection in America. By a Virginian. 12mo. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

Briefwechsel zwishen Rahel und David Veit. London.

Introduction to the National Arithmetic, on the Inductive System, combining the Analytic and Synthetic Methods; in which the principles of the science are fully explained and illustrated. Designed for Common Schools and Academies. By Benjamin Greenleaf, A. M., author of the "National Arithmetic," "Algebra," "Geometry," &c. New electrotype edition, with additions and improvements. Boston: Robert S. Davis & Co.

Lady Falkland; her Life, from a MS. in the Imperial Archives at Lille; also, a Memoir of Father Francis Slingsby, from MSS. in the Royal Library, Brussels. 12mo, pp. 266. London.

Les Girondins: Leur Vie Privée, leur Vie Publique, leur Proscription et leur Mort. Par J. Gaudet. London.

Revised Regulations for the Army of the United States. 1861. With a full Index. By authority of the War Department. 8vo, pp. 559. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Egyptian Hieroglyphics: being an Attempt to Explain their Nature, Origin and Meaning, with a Vocabulary. 8vo. London.

Hebrew Men and Times, from the Patriarchs to the Messiah. By Joseph Henry Allen. Boston: Walker, Wise & Company.

Elements of Geometry and Trigonometry; with Practical Applications. By Benjamin Greenleaf, A. M., Author of A Mathematical Series. Improved electrotype edition. Boston: Robert S. Davis & Co.

Göthe in Italien. Von Hermann Grimm. Berlin.

Sermons Preached in the Chapel of Harvard College. By James Walker, D. D. 12mo, pp. 397. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Method of Classical Study: Illustrated by Questions on a few Selections from Latin and Greek Authors. By Samuel H. Taylor, LL. D., Principal of Phillips' Academy, Andover, Mass. 12mo, pp. 154. Boston: Brown & Taggard.

Tales of a Grandfather. By Sir Walter Scott. 6 vols. 16mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Woman's Rights under the Law: In Three Lectures, delivered in Boston, January, 1861. By Caroline H. Dall, author of "Woman's Right to Labor," "Historical Pictures Retouched," &c., &c. 16mo, pp. 165. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

Das Goldene Alter der Deutschen Poesie. Von Moriz Rapp. Tübingen.

The Golden Treasury of the Best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language, selected and arranged with Notes. By Francis Turner Palgrave. 12mo, pp. 380. London.

The Oxonian in Iceland; or, Notes of Travel in that Island in the Summer of 1860; with glances of Icelandic Folk Lore and Sagas. By Rev. Frederick Metcalfe. Post 8vo, pp. 440. London.

Variétés Littéraires Morales et Historiques. Par M. S. de Sacy. 2 vols. Paris.

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THE

NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. VIII.

MARCH, 1862.

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THERE are few evils so great but that good may be evolved from them. Most political economists and moralists regard foreign conquest as an evil. The wisest statesmen of England, as well as of all other enlightened countries, have been opposed to the subjugation of India, vast—almost inexhaustible—a source of material wealth as it has proved; yet it may well be doubted whether the treasures of knowledge found in the conquered country are not sufficient to indemnify the world —even the Hindoos themselves—for all the harm that has been done by the conquerors. It is not too much to say, that those, who first pointed out the intimate connection between the Sanscrit and the principal languages of Europe, discovered another New World. So far as any authentic records inform us, comparative philology had no existence anterior to their time—and what other science has been productive of more good? Certainly, no science, art, or political system has produced a more salutary effect on civilization. In this respect, its influence has proved second only to that of Christianity itself, of which it is a worthy auxiliary. Christianity teaches us to regard all mankind as our brethren; and comparative philology teaches us that many races, hitherto regarded as radically different from each other, are in reality but different branches of one and the same race.

Thus it is we have learned that, however much the Hindoos differ from ourselves in their complexion, manners, customs, and religion, they, as well as we, belong to the noble Caucasian family. The importance of this is much greater than it might seem at first sight; for there are no worse prejudices than those founded on diversity of races; no prejudices are so deeply rooted, or so likely to produce internecine strife. The history of the world affords too many proofs of this, to render it necessary that we should cite any particular instances here. Indeed, all history consists of little more than conflicts of races; it is such conflicts that have brought to ruin all the great empires of the world.

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Only a few brief years have elapsed since our own country was threatened with a similar conflict. Fortunately, comparative philology had already accomplished sufficient to avert it; for, bad as the war is in which we are now engaged, and much as it is to be deplored as a calamity, it is mild and humane in its characteristics, and harmless in its results, when compared with a war of races, in which the nearest neighbors devote their best, or, rather, their worst, energies to the extermination of each other. The tendency of a political and geographical war is, to reconcile to each other different races, fighting for a common cause, by showing them that what is the interest of one is the interest of the other; and it has a similar effect in restraining religious prejudices. A political war is the best logic for these purposes, since it shows the most thoughtless how absurd it is to hate those ready to fight shoulder to shoulder with them in defence of their common country and common rights, merely because they think it right to worship God in a different manner from themselves, or because they belong, or are supposed to belong, to a different race.

This is sufficiently obvious at the present moment. The Anglo-Saxon no longer reproaches the Celt with being of an inferior race; nor does the Protestant reproach the Catholic with believing in a false religion, or *vice versâ*. Both understand that the great question is, not whether they are Anglo-Saxons or Celts, Protestants or Catholics, but whether they are willing to defend their country, and maintain its institutions against all foes. As there is perfect unanimity in this sentiment at the present moment, we will try to show that neither in peace nor in war is there any real foundation for the assumption that the Celts are an inferior race. Nor do we undertake the task in any partisan spirit. We do not put ourselves forward as the champion of the Celts, or the opponent of the Saxons. We are neither one nor the other. We respect both races; we hold that one, as well as the other, has acted a noble part on the world's stage, and furnished its full quota of intellectual greatness. Our object is, not to glorify either race, but to vindicate the Celts from aspersions too often cast upon them. This we conceive to be for the interest of both, and it is with this view we undertake it, in the hope that, when we have arranged our present difficulties, all races and creeds doing their part in the good work, there will be no recurrence of the unnatural jealousies, accusations

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and recriminations of a few years since, but that all will regard each other as forming one nationality, with the fullest right of worshipping God as they think proper, or of tracing their descent to Celt, Goth, or Hun, as may best please their fancy.

In attempting to do justice to the Celtic race in the interest of truth and civilization, we will not confine ourselves to what others have said on the same subject with a similar intention. Nor shall we content ourselves with drawing conclusions from the works whose titles stand at the head of our article, further than they seem to be sustained by facts; for we are aware that the vindicators, as well as the opponents of the Celtic race, have often permitted their zeal to get the better of their judgment. In other words, both have gone to ridiculous extremes, and neither had any sources of information which are not equally open to us. No writer of the present day need pretend to know anything more of the ancient Celts than they can learn from the historians and philosophers of Greece and Rome. In general, it is sufficient to consult translations for this purpose, though all who are acquainted with the original will of course prefer it. On disputed points, however, the translations must not be depended on, since the most important passages are those most likely to be garbled and interpolated, so as to change the whole sense, by partisan writers, as we may take occasion to show in the course of our remarks.

No one work, ancient or modern, gives so true an insight into the character of the ancient Celtic race as the *Commentaries* (*De Bello Gallico*) of Cæsar; indeed, it describes them better than all other works put together. Not that other great ancient writers took no notice of the Celts. Scarcely any of them, from Herodotus to Tacitus, have failed to do so. They are spoken of as a great and powerful people by Strabo, Aristotle, Diodorus Siculus, Valerius Flaccus, Zenophon, Plutarch, &c., &c. But, before we attempt to examine the *dicta* of any of these, we will glance at a passage or two of M. Thierry's *Histoire des Gaulois*, which is incomparably the best modern authority on the subject, and then have a word to say on two or three more recent works.

M. Thierry is no enthusiast; he wishes, not to eulogize, but to state facts—the results of careful study and investigation. And far from disdaining to acknowledge the ancient Gauls as the ancestors of his countrymen, he is proud to

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claim them as such. "The author," he says, "has chosen the Gallic people as the most important and the most curious of all those whom the Greeks and Romans designated by the name of barbarians, and because that its history, little known not to say unknown, left an immense void in the first annals of the West. Yet another sentiment—a sentiment of justice and almost of piety—has determined and sustained him in that long task; a Frenchman, he wished to know, and cause to be known, a race from which have descended nineteen twentieths of us, Frenchmen (*les dix-neuf vingtièmes d'entre nous, Français*). It is with a religious care that he has collected these old, scattered relics among the annals of twenty different peoples—the titles of a family which is our own."*

Did the researches of M. Thierry not satisfy him that the Celts were a great race, he need not have commenced in his first page to prove the identity of the French of the present day, as a race, with the Gauls of thousands of years ago. But further on, in the same Introduction, he gives good reason for doing so. "No race," he observes, "of our Occident has accomplished a more agitated and brilliant career. Their course embraced Europe, Asia and Africa; their name is inscribed with terror in the annals of almost every nation. They burned Rome; they wrested Macedonia from the veteran legions of Alexander; they forced Thermopylæ and pillaged Delphi; they then proceeded to pitch their tents on the plains of the Troad, in the public places of Miletus, on the borders of the Sangarius and those of the Nile; they besieged Carthage, menaced Memphis, and numbered among their tributaries the most powerful monarchs of the East. They founded in upper Italy a powerful empire, and in the bosom of Phrygia they reared another empire, that of Galata, which, for a long time, exercised its sway over the whole of Lower Asia. During the second period, that of their sedentary state, we see the gradual development of social, religious and political institutions, conformable to their peculiar character as a people; institutions original in their nature; a civilization full of movement and of life, of which Transalpine Gaul offers the purest and most complete model. One might say, in following the animated scenes of this picture, that the theocracy of India, the feudal system of the middle ages, and the Athenian democracy had met on the same soil, for the

* Introduction, pp. 1, 2.

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purpose of contending with each other and reigning by turns. Soon this civilization undergoes a change; foreign elements are introduced, brought in by commerce, by the relations of neighborhood, by reaction from subjugated nations. Hence arose multiplied, and often whimsical, combinations. In Italy, it is the Roman influence that exerts itself on the manners and institutions of the Gauls; in the south of Gaul it is that of the Massileots; while in Phrygia we have a most singular compound of Gallic, Grecian and Phrygian civilization."*

The most learned cannot pretend to indicate the period at which the Celts came originally into Europe, though almost all agree that they were among the first to arrive from the East. This general admission has encouraged certain enthusiasts to attempt tracing their emigration back to the Deluge; nay, some have gone even beyond this, undertaking to prove that they were a great nation in antediluvian times, and that they assisted at the building of the Tower of Babel! Not content with this, Mr. Maclean insists that the Celtic dialect must have been the language of our first parents. In his opinion, it was in no other language Adam spoke when he gave names to the various kinds of animals, as they were brought to him, one by one, by the Creator. As

* Aucune des races de notre occident n'a accompli une carrière plus agitée et plus brillante. Les courses de celles embrassent l'Europe, l'Asie et l'Afrique; son nom est inscrit avec terreur dans les annales de presque tous les peuples. Elle brûle Rome; elle enlève la Macédoine aux vieilles phalanges d'Alexandre, force les Thermopyles et pille Delphes; puis elle va planter ses tentes sur les ruines de l'ancienne Troie, dans les places publiques de Milet, aux bords du Sangarius et à ceux du Nil; elle assiége Carthage, menace Memphis, compte parmi ses tributaires les plus puissans monarques de l'Orient; à deux reprises elle fonde dans la haute Italie un grand empire, et elle élève au sein de la Phrygie cet autre empire des Galates qui domina long-temps toute l'Asie mineure.

Dans la seconde période, celle de l'état sédentaire, on voit se développer, partout où cette race s'est fixée à demeure, des institutions sociales, religieuses et politiques, conformes à son caractère particulier; institutions originales, civilisation pleine de mouvement et de vie, dont la Gaule transalpine offre le modèle le plus pur et le plus complete. On dirait, à suivre les scènes animées de ce tableau, que la théocratie de l'Inde, la féodalité de notre moyen-âge et la démocratie athénienne se sont donné rendez-vous sur le même sol pour s'y combattre et y régner tour à tour. Bientôt cette civilisation se mélange et s'altère; des élémens étrangers s'y introduisent, importés par le commerce, par les relations de voisinage, par la réaction des populations subjuguées. De là des combinaisons multiples et souvent bizarres; en Italie, c'est l'influence romaine qui se fait sentir dans les mœurs des Cisalpins; dans le midi de la Transalpine, c'est d'abord l'influence des Grecs de Messalie (l'ancienne Marseille), puis celle des colonies italiennes, et il se forme en Galatie le composé le plus singulier de civilization gauloise, phrygienne et grecque.—*Hist. des Gaulois*, tome i., pp. vi., vii.

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for the Hebrew, that he is sure is quite modern in comparison with the Celtic, "receiving," he says, "its very name from *Heber*, the great grandson of Shem, who flourished somewhere about two thousand years after the creation of Adam, and consequently about two thousand years after language had been ripened and flourishing. Those who plead for it as the primitive language, under that name, give the lie, innocently perhaps, to their own belief of the account of the confusion of the primitive tongue at Babel." He is positive that it is quite absurd to call the primitive language Hebrew. "The original," he says, "is *oinbr* or *ainbr*. Now, *oin* or *ain* means, in Celtic, a river; and *bar* or *bhar*, beyond. The name, therefore, is equivalent to our *river;* hence Inverich, Iberich, or Iberians, and Ebirich or Ebrideans, all expressive of isolation, or beyond water." He denies that the primitive tongue was "confused." That, he is certain, was saved in its purity by Noah, who, attending "to his vineyard, which he planted far east of Shinar, did not head his faithless crew." The latter, it seems, mutinied against his authority. "Therefore," remarks Mr. Maclean, "take either view of it, the first speech still remains unconfounded—the stream of language may be still traced, without a break, up to the fountain of Paradise."* And this language is no other than the Gaelic, as it is now spoken in the Highlands of Scotland! The Irish, or Erse, he admits to be substantially the same, the only difference being, that the latter has become somewhat corrupted in the bogs of Ireland. These minor points being settled, Mr. Maclean proceeds to describe the manner in which the different animals must have been named. "Of the order," he says, "in which the Great Shepherd brought the animals to Adam, we are not informed; nor is it essential. Let us suppose the first to have been the domestic cow; the name of this animal *in Celtic* is *bua*, *buo* or *bo;* an echo or imitation of its common note."† But this is not all: the cow has a variety of other notes, expressive of different feelings, and all are to be found in their purity in the Celtic language, and nowhere else. The notes of various other animals are described in a manner equally graphic, and their equivalents pointed out in the Gaelic. It seems, for example, that the original note of the lion was that expressed by *lho*, but that it was entirely changed by the eating of the forbidden fruit,

* *Hist. of the Celtic Language*, p. 75. † *Ibid.*, p. 78.

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which, from being a mild, harmless animal, converted him into the frightful beast of prey we now find him. He did not roar then, but now he does, as everybody knows. "The term roar," says Mr. Maclean, "is by no means a true echo to it; no term can express it *but the Celtic—béuc.* '*Bhéuc* an lcomhan,' says Amos, 'the note of ocean when scourged to madness, is not a bad imitation,'" &c.*

Mr. Maclean gives us a good deal more of the same sort, in proof of the high antiquity of the Celtic race and their language; but the Rev. Mr. Davies enters still more minutely into particulars in his *Celtic Researches*. In the first part of his work, we are presented with graphic "sketches of the state and attainments of *primitive* society." But this, we are informed, is a very different "state" from what it is commonly supposed to have been. It is highly probable, in the opinion of Mr. Davies, that Adam was a philosopher. If he was not, certain it is that many of his immediate antediluvian descendants must have been deeply versed in the arts and sciences—perhaps as well versed as Descartes, Liebnitz, or even Bacon or Newton. At any rate, the inductive philosophy was well understood before the Flood (p. 89). As for Noah, it is quite clear to Mr. Davies that he was an eminent geographer as well as navigator. "The very idea," he says, "of Noah's dividing the land among his descendants, necessarily presupposes his knowledge of the land that was to be so divided. He must have described the several states, their extent and boundaries, by certain names by which the same regions, rivers, and mountains had been already known to him, and, consequently, which they had borne before the flood. Thus may we account for the identity of the names of several streams and mountains in ancient geography, from India to Britain, and from the Northern Ocean to the middle of Africa" (p. 33). This, however, is not so remarkable a discovery as that "the consecration of tithes did not originate in the Levitical law" (p. 17), but had an antiquity as high as the time of Cain, who, in all probability, was guilty of defrauding the parson of his rightful tithes. Be this as it may, Mr. Davies is nearly as minute and matter-of-fact, in describing the formation of language, as Mr. Maclean; though he borrows nothing from that gentleman, or, indeed, as far as we can judge, from any other author, ancient or modern.

* *Hist. of the Celtic Language*, p. 81.

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His views are altogether peculiar. "Let us put the case," he says, "that Adam, the first man, would inform his new-created bride of the *elephant*. The character which he had already described in this animal, in the act of naming him, was, probably, his enormous bulk. This description he is now to repeat. Being an inexpert orator, he would not trust entirely and exclusively to the powers of his voice; his arms would be elevated and spread abroad, in order to intimate the comprehension of gigantic space. This natural description of a huge bulk would produce the sound B—M; and that sound, rendered articulate by the intervention of a vowel, would describe bulkiness, and might be appropriated *most happily* to the elephant, or great beast." (pp. 382–3.)

These passages sufficiently explain why it is that, in the minds of many, the very term Celtic has become almost synonymous with fabulous and ludicrous, so that the Celts may well exclaim, in many instances, "Save us from our friends." It is the Irish who have generally the name of these exaggerations; but the charge is as unfounded as many others which are daily made against the same people. Neither Mr. Maclean nor Mr. Davies is Irish; the former is a Scotchman, the latter a Welshman. We do not mean but Irishmen have said absurd things on the same subject; but certainly not oftener, or to a greater extent, than others. What we mean by this is, simply to show to those who need proof, that the fanciful, extravagant, or utopian, is not confined to any people. In order, however, that our Scotch and Welsh friends may have no reason to charge us with unfairness or partiality, we will note some statements of General Valancey, in his *Prospectus of an Irish Dictionary*, which are not unlike those of Maclean and Davies.* Before doing so, however, we cheerfully admit that in each of these three works there is a great deal that is curious and interesting. None but a scholar could have been the author of any of them. The difficulty is, that although learning is essential for an ethnologist to begin with—a qualification without which he cannot hope to make any progress—there are other qualifications which are almost equally necessary. Most prominent amongst

* Mr. Davies gives it as his opinion, at page 143 of his *Celtic Researches*, not only that Virgil was a Celt, but that in his youth he wrote in the Celtic language; and it must be admitted that he has some ground for his assertion, since the poet himself says, in his first Eclogue,

Galatæa reliquit.
Namque fatebor enim dum me Galatæa tenebat.
Nec spes libertatis erat, nec cura peculi.

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these are, liberality of thought, entire freedom from prejudice—national, religious, and political—and a clear, logical mind—the faculty of distinguishing the probable and true from the fabulous. If skepticism is of use in any investigation, it is in one of this kind, provided it is not carried to extremes. But it is not the less necessary to be open to conviction—willing to believe whatever is supported by sufficient evidence; for in ethnology, perhaps more than in any other field of investigation, truth is often stranger than fiction. In other words, we should not be too ready to reject a theory, merely because it conflicts with our own preconceived notions. The really thoughtful never do so; and it is also well to bear in mind that the best writer may be fanciful and credulous in the treatment of one branch of his subject, and be strictly logical and even critical in his treatment of all the rest.

This is particularly true of General Valancey, who has devoted more than a quarter of a century to the subject on which he writes. But, at present, we have to do only with the antiquarian branch of his labors. In this, it must be admitted, he goes pretty far back, though not quite as far as Mr. Maclean or Mr. Davies. At all events, he begins his introduction with several extracts, relative to Ireland, from the Hindoo Puranas. It is proper to say that these have not been discovered or translated by himself, but by Mr. Wilford, an English gentleman, well known as an eminent Sanscrit scholar. Mr. Wilford had, it seems, been led to the investigation, by the hypothesis of Sir William Jones, who conceived that vestiges of an ancient people might be traced in Irân, or Persia—a people more ancient than the Assyrians. This having been verified, in the opinion of General Valancey, by the extracts referred to, and certain other evidence, not necessary to be detailed here, he proceeds to show that the ancient empire in question must have commenced at the time of the alliance of the four kings, mentioned in the fourteenth chapter of Genesis. These, it will be remembered, are the four potentates defeated by Abraham, without any more formidable army than his household servants; but whom some historians regard as mere Bedouin Sheiks, or brigands of the desert.

At any rate, the mighty empire which they founded, according to General Valancey, commenced its career pretty soon after the confusion of tongues. The General agrees

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with Mr. Maclean and Mr. Davies in the opinion that the primitive language was not destroyed; it was only divided into several dialects, which were distributed among those sent to colonize Egypt, Phœnicia, China, India, and Persia. It was a people called the Fir Bologues who colonized the last mentioned country, better known in ancient history as Iràn, or Indo-Scythia. They were a fierce and warlike race of Japethians; but, though they took up a beautiful position at the mouth of the Indus, they soon became discontented, and resolved to emigrate to the southward. They remained long enough, however, to secure the friendship of kindred tribes, called the Omanites and Ordanites, who lived on opposite sides of the Persian Gulf.

The three, united under one leader, bade farewell to their kinsmen, the Hindoos, and proceeded to Egypt, where they were warmly welcomed by the reigning Pharaoh, who saw at once that they could be of great service in navigating his fleets, for their fame as navigators had gone before them to the banks of the Nile. The king soon found, however, that their ideas of loyalty were rather loose, for, instead of yielding that cheerful, implicit obedience to his sovereign will, to which he thought he was entitled, they took the liberty of tampering with his slaves, the Israelites, whom they offered to transport across the Red Sea, in spite of all the land and marine forces of Egypt. The Jews, never very remarkable for their courage or bravery, got frightened at the very idea, feeling certain that no earthly power could bring them safe out of Egypt. As might have been expected, Pharaoh was very indignant at this interference on the part of the Fir Bologues, Aire Cuti, or Gael, for the new comers were now known by a good many names. It would seem that he upbraided their leader Nial with his treachery, though in as polite and delicate a manner as the circumstances would permit. He soon had reason to repent of this, however. Nial announced his intention of seizing on the whole Egyptian fleet, and doing several other disagreeable things, not necessary to mention here. The king had learned by this time that the Fir Bologues had a greater regard for the ladies than any other tribes of that age; that, in short, their gallantry was such that they would do almost anything to compliment the fair. The gallantry of Nial was particularly conspicuous, and it is alleged that he was still amorous, though he must have been "well stricken in years" when the difficulty

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occurred. Be this as it may, we are informed that he got Scota, the king's daughter, in marriage. The proof of this consists mainly in the sentence, *Nial sachuta niginge Pharaoh*, which by some translators is rendered, not "Nial married the daughter of Pharaoh," but "Nial sailed the fleets of Pharaoh." At all events, it was not long after until the Fir Bologues sought other quarters. They first sailed to Tyre, in Phœnicia, where they left a colony; thence they proceeded to Sicily, Malta, and Spain, each of which they colonized. The intervals, if any, which elapsed, between these different events are not very definitely stated. This, however, is not essential. It is sufficient, for our present purpose, to know that the boldest and most adventurous of all steered their course to Ireland, under the name of the Milesians, bringing with them the best dialect of their native language, their religion (Druidism), together with various arts and sciences, including the art of manufacturing the fine linen of Egypt, which they had learned during their brief sojourn on the banks of the Nile, and which, to this day, is the art carried to most perfection by the Irish.

Fortunately, it is by no means essential to the antiquity or greatness of the Celtic race that this narrative should be strictly accurate. If it were, we fear that we should have to give up the case. It is sufficient that the groundwork is true; and, in proof of this, we have more or less testimony from the learned of all nations of antiquity, who have bequeathed us anything worthy the name of a literature. There is, however, not the same unanimity among the learned as to the identity of the Irish language with the Coptic, the Arabic, the Chaldee, the Zend, the Pehlvi, and the Hindostanee; although General Valancey is quite positive on this point, and has recourse to various ingenious arguments in support of his theory. As a specimen of his proofs, we extract an anecdote, which, if it possesses no other value, has at least the recommendation of being a curiosity. "Mr. Lebedoff," says the General, "a Russian, who lived ten years in Bengal, and is master of the Bengalese language, was walking one day, very lately, in Oxford street, and overheard two Irish milk-women conversing in their native tongue—*he was able to understand everything said, from its resemblance to the Bengalese.*"—(S. W. O.)*

* Pref., p. xxix.

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We now proceed to show that no exaggeration—no torturing of ancient or modern fables—is necessary to support the claims of the Celt to the first rank among the principal branches of the Caucasian race. Indeed, nothing of the kind was necessary for General Valancey, either to render his *Prospectus* interesting, or to vindicate the people of whom he may be regarded as one of the ablest champions.

The work under consideration consists of three parts: an Introduction, Preface, and Specimen of a Comparative Irish Dictionary. The two former embrace a large variety of etymological and historical facts, which mutually illustrate each other; and the latter, which extends over seventy-seven pages, is exclusively etymological. We have already alluded to the historical part, but only to that portion of it which is more fanciful and curious than authentic. Whether it be true or not that the Hindoo Brahmins were so well acquainted with Irish topography thousands of years ago as to be able to describe Croagh-Patrick, the Cave of Purgatory, in Donegal, and several other places distinguished in Irish history, it cannot be denied that the extracts from the Puranas are of a character which it will not do to laugh at, especially when considered in connection with the General's comments upon them. But what is much more interesting, however, is his description of the Indo-Scythian monuments of Ireland. He introduces the reader in turn to the temple of Vishnu, at Killshandra; the bitter waters of Lough Derg; the Iranian empire; the Palli, or shepherd kings of Ireland. On a small island on the coast of Ireland there is a rude building, of peculiar construction, which has been visited by antiquaries from all parts of the world. Some think it was built by the fire worshippers; others, by the Druids; others, by early wandering Christians; but General Valancey is sure that it is a temple of Priapus; and he informs us that it is exactly similar to that in the island of Elephanta, called Gentoos Mahoody. Nor is he content with making the assertion; he presents us with an engraving of the two temples. If we are to regard this as a faithful representation, it must be admitted that the resemblance is very striking.

As for the similarity of the principal dialects of the Celtic language to several Oriental languages, that is no longer a matter of dispute; it has been abundantly proved, by men who had no interest to subserve but that of science, and who, if they were capable of being influenced by any prejudice, it

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might have been expected to be against, rather than in favor of, the Celtic race. It has never been alleged, for example, that the learned Dr. Prichard was a Celt; but he was one of the first to demonstrate the close affinities between the Celtic and Oriental languages. His work, entitled *Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations*, is devoted exclusively to that purpose, and when first published was undoubtedly the best that had yet appeared. Still less can it be alleged that Bopp, Picket, Adelung, Vater, or Klaproth, have been actuated by prejudice in their investigations, except an earnest desire to discover truth can be called a prejudice.

It is not necessary for us to pay any particular attention, on the present occasion, to this branch of the subject; were it otherwise, we could merely glance at it, since to do it adequate justice would require a long series of articles by itself. We may remark, however, in passing, that those who would consult the researches of Prichard must not seek the edition which is edited and annotated by Dr. Latham, who, with a very slight knowledge of the Celtic, and scarcely any knowledge of either the Sanscrit or the Zend, has done all in his power against what is called the Celtic theory. But even Dr. Latham has been forced to alter his views. No two editions of the same work are more unlike each other, than the two now before us, of the treatise entitled *The English Language*, by Dr. Latham. In the first edition he is decidedly anti-Celtic, and has no patience with those of a different opinion. This will be sufficiently understood by any intelligent person, who will take the trouble to compare page 29 of the first edition with page 53 of the second edition. It will be seen that he suppressed, in 1848, the strong terms in which in 1843 he had sought to depreciate the Celtic elements of the present English language. This, indeed, he could not have avoided, without ignoring the researches of the great philologists of Germany, who have devoted their lives to the investigation, and who understand the Sanscrit, Zend, and Celtic, nearly as well as their native German. This, however, does not prevent Dr. Latham from seeking to cast doubt on the reliableness of the most valuable researches of his learned fellow countryman.

It were less injurious to the cause of science and truth, were he to attack Prichard openly. Then he could effect little, because he does not possess the necessary qualifications. It is one thing to write a popular history of the Eng-

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lish language, and another quite different to prove the similarity or dissimilarity between languages which one admits himself he does not understand—such as the Sanscrit, the Zend, the Hebrew, the Arabic, and the Celtic; all of which Dr. Prichard had carefully studied. Nothing is more easy than to assert that the English language, if not purely Anglo-Saxon, has at least little, if any, of the Celtic in its composition, and it requires no ordinary amount of learning and labor to prove the contrary. The same remark will apply to statements made in editing and annotating a work like Dr. Prichard's, and hence it is that Dr. Latham adopts the safe and convenient plan of using insinuations rather than assertions.*

As a specimen of his efforts in this way, we may refer to his remarks on the Eastern origin of the Celts, which are cavilling rather than argumentative. "In one sense," he says, "and with one school of ethnologists, the statement that the Kelts are of Eastern origin is little more than a truism. Out of the vast proportion of investigators who assign to the whole human race one common origin, there are very few who place the area of that common origin either in Europe, or America, still less in Australia or Polynesia. Add to this that very few, indeed, have ever put a claim for Africa being the birth-place of mankind. Such being the case, it is clear that, in the minds of many, all nations what-

* This is not the only instance in which Dr. Latham takes occasion to differ with the most eminent ethnologists and philologists, as may be seen by a recent work of his, entitled, "On the Varieties of Man." In this he appropriates the researches of others in comparative philology, without adding a single new fact of his own, and then proceeds to divide all the languages of the world into four classes, which he calls the *Anaptotic*, *Aptotic*, *Agglutinate*, and *Amalgamate*, informing us, at the same time, that there are only three methods of grammar: the Classical, English, and Chinese. All languages, ancient and modern, dead and living, are to be referred to one of these classes. As for the Sanscrit, he does not recognize it at all. It may, he admits, be a genuine language; but it is more likely to be a forgery. Even this allegation is not new, however, with Dr. Latham. Others before him did not like the trouble of learning it; then, because they could not comprehend it, the only conclusion they could arrive at was, that it is "hypothetical," and the Doctor adopts the same course. No wonder that the German critics laugh, in spite of their characteristic gravity, at such "blind leaders of the blind;" the truly learned and cosmopolitan Schlegel declaring the theory "as happy as that which would account for the Egyptian pyramids as natural crystallizations." We must take leave abruptly of Dr. Latham, with the remark that ethnologists and critics like him do much mischief; and we are sorry that the same remark applies to his American imitator, the Hon. George P. Marsh, whose *Lectures on the English Language* are little better, in a philological point of view, than a transposition of the errors of Dr. Latham, and what that gentleman has appropriated from others, but entirely misapplied.

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ever are of Eastern origin—the Tasmanians, Polynesians and Laplanders, as well as the Kelts; the Kelts as well as the Laplanders, Polynesians, or Tasmanians."*

It is needless to pursue the remarks of Dr. Latham, they prove nothing against the facts in the text of Dr. Prichard, or, indeed, in the text of any other ethnologist worthy of the name. But Dr. Latham is by no means peculiar in his opposition to Celtic influence in the formation of the English language. The Rev. Mr. Harrison, in his *Rise, Progress, and Present Structure of the English Language*, represents our language as almost exclusively Anglo-Saxon. Even the Messrs. Chambers, than whom no writers are more liberal, or cosmopolitan, tell us in their Cyclopædia of English Literature, that the Celtic, which had been the language of the aboriginal people of Great Britain, shrank from the Anglo-Saxon into Wales, Cornwall, and other remote parts of the Island, as the Indian *tongues* are now retiring before the advance of the British settlers in North America. "From its first introduction, the Anglo-Saxon tongue experienced little change for five centuries, the chief accessions which it received being Latin terms *introduced by Christian missionaries*." In a note at the bottom of the same page, the Messrs. Chambers admit, that "it is *now believed that the British language was not so entirely extinguished by the Saxons as was generally stated by our historians down to the last age*."† Need we say that the note flatly contradicts the text? Even during the brief interval that elapsed between the writing of the two assertions, the cause of truth and science advanced. In the mean time, the critic had consulted some work on comparative philology, and, finding his mistake, had the candor and honesty to correct it in a note.

Those who inform us that the English is pure Anglo-Saxon, are after all much more absurd and thoughtless than those who would trace the Celtic language to antediluvian times. Had Cæsar found Britain a wilderness, without any inhabitants, instead of finding it thickly inhabited by Celts, it would still have been very illogical, on the part of some of our self-styled modern ethnologists, to assert that our present dialect has but few Latin and Celtic words. To prove this, it would only be necessary to examine some Roman antiquities. Nor should we ask, for this purpose, any other than

* *Eastern Origin of Celtic Nations*, Latham's Edition, pp. 72–3.

† Chambers's *Cyclopædia of English Literature*.

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English authorities, for we hold that none are fairer, or freer from prejudice, than Englishmen, who are really learned. Of this character are Charles Roach Smith, F. S. A., author of *The Antiquities of Richborough, Reculver, and Lymne, in Kent*, and Prof. Buckman, author of *Illustrations of the Remains of Roman Art in Cirencester, the Site of Ancient Corinum*. There are several others which we could mention in connection with this branch of our subject; but enough for the present.

In the first place, it is well to remember that the connection of the Romans with Britain lasted five hundred years—from 55 A. C., to 436 A. D. The Wall of Hadrian alone, with its numerous inscriptions, would prove that the Romans must have done much in Britain. All historians agree that it was a part of the Roman policy to establish the troops, who had effected the conquest, in possession of the vanquished territory, and this is fully borne out by the remains found in England. There is not one of the legions that conquered Britain that did not get a portion of the island, which was large or small in proportion to the valor it displayed, and the service it rendered. The inscriptions referred to prove beyond all doubt that *Camulodunun* (Colchester) was the first town in Britain that obtained the privileges and honor of a Roman *Colonia*, and it is believed to have been founded by the Ninth Legion. No historical fact of the period is better attested than that Cirencester was founded by Indians and Thracians; cavalry troops belonging to the Roman army. Of twenty-three Roman towns whose remains are still to be seen in England, scarcely two belonged to people of the same nation. Side by side we find towns built by Dacians, Moors, Gauls, Asturians, and Iberians. This will not seem strange, when it is recollected that the Romans, like the Carthaginians, had legions from every country that owned their sway. The *Notitia*, containing a list of the military stations, on Hadrian's Wall, shows that not fewer than twenty different nationalities were represented in the conquest of Britain, from the landing of Cæsar to the final abandonment of the island by Valentinian; scarcely two of these speaking the same dialect. We transcribe a few of these inscriptions, copied from the monuments, and translated into English by Mr. Petrie and Mr. Bruce: "The prefect of the first ala (wing) of the Asteres at *Condercum*" (Bennell). "The prefect of the Savinian ala at *Hunnum*" (Holton-Chester). "The tribune of the fourth cohort of the

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Gauls at *Vindolana*" (Chester-holm). "The tribune of the third cohort of the Nervii at Alionis" (Ambleside). "The tribune of the sixth cohort of the Servii at Virosidum" (Elenborough). "The tribune of the first cohort of the Spaniards at *Accelodunum*" (Brough). "The tribune of the second cohort of the Dalmatians at *Magna* in *Northumbria*" (Carvoran). "The tribune of the cohort of the Cornovii at *Ponskèlii*" (Newcastle).

Nor were all these different people merely sojourners in the island. Whatever land each got they retained, and their posterity after them, from generation to generation. This is proved by their temples, altars, and deities. If there were no inscriptions to point out the different nationalities, these religious vestiges would be sufficient to do so by themselves, since they correspond in almost every instance with the accounts we read in history of the religion of the people near whose towns they are found. Thus, those found near the towns said to have been built by Gallic cohorts, are Celtic; those found near the towns said to have been built by Gothic cohorts, are Gothic, &c. An inscription at York informs us, that a legate of the Sixth Legion built in Eburicum a temple dedicated to Serapis. The Phœnician deity Betatucadrus is found in Cumberland—also at Westmoreland.

Neither are inscriptions, temples, altars, and sepulchral monuments the only evidences we have of these different nationalities. Specimens of manufacture, styles of architecture, and agricultural and mining implements are found, which combine to establish the same facts. Not more than three years ago, Mr. Ecroyd Smith found beautiful tesselated pavements in Yorkshire, inscribed with the names of several of the officers of the Sixth Legion. What would seem still more improbable to the skeptical, or to those who think that Britain had been little better than a wilderness before the arrival of the Saxons, Mr. Roach Smith, to whose valuable researches we have already referred, has found traces of the Roman woollen manufacture in London. As for Phœnician bricks, they are to be found in all parts of the island. Mr. Bruce tells us, in his account of the Roman wall, that "in the station of Corchester, portions of lead pipe have been found. It is an inch and a half in diameter, and has been formed by bending round a flat strip of the metal, and soldering the joint." We have it on the same authority, that iron has been produced at the same period in large quantities. That coal was

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extensively used in England, during the Roman period, is now beyond question. "In several places," says Mr. Bruce, "the source from which the mineral was procured can be pointed out; but the most extensive workings that I have heard of are in the neighborhood of Gridon Lough, near Sevingshields. Not long ago, a shaft was sunk, with the view of procuring the coal, which was supposed to be below the surface; the projector soon found that, though coal had been there, it was all removed. The ancient workings stretched beneath the bed of the lake."

All this may seem irrelevant to our subject; but it is not. We desire to make it clear, to the most thoughtless, that were it even true that the ancient Britons were treated by the Romans as they are said to have been treated by the Saxons —that is, driven into the recesses of the forest—of which there is no evidence, it would still be impossible that their language could have been entirely lost. In other words, we find that the most enlightened people of their time carried on all the processes of industry then known for nearly five hundred years, among a Celtic population acknowledged to be numerous, frequently introducing from the continent large additions of Gauls, Iberians and Celtiberians, together with people belonging to various other nationalities, as we have already seen. Is it consistent with common sense to believe, that the effect of all this on the language and people of Britain could be so completely neutralized by the conquest of the island by the Saxons and Angles, as that the present English people and their language could be as purely Anglo-Saxon as those assert who pretend to pass judgment on scores of dialects of whose very alphabets they are ignorant?*

* The absurdity of the theory of Latham, Harrison, Marsh, and other would-be ethnologists like them, will be still more apparent, if it be borne in mind, that no language is more tenacious of its original forms than the Celtic. "In this state of the question," says Prichard, "it is fortunate that there is one idiom in which the personal pronouns, as well as the verbal suffixes, have been preserved in a form apparently much less altered from their original one, than in any of the more celebrated and classical dialects, in which philologists have in general sought the means of elucidating the structure of language. I allude to the Celtic dialects, and particularly to that still spoken by the Welsh people, but which is found in a much more perfect state in the productions of British writers coeval with, or even of greater antiquity than, the oldest compositions of the Anglo-Saxons. The preservation of the pronouns in the Welsh language, during so long a period of time, has, perhaps, resulted from the circumstance, that in that idiom they are undeclinable words, whereas in most of the European dialects they are susceptible, as we have seen, of copious inflection and variety of endings. The terminations of words in general are but little capable of change in the Celtic idioms, as indeed are those idioms themselves,

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But the writer who has labored most to bring contempt and odium on the Celtic race is Mr. Pinkerton. In his *Dissertation on the Scythians and Goths*, he pretends to prove that these two nations were identical; and that they drove and confined the conquered and half-exterminated Celts to the western extremity of Gaul. There, he tells us, and in the mountains of Wales and Scotland, and in certain remote districts of Ireland, the small, miserable remains of their posterity are still to be found. He is not quite sure as to the period when this conquest and expulsion took place, but he thinks it was about the time of Pythagoras, 500 A. C. In order to support his theory, he makes alterations and interpolations in ancient authors, and, in not a few instances, forges whole passages, although he tells us, in his preface, that "No literary crime is equal to false quotation; for public faith attends an author, and public infamy ought always to attend the abuse of it" (Pref., p. 14). We could point out examples of this at almost every page of the "Dissertation," but one or two will suffice. For instance, he quotes Herodotus to prove that the Scythians and Sarmatæ were altogether different races, whereas the words of the Greek historian are: "The Sarmatæ are *the offspring of the Scythians.*"*

In a similar spirit he has added the word "farthest" to Strabo's account of the most ancient division of the globe, thus: "The earth is divided into four parts; to the *farthest* east, the Indians; to the *farthest* south, the Ethiops; to the *farthest* west, the Celts; and, to the *farthest* north, the Scythians."† By similar logic he endeavors to prove that the Getæ and Gothi were names applied to the same people. Thus, he quotes the fifth book of Valerius Flaccus for that purpose; but not one word in the whole book gives the least sanction to his pretensions. When Mr. Pinkerton has proved to his own satisfaction, by means like these, that the dominant races of Europe were the Scythians

of which the people appear ever to have been remarkably tenacious. It would, perhaps, not be going too far to say, that no language in Europe has undergone so little change, in an equal space of time, as the Welsh sustained during the centuries which intervened between Aneurin and Lhywarch, and the period when the Sacred Scriptures were translated into it. To whatever circumstances the fact is to be attributed, it seems to be certain, as I hope to make it sufficiently apparent, that the Celtic idioms preserve, *in a more perfect state than any other languages of Europe or Asia, the original pronouns*, of which abbreviated forms enter as suffixes into the inflections of verbs through the numbers and persons." —Prichard's *Celtic Nations*, p. 265.

* Herod., *Melpomene*, p. 294. † *Dissertation*, p. 128.

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and Goths, before whom the Celts had to fly, he proceeds to collect evidence to show that the latter were never a respectable or sensible, much less a powerful, people.

Statements like these may seem harmless at first sight; but, because those of a man undoubtedly learned, they have been the means of doing immense mischief. It is they that have caused most of those disputes between Anglo-Saxon and Celt, which have often led to riots and bloodshed, both in Europe and America, and which, as already observed, threatened, a few years since, to produce a civil war of the most horrible and destructive kind. That the lower order of a dominant race, who read little and think less, should have readily embraced a theory like that of Mr. Pinkerton's, seeming, as it did, to flatter themselves, was, perhaps, no more than might have been expected. But how many of the public journals of England and America have exaggerated the worst charges of Pinkerton and others of his school. At least nine out of every ten have done so. This large proportion of the organs, as they call themselves, of public opinion, instead of seeking to reconcile all fellow-citizens to each other, have devoted their influence to exciting animosity and strife between Anglo-Saxons and Celts. This, however, was not intentional. In other words, our public journalists supported such theories—not to cause bloodshed—not that they hated the Celt more than the Saxon—but partly because the anti-Celtic theory flattered themselves, and partly because it was popular, and, consequently, in a certain sense, profitable. Now, however, it is to be hoped that the mania is over, and that it will never be resuscitated.

It matters little what respectable author, who has paid due attention to the subject, we turn to, he is sure to exhibit a state of facts the very reverse of that represented by Mr. Pinkerton. Nor is it necessary to quote any Celtic writer for that purpose. For example, Niebuhr tells us, in his *Researches into the History of the Scythians, Getæ and Sarmatians*, that "The conquerors to whom they (the Scythians) *yielded their ancient settlements were the Gauls.* From a comparison of the Roman and Grecian chronology, it was the twelfth year after the sacking of Rome, when the Triballi appeared before Abdera; and in the reign of Philip Scylax mentions Celts in the farthest recess of the Adriatic Gulf, who had been left behind by the invaders in their march, i. e., in their march along the Danube, where afterwards the Scordisci dwelt, in

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Lower Hungary, and in the territory of the Servians, *the descendants of the victorious Gauls. They and their kindred race in Noricum were the Celts who sent ambassadors to Alexander after his victory over the Triballi and Getæ.*"*

Throughout the works of Plutarch, especially in his Life of Camillus, we find evidence of the vast extent of territory occupied by the Celts. "Some say," he observes, "the country of the Celtæ is of such immense extent, that it stretches from the Western Ocean and the most northern climes to the Lake Mæotis eastward, and to that part of Scythia which borders upon Pontus; that there the two nations mingle, and issue, not all at once, nor at all seasons, but in the spring of the year, that, by means of these annual supplies, they had gradually opened themselves a way *over the chief part of the European continent;* and that, *though they are distinguished by different names, according to their tribes,* yet their whole body is comprehended under the general appellation of Celto-Scythæ." The value of Plutarch's testimony is recognized by all. Indeed, none, capable of appreciating it, could venture to deny its general truthfulness, because there is scarcely a single statement to be found in any of his "Lives" which has not been made on the best authorities extant in his time. Coming down to our own time, the same remark will apply to Gibbon, who, except when referring to Christianity alone, is one of the most liberal and most reliable historians of modern times. Whenever he touches on the subject of the Celtic race, his views fully sustain those of Prichard. According to Mr. Pinkerton, ancient Gaul comprehended little more than one of the provinces of modern France. But who will compare him, as an authority, to the author of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,* whose noble work will live as long as the language in which it is written? "Ancient Gaul," says Gibbon, "as it contained the whole country between the Pyrenees, the Alps, the Rhine, and the Ocean, was of greater extent than modern France. To the dominions of that powerful monarchy, with its recent acquisitions of Alsace and Lorraine, we must add the duchy of Savoy, the cantons of Switzerland, the four electorates of the Rhine, and the territories of Liege, Luxemburgh, Hainault, Flanders, and Brabant. When Augustus gave laws to the conquests of his father, he introduced a division of Gaul, equally adapted to the progress of

* P. 57.

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the legions, to the course of the rivers, and to the principal national distinctions, which had comprehended above a hundred independent States. The sea coast of the Mediterranean, Languedoc, Provence, and Dauphiné, received their provincial appellation from the colony of Narbonne. The government of Aquitaine was extended from the Pyrenees to the Loire."* Pages could be added to this from several authors, any of whom is much better authority than Mr. Pinkerton.

But it would have been quite enough to show from the beginning what the Celts have *done*, not only in all parts of Europe, but also in Asia, as recorded by the historians of different nations. The information we have from Plutarch alone, on this point, would go far to settle the question. In his Life of Camillus, he explains how it was that the Gauls were induced to first enter Italy. They were invited, he says, by an outraged husband, whose wife had been taken from him forcibly by a wealthy man, who openly lived with her. "In their first expedition, they soon possessed themselves of that country which stretches out from the Alps from both seas. That this of old belonged to the Tuscans, the names themselves are a proof; for the sea that lies to the north is called the Adriatic, from a Tuscan city called Adria, and that on the other side, to the south, is called the Tuscan sea. * * * The Gauls *expelled the Tuscans, and made themselves masters of these cities.* The Gauls were now besieging Clusium, a city of Tuscany. The Clusians applied to the Romans, entreating them to send ambassadors and letters to the barbarians. Accordingly, they sent three illustrious persons, of the Fabian family, who had borne the highest employments in the State. The Gauls received them courteously, on account of the name of Rome, and, putting a stop to their operations against the town, came to a conference. But when they were asked what injury they had received from the Clusians, that they came against their city, Brennus, king of the Gauls, smiled and said: 'The injury the Clusians do us is, their keeping to themselves a large tract of ground, when they can only cultivate a small one, and refusing to give up a part of it to us, who are strangers, numerous and poor. In the same manner, you Romans were injured formerly by the Albans, the Fidenates, and the Ardenates, and lately by the people of Veii and Capenæ, and the greatest part of the Falisci and

* *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. i., pp. 22, 23.

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the Volsci. Upon these you make war; if they refuse to share with you their goods, you enslave their persons, lay waste their country, and demolish their cities. Nor are your proceedings dishonorable or unjust; for you follow the most ancient of laws, which directs the weak to obey the strong, from the Creator even to the irrational creation, that are taught by nature to make use of the advantage their strength affords them against the feeble. Cease, then, to express your compassion for the Clusians, *lest you teach the Gauls, in their turn, to commiserate those that have been oppressed by the Romans.*"*

It will be admitted that he was a pretty logical barbarian who made this speech. The Romans, themselves, could hardly pretend to understand the law of nations better. Of all the historians of Rome, Livy is the proudest and most patriotic, the most unwilling to admit the possibility of defeating his countrymen; but he is everywhere obliged to acknowledge the fierce and terrible prowess of the Gauls. Not only does he give this speech nearly word for word, but he also details the results of the improper interference of the ambassadors.

It was the opinion of Livy that none of the Etruscans had any business to engage in a general war with such a people as the Gauls on their northern frontier; nor have we any evidence that they entertained a different opinion themselves. But they could not avoid war in this case. According to Diodorus Siculus, the army under Brennus consisted of thirty thousand warriors.† This formidable host made a civil application to the Clusians for a portion of their lands, as intimated by Plutarch, if, indeed, any application of the kind could be regarded in that light. At all events, the only reply of the citizens was, the immediate closing of their gates. It is admitted by Livy that the haughty and violent character of the Roman ambassadors rendered them ill-qualified for so delicate a mission.‡ Nothing could be more candid than the explanation given by Brennus of his object and intentions. They came, he said, to secure land; and would not return, or make peace, until they did so.§ "The Romans," he says, "are but little known to us; but we believe them

* Plutarch's *Life of Camillus*, p. 102.

† *Περὶ τριάμυριους*. Lib. 1, xiv. ‡ Liv., lib. v., c. 36.

§ Novos accolas Gallos esse cum quibus nec pax satis fida, nec bellum pro certo sit. Liv., lib. v., c. 17.

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to be a brave people, since the Etruscans are under their protection. Remain here, then, spectators of our quarrel; we will decide it in your presence, so that you can tell your people, when you reach home, how much the Gauls surpass all other mortals in valor."* The ambassadors, both astonished and indignant at his boldness, asked the question the answer to which we have taken from Plutarch; and which is the same in substance as that recorded by Livy. They tried to disguise their resentment, however, and demanded the privilege of entering the city as mediators. They found the Clusians deliberating on terms of peace—intending to cede some of their lands to the Gauls. This provoked them still more, and they did their best to prevent it. Forgetting the peaceful character of their mission, they offered to lead a sortie themselves against the Gallic camp. The Gauls, relying on the faith of the ambassadors, amused themselves about the plains like private citizens; and, while thus engaged, they were attacked by the besieged, commanded by the three Fabii. The cry of "the Roman ambassador" was soon heard from mouth to mouth (Per totam aciem *romanum legatum esse*), throughout the Gallic ranks, and Brennus immediately ordered the combat to cease, and called a meeting of his chiefs. The unanimous verdict of the latter was, "That against all the laws and usages of mankind, which were esteemed the most sacred and inviolable, Ambustus (one of the Fabii) came as an ambassador, but acted as an enemy." Brennus wished to be diplomatic, however; although he had little expectation that his demand would be complied with, he sent a deputation to Rome, requiring that the offender should be delivered up. Affecting to delay only for a reply, he sent back to his own country for reinforcements. The Roman priests did their best to cause the Fabii to be delivered up, as having committed not only a political crime of the highest gravity, but also violated the national religion. But it was of no use. The Fabii were men of great wealth and influence; and it was feared that if they were delivered up, an immediate evil, still worse than that threatened by the Gauls, would be the result. Instead of delivering them up, therefore, they were made military tribunes, and the Gallic deputies retired from the city more irritated than ever. Brennus, however, was rather pleased with the prospect be-

* Coram Romanis demicaturos ut nunciare domum possent quantum Galli virtute cæteros mortales præstarent. Tit. Liv., lib. v., c. 36.

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fore him; for he was now fully prepared. "Their prodigious numbers," says Plutarch, "their glittering arms, their fury and impetuosity, struck terror wherever they came; the people gave up their lands for lost, not doubting but the cities would soon follow; however, what was beyond all expectation, *they injured no man's property;* they neither pillaged the fields, nor insulted the cities; and, as they passed by, they cried out, 'They were going to Rome—they were at war with the Romans only, and considered all others as their friends.'"*

"While the barbarians were going forward in this impetuous manner, the tribunes led out their forces to battle, in *number not inferior* (for they consisted of forty thousand foot). * * Another thing, which occasioned no small confusion, was the *number of persons joined in the command; whereas, before, they had appointed, for the wars of less consideration, a single leader*, whom they called *dictator*, sensible of how great consequence it is to good order and success, at a dangerous crisis, to be actuated as it were with one soul, and to have the absolute command vested in one person. Their ungrateful treatment of Camillus, too, was not the least unhappy circumstance, as it now appeared dangerous for the generals to use their authority without some flattering indulgence to the people. In this condition they marched out of the city, and encamped about eleven miles from it, on the banks of the river Allia, not far from its confluence with the Tiber. There the barbarians came upon them; and, as the Romans engaged in a disorderly manner, they were shamefully beaten, and put to flight. Their left wing was soon pushed into the river, and there destroyed. The right wing, which quitted the field to avoid the charge, and gained the hills, did not suffer so much; many of them escaping to Rome. The rest, that survived the carnage, when the enemy

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* This is very different from the character given by Cæsar of the Suevii, with whom our anti-Celtic friends are so anxious to claim kindred. "It is," he says, "the greatest praise to the States to have very wide deserts about them, their frontiers being laid waste. They consider this a peculiar evidence of their valor, that their neighbors, expelled from their lands, abandon them, and that none dare to settle near them. * * They hold robberies as no infamy which are committed beyond the boundaries of any State. Civitatibus maxima laus est quàm latissimas circum sevastatis finibus solitudines habere. Hoc proprium virtutis existimant expulsos agris finitimos cedere neque quamquam propè andere consistere. * * Latrocinia nullam habent infamiam quæ extra fines cujusque civitatis fiunt.—*De B. G.*, l. vi., c. 13.

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were satiated with blood, stole by night to Veii, concluding that Rome was lost and its inhabitants put to the sword."*

But, as we observed at the outset of our article, the *Commentaries* of Cæsar would be sufficient to show, by themselves, that the Celts were the bravest and most vigorous people of their time, as well as the most ancient in Europe. From the same work we also learn, that of all the barbarians they were the most intelligent—those who knew most about the arts and sciences, and derived most benefit from them. In other words, they were the most civilized people then known, next to the Greeks and Romans. In the *Notia* of Gaul, one hundred and fifteen cities are mentioned, many of them of considerable size and well fortified. No people were more attached to their cities than the Gauls, yet they did not hesitate to set fire to them when assured by their General, Vercingetorix, that the cause of patriotism required they should do so. Of this we have an interesting example in the seventh book of the *Commentaries*—the most ancient authenticated example on record—of a people having destroyed their own cities to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy. Cæsar informs us that, after Vercingetorix had suffered many injuries from the Romans, he called a council of his followers, to which he declared that, "in future, the war must be carried on in a manner quite different from what it had hitherto been; every means must be adopted to prohibit the Romans from *foraging and procuring provisions.* This, he thought, was easy, because they abounded in cavalry, and because they were assisted by the season of the year. Forage could not be cut; therefore the enemy dispersed must necessarily seek it from the houses, all of which could be destroyed by the horse. Moreover, for *the cause of public safety, the advantage of private affairs must be disregarded.* It was, in short, necessary to burn the villages and houses—that is, in a space extending from Boia, in every direction where the Romans might seem able to go for the purpose of foraging. Of these things there was at hand an abundance for themselves, because those, in whose territories war may be waged, would be assisted by their means. The Romans would either not bear the privation, or they would proceed to a greater distance from the camp, with greater danger; nor was it any difference if they killed them, or stripped them of their baggage, *having lost which, war cannot be waged.* More-

* Plutarch, *Life of Camillus*, p. 108.

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over, it was *necessary for the towns to be burned*, which were *not safe from all danger by their fortifications*, and by the nature of the place; that neither may they be as *receptacles for refusing military service for our people*, or exposed to view to the Romans to take away an abundance of provisions and plunder. If these things seemed severe or cruel, they ought to consider that it would be much more severe than this, that their children and wives should be dragged into slavery, and themselves slain, which would be certain to befall the conquered."*

The man, capable of delivering an address like this, was certainly not a barbarian in the modern sense of the term—in no sense, except his not being a Greek or Roman. Had he first proposed to burn the large towns and cities, his followers might have revolted against him; but he proceeds cautiously, step by step; first pointing out the importance of depriving the enemy of provisions; then proposing to burn villages and houses, leaving the cities for the last. He admits that great privations would result from the new plan; but they had to choose between these and evils still greater—slavery, dishonor, and death. Indeed, it may well be doubted whether the famous oration of Mark Antony over the dead body of Cæsar is more ingenious, or more eloquent and persuasive than that of the Gallic general, as reported by his enemy. There was no hesitation on the part of the people, for the next day more than twenty towns of the Beturgii were burned; and in all the other States threatened by the enemy a similar course was pursued. The only town, against whose destruction any question was raised, was Avaricum. It was determined in a general council whether this should be burnt or defended. The citizens threw themselves on their knees to the rest of the assembled Gauls, begging "that they might not be compelled to set on fire with their own hands the most beautiful city in all Gaul, which was at once a protection and an ornament to the State." On this occasion also Vercingetorix acted the part of a statesman as well as a general. He saw that the citizens would defend

* Præterea salutis causâ rei familiaris commoda negligenda; vicos atque ædificia incendi oportere hoc spatio, a Boiâ quoquoversus, quo pabulandi causâ adire posse videantur. * * Praeterea *oppida* incendi oportere quæ non munitione et loci naturâ ab omni sint periculo tuta. * * Hæc gravia aut acerba videantur, multo illa gravius æstimare debere liberos conjuges in servitutem abstrahi ipsos interfici; quæ sit necesse accidere victis.—*De Bello Gallico*, lib. vii., c. 14.

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their city to the last, and knowing that, as they said themselves, it was well fortified, he complied with their wishes, and sent reinforcements to assist them in the defence.

This mode of warfare harrasses the Romans so much—reducing them almost to a state of famine—that Cæsar deems it prudent, according to his own admission, to decline an engagement offered soon after by Vercingetorix. The latter meets with reverses afterwards, however, and is accused of treason. The charges against him are that he had moved his camp nearer to the Romans; that he had withdrawn with all the cavalry; that he had left such great forces without command; that, on his departure, the Romans had come so opportunely and with such celerity; that all this could not have happened accidentally or without design; and that he would rather have the sovereignty of Gaul by the grant of Cæsar than to hold it by their favor. This shows not only that the people too could reason pretty logically, but that they understood and claimed the rights of freemen. They were willing that Vercingetorix should hold the sovereignty directly from themselves; but, much as they esteemed him as a general, they would put him to death without hesitation, could they prove that he was engaged in any collusion with the invader. The defence of the General is very remarkable. He answers each charge in turn, and effectually refutes it. In defending himself from the charge of having withdrawn, leaving so large an army without command, he says that, "on purpose, when departing, he conferred the chief command on no one, *lest he might be driven to fight by the urgency of the multitude; to which thing all are inclined, on account of their weakness of mind, because they could not longer endure suspense.*"*

We need hardly observe, in passing, how applicable this explanation is to our own time. Vercingetorix understood human nature sufficiently well, to know that it required no ordinary firmness on the part of a general to avoid risking a battle at an unseasonable time, in compliance with the clamors of the multitude. What is more, he makes the latter understand the fact; and the result is that they have more confidence in him than ever. "All the multitude shout," says the Roman

* Summam imperii se consultò nulli descedentem tradisse, ne is multitudonis studio ad dimicandum impelleretur; cui rei propter animi nollitiem studere omnes videret quòd dintius laborem ferre non possent.—*De Bel. Gal.*, lib. vii., c. 20.

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historian, "and make a noise with their arms, which they are accustomed to do for those whose speech they approved." Even now he had not all the power in his own hands, for we are told that the people determine, after the trial was over and the general fully acquitted, to send reinforcements of ten thousand men to aid in the defence of Avaricum. Cæsar admits that this defence was maintained with skill as well as bravery. One would almost think that he is speaking of the French of the present day.* "The Gauls," he says, "opposed the uncommon bravery of our soldiers with plans of every kind, as they are a nation of the greatest ingenuity, and very apt at making those things which are imparted to them by any one. For they turned aside the hooks, which, when they had attached, they drew in by engines, and they took away the earth of the mound by *mines, the more skilfully because among them there are great iron mines, and all kinds of mines are known and practised by them.* Moreover, they had fortified the entire wall on all sides with towers, and had covered these with hides; also *in their frequent daily and nocturnal sallies* they either set fire to the mound, or attacked our soldiers occupied in the work; and they equalled the height of our towers as much as the mound daily increased raised these towers. And this they did, having spliced the upright posts of their towers; and they retarded our opened mines from being carried on, by burnt and very sharp wooden stakes, and by boiling pitch, and by stones of very great weight, thus preventing our men from approaching the walls."†

In the next chapter we have a full description of the Gallic walls, whose strength was such as to render them almost inpregnable. In another part of the same work we have a description of the Gallic war ships. The keels were somewhat flatter than those of our ships, says the historian, in order that they might be able to sustain the banks and the departure of the tide more easily; the prows were very

* En tragant les récits de ce long ouvrage plus d'une fois j'ai me suis arrêté d'émotion; plus d'une fois j'ai cru voir passer devant mes yeux l'image d'hommes *sortis d'entre nous;* et j'en ai conclu que *nos bonnes et nos mauvaises dispositions*, ne sont point nées d'hier sur cette terre où nous les laisserons.—*Hist. des Gaulois*, tome iii., pp. 506–7.

† Singulari militum nostrorum virtuti consilia cujusque modi Gallorum occurrebant, ut est summæ genus *solertiæ* atque ad omnia imitanda atque efficienda quæ ab quoque tradantur aptissimum. * * Tum crebis diurnis nocturnisque eruptionibus aut aggeri ignem inferebant aut milites occupatos in opere adoriebantur et nostrarum turrium altitudinem quantum has quotidianus agger expressebat commissis suarum turrium malis adæquabant.—*De B. G.*, lib. vii., c. 22.

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upright, and the poops also fitted to the violence of the waves and the tempests. The whole ships were made of oak, in order that they might bear any force and injury which might be necessary. The benches were made out of foot-beams, a foot broad, fastened with iron rails of the thickness of the thumb finger; the anchors were fastened to iron chains instead of ropes; hides and thin leather, tenderly made up, were used instead of sails, &c.*

It would not be necessary to proceed any further, in order to prove that the Gauls must have attained a high degree of civilization in the time of Cæsar. A people who had more than a hundred large towns, most of them fortified; who, to a considerable extent, cultivated the arts and sciences, and who had such ships as those described by Cæsar, could not be considered as barbarians. But we have further testimony than this. We are expressly told that the Druids gave instruction not only in Greek and Latin, but also in astronomy, geography, &c. The students had so much to learn, says the Roman historian, that many remain twenty years under instruction; nor do they consider it lawful to commit those things to writing, although they use *the Greek letters in nearly all other affairs in public and in private transactions.* This seems to me to have been established for two reasons: because they neither wish their discipline to be divulged to the common people, nor that those who learn, relying on writing, *should cultivate their memory less*, which ordinarily happens to most men; depending on the aid of writing, they relax *their diligence in thoroughly learning and cultivating the memory.* * * Moreover, they discuss and impart to the youth many things *about the stars and their motion, about the magnitude of the world and the earth, about the nature of things, about the power and majesty of the immortal gods.*†

Now, if we turn to any of the Punic wars, we shall find that in these too the Gauls played an important and brilliant part. If any people of the time may be said to have held the balance of power between the rival republics of Rome and Carthage, it was the Gauls. Their alliance was solicited in turn by the Romans and Carthaginians, and whichever side succeeded in securing it was sure to be victorious, as long as they

* *De Bel. Gal.*, lib. iii., c. 13.

† Necque fas esse existimant ea literis mandare quum *in reliquis ferè rebus publicis privatisque rationibus Græcis literis utantur.* * * *Multa præterea ac sideribus atque eorum motu de mundi ac terrarum magnitudine de rerum naturâ de deorum immortalium vi ac potestate disputant et juventuti tradunt.—De B. G.*, lib. vi., c. 14.

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could hold it. This we see amply illustrated in the series of brilliant victories gained by Hannibal, on his first invasion of Italy; and in the final destruction of Carthage. In the former instance, the Gauls had been induced to join the invaders of Italy, partly because they had been badly treated by the Romans, and partly because Hannibal presented them splendid inducements in money and lands. But, towards the close of the second Punic war, they began to see that the promises of Hannibal were much better than his performances. In the mean time the Romans were doing their best to conciliate them—making them more magnificent offers than ever. Both Polybius and Livy tell us that the Gauls were the first to offer any resistance, worthy of the name, to the triumphant march of Hannibal over the Alps. They had been favorable to his cause until they learned that he had attacked and routed troops of Iberians who offered to dispute his march. This led them to apprehend that he was coming, not to strike a blow at the Roman power, but to subjugate themselves; and accordingly they resolved to oppose him. When he arrived on the northern side of the Pyrenees, he found the Gauls assembled at Ruscinon, ready to give him battle. Hannibal did all in his power to reassure them. He requested an interview with their chiefs, protesting that he had come as a guest, not as an enemy, and that, except he was forced by the Gauls themselves, he would never draw his sword against them. In addition to these assurances, he offered to wait upon them at Ruscinon, where they were assembled, if they had any objection to visit him in his camp. They agreed to meet him, a conference was held, at which he removed all their scruples, and a treaty of alliance was the result.

This is the first treaty on record in which honor is done to the female sex. In one of the articles it was stipulated that if the Carthaginian soldiers gave any cause of complaint to the Gauls, it should be preferred before Hannibal, or before his lieutenants in Spain; but that the complaints of the Gauls against the Carthaginians should be judged, without appeal, by the wives of the former.* Nor was this deference to women anything new on the part of the Gauls. "Cette coutume," says Thierry, "de soumettre à l'arbitrage des femmes *les plus importantes decisions politiques*, particulièrement aux Aquitains et aux Ligures, du moins parmi les habi-

* Plutarch, *De Virtut. Mulier*, p. 246.

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tans de la Gaule, prenait sa source dans le respect et la condescendance dont la civilisation ibérienne entourait ce sexe; les hommes, si l'on en croit le temoinage des historiens n'avaient pas à se repentir d'une si pacifique institution."*

It is admitted by Livy, that when the Roman senate sent ambassadors to the Gauls to solicit their aid against the Carthaginians, they were assailed with hisses and derisive laughter, when they boasted of the glory and greatness of Rome; so that the magistrates and chiefs found considerable difficulty in restoring order. After the excitement had sufficiently subsided, the ambassadors were told "that having no reason to complain of the Carthaginians more than they had to praise the Romans, they declined to take up arms against the former in favor of the latter; that on the contrary, they knew that the Romans dispossessed, of their lands in Italy, those Gauls who had established themselves there; and that they imposed heavy taxes upon them," &c. This stern reply enraged the Romans, who overloaded with reproaches the people who refused to be at once their soldiers and their slaves. First it was admitted on all hands, that it was of the greatest importance to secure an alliance with the Gauls; now, because this has failed, the latter are declared to be "ferocious, inconstant, and insatiable for money;"† in short, of such a character that neither Hannibal, nor anybody else, could rely for any time on their fidelity.

They remained faithful long enough, however, to enable Hannibal to vanquish Sempronius, the Roman Consul, at Trebia; to force Flaminus to make a precipitate retreat from Thrasymene; and, soon after, to defeat Terentius Varro and Paulus Æmilius, killing forty thousand infantry and two thousand seven hundred cavalry. Most historians are of opinion that, had Hannibal followed up the successes thus accomplished by the bravery and impetuosity of the Gauls, he might have taken Rome almost without resistance. But he was aware of what might be called the ruling passion of his allies, who were still as fond of wine as when, according to Plutarch, they first set out in search of it; "they so much admired the liquor, and were so enchanted with the new

* *Hist. de Gaulois*, tome i., p. 267.

† Sed ne illi quidem ipsi satis mitem gentem fore (adeo *ferocia atque indomita ingenia* esse), ni subinde auro cujus *avidissima gens est* principum animi concilientur.—*Tit. Liv.*, l. xii., c. 20.

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pleasure, that they snatched up their arms, and taking their parents with them, marched to the Alps to seek that country which produced such excellent fruit, and in comparison with which they considered all others barren and ungenial."* It was precisely because Hannibal was acquainted with their failings in this way that he led them to Capua, after they had gained the several victories alluded to. His object was to afford them temporary gratification, so that they might be encouraged to still greater exertions. But a more fatal blunder he could hardly have committed; for so besotted did they become at the emporium of the rich wines of Italy, that they cast off all restraint, and never again yielded that ready obedience which is essential to the success of all military operations, especially those carried on in an enemy's country. Polybius, the enemy of all imposture, and the most resolute vindicator of the truth of history, informs us in his third book (p. 227), that when Hannibal came to count the number of his slain, at the battle of Trebia, he found that almost all, certainly nine tenths, belonged to the ranks of his brave allies. According to the same authority, the whole force of Hannibal amounted to ninety thousand men, at least seventy thousand of whom were Gauls, when he fought his most glorious battles. "With such a disproportion," says Thierry, "between the nucleus of the Punic army and its auxiliaries, Hannibal was no more in reality than a Gallic chief."†

As soon as the Gauls became demoralized, so that he had to depend on his own men—the Carthaginians and Numidians—his star began to wane, and he was forced to fly from Africanus, who, before attempting to take the field, had used all the influence he possessed to conciliate the Gauls. First, he was successful, as a politician and statesman, in convincing the most formidable enemies of his country that, after all, it was not their interest, but rather their misfortune, to fight against the Romans in favor of the Carthaginian oligarchy. He found it necessary, however, to adduce stronger arguments in proof of this than mere words. Hannibal, no longer receiving his usual supplies from home, was unable to pay his auxiliaries. Scipio, upon the other hand, had the

* Plutarch, *Life of Camillus*, p. 102.

† Avec une telle disproportion entre le noyau de l'armée punique et ses auxiliaires Annibal n'était plus en realité qu'un chef des Gaulois.—*Hist. des Gaulois*, t. i., p. 292.

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Roman treasury at his command; and he freely availed himself of it, as a means of convincing the Gauls.* What the result was, it is needless to say. Carthage fell soon after, never more to rise.

If we follow the Gauls into Asia, there we shall find their exploits, if possible, still more brilliant than those to which we have thus rapidly alluded. In a short time, they became masters of the whole shore of the Ægean sea; they placed Nicomedus on the throne of Bythnia; in short, they forced all the principal states of Asia to pay them tribute. The terror which they inspired among the Asiatics would seem incredible, were it not fully authenticated. "Devant la horde tictosage," says Thierry, "la population phrygienne fuyait comme un troupeau de moutons, et courait se réfugies dans les cavernes du mont Taurus; en Ionie les femme se tuaient à la seule nouvelle de l'approache des Gaulois; trois jeunnes filles de Milet prévinrent ainsi par une mort voluntaire les traitemens horrible qu'elles redoublaient."†

They became a necessary militia, as we are told by the same author, for all the states of the East, whether warlike or peaceful, monarchical or republican. This may seem exaggeration; but Justinian is still more emphatic. Such, he says, was the terror of their name and the constant success of their arms, that no king on his throne believed himself safe, and that no deposed king hoped to be restored if they had not the strong arms of the Gauls in their favor.‡

Now, if we return to Britain for a few minutes, before closing our article, we shall see how true it is that, if the ancient Britons could speak, they might well reproach the modern Britons for their impious ingratitude in denying their kinship, as if they had been an imbecile, cowardly race; whereas, in point of fact, no race could have fought more bravely, or with nobler motives, in defence of their liberties.

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* Nothing pleased the Romans better than to see the Gauls withdraw in whole regiments from the Carthaginians, and they welcomed them eagerly into their own ranks. Les Romains les accueillaient avec empressement et les incorporaient à leur troupes; ce furent dit-on, *les premiers étrangers admis dans les armées romaines en qualite de stipendiés.* Once they had become dissatisfied with the Carthaginians, nothing could retain them in their service. Appian informs us that, after threats and bribes had alike failed, they crucified three thousand Gauls.

† *Hist. des Gaulois*, tome i., p. 192.

‡ Reges Orientis sine mercenario Gallorum exercitu nulla bella gesserunt. Tantus terror gallici nominis, et armorum invicta felicitas, ut aliter neque majestatem suam tutam, neque amissam recuperare se posse, sine gallica virtute arbitrarentur.—*Justin.*, lib. xxv., c. 2.

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To prove this, it is almost sufficient to glance at the history of Caractacus and Boadicea, as written by their enemies. The former formed a powerful league against the Romans. In determining to give battle to the common enemy, with a force vastly inferior in discipline, if not in numbers, to the Roman legions, he ran from rank to rank proclaiming that day as one that would give liberty to the Britons, or chain them into eternal servitude. He recalled the names of the old Britons who had chased the dictator, Cæsar, and protected the honor of their wives and daughters. It was, however, an unequal contest: the Britons, although they fought bravely, were defeated and put to flight. The wife and daughters of Caractacus were captured, and his brothers surrendered at discretion; he had escaped himself, but was betrayed to his enemies. All were brought to Rome to grace the triumph of the conqueror. While his companions in misfortune implored pardon, the undaunted British chieftain approached the tribunal of the Emperor, and addressed him as follows, without, as Tacitus tells us, lowering his eyes, or saying a single word calculated to inspire pity (*Aut vultu demisso, aut verbis misericordiam requirens*): "If with my birth and my success I had observed moderation in my prosperity, I might have come here the friend of the Romans, not their captive; and you might not have disdained the alliance of a chief who is the issue of illustrious ancestors, and the commander of several nations. Now fate has humbled me as much as it has elevated you. I had horses, arms, soldiers, riches; is it strange that I wished to preserve these goods? If, Romans, your ambition wishes to give chains to all, is this a reason that all should accept them? Besides, my prompt submission had not rendered illustrious either my name, or your victory. If you condemn me to death, I shall soon be forgotten; if you spare my life, my name will eternally recall your clemency." There is, if possible, still stronger evidence of a noble soul in his exclamation, on seeing the magnificent palaces of the Mistress of the World: "What!" said he, to the Romans who accompanied him, "you possess all this splendor, and you covet our poor cabins in Britain?"

More heroic still, if possible, was Boadicea. Contrary to her wishes, her husband, Prasutag, king of the Icenes, who possessed immense treasures, declared the Emperor Nero his heir, conjointly with his two daughters, hoping that

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this friendly mark of submission would secure his kingdom and his family from insult. But all in vain. The centurions sacked his kingdom, the Roman slaves his palace. The latter being taken with all the violence of an assault, the soldiery commence their excesses by violating his two daughters, and scourging his wife, Boadicea, with rods. The queen did all that a woman could to arouse the whole island. Mounting her war chariot in preparing for battle, with her two outraged daughters by her side, she addressed the different tribes: "It was," she said, "no novelty for the Britons to march to battle under the command of their queens; but now, waiving all the rights of her ancestors, she came not to reclaim her kingdom and her power; she came as one of the least of her fellow-countrywomen, to avenge her outraged liberty—her body lacerated with scourges, her daughters dishonored. Roman insolence had reached that point that it respected neither virtue, infancy, nor old age. In fine, the gods, seconding a just vengeance, had destroyed the legion which had dared to fight. The others who had remained hidden in their camp, or who only thought of how they might escape, could not bear even the words and the cries, still less the shock and the blows of so many thousands of combatants; with such cause and army they must only conquer or perish; though a woman, such was her irrevocable resolution; as to the men, if they prefer it, they can accept life and slavery."*

The Roman general calls on his legions to despise the menaces of a barbarous horde, that consisted more of women than of soldiers; telling them that there could be but one result of the battle about to be fought—that is, the complete overthrow of the Britons. Boadicea herself appears to have foreseen this, knowing that her undisciplined troops, which were much more a mob than an army, could have but little chance of success against the veteran legions of Rome. But the slightest hope in so noble a cause was sufficient to make a heroine of her, and she tried to infuse her own spirit into all her followers. Seeing her army cut down to the number of eighty thousand; the conqueror not sparing even the blood of the women; and scorning to grace the triumph of her enemy, she took a dose of poison which she had prepared for the occasion; so that she fell into the hands of Suetonius a lifeless corpse. The power of Rome was now

* Tacitus, *Annal.*, lib. xiv., c. 35.

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consolidated; but, sorely disheartened as they were, the Britons still continued to resist.

Because the Druids instructed the people and encouraged them not to submit to the domination of Rome, they were slaughtered like wild beasts; and, in order to justify the atrocities thus committed, the foulest calumnies were invented against the victims. Though the Druids seldom or never fought, themselves, they were the most formidable enemies that even Cæsar had encountered, for the simple reason that they were the thinkers of their time in all Celtic countries. Nor can we doubt that Cæsar had this in mind when he sketched their character. If the picture which he draws of them is not so dark as that given by Livy and Tacitus, we should remember that the latter had their chief materials from the lieutenants of Nero—from the very men who had exterminated the obnoxious priesthood. That the Druids, who were slaughtered by Suetonius, with thousands of women and children, to the great satisfaction of Nero, the most ruthless of tyrants, should have been represented as habitually guilty of the most revolting crimes, is, perhaps, no more than might be expected; but, that the same charges should be reproduced by modern historians, is a fact of a different character. But for this, too, there is a motive. We are not aware of a single instance in which the tyrant's character of the Druids has been adopted, but the writer who has adopted it is anti-Celtic. Sometimes darker tints are given to this picture than those that satisfied Nero; and then it is asked triumphantly what could be expected from a people, the ministers of whose religion were so ferocious and blood-thirsty. But even those who are most incensed against the Druids admit that they possessed some noble qualities—qualities which are certainly inconsistent with cruelty and vice. It is now almost universally acknowledged that a leading object of the Pythagorean religion, or the Metempsychosis, was, to protect the lower animals from ill-treatment. Pythagoras knew well that the most brutal mule-driver might be restrained from cruel treatment of the animal under his charge, if he was led to believe that it is perhaps the soul of one of his own ancestors that animates his body. Cæsar tells us that the Druids inculcated the same doctrine. "In particular," he says, "they desire to inculcate this: that the souls do not die, but after death pass from one body to another; and they think that

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by this men are greatly excited to courage, the fear of death being destroyed."* Maximus Tyrius informs us that the Druidical symbol of Jupiter was a tall oak (*Dissert.*, p. 38). Indeed, there is nothing more remarkable in the religion of the Druids than their veneration for trees, especially for the oak. They not only offered their sacrifices upon them, but worshipped them. All antiquaries agree that a grove was essential to the performance of the Druidical rites; but it by no means follows from this that temples, such as we find in Celtic countries, were not erected in the groves—structures like those to be found everywhere in Ireland and Wales, and in many parts of England, Scotland, France, Spain, and Portugal. Most writers on Celtic antiquities are of opinion that Stonehenge in England is undoubtedly a Druidical temple; and, although it is now situated in a plain, where there is no grove and few trees, we are not to suppose that the situation has always been equally bare and exposed; though its present state is put forward by Mr. Pinkerton and others as an argument against its Druidical character. A similar veneration for trees prevailed among the ancient Hindoos, who were also believers in the metempsychosis. "Man," says the Veda, "is like a high tree, the hair is his leaves, the skin the blood, the hard knots the bones," &c. But we have much more than this, nearer home, to show that a religious veneration for trees was not peculiar to the Druids. Perhaps all our readers are not aware that, according to the Scandinavian Edda, the whole human race are sprung from trees. "Then," says the prose Edda, "the sons of Bor (Odin, Vilè and Ve) went down to the sea shore, *found two trees, took them, and formed thereof men.* The first gave them breath and life; the second understanding and motion; the third gave them a fair visage (beauty of form), speech, hearing, and sight. The man they called Ash, and the woman Erla; *from them descended the human race*, who were assigned their abode in Midgard." Professor Adelung and several other German critics are of opinion that this idea of the creation was suggested to the Scandinavians either by the Brahmins or the Druids. Be this as it may, the latter were loved and honored by the Celts. "They" (the Druids) "are occupied," says Cæsar, "with sacred things; they have charge of public and private sacrifices, and interpret religion. * *

* In primis hoc volunt persuadere non interire animas, sed ab aliis post mortem transire ad alios, &c.—*De Bel. Gal.*, lib. vi., c. 14.

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They determine almost all controversies; and if any crime has been perpetrated, if any murder has been committed, if there is a dispute about inheritance, if about boundaries, they decide it, and determine the recompense and punishment. If any, either in a public or private capacity, should not submit to their decree, they forbid the sacrifices. This is a very great punishment among them. Those who are thus interdicted are held in the number of the impious and wicked; *all avoid them and flee from their approach and conversation, lest they might receive some evil from their contagion, neither is justice administered to them on their petitions*, nor is any honor of the State conferred on them."*

Need we remark that this too affords proof of that Eastern origin which the thoughtless and silly are so ready to laugh at. The testimony of Cæsar is conclusive as to the fact that the caste system existed among the Celts pretty much the same as it did among the Hindoos. It is not alone those of the former who were convicted of heinous crimes, or who set the authority of the Druids at defiance, that were regarded and treated as Pariahs. The lower class often preferred downright slavery—to render themselves liable to be bought and sold—to their general condition as a despised and oppressed caste. "They dare to do nothing by themselves," says the Roman historian, "and are admitted to no councils. Many of them * * declare themselves in servitude to the nobles."†

In time of war, however, this servitude ceased; the slaves declared themselves free; and the nobles agreed, with as good a grace as they could, to what they could not prevent. Thus, in all circumstances, the Celts have ever evinced a strong instinct of liberty. If the poorer class could do no better, they would, as we have seen, become slaves; but wo to the master that attempted to apply the lash to them! Indeed, even in servitude they were free as far as the will was concerned. A Celt, in this position, in the time of Cæsar, Livy, or Tacitus, was no more a real slave than the Irish peasant of the present day is a real Protestant because he accepts

* Nam fere de omnibus controversis publicis privatisque constituunt; et si quod est admissum facinus, si cædes facta, si de hereditate, si de finibus controversia est iidem decernunt; * * si qui aut privatus aut publicus eorum decreto non stetit sacrificiis interdicunt. Hæc poena apud eos est *gravissima*. Quibus ita est interdictum ii numero impiorum ac sceletorum habentur, &c.—*De Bel. Gal.*, lib. vi., c. 13.

† Plerique * * sese in servitutem dicant nobilibus.—*De Bel. Gal.*, lib. vi., c. 13.

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a Bible, and goes to church, when he is hungry and naked, in order to get food and clothes, and then returns to the priest, and laughs at the parson, as soon as the times grow better. Were the Celtic race a people who would tamely submit to oppression, they could not have elicited from their enemies, in all parts of the world, those noble tributes to their valor and courage which none others can boast; for even the Romans admitted their superiority in these respects—the proudest of their historians recording the fact, while boasting of their triumphs over all other nations, that "the Gauls were before the Romans in the glory of war, as the Greeks were in eloquence."*

We were not so sanguine, in commencing this article, as to hope that we could do justice to the Celtic race; but what we did contemplate, we trust we have accomplished—namely, to show those who are so fond of sneering at that people, and representing them as inferior to that to which they suppose they belong themselves; that, although their attempts have already done mischief, and may do more among a certain class, their disparaging statements have no other effect on any intelligent mind than to prove, either that they are actuated by a foolish malice, or, otherwise, have never taken the trouble to read any respectable history of the people on whose characteristics they pass such flippant judgment. The would-be critic of the fine arts who ventures to find fault with one of the *chefs d'œuvre* of Angelo, Titian, or Correggio, declaring the production of a fourth-rate modern artist superior to it, does not render himself more an object of ridicule and contempt than the person who, with a supercilious sneer, pretends to condemn as "inferior" a race on whose eminently *manly* qualities every great historian, let his nationality be what it may, bestows the highest praise.

* Sciebam sæpenumero parvâ manu cum magnis legionibus hostium contendisse; cognoveram parvis copiis bella gesta cum opulentis regibus; ad hoc, sæpe fortunæ violentiam tolerassa; facundia Græcos, *gloria belli Gallos, ante Romanos fuisse.—Bellum Catilinarum.*

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ART. II.—*The Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, D. D., late Head Master of Rugby School, etc.* By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, M. A. 2 vols., 12mo. Boston: 1860.

To MOULD to a new and higher type the institutions of a people, to give increased earnestness and truth to their speculative life, or a worthier and more fertile direction to their active powers—these have been esteemed as achievements marking their agent, in whatever time or country he may have lived, as a man in whom the faculties of our common nature have appeared in unusual measure. Once such achievements are felt and recognized, the broad human verdict is sure. With at least an apparent perverseness, stolidity, and obstinacy, the popular habit and heart—it may be the popular clamor and cruelty—may withstand and hinder the great-souled worker, while yet he is obscured by the dust of the conflict, and seen mainly through the distorting lights of alarmed self-interests. But when the tumult is hushed, whether because triumph has silenced the adverse party, or death has removed the centre and source of the new and agitating truths—when the new order and beauty have arisen and stood forth in realization—when larger benefits, rightly measured from the higher ground of comparison achieved, have accrued to men, it is then that one conviction only finds place in the universal conscience, and that, by those who speak for the race, one judgment only is pronounced. Not only is this a fact touching the feeling and judgment of the men who now live, and who, in their various lines of thought, are called on to pronounce upon the master spirits of the ages, but it has been equally true of men through the whole reach of the historic period, and in all nations that have risen to any high degree of intellectual and institutional life. Thus, the award of a belief in grander inherent powers, where influence has been deep, broad, and lasting, depends on a law of the very thought and intelligence of man.

For a universal fact like this, a ground of like universality must exist. Yet, to isolate this question, and attempt to say *why* mankind accredit an extraordinary measure of original force of intellect, of character, or of both, as the indispensable antecedent to an extraordinary projection of influence upon and into the fabrics of institutions and society—

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this might be exceedingly difficult. Neither does our direct experience, nor as yet do the analyses and generalizations of science establish the fact of such a connection—not even, first of all, the hypothesis that one human spirit or personality *can* possess or consist of a larger quantity or intensity of active and effective potency than another. Yet, to raise the question, is to become aware that the common explanation is the only possible one. Clearly, in this explanation, we are aided by the analogy of observed physical actions. In these, the analogy-seeing intuition of the mind finds warrant for its assurance that the popular judgment is, not merely the only supposable, but also the true one. In physical nature, the greater mass falls with the more crushing effect. The more intense pressure the more completely modifies and marks whatever is subjected to it. So, the Leyden jar snaps off its little charge; and presently the feebly disturbed equilibrium of a small surrounding space is as feebly restored.

Now, we unavoidably feel that phenomena like these, transpiring in material nature, and indicating, each for its magnitude, a force of corresponding energy, are but the counterparts and interpretations of the phenomena wrought in the realm of the human spirit and intelligence, and which are indicative, in like manner, of a variable endowment of the purely spiritual energies. If Shakspeare has expressed to our hearts and heads, alike, more than other poets, and has spoken, at the same time, to a larger audience than it has fallen to any other modern poet to address, this is because, first of all, Shakspeare *was* more than the other poets—vastly more than the generality of men and women. It is all very well for Rusticus to see to it that, over his small domain of acres and interests, the "ends shall meet" as often as the years; and for Urbanus to spare no pains in versing himself in mysteries of etiquette and of the "per cents.;" but no more surely was an Alexander or a Napoleon born to fashion empires, than was an Aristotle, a Bacon, and a Pestalozzi to infuse and incorporate each his own larger personality, his broader thought and deeper purpose, into the very fibre and framework of the manhood of all after generations.

It is not our intention to claim for Dr. Arnold a place with the Aristotles, the Bacons, and the Pestalozzis—creative and organizing minds of the very largest order, of whom the world has possessed so few. But it appears certain that

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Arnold accomplished, in the way of elevating the aims and tone of public education in England, of giving to it a right direction, and of advancing it towards the desired completeness as a working system, more than, at least up to the time when he left the stage of action, it has fallen to the lot of any other individual educator to accomplish. And the impression which he has thus left on the system in England must, in time, though doubtless in a diminished degree, be felt in all countries in which the spirit of English institutions and the use of the English tongue prevail. For this fine essence of thought and influence is of no nationality; it cannot be arrested by political convulsions, nor kept out by bayonets or blockades.

It is true that Bacon, Locke, and Milton, all acted powerfully, and in the right direction, upon the English teacher and school; but their influence, exerted in the outset through purely theoretical teachings, and coming at first only to the philosophic and cultured minds of the nation, has been slow and long in filtering down toward the masses of parents, legislators, and schoolmasters, and has not yet fairly leavened any one of these bodies. What Sir J. K. Shuttleworth, and the normal schools and society originated and directed by him, may in the end accomplish for education, it would doubtless be premature to endeavor now to ascertain. More, we are inclined to hope, at the last, for intellectual development, and the elevation of the humbler classes; but less toward that complete training of the children of the classes blest with leisure, in which the teacher's part towards a right moral and social discipline is of necessity, and by Arnold was in fact, more largely fulfilled. In respect to Bell and Lancaster, it has become evident that the permanent results and benefits accruing in our schools from their labors in no way correspond to the agitation they created in their day; and it certainly requires no very deep analysis to enable us to predict that a like upshot awaits the now loudly-heralded "training system," or teachings by oral "picturing-out," of Mr. Stowe. Grant, now, that we shall not find in Dr. Arnold's intellect and character, nor in his actual instruction, *all* the merits of all his predecessors and contemporaries—indeed, in spite of the obvious lack on his part of certain capacities of mind which some of them possessed, and of somewhat of the truthfulness of aim and method to which in certain directions others have attained, yet, when we view

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his labors in the aggregate, and estimate them by the various criteria of their intrinsic character, the actual and praiseworthy success attained, and the breadth and permanency of the impression made, we must still regard the distinguished Head Master of Rugby as the greatest of British educators, to the middle of the nineteenth century. In point of native genius, and of the novelty of the educational principles which they brought into vogue, we must give to Comenius and Pestalozzi a far higher place. But what the Austrian Comenius was to the rational-mystical German mind and tendencies, and the Swiss Pestalozzi to the abstract mind and tendencies of France and Southern Europe, such was Arnold to the sturdily practical and common sense mind of the British Isles—a fit and true representative of the national character and education. Such a conclusion we find fully attested in his broad and real sympathies with every phase of mind, and every sphere—especially the humbler and more difficult—in life; in his practical grasp and outworking of whatever he grasped at all; in his intensely religious nature, which stubbornly refused to be allured away toward mysticism or dogmatism, on the one hand, or to formalism and the convenient repose of the "whited sepulchre," on the other; but which uninterruptedly flowed out, and more earnestly as his life advanced, in the expression of love and works toward God and the human kind.

A man of so vigorous personality, and who has succeeded in leaving his impress upon the institutions and life of a people, surely affords a problem of deep interest to the student of character, or to the psychologist.

For one who, like Mr. Stanley, had been his pupil and friend, who had shared his feelings, and entered more or less in the very conflicts of opinion and class-interests in which such a man of necessity moves—facts which constitute the best proofs of fitness for the labor he has undertaken, *in* the way in which he undertakes it—such a view of his work as he has given is the necessary dictate of good judgment and taste. Whatever fitting scruples or needful limits may have checked the discreet friend, these do not necessarily stand in the way of the reader, of the general student of character, or the special student of the moral, social, and educational movement of the time. It is hoped that, to some or all of these, an attempt to analyze the powers and expression of a mind which, if not entitled to the award of the highest

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genius, was yet in its activities powerfully genetic and organizing, may not be without interest.

In speaking of this man and his life, it is not our intention—though few lives present us less occasion for that kind of remark which calls forth this qualification—to cramp our portraiture wholly within the lines that a conventional prudery, or over-discreet reticence, or call it by what name one will, has been making so habitual in formal biographies, and peculiarly in those men and women of religious character, that it has seemed at last an essential element for this whole class of cases. By the most eminently proper and Pecksniffian presentation of *half-lives* of remarkable religious or beneficent characters, nothing is gained, but much is in fact really lost. Timid biographers may think thus to exalt and perfect the characters of their subjects; but they do in this way really no more than to extend and fix the sway of cant and formalism. Under such teachings exclusively, every soul, endowed with vigorous personality and passions, is forced ultimately to a conviction, either that the impracticable, moral and social standard of the respectable biographies is wholly false and pretended, or that the real good of society and the interests of moral goodness in the world are to be subserved only by that course of life, at least with the majority, in which the whole carnal nature shall be satisfied in the fact, while a whole sanctified living is to be professed as a theory. Thus is the world, by those assuming—and usually also meaning—to be its best friends, prepared for the alternatives of a wholesale skepticism or hypocrisy. But these truths are too large to be disposed of in a paragraph; and they are only incidentally alluded to here, to explain the (to certain minds) incongruity of anything like the *physical* study of a great religious manhood and life. We take it that, so long as a human soul is in the flesh, all the incidents of the animal life, not less than of the spiritual, fully pertain to it. For the gingerly treading order of the biographers, David, and St. Augustine, and Abelard, have quite lived in vain! There are deep facts respecting the *origin* of every great life and its forces, not less than in respect to the working out of these. And we venture to suggest that it is in the face of such beginnings, and in spite of such affiliations as life unavoidably has, that the real radiance of a noble, reverential and beneficent human soul is most truly to be discovered.

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While Dr. Arnold's parentage and his real life were such as to call for no concealment or equivocation, however, it will be seen that these remarks are by no means preparatory to any curious revelations, there being none to be made, but only in vindication of a slight and brief liberty we shall take in this instance; notwithstanding that we heartily and confidently commend it, in larger measure, to the thoughtful men and women who shall hereafter essay to expound for the reading world whatever of interest may have appertained to the lives of its more robust, many-sided and creative minds!

In respect to his mental traits, and to the education which he himself received or acquired, the first general fact that strikes us is that of the inequality, and almost inconsistency, of his powers, preferences, and attainments. There was quite enough of the many-sided and the puzzling, in his intellectual bent, to mark the *genius;* because there was enough of the vigorous and real to prevent any suspicion of dulness. But though a real genius, one proven in the solidest way by increase of power and influence as long as his life continued, he nevertheless contributes to overset a favorite assumption of certain prosing physiologists, by being both in intellectual powers and sensibilities decidedly precocious. His early education was private, and of the most fortunate kind, being conducted by a maiden aunt, whose sound qualifications were completed by her affection for her young charge.

While yet not seven years of age, he kindles with so much of the "pride and circumstance" of the war then existing, as are presented to him in the naval displays of his native island; sails rival fleets in his father's garden, enacting the Homeric heroes, and accompanying with speeches from Pope's translation of the *Iliad;* loves, recites, and, occasionally, makes ballads, and so is yclept "Poet Arnold;" but yet more: composes a little tragedy, *Piercy, Earl of Northumberland*, already remarkable for "the accuracy of orthography, language, and blank verse metre, in which it is written, and the precise arrangement of the different acts and scenes!" The attention of the prosing physiologists is especially invited to these and like indications. They forget that genius is, in its introduction into this most ungenial world and society, not less than in its outworking while sojourning among us, gifted with almost entire immunity from the rules which hold respecting the mass of men. This large-headed, odd, bright-eyed boy, goes to Warminster School at *eight*,

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and at *twelve* years becomes a commoner, and then a scholar at the College at Winchester, which he leaves at *sixteen;* but he keeps up a correspondence even with his Warminster teachers long after, and takes lessons for himself at Winchester for the polity of the future Rugby. Evidently a bright, forceful, large-patterned boy! But he is yet shy, retiring, stiff, and formal, and talks and writes like one whose thoughts had been too early moulded upon the stately forms of mature books, rather than evolved, in their own fresh and crescent beauty, from the forces taking shape within him. He has, even at this period, strong and numerous friendships.

At this time, history and geography are young Arnold's *fortes*, and his remarkable memory in these and kindred directions already shows itself. In the last year of his life, in the Professor's Chair at Oxford, he quotes Dr. Priestley's *Lectures on History* from recollection—the book he had not read since the age of eight years. At fourteen, he anticipates Niebuhr in finding the Roman history boastful, exaggerated, and much of it probably false. He has strong domestic affections, and an intense love of the places in which portions of his life have been passed, more especially when these possessed natural features of marked beauty. At Corpus Christi College, of which he was in his sixteenth year elected fellow, he is given to vehemence in argument, and fearless in the utterance of views, which sometimes shock his associates not a little; but he is candid, kindly, and affectionate at the same time; and, though over-positive and pugnacious in defence of his opinions, is as slow to give as to take offence; so that after a pell-mell contest, *sans ceremonie*, and against all odds in numbers, he comes off but the stronger friend with his opponents. In truth, he is, at this period, radical, democratic, filled with doubts respecting the grounds of some of the Thirty-nine Articles, and almost a candidate for outspoken heterodoxy. Among the ancient authors, Aristotle and Thucydides are his passion; and then Herodotus and Xenophon. The style of the last three he becomes able to imitate at will; though in composition, generally, he is stiff and labored; in debate, embarrassed and far from fluent. In entire consonance with the other facts recorded in respect to his particular intellectual bent, it is not the logic, but the ethics and rhetoric of the Stagirite, in which he especially delights. His mind is essentially of the matter-of-fact, historical order; but poetical also, at least so far as to depth of feeling

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and facility in coining verse; but in mathematics and music he is wholly lacking; and so little scientific is his bent, that among the physical sciences, only the very tangible and practical one of geology seems much to have interested him. He has at this time some sense of the ludicrous; and his consequent dread of saying irrelevant things is one source of his timidity; but later in life, even this needful element of large intellectuality—the perception of the comical and absurd—seems almost wholly to have retired before a consuming seriousness and earnestness. Mr. Justice Coleridge, who furnishes many of these earlier traits, says that "his was an anxiously inquisitive mind, a scrupulously conscientious heart." He will not, for example, so readily yield his doubts about the Thirty-nine Articles—though he finally quite surmounted them—through scruples, lest his schemes of worldly success and happiness were coming in to take the place, in his mind, of real and solid arguments. We may profitably add a part of Mr. Coleridge's concluding portraiture of the Oxford undergraduate:

"At the commencement a boy—and at the close retaining, not ungracefully, much of boyish spirits, frolic, and simplicity; in mind, vigorous, active, clear-sighted, industrious, and daily accumulating and assimilating treasures of knowledge; not averse to poetry, but delighting rather in dialectics, philosophy, and history, with less of imaginative than reasoning power; in argument bold almost to presumption, and vehement; in temper easily roused to indignation, yet more easily appeased, and entirely free from bitterness; fired, indeed, by what he deemed ungenerous or unjust to others, rather than by any sense of personal wrong; *somewhat too little deferential to authority*," &c.

Plainly enough, we have here material of which, not the visionary or fantastic, but the earnest and real *reformer* is to be made.

Having satisfactorily concluded his college course, though without very marked or brilliant manifestation of talents in any special direction, Arnold remained four years at Oxford, taking private pupils, and reading and taking notes from the libraries; these notes showing, but only occasionally, clear anticipations of some of the views and principles that later absorbed and honored his active years. His scruples of conscience satisfied, he was, in 1818, ordained deacon; in 1819, he settled in Laleham, where he spent nine years in preparing small classes of pupils for the Universities; and in August, 1820, he married Miss Mary Penrose, daughter of the Rector of Fledborough, and sister of one of his early school associ-

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ates. In this quiet life, at Laleham, there were born to him six of his nine children; the remaining three first saw the light at Rugby. In one of these children, Matthew Arnold, poet, all the susceptibility to culture, though with far less of the fire and earnestness of the father, reappears on the stage of contemporary literature. Beyond the assurance that it was an eminently happy one, and much indirect evidence corroborative, we are allowed by the biographer to know extremely little of this marriage. The matron of the Teachers' household at Laleham and Rugby recedes quite out of sight within a little world of presumed domestic duties; but the "elevating influences" of her society, and the "keen sense of thankfulness consciously awakened by every distinct instance of his many blessings, [and] which more than anything else explained his close union of joyousness with seriousness"—these hints sufficiently disclose to us the *light* which that domestic world contained, and which could not be hidden, because it shone in the exalted character and fortune of its head—the faithful and successful instructor. It was at Laleham, and under influences such as these, that the vague restlessness and uncertainty of Arnold's earlier years gave place to the unity of purpose and earnestness of his after life. This man, we are told, walked henceforth in a "deep consciousness of the invisible world." His religion is a real love and adoration, coupled with a profound humility. And yet he is, so he believes, naturally "one of the most *ambitious* men alive." Above all else, his taste would lead him to be "prime minister of a great kingdom, the governor of a great empire, or the writer of works which should live in every age and in every country." Three such great works, at least, he long and fondly meditated; one, an exposition of Government from the Christian point of view; or, "Christian Politics;" a second, a Commentary on the New Testament; the third, a History of Rome. Of these, the first was considerably advanced, but never completed; of the other two there exist only the fragments, inscribed on the hearts of his pupils and admirers. In 1826, he writes: "I hope to be allowed, before I die, to accomplish something on Education, and also with regard to the Church; the last, indeed, even more than the other, were not the task, humanly speaking, so hopeless." He adds the opinion that, while the Church of England seemed to have retained the sure foundation, she "has overlaid it with a very sufficient quantity of

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hay and stubble, which [he] devoutly hopes to see burnt one day in the fire."

It was fortunate for Dr. Arnold, and more so for the world, that the form of government and phase of society in which he lived are such as, whatever their repressive influence in other directions may be, do usually permit the real *αριστοι*, the truly highest and best minds of any period, to find their due position, and to accomplish for men the special work for which the mental constitution of the one party and the needs of the other alike imperatively call!

In 1827, the Head-Mastership of Rugby School became vacant. Upon announcement of this vacancy by the Trustees, a large number of applicants sent in their names and testimonials. Arnold hesitated; when he did apply, he was among the last in order, and to his judges quite the least known. His letters were few and modest; but they spoke unanimously and strongly of his qualifications and worth; while that of the Rev. Dr. Hawkins, an appreciating Oxford classmate, predicted that "if Mr. Arnold were elected, he would change the face of education all through the public schools of England." Through this discernment on the part of a friend, and a responsive good sense and integrity of purpose in the Board, real talent carried it against however much of title, station, or influence of names—we venture to hope that the dry rot of nepotism did not at all come into the contest! And yet, in Arnold's opinion, even then, there was—and known of him so far as he himself had become well known—enough of radicalism and outspoken dissent from received authority in Education, State and Church, to have put a quietus on the man in some regions in which "authority" is presumed to be quite a tractable and harmless affair, and where, it is deemed, independence of mind and manhood is quite the allowable and common possession.

Arnold took charge of Rugby School in August, 1828; receiving priest's orders and his degree of D. D. in the course of the same year. One of the conditions of acceptance with him was, that he should be allowed a very large discretion in respect to all details of the management of the school: the Trustees may approve, or disapprove, of the ends attained in his teaching and government; but he stipulates that he shall be entirely free in the selection and carrying out of the means to these ends. And here, with a larger field before him, his views rise to larger and more completed form. His

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letters show with what earnest and real pleasure he entered into all the departments—of oversight, organization, and labor—required by his new office; and he plainly enough declares in them, as the result at last shows, that this interest is largely that of the innovator upon, and the reformer of, a faulty system of education. But he knows that he is dealing with men; and he publishes his first volume of sermons at this juncture, to correct a prevalent and mischievous impression, that his views were more radical and revolutionary than in reality they were.

Intellectually, a chief evil of the English higher schools at this period was, that they attempted to teach little more than the classics, and these to a limited extent, and in a mechanical way. Morally, their great defect was, that in them the sway of a cold and unsocial routine had quite left unattempted the cultivation of the higher sentiments, or that incorporation of the moral and Christian elements needful to a truly symmetrical character. With both these defects Arnold's large and earnest nature, not less than his quick apprehension of their existence, brought him directly in conflict. He instinctively foresaw in the peccadilloes of the school-boy the vices of the future man, and the perils of the future citizen; and though he did not directly labor to produce a school of Christian boys, this was because by indirect and more far-reaching measures he strove that, out of those turbulent and unreflecting boys, there might in time be moulded a class of Christian gentlemen. With this end before him, he was continually devising fresh plans—proposing and testing new measures. The safety of this part of his course was probably in that limit which discloses, in fact, a fundamental weakness. Had he possessed more of original and organizing power, he would, doubtless, have struck out at the first one comprehensive plan, to realize and perfect which would have employed all his subsequent effort. But revolution, as this would have been, should have come but once; or, if repeated, must have demanded, in the accomplishing, proportionally greater force of intellect and character. Arnold took the system which he found: he did not supplant it; and though perpetually modelling it anew in parts, the general structure was permanent; and his pupils, confused at times with change, learned in reality to approve the motive and to co-operate with the mover, through

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the evident spirit of a search for the best, which pervaded the whole course of his administration. But, besides, the vehement self-assertion of the boy was now more than reproduced in the man; and where *tact* was largely disregarded, it often required all the candor, sincerity, and rectitude of purpose of the new Head Master, backed by all his unflinching firmness, to lay the storms which his impetuous advocacy of the right and the best sometimes raised. In every way, however, he soon became the animating spirit of the vast school of which he had the charge. His biographer says:

"It was precisely because he thought so much of the institution and so little of himself, that, in spite of his efforts to make it work independently of any personal influence of his own, it became so thoroughly dependent upon him, and so thoroughly penetrated with his spirit. From one end of it to the other, whatever defects it had were his defects, whatever excellences it had were his excellences. It was not the master who was loved or disliked for the sake of the school, but the school was beloved or disliked for the sake of the master. * * * Throughout, whether in the school itself, or in its after effects, the one image that we have before us is not RUGBY, but ARNOLD."

And yet this man, who taught the boys of the Sixth Form—the most advanced, and usually about thirty in number; who visited and examined the other Forms at stated times; who had meetings for counsel and advice with his associate teachers; who had not only to devise, but to carry out in greater part the government of the school, and to deal with special crises and cases of delinquency; who found time to ramble with members of own family, or select parties of the boys, over the neighboring country, to boat, to swim with them, to watch their games of ball, and to invite a few of them by turns to his private library; who sat down after a day of such labors in the evening to write his Roman History or his sermons, and who occupied a large portion of the Sabbath in preaching and the other religious exercises called for by his position—even he was not mechanicalized by his absorbing avocations. On the contrary, the *man* ever rose above the *teacher;* and his home life was not less intensely realized—perhaps by so much the more so, as a relief from the steady line of duty in which the larger portion of the day was consumed.

"It was from amidst this chaos of employments that he turned, with all the delight of which his nature was capable, to what he often dwelt upon as the rare, the unbroken, the almost awful happiness of his domes-

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tic life. It is impossible adequately to describe the union of the whole family round him, who was not only the father and guide, but the elder brother and play-fellow of his children; the first feelings of enthusiastic love and watchful care, carried through twenty-two years of wedded life —the gentleness and devotion which marked his whole feeling and manner in the privacy of his domestic intercourse. Those who had known him only in the school can remember the kind of surprise with which they first witnessed his tenderness and playfulness. Those who had known him only in the bosom of his family found it difficult to conceive how his pupils or the world at large should have formed to themselves so stern an image of one in himself so loving. Yet both were alike natural to him."

Arnold was an enthusiastic lover of the beauties of nature; but this seems to have been rather the result of the intensity of all enjoyment and feeling with him, than of that large and overmastering love of beauty in and for itself, which enters indispensably into the truly poetic nature. Very positive in his opinions, and finding great difficulty in appreciating the grounds or feelings of one who opposed views that fully commended themselves to his own judgment, he yet showed a keen appreciation of distress and privation, and not only administered freely to those in want about him, but added to his many other labors that of visiting, and on occasion watching with, the sick poor in his neighborhood.

It will be unnecessary now to sum up at any great length the leading characteristics, or ruling faculties, of Dr. Arnold's mind. We have seen that, among the strongest impelling forces of his life, were his moral and religious convictions; pre-eminently, his love of the right and of the true; his repugnance to all that was mean, false, or hurtful; his benevolence and humanity; and to these we must add withal, his powerful friendship, and strong love of the places that had been his home, of wife, and of children. He lacked that phase of reverence which accepts age as a test of truth: and that facility of management, secrecy, and self-control, which would have aimed at its ends under cover of more plausible and less alarming measures, but, for ends such as his, with extremely little prospect of true success. His was no more the mission to be achieved by cunning, than was the soul his that could endure the employment of such an agency. To the ruling motives of his life must of course be added his love of knowledge, lacking which he must have chosen some other pursuit than that of educator, and among the most potent of all, his frankly acknowledged ambition, doubtless often the sharpest spur under which his intellectual powers

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were tasked to their astonishing labors. But whatever the leading motive or stimulus of conduct with him, two facts tincture and ennoble the cast of his whole being: the first, that he was ever truthful, sincere, transparent; the second, that his was in all things and ways a *real*, and not a *formal* or *factitious* manhood and character. His reality of purpose, thought, speech, action, was intense, unintermitted, known of all men, always the agency and the spirit of his plans, often misunderstood or feared, sometimes not a little troublesome to himself, but, finally, grandly and permanently triumphant. In all ages there is the larger proportion of real characters, to the extent of ability, in the humbler and unnoted walks of life; in any age the greatly real man is more rare than the really great; and it is one of the highest glories of Arnold's character that we must class him unreservedly among the foremost in the more unusual of the two forms of greatness!

Arnold's intellect was strong, clear, vigorous, both in its apprehensions and conceptions, and that both in the perceptive and the reasoning departments; but it was not rounded out to fulness—was, indeed, quite unequal in either. His gift of language (in the sense of words and their symbolism) was strong, clear, and active; yet, with all its native nicety and cultivation, it was never really copious. Of events, places, order, and time, he had a remarkable receptiveness and a retentive and full memory; and he very clearly individualized also those conceptions which lay in the line of his other dominant powers. Possessing these as his strongest perceptive capacities, his could not, by possibility, have been other than it was—the historical, statistical, matter-of-fact mind, the master of the thread of circumstance and of details. But almost wholly lacking, as he did, the appreciation of relations of number, and without strength in perceptions of form, of magnitude, and of mechanical effort, it was just as certainly fixed in the constitution of his mind, that he never could have been the earnest and successful cultivator of sciences, characterized as the "exact"—sciences through which run continually those conceptions of *measure*, *force*, and *number*, upon which, the poet tells us, the Creator has built all things.

How naturally, then, with the *event-seeing* capacity in him, active and ardent, the particular style of events which he did most see and treasure were not as much

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those physical phenomena forever exhibiting themselves under his eyes, and in his very person; but rather those events having their origin in, or their effects upon, the human will, pursuits, and destiny! In the ratiocinative powers, it is evident at once that, of all the relations of things apprehended by him, those of *resemblance* and of *consequence* were the most—indeed, the only—powerful. In relations of distinction—in the ability sharply and vividly to discriminate—he was deficient; and in this fact we find another reason why he could not have had a properly scientific bent of mind. We saw before that he lacked the needful materials; and we see now that he lacked also the requisite acumen and elementalizing power. A third reason will appear when we have added, that the study of his mind reveals but a moderate endowment of the third of the groups of intellectual tendencies—the *inventive*, *creative*, *productive*, or *artistic*, as we variously characterize it.

We have already seen that he did not invent an educational system, but repaired and complemented the old. His was not a mind fertile in hypotheses, or capable of evolving a great work of art in any of the fields monopolized and adorned by the few of great productive genius; nor was he endowed with the power which Aristotle had to invent sciences; which Comenius and Pestalozzi showed in inventing new educational systems; and Bacon and Descartes in casting into recognizable forms the processes and conditions upon which the human mind had always proceeded in reasoning. The whole creative or art-ward tendency was, in Arnold's intellect, its feeblest side. But his intensity of feeling was so great, and his sensibilities were so keen, that, in many ways, his want of this highest phase of intellect would only appear upon close scrutiny; in fact, it is not often that so much of intensity and sensibility is so wholly divorced from the truly ideal and creative faculties, as was the case with him. But the facts remain unmistakable—he produced no system; he even lacked the power altogether of appreciating that noblest and most refining of all creations of the human mind—music, and his very composition, though ever so animated and forceful, shows still a certain hard dryness, just as the process of making language into expressed thoughts was always attended with difficulty to him.

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Thus we discover that his mind was mainly of the generalizing, the analogical order. He continually and readily grasped identities, similarities, laws; and his biographer intimates that the very fact of an *exception* was apparently troublesome to him, so that he sought out the contrary law, and comprehended the exception by ranging it under that. He was inductive also in his reasoning, so far as induction could be carried towards certainty without more of discriminating power; indeed, we may say truthfully, that, in him, induction reverted from the Baconian type of the extant scientific movement, again to the earlier, the Socratic and popular character. But from laws or causes once attained, whether by generalization or induction, he drew sequences with great certainty, and with a power of far-reaching truthfulness, so that his logic was positive and reliable, so far as acumen and subtlety were not required in determining its premises. And here, again, a partial defect in mental power is in him nobly compensated by the rectitude of sentiments that lay behind and actuated all. If something of the keenness to be desired in the dissecting blade of analysis were wanting, there was still in him a truthfulness of purpose and instinct that focalized all the light of his faculties on his subject, and that revealed to him the right end and means from among the crowd of possible or plausible ones, even though he did not wait, or wanted the power to eliminate it logically from its fellows, before making it the object of his choice. We believe the justness of the view here presented, of his powers and tendencies of mind, will appear more fully in the brief account to be given of the principles which he contributed or especially advocated in respect to education.

Of his physical constitution and habits, Mr. Coleridge informs us that, when he left Oxford, "Though delicate in appearance, and not giving promise of great muscular strength, yet his form was light, and he was capable of going long distances and bearing much fatigue." He had thus great powers of endurance, without any of that excess of the physical which would have been too likely to subordinate even the mental to itself. His frequent walks with pupils, or beside the pony on which his wife rode, his trips at bathing and other sports, and gymnastic exercises, helped to preserve, in the midst of his assiduous mental employ-

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ments, the needed balance of activities; and were thus, doubtless, a means of extending a life at best far too short. After the day's business was over, he would sometimes say: "Instead of feeling my head exhausted, it seems to have quite an eagerness to set to work." In his walks, while marking and dilating upon the points of beauty or interest offered by each successive season, he would feel "as if the very act of existence was an hourly pleasure to h[illegible]" Yet it is scarcely possible to doubt that, in a degree, the very intensity of the joyousness, that thus marked so many of the intervals of his school and literary labors, was slowly, but certainly, conspiring with the actual toil to exhaust his constitutional vigor, and thus to prepare him for the untimely end of his career that awaited him.

One who realizes the magnitude to which the question of educational method has now grown, and the vast deal that needed and yet needs to be done towards the advancing and perfecting of that method, cannot, after all, read the life of Dr. Arnold without some sense of disappointment. We do not learn that, in the intellectual department, he did, or really aimed to do, much more than to perform the part of a most admirably clear, accurate, and successful teacher; and such he truly was. His instruction was full of earnestness and life, and his thoughts pointed and presented in a definite and comprehensive form. But he did not go to the root of the matter. He never essayed the very question of method; nor does he seem to have questioned but that the mental processes followed in the schools were about what they should be, so that the right branches were attended to, and the teachers were competent and faithful. His great purpose was, to make of his pupils earnest and religious men. Than this no other object could have been higher; but we claim that, with all his truth to and success in this aim, he might have incorporated more of that other phase of education, which could make them men, not only morally, desiring the right and good, but also intellectually, able more certainly to excogitate the right and good from the seeming and delusive, and to express and enact more effectually what they had thus excogitated. In his mind, the period of adolescence—of the later school years—was one of the gravest dangers to those passing through it. He would hasten the transition as much as

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possible. He would, above all, make his pupils manly and morally thoughtful. Hence, he would have as much as possible done *by* the boys themselves, very little *for* them. Hence, he treated them as reasonable beings, and as gentlemen; never watched for falsehood or trickery, but punished the former, when it was proved, with great severity. Among the pupils of the higher classes, "any attempt at further proof of an assertion was immediately checked: 'If you say so, that is quite enough—*of course*, I believe your word;' and there grew up, in consequence, a general feeling that 'it was a shame to tell Arnold a lie—he always believes one.'" He kept punishment as much as possible in the background; but he resorted on occasion to the rod, especially in the lower classes; and he justified its use.

For two features of his school management, he has been much blamed—his retaining of "fagging," or the control of the lower classes of the boys by the higher, and his practice of *dismissing* those whom he considered as *dangerous* boys, even though guilty of no overt act, justifying expulsion. These are both features in which he is likely to have no imitators in this country; and in which, probably, his example will be, at home, the most short-lived. In respect to fagging, he strove to guard against its evils, and to make the conscientious discharge of a duty of this sort inure at once to the advantage of the younger, and the self-discipline of the older boys; while in regard to the dismission of boys whose incorrigible grossness or viciousness threatened the morals of their fellows, it must be remembered how very large were the numbers he had under his care, and exposed to any such danger; and yet it is probable that he carried this principle farther than he can be justified in doing. It often proved true, however, as he claimed, that the very pupils he thus dismissed were the fit subjects for, and more likely to advance under, private tuition.

In intellectual education, Arnold maintained that classical studies should form the basis; to him, the study of language seemed "given for the very purpose of forming the human mind in youth;" the Latin and Greek tongues, "the very instruments by which this is to be effected." It is not without surprise, however, that we read of one who declared "it was not knowledge, but the means of gaining knowledge, which he had to teach," and who so far dissented from the

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exclusively classical course that had usually held in the schools, as to introduce the modern languages, mathematics, &c., and to encourage the reading of the sciences, that, from having been wholly averse, in his earlier teaching, to the prevailing exercises in writing Latin verse, he later declared himself more and more a convert to the belief in its desirableness. In what way the "means of gaining knowledge" are wrapped up in the dry, technical drudgery of Latin versification, it is hard to see; and as to development and strengthening of faculties, we must ask what faculties will remain unappealed to, when a pupil has rightly studied the grammars and authors usual in pursuing Latin, Greek, German, French, and English, the Mathematics, Geography, History, Physics, and Chemistry? In addressing his teachings to his pupils, however, Arnold's aim and method must be commended. He was not satisfied with merely working through the lessons, but desired to awaken the intellect of every boy in the class. Hence, he questioned much, often rapidly, always pointedly and happily; but the information he directly imparted was always brief; it often failed to satisfy; but the best result was secured, the anxiety of the pupils, to catch and treasure up what was given, was well sustained. But his instruction was simple, and honest, without display; he was ever ready to confess his own ignorance, or to thank a pupil for the suggestion of any new thought.

He strove to interest his older pupils in the vital questions, political and social, of the day; and in all things inculcated upon them the importance of forming their conclusions independently, and not taking them upon trust from himself or others. Here, as elsewhere, however, we must refer the reader, for details, to Mr. Stanley's "Life," and to his own works. As an indication of the sort of influence exerted by such a character and such instruction, we extract a few lines from an account, given by Mr. Price, of the school at Laleham:

"The most remarkable thing, which struck me at once on joining the Lalehám circle, was the wonderful healthiness of tone and feeling that prevailed in it. Everything about me I immediately found to be most real; it was a place where a new comer at once felt that a great and earnest work was going forward. * * * [No pupil] felt that he was left out, or that, because he was not endowed with large powers of mind, there was no sphere open to him. * * * Each pupil felt assured of Arnold's sympathy in his own particular growth and character of talent."

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A few brief quotations may serve to make yet clearer the opinions held by this remarkable man, and his relations to mankind and society. Vindicating himself in one of his letters against the charge of holding erroneous opinions, he says:

"We know that what in one age has been called the spirit of rebellious reason, has in another been allowed by all good men to have been nothing but a sound judgment exempt from superstition."

In a letter from Rugby, in 1835, to a former pupil, he says:

"I suppose that Pococuranteism (excuse the word) is much the order of the day amongst young men. I observe symptoms of it here, and am always dreading its ascendency, though we have some who struggle nobly against it. I believe that 'Nil admirari' in this sense is the devil's favorite text; and he could not choose a better to introduce his pupils into the more esoteric parts of his doctrine. And therefore I have always looked upon a man, infected with this disorder of anti-romance, as on one who has lost the finest part of his nature, and his best protection against everything low and foolish. Such a man may well call me mad, but his party are not yet strong enough to get me fairly shut up," &c.

Again, he writes:

"My abhorrence of Conservatism is not because it checks liberty; in an established democracy it would favor liberty; but because it checks the growth of mankind in wisdom, goodness, and happiness, by striving to maintain institutions which are of necessity temporary, and thus never hindering change, but often depriving the change of half its value."

His position in relation to the Church may in part be drawn from this extract, taken from a letter dated December 14, 1836:

"Suppose a young man, when he begins to think seriously upon life, resolving to turn to God, and studying the Scriptures to learn the way—it is clear that all this stuff about the true Church would never so much as come into his head. He would feel and see that the matter of his soul's salvation lay between God and Christ on the one hand, and himself on the other; and that his belonging to this or that Church had really no more to do with the matter than his being born in France or England, in Westmoreland or in Warwickshire. The scriptural notion of the Church is, that religious societies should help a man to become himself better and holier, just as civil society helps us in civilization."

But he did not rest, though he knew that he was too generally misunderstood as so doing, in mere negations. In 1840, he writes:

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"I am continually vexed at being supposed to be a maintainer of negatives—an enemy to other systems or theories, with no positive end of my own. I have told you how it wearies me to be merely opposing Newmanism, or this thing or that thing; *we want an actual truth, and an actual good.* * * * Many more, I feel sure, would agree with me, if they saw that the truth was not destructive nor negative, but most constructive, most positive."

But a more true comprehension and appreciation of him came at last; and though too late to aid him very materially in his own work, or in advancing the large, liberal, and real views of life he so deeply cherished, yet not too late to cheer him with the assurance of a growing reconciliation between himself and other conscientious laborers for the good of man and society; not too late to give him the only remaining proof needed, that he had been all along in the main right, and that the principles to which his life had been cheerfully devoted would have their influence upon and their ultimate triumph among his fellow men. The change in his position, his biographer lucidly sets forth in the opening of his tenth chapter:

"It was now the fourteenth year of Dr. Arnold's stay at Rugby. The popular prejudice against him, which for the last few years had been rapidly subsiding, now began actually to turn in his favor; his principles of education, which at one time had provoked so much outcry, met with general acquiescence; the school, with each successive half year, rose in numbers beyond the limit within which he endeavored to confine it, and seemed likely to take a higher rank than it had ever assumed before; the alarm which had once existed against him in the theological world was now directed to an opposite quarter [in the conflict against 'Tractarianism']; * * * and many, who had long hung back from him with suspicion and dislike, now seemed inclined to gather round him as their champion and leader."

But to the really earnest, vigorous, and untiringly active mind, one penalty—or, at the least, pain—is inevitable; Arnold did not escape this. By the time when men began to assent to his views, he had already so thoroughly agitated every aspect and bearing of those views in his own mind, that he still saw and accepted their truth in a manner in which even his new sympathizers could not. He had assiduously worked down through so much rubbish of details and conditions, that his now clearer vision placed him, yet alone, far in advance of those who could still accept the ultimately true and good only through some device of conventionality and forms. Thus he was now forced to entertain "a grow-

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ing sense of his isolation from all parties." He began "to regard the divisions of the Church as irreparable," and "to attach a new importance to the truths relating to a man's own individual convictions." "Do consider," he says in one of his sermons, about this time, "the immense strength of that single verse, 'Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.'" Thus, having detailed a little of the ultimate triumph that inured to him in the spirit of his mission and its results, and marked by it how the earnest mind and great heart had still outgrown the measure which his contemporaries could bring forward to estimate him and his purposes by, we may pass over the more formal and tangible, though no less real, triumph with which, on the memorable 2d of December, 1841, he was installed Professor of Modern History in his too long estranged but always cherished Oxford, to reach a place which had never ceased to be one among the objects of his ambition. The unwonted throng that on that occasion, and even at the few subsequent lectures he delivered, crowded the hall in which he spoke, constitute, in some degree, a fitting recognition of the real vitality of thought and of soul in the man; and the general enthusiasm and kindness must have gone far to repay the undeserved misconception and suspicion under which he had bravely toiled through so many years of a most nobly useful life.

The preparation and delivery of the lectures on History, added to the increasing demands of his growing school at Rugby, and the whole enforced by an ambition to realize in every pursuit nothing short of the highest excellence, steadily enhanced his labors, and intensified his activity and exhaustion of power. It was unfortunate that himself or some discerning friend could not have comprehended the danger inhering in such a course of life, could not have felt and urged upon him that, in such unusual exertions, there grows up a condition of *factitious energy*, too liable to be mistaken for genuine vigor, and which, while it unsuspectedly drains the life-forces to their last ebb, continually deceives by the very brilliancy of the flame that attends the fatal expenditure. From a brief attack of fever, in the summer of 1842, Arnold recovered so as to resume his duties; indeed, the season being that of the yearly examinations and the close of the school for the summer, to enter upon the labors imposed on him with an earnestness and an absorbedness never before

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surpassed in his experience. His biography shows how, alike in work and in the keen enjoyment of nature and of the scenes he was passing through, the expression of his active life had reached its climax. The flame had attained a brightness well nigh terrific; but he thought, doubtless, it was but the culmination of the energies of a robust system. He little suspected that the fire was being fed with oil, and that oil the very vitality of those physical structures through consumption of which, alone, in this state of being, can the noblest yearnings or the most intense life of self or soul be expressed. It was afterwards noticed, and we believe the circumstances were not fortuitous ones, how peculiarly earnest and tender became his religious feelings during this period, and how frequently, in all his employments and conversation, there entered allusions in respect to the uncertainty of life, and the probably near approach of death—dim but sure presentiments and questionings of the spirit concerning the change to which it was hurriedly approaching.

After an unusually active day, Saturday, June 11th, during which, while taking a bath, and afterward, he experienced some slight pains about the heart, he retired to rest; and near six o'clock on the following morning, he was awakened with a sharp pain, again in the left side of the chest, and soon extending to the left arm. From his physician, who was summoned, he learned the probably fatal nature of the attack; and continuing in the full possession of his mental faculties, and in a calm, cheerful, and hopeful frame of mind, he died shortly before eight, A. M., of spasm of the heart.

The imperfect endeavors we have already made to analyze the personality of this great and good man, his mental powers, his work and influence, render it unnecessary to add further reflections in this place. We need say only that every such life contains a wholesome rebuke to the spirit of mere conventionalism, too ready to merge into shams, dilettanteism, hypocrisy, and scoffing, and into a real infidelity to the highest truth and virtue, with which every cultivated age is endangered, and, perhaps, none ever more so than our own. But while genuine virtue *must* underlie all true success and happiness, let us rejoice that such lights as the soul of a Dr. Arnold do occasionally burst forth upon society; and let us cherish his memory, so that, if it may be, his positive manliness may become part of our own ideal, and of our achieved character!

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ART. III.—1. *The Abbot Collegiate Institute for Young Ladies;* Fifth avenue, Murray Hill, New York. GORHAM D. ABBOT, Principal. New York. 1861–62.

2. *Ingham University;* Leroy, Genesee county, New York. *Synopsis* Second of the series—Twenty-four of the whole. Councillors, Officers, Students, *Notices*, Terms, *Statements, Explanations, Mementoes*, Departments, Preparatory—Regular. Veritati, Unitati, Utilitati. Rochester. 1858.

3. *Greenleaf Female Institute;* on Brooklyn Heights, opposite the city of New York. ALFRED GREENLEAF, A. M., EDWARD E. BRADBURY, A. M., Principals and Proprietors. New York. 1861.

4. *Van Norman Institute for the Education of Young Ladies.* Rev. D. C. VAN NORMAN, LL. D., Principal, West Thirty-eighth street, Murray Hill, New York. 1860.

MUCH has been said and written on education in recent years; especially on female education. We have now before us some twenty books and pamphlets on this subject; but, strangely enough, they consist chiefly of arguments designed to prove its utility. For one page that contains a practical suggestion, there are at least twenty in which there is nothing but eulogy. It is time that this should be reversed. No elaborate syllogisms are necessary, in our time, to demonstrate that education is useful and beneficial to male and female; for it is one of those propositions to which the most thoughtless, as well as the most intelligent, readily assent. The difference between ignorance and knowledge is as universally appreciated and acknowledged, in all enlightened countries, as that between the mud cabin and the marble palace. But what would be said of the architect who confined his architectural skill to eulogies on the latter? He would never build the gate-house of a palace by such means, not to mention the great edifice itself. Let us suppose, however, that he does build the former; and that, whenever he puts on a new stone, he calls aloud on all his neighbors to wonder at his unrivalled ingenuity, speaking of the palace, at the same time, as if he were the builder of that too. In this it will be admitted that his ambition and vanity would be somewhat greater than his modesty. Yet he is not a whit less modest, or less entitled to the consideration which

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he claims for himself, than a certain class of our self-styled educators.

We do not mean to apply this remark to American teachers alone, who are naturally no more disposed to boast, or to impose on their patrons by "fair speeches and fine promises," than their brethren of any other country with whose manners and customs we are acquainted. But it must be remembered that, in most of the states of continental Europe, incompetent persons are no more permitted to practise the business of teaching than that of medicine or law. In France, for example, no one can advertise himself as a teacher, even of children, without having undergone an examination, and obtained a certificate as to his qualifications. Nor can he pretend to teach a school or class of a higher grade than that for which he has been found qualified; though, if he thinks he has improved, he may at any time call for a new examination; and if his claim proves to be well founded, he is furnished with a new certificate, which qualifies him for a higher grade. In this country and in England, where no such laws exist, we must expect to find quack teachers as abundant as quack doctors; nor is it by any means clear, that the latter do more harm than the former.

We yield to none in appreciation of the better class of our schools and seminaries. Far from disparaging them, we hold that there are those amongst them which will bear comparison with the best of their kind in the world, and this is particularly true of our female seminaries. Of our principals of schools, as well as publishers, it may be said that it is those that give the worst article that say most in its praise. There are certain of the latter who seem to think that it matters little what the contents of a book are, as long as it contains illustrations, and has a liberal display of tinsel on the cover—especially if it be intended, chiefly or wholly, for ladies; and need we ask whether there are not ladies' seminaries which place equal confidence in making a fine show? A ladies' school should be fitted up with neatness and taste. At best, it should have no more superfluities in the way of embellishments than a respectable private dwelling; but rather less. Even in Paris, so famous for love of display, the most celebrated and respectable young ladies' seminary is one of the plainest houses in the city, in its internal arrangements, though situated in the Rue Rivoli, which corresponds with our Fifth avenue. With the exception of the large

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hall, occupied as a picture gallery, the walls of all the rooms are perfectly plain. They have a thin coat of amber-colored paint, but no further adornment. Yet this is a fashionable, not what is called a religious, school; it is one at which not only the proudest of the daughters of the French *noblesse* are educated; but it has also the honor of finishing the education of not a few of the richest and proudest heiresses to English and German coronets. Nowhere in the world, except, perhaps, in Turkey, is there a similar establishment which contrasts so strikingly with this, in the manner alluded to, as one which we have visited in this city—no matter, now, in what part thereof. Indeed, such a display of gilding and mirrors we have never seen anywhere; not even in the most gorgeous steamboats on the Hudson, the Mississippi, or the Rhine. If the design were to inspire young ladies with a love of ostentation and display, and with a contempt for simplicity and chasteness, no more effectual means, it seems to us, could be adopted than these. Such tawdry scenes may be suitable enough for a theatre, where the most regular attendants only see them occasionally; but to be surrounded with them at boarding school—at a place represented as a model home—is, to say the least, not calculated to give very correct notions of taste in domestic affairs.

Assuming this elaborate tinselling to be harmless in itself, however useless, men of sense are very apt to think, without being at all ill-natured, that it is emblematic of the teaching done at the same establishment; for what high-sounding names and exaggerated praise are to branches and systems of education, a profusion of mirrors and of brass is to a schoolhouse. At least, such has been the opinion of the best thinkers and most accomplished scholars, from Plato to Pestalozzi, including Lady Jane Grey, Queen Elizabeth, Madame Dacier, Madame de Sevigné, and we believe we may add Mrs. Emma Willard and Mrs. Lincoln Phelps, the two most successful female educators of our own country. Lady Wortley Montagu has said nothing more true, in her admirable letter on female education, to her daughter, the Countess of Bute, than that "it is the common error of builders and parents to follow some plan they think beautiful (and perhaps is so), *without considering that nothing is beautiful which is displaced.* Vistas are laid open over barren heaths and apartments contrived for a coolness, very agreeable in Italy, but killing in the north of Britain; thus every woman endeavors to breed

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her daughter a fine lady, qualifying her *for a station in which she will never appear*, and at the same time *incapacitating her for that retirement for which she is destined.*" The same lady reminds her daughter "that the use of knowledge in the female sex, besides the amusement of solitude, is to *moderate the passions and learn to be contented with a small expense.*" Now, we would ask, are such gorgeous exhibitions as those alluded to calculated to produce either of these results? nay, are they not calculated rather to *excite* the passions, especially pride and discontent?

With these few general observations as an introduction, we select three or four catalogues of ladies' seminaries, from about a score of others placed on our table, and proceed to make such remarks on each as may occur to us as fair and just, and at the same time calculated to serve the cause of education. Even in despotic countries, a school that depends on public patronage for its support is held to be a legitimate subject of criticism. It ought to be as much so anywhere as a book, or work of art; because it is a much more potent instrument for good or evil than either. At all events, we merely give our impressions, and we wish these to receive no attention further than they are found to be strictly correct. But it is proper to say, that we do not base our opinions solely on the pamphlets of the different schools, at the head of our article, except in one instance—that of the "Ingham University"—we have made it our business to visit each; and in this exceptional case we shall confine our observations to the pamphlet itself.

The first that claims our attention is, "The Abbot Collegiate Institute," sometimes ill-naturedly called the "Sarsaparilla School," for no better reason than that the edifice which it now occupies was built by Dr. Townsend, of Sarsaparilla fame, as a private residence, a purpose for which it is perhaps better suited than for a school, much less a College or University. As the institution has but recently received its present title, we may observe that it was formerly called "The Spingler Institute," but in another part of the city; and how many other appellations it may have borne at different times, we cannot undertake to say. Let the house at the corner of Thirty-fourth street be suitable, or not, for a ladies' seminary, none will deny that it is an elaborate and sumptuous, if not magnificent or elegant, specimen of architecture. According to our notions, it is a gloomy pile, of no

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particular style; but probably the ladies regard this feature of it as relieved, if not counterbalanced, by the brilliant embellishments of the interior; though we confess that the latter struck us as somewhat theatrical, and by no means in keeping with the new use to which the building has been devoted. This, however, is simply a matter of taste, and we do not profess to be critics in upholstery. At any rate, it seems we are mistaken, for the Principal tells us, at page 11 of his pamphlet (first page of descriptive matter), that, "*convenience and beauty have combined to make the scene of education* ALLURING, *and to exert a constant, insensible influence upon refinement and taste, in manners and in mind.*"

True, we are not informed how all this is done; but, that it must be in some mysterious way, can hardly be doubted. How convenience can combine with anything to *allure*, in an honest or modest way, is one of the many problems which we cannot solve; but doubtless the "insensible influence upon refinement and taste, in manners and in mind," is produced by the aristocratic neighborhood, though this is giving it credit for a virtue scarcely less potent than any claimed for sarsaparilla itself.*

The superior value of the whole establishment, as a means of "elevating the standard of education for young ladies," is made to appear from the amount that each department has cost in dollars and cents. Thus we are told triumphantly that the edifice represents "two hundred and fifty thousand dollars" (p. 11), the money being given in capital letters. It is

* Since writing the above, a friend has mentioned a little circumstance to us, which may serve to shed some light on the subject. It seems that, when the Prince of Wales visited this country some two years ago, it was suggested by the Principal of "The Abbot-Collegiate Institute," in a letter, of which a copy was addressed to several papers, that, as a mark of peculiar attention and esteem on the part of our authorities, they might offer his Royal Highness apartments in that institution, in which he could hold his levees, receive addresses, &c. Whether it was supposed that this would exert an "insensible influence" on the manners and minds of the young ladies, we cannot pretend to say. At all events, we are not aware that the experiment was made; we rather think not, however; for certain editors so far forgot themselves as to make such ill-natured remarks on the proposition as, that, even in an English ladies' boarding-school, or female University, if any such institution exists in the United Kingdom, that privilege would not be allowed to the King himself, when there was a King. This, we are told, was accompanied with other remarks of a kindred nature, but which we prefer to omit. We have it on the same authority that among some queries, more or less impertinent, made by the same parties, was this: "Would it not be somewhat more suitable to invite his Royal Highness to a male school than to a female school?" or, if the phraseology is preferred, to a Male University than to a Female University?

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not stated how much of this is represented by the "embellishments," and the privilege of having neighbors of so much culture and refinement; but the sum must undoubtedly be large. At all events, after an enumeration of a goodly number of advantages which the institution is said to have, we are informed that "all are intended to be worthy of a UNIVERSITY of young ladies in our city." That it is a University is the idea most prominently put forward throughout the pamphlet; and the "notices of the press" which, properly enough, serve as a sort of appendix, are headed with the title, "A Female University." Now, when it is remembered that a University generally consists of several colleges, we think that it will not seem either modest or proper to call the institution under consideration by that name. In order, however, that we may do no injustice in the matter to the Principal, we quote his own words, as printed before us, capitals, italics, note of exclamation, and all:

"The great aim of the Institution has always been, to provide for *daughters* privileges of education equal to those of *sons* in our Universities, Colleges and Halls. It had its orgin in a careful examination of educational endowments, both in Europe and America. In many instances, *hundreds of thousands of dollars*, and in some, MILLIONS, were invested in providing educational appliances, of every variety, and on the most ample scale, for *sons*. It did not appear that there was in the world a single Institution for the education of *daughters*, with a well distributed endowment of a *hundred thousand dollars!*"—p. 12.

It evidently does not occur to the Rev. Dr. Abbot that there are certain sciences which "sons" have to learn, that would not be very useful to "daughters." Admitting that the latter may be excellent physicians, and very wise legislators, as well as good teachers, painters, sculptors, &c., there is yet some doubt, even among the most ambitious and enterprising of themselves, as to their qualifications for the business of navigating vessels, exploring new countries, commanding large armies in war times, on land or sea, acting as advocates in courts of justice in "delicate" cases, or as judges on the bench. It will hardly be denied that a certain amount of study and training is necessary for each of these positions; and, perhaps, some others could be added, of which the same may be said. Undoubtedly, ladies may be, and often are, good linguists; they learn nothing better than languages—the use of *tongues;* yet we have no female Bopp, Grimm, or Prichard. Comparative philology, one of the most

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valuable of sciences, owes little, if anything, to the gentler sex. We have never known a lady yet that could institute intelligent comparisons between the Coptic, the Sanscrit, the Zend, and the Hebrew. Good female astronomers there have been; but no female Galileo, Kepler, Copernicus, Newton, or Descartes. Even in works of imagination, they do not altogether equal the ruder sex; for we have no female Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, or Milton. What is stranger still, the world has yet to produce a female Phidias, Angelo, Raphael, or Canova.

But, assuming woman to be intellectually equal in every respect to man, still there remain those positions for which women are deemed unsuited, by the wisest of all ages and nations; and in general they are such as require most study and preparation. What, then, is there so very absurd in the disparity spoken of in the above extract? Would it not be more absurd to require the young lady, who has to enter on the duties of a matron perhaps at the age of eighteen, or twenty, to go through as extensive a course of study as the young man who devotes himself to the bar, the army, or the navy? And since it is thus clear that females do not require as much learning as males, why expend as much in educating the former as the latter? Let every necessary facility be afforded, by all means, for educating the one as well as the other; but to maintain that, because the education of sons costs a certain sum, an equal sum ought to be devoted to the education of daughters, is about as sensible and logical as to maintain that, because a lady sometimes pays twenty dollars for a bonnet, a gentleman ought to pay an equal amount for a hat, if he has a due regard for the rights and privileges of his sex!

But the Rev. Dr. Abbot speaks of female education as if no female had ever been educated anterior to his time. That his mission is, to "elevate the standard of female education," we are everywhere reminded in the pamphlet before us. Nor is it any longer an experiment, for he tells us that "the result of the undertaking has been eminently successful" (p. 12); so successful that "there is scarcely a State or territory in the Union from which deputations *or correspondence* have not been received, with the view to the introduction *elsewhere* of some of the features of its system of education" (pp. 12, 13). Now, far be it from us to question the sincerity of the learned Principal in all he tells us in this way; extravagant as most of it is, he has a right to expect that we

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shall believe in his veracity, if not in his judgment, and we are making the best effort we can to do so. It may be that he has not visited many other female schools; and the best meaning people in the world may be led to mistake mole-hills for mountains, if they have not been used to the latter. This, we may observe in passing, is forcibly illustrated by a well known French fable, entitled The Rat and the Oyster (*Le Rat et l'Huître*). The little quadruped, we are told, being rather deficient in brains (*de peu de cerville*), grew weary of living in solitude, and took it into his head to travel. He had only proceeded a few miles, when he began to make philosophical reflections on the vast extent of the world. One little hill he takes to be the Alps, and another the Pyrenees. "Voilà" he says, "les Alpes, et voici les Pyrénées." On reaching the sea, he mistakes some oysters for ships, and finding one open he puts in his head to help himself to the dishes, and gets caught as in a trap. We wish no such evil as this in the present case; we refer to it merely to show that, with the most benevolent intentions, one may exaggerate his own importance, and everything he has to do with, even to his ruin.

Seriously, it shows lack of intelligence, or a still worse defect, to maintain that the standard of female education is higher now in the Fifth avenue, or anywhere else, than it was in former times in other parts of the world. No historical fact of early times is better authenticated than that ladies used to lecture on the sciences before the Alexandrine School. The accomplished daughter of Theon used to lecture on mathematics to scholars and scientific men from all countries, from behind a screen, lest her beauty might divert the students from the contemplation of the subject under discussion; and similar scenes have been witnessed in our own time, in the most learned universities of Italy. We are told that Queen Cleopatra was familiarly acquainted with at least sixteen languages, including Greek, Latin, Persian, and Arabic. Strype, in his "Life of Archbishop Parker," informs us, that Anne, the mother of Lord Bacon, corresponded in Greek with Bishop Jewel, and translated his *Apologia* from the Latin so correctly, that neither he nor the Archbishop could suggest an alteration. Still more learned was Mildred, the wife of Lord Burleigh, who, according to Ascham, the Latin Secretary of Queen Elizabeth, was the best Greek scholar in England with the excep-

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tion of Lady Jane Grey. Madam Dacier was perfectly acquainted with the principal Greek poets in the original, and her renderings of difficult passages in Homer are among the most ingenious and elegant we have; and Elizabeth Barrett Browning translated the *Prometheus* of Æschylus while a mere girl. We might easily extend this list, and give a similar list of ladies versed in modern languages, in the sciences and the arts—as well versed, we suspect, as any that have ever been, or ever will be, educated in the Abbot Collegiate Institute. To prove this, it would be almost sufficient to mention one American lady, *i. e.*, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, one of the most accomplished linguists of her time.

The truth is, that there is nothing new in the silly fuss that has recently been made about "Female Universities." A certain class of educators—chiefly ladies, vulgarly called old maids—have been maintaining for centuries that ladies require to be at least as learned as gentlemen, if, indeed, not more learned. It was so more than two hundred years ago, when Molière wrote his *L'École des Femmes*, *La Critique de l'École* and *Les Femmes Savantes*, each of which was written for the express purpose of ridiculing precisely such affectation.*

In the time of Addison, Steele, Swift and Pope, the same pedantry was an object of ridicule in England. Of this we have evidence throughout the *Spectator*. The following extract will serve as a specimen of the style in which it was laughed at by those who could not be charged with want of appreciation for intellectual culture in the female sex; it purports to have been written by an honest shop-keeper, whose spouse had brought him to the brink of ruin by her superior learning. "My wife," he writes, "at the beginning of our establishment showed herself very assisting to me in my business, as much as could lie in her way, and I have reason to believe it was her inclination; but of late she has got acquainted with a schoolman who values himself for his great

* This is particularly true of *Les Femmes Savantes*, which is one of the best comedies ever written. The second scene of the third act is particularly amusing, and most effective in its satire—especially that part in which Trissotin is induced to read his sonnet to the Princess Uranie, for Belise, Armande, and Philaminte, each praising every line as he proceeds. After having been repeatedly interrupted, when commencing to read, he is at last allowed to proceed. Ah! le joli debut! exclaims Belise. *Armande.* Qu'il a le tour galant! *Philaminte.* Loui seul des vers aisés possède le talent. * * J'aime *superbement* et *magnifiquement*, ces deux adverbes jointe fort admirablement. * * *Belise.* Ah!

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knowledge in the Greek tongue. He entertains her frequently in the shop with discourses of the beauties and excellencies of that language, and repeats to her several passages out of the Greek poets, wherein, he tells her, there is unspeakable harmony and agreeable sounds, that all other languages are wholly unacquainted with. He has so infatuated her with this jargon that, instead of using her former diligence in the shop, she now *neglects the affairs of the house*, and is wholly taken up with her tutor in learning by heart

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tout deux! laissez moi, de grace, respirer. *Armande.* Donnez-nous, s'il vous plait le loisir d'admirer. o o o

Amande. C'est faire à notre sexe une trop grande offense,
De n'entendre l'effort de notre intelligence
Qu'à juger d'une jupe, on de l'air d'un manteau,
Ou des beautés d'un point, ou d'un brocart nouveau.

Belise. *Il faut se relever de ce honteux partage,*
Et mettre hautement notre esprit hors de page.

Trissotin. Pour les dames on sait mon respect en tous lieux;
Et, si je rends hommage aux brillants de leurs yeux,
De leur esprit aussi j'honore les lumières.

Philaminte. Le sexe aussi rend justice en ces matières;
Mais nous voulons montrer à de certain esprits,
Dont l'orgueilleux savoir nous traite avec mépris,
Que de sciences aussi les femmes sont meubles;
Qu'on peut faire, comme eux, doctes assemblées,
Conduites en cela par des ordres meilleurs;
Qu'on y veut réunir ce qu'on sépare ailleurs,
Mêler le beau language et les hautes sciences,
Découvrir la nature en mille expériences;
Et sur les questions qu'on pourra proposer,
Faire entrer chaque secte, et *n'en point épouser.*

Trissotin. Je m'attache pour l'ordre au péripatétisme.

Philaminte. Pour les abstractions, j'aime le platonisme.

Armande. Epicure me plait, et ses dogmes sont forts," &c.

In Scene V. of the same act, the satire is still more trenchant. Trissotin introduces Vadius, a savant, as a Greek scholar:

Philaminte. Du grec ô ciel! du grec! il sait du grec, ma sœur!

Belise. Ah! ma niece, du grec!

Armande. Du grec! quelle douceur!

To afford some tangible proof of her love for Greek, Philaminte embraces the new comer.

Philaminte. Quoi! monsieur sait du grec! Ah! permettez, de grace,
Que, pour l'amour du grec, monsieur, on vous embrasse.

The savant embraces both, and then proceeds to favor Henriette in a similar manner; but she declines, on the ground that she does not understand Greek. The whole party sit down.

Philaminte. J'ai pour les livres grecs un merveilleux respect.

Vadius apologises to the *bas bleux* lest his coming may have interrupted some learned discussion; but he is assured that nothing wrong can be done by one understanding Greek.

Philaminte. Monsieur avec du grec on ne peut gâter rien.

Molière—*Les Femmes Savantes*, Acte III., Scenes ii.-v.

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scraps of Greek, which she vents on all occasions. She told me some days ago, that, whereas I use some Latin inscriptions in my shop, she advised me, with a great deal of concern, to have them changed into Greek, it being a language less understood, would be more conformable to the mystery of my profession; that our good friend would be assisting to us in this work, and that a certain faculty of gentlemen would find themselves so much obliged to me that they would infallibly make my fortune. In short, her frequent importunities upon this and other impertinences, of a like nature, make me very uneasy; and, if your remonstrances have no more effect upon her than mine, I am afraid I shall be obliged to ruin myself to procure her a settlement at Oxford with her tutor, for she is already too mad for Bedlam."* In No. 66 of the same work, we have a letter from a suffering husband, on fashionable education. In No. 328 another husband has a long and lugubrious complaint to make against his wife's accomplishments, or, rather, against the bad use she makes of them; but it is needless to pursue this branch of our subject at further length. We cut it short, all the more readily, because we do not apprehend the least danger from an excess of learning obtained at "The Abbot Collegiate Institute." Indeed, in our opinion, its graduates are as safe in this respect as those of the famous college, which, according to Tom Hood,

> "Looketh south and west alsoe,
> Because it hath a cast in windows twain;
> Crazy and cracked they be, and wind doth blow
> Through transparent holes in every pane."

We are willing to excuse the Rev. Mr. Abbot, however, for being so anxious that his school should be regarded as a university, because, it seems, that it was from a similar institution he obtained his highest, if not his only, academic honor—namely, from the "Ingham Female University"—to which, we are told, he is indebted for the degree of LL. D., and the title of whose descriptive catalogue we have placed at the head of our article.

As already observed, we know nothing of the Ingham University, further than we learn from the pamphlet referred to, which is certainly a curiosity in its way. For aught we

* *Spectator*, No. 278, Jan. 18, 1711.

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know to the contrary, the honors of the former may rank higher than those of any other institution in our country; for we confess we had never heard of it before. At all events, nearly two thirds of its "faculty" are of the gentler sex; it consists of sixteen ladies and six gentlemen, one of the latter bearing the title of Colonel, though appointed to the Vice-Chancellor's chair some time before the present war. Mrs. Marietta Ingham is styled "Principal *Extraordinary*," and we think, with all due deference, that she might be called an extraordinary professor, with equal justice and truth, since the "chair" which she occupies is that of "*health*" and "*economics*."

With such a large majority of female professors, it is not strange that the old terms applied to different classes of students, such as Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors, &c., have been set aside, as no longer suitable in this enlightened age; and in their stead we have such a very appropriate and expressive nomenclature as Palmarians, Amplians, Cardians, Novians, Mathians, second grade Mathians, first grade, and Supernumeraries. The strict propriety of each of these titles is proved by an exuberance of learning and logic; neither of which, however, we pretend to understand; a fact that shows, we fear, but too plainly, that we are in the benighted condition so elegantly described in the following paragraph:

"Some seem to doubt, at least are very indefinite, about anything like system, in the education of woman—*the relics of a barbarism, or fog*, not *soon exhaled*, by *the morning light of superior Christian civilization!* Yet—*the sun is risen*."—p. 20.

Those sinners who have money, but decline to contribute it for the benefit of the Ingham Female University, are scolded, as they so well deserve, by the Principal Extraordinary, who, however, refers their chief punishment to a higher tribunal, thus: "If those who ought, *will not* do anything for this cause, through avarice, there is ONE who sees, and can avenge it; in this world, as well as the other! *There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.*"—p. 22.

Neither the exclamation point, the index, nor the italics are ours; we give all just as we find them. In the midst of a great deal which, in our opinion, is absolutely silly, if it has any meaning at all, we occasionally meet with a remark that may be compared to an oasis in a desert; such, for example, as the following: "Only a proper and capable

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teacher is worthy of confidence and patronage." This is very true; but, if we are to judge from the style of the pamphlet, it is rather against the "Ingham University." We should not like to say so, however, were it not that we are told, with characteristic emphasis, that "The Christian public ought not to forget that this University is no longer private property." Whether we shall be regarded as belonging to the Christian public here alluded to, is, however, another question.

The "Greenleaf Female Institute" may be regarded as combining the more salient characteristics of the two female Universities. It yields to neither in "fine promises." Nothing is too abstruse or profound to be learned, even to perfection, within its precincts. Nor does it matter at what period of life the student enters its halls; whether at the age of ten, or five times ten, it is all the same; the same great end is attained.

"Pupils are admitted *at any age*, and at any time, being charged from entrance, and are enabled, by a well-directed course of studies and exercises, to attain to *any desirable proficiency in science and literature*." —p. 11.

This is no casual remark on the part of the Principals, who give their reasons for undertaking to teach—no matter what; assuring us that, "familiar with the methods and management of the best educational establishments, both at home and abroad, (they) devote their entire time and attention to the education and supervision of their pupils. They are aided by an able corps of THOROUGHLY QUALIFIED TEACHERS; and their AIM is to secure to each pupil intrusted to their care *good health and accomplished manners*, as well as the inestimable advantage and benefit of a well developed, well disciplined, and *well-balanced* mind."—p. 12.

Thus, it will be seen, that the Greenleaf Institute leaves nothing to be desired. Ladies, stricken in years, that have grown tired of the vanities of life, may here become *savantes*, enjoying all the advantages of a nunnery, with few, if any, of its inconveniences. None need have any fear as to their physical constitution, for good health will be secured to them; nor need those, whose manners had been neglected in their youth, despair of becoming fine ladies; what is more important still, if possible, suitable efforts will be made to keep their minds "*well balanced*;" so that the Greenleaf Institute combines the advantages of all other institutions

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which human ingenuity, science, and skill have hitherto invented for the benefit of the mind, body, and soul of the fair sex.

The regular course of instruction in the "collegiate" class is, as might be expected, of a very high order; and such is its extent that, so far as we can remember, it omits nothing which a veritable *savante* ought to know. We need hardly say, therefore, that it includes geometry, algebra, trigonometry, astronomy, geology, Latin, Greek, French, Italian, Spanish, German, &c. Among the minor studies of the same class are criticism, æsthetics, analysis of Milton and other poets, rhetoric, logic, &c., &c. It has not been our privilege to see Milton or any of his brother poets analyzed by the students of the "Greenleaf Institute," but we are willing to believe that the *analysis* is complete.

It may be supposed that it would require a large number of professors to teach all the branches, of which those mentioned are but a small portion; but nothing of the kind! The two Principals, themselves, possess all the necessary resources and qualifications. Thus, the Senior Principal is announced as professor of "*moral and intellectual science*, English *and general literature*." (p. 4.) Without undertaking to discover what sciences may be included under the head of "moral and intellectual," we may ask what is it, in the literary way, which may *not* be included in "general literature?" May it not include the literature of China, Arabia, Japan, Russia, Persia, &c., &c.? If it does not, however, the matter can be easily settled; for, if there is any one thing in the whole circle of knowledge, sacred or profane, within the compass of mortal ken, which the Senior Principal does not understand, the Junior knows all about it! In this we may seem to give him too much credit; but it is no more than he claims; since he calls himself professor of "*natural sciences, mathematics, and ancient languages and literature.*" (p. 4.) Boileau, the French Horace, mentions a variety of studies, and says, in some of his finest lines, that one might as well drink the sea (Tout cela, c'est la mer à boire) as to pretend to be acquainted with all. If this be true, it would be nearly as easy to eat half the Pyrenees mountains after drinking the Mediterranean, as to learn all these two gentlemen are capable of teaching. The individual who discovered, or, rather, invented, the art of manufacturing nutmegs from hickory wood, is justly famed for his ingenuity; but

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we think it will be admitted, that some of the professors in our female colleges may claim to rival even him, at least in the faculty of *invention*.

Seriously, it is pleasant to turn from the contemplation of so much self-sufficiency and pretension to real merit, which is generally, if not always, modest. We are very willing, however, to admit that our views in regard to the establishments and professors thus hastily glanced at may be erroneous. We have merely given our opinions; if they are not found correct, let them, we repeat, be rejected; let none be influenced by them. If, upon the other hand, it must be admitted that we merely state facts, in which all who patronize large schools have more or less interest, may we not claim to have done some service to the cause of education even by this one article? Be this as it may, by no other means than that used by us has it been more served in Germany and France. There is scarcely an academy or college in Germany, or even large school, male or female, which has not been subjected to criticism, and in nine cases out of ten the results have been favorable.

In England the same means are had recourse to. Even Oxford and Cambridge are frequently the subjects of the most searching criticisms. Only two or three years have elapsed since a series of papers appeared in the Dublin *University Magazine*, which criticised every department of Trinity College, Dublin, sparing none of the professors whose conduct seemed to deserve castigation. All who took an interest in the affair remember the indignation of the faculty. All the harm they could do the *Magazine* was promptly done. The publisher had to take his choice between retaining it any longer in his hands, and being deprived of the printing patronage of the University. He preferred to have the latter, and so the obnoxious journal had to pass into other hands. This, however, did not prevent the critic from coming to the charge again and again, until the abuses complained of had to be remedied.

Now, if it be fair and legitimate to expose the errors of Universities like those of Germany, France and England, which are famous the world over for solid excellence, surely there is no good reason why such "Universities" as those above noticed should be regarded as sacred. If we are wrong in this, then it is the genuine article that should be criticised, not the spurious imitation.

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But we have one institution to notice yet. Fortunately, this is of a different character from those we have been speaking about, for we should not like to take leave of the ladies in the language of disapprobation or censure. The pamphlet relative to the "Van Norman Institute" is what might be expected from an educator worthy of the name. Had we never seen either the author or his school, it would have convinced us that we were *en rapport* with a cultivated mind. The observations and suggestions which it contains possess a high value, altogether independently of any particular school system, as we will presently take occasion to show by a few extracts, but the latter must now be brief. The Rev. Dr. Van Norman does not call his school either a college or university, although we know no branch taught in a ladies' seminary, in Europe or America, which is not included in his curriculum. Nor does the Greek language form an exception. But far from being put forward ostentatiously, or recommended as essential to a fashionable female education, it is stated that, "When specially desired by parents, for *reasons that will appear satisfactory*, the Greek language—to which the remarks made respecting Latin apply in nearly equal degree—may be learned instead of Latin" (p. 32). What the character of these "remarks" is, the reader will now see for himself; we transcribe a portion here, merely premising that the author very properly gives the first place to the vernacular:

"Next in importance, as a means of mental discipline and adornment, in our judgment, stand the ancient Classics, especially the Latin. There is confessedly no other branch in the entire range of school studies, in the prosecution of which all the faculties of the mind are so fully, simultaneously, and harmoniously brought into exercise.

"In the construction and analysis of difficult passages, the comparison of different idioms, and the determining of different shades of meaning attached to words in their various situations and relations, *we have a series of incessant, yet ever-varied exercises in fixedness of attention; in concentrating all the powers of the mind to read hidden meanings, ascertain relations, and reconcile seeming contradictions. We have here endless exercises in patience and perseverance, in caution and comprehension, by frequent surveys of the ground passed over, till the mind, having complete and accurate perception of all the parts in their relations to one another, and to the whole, settles upon a conclusion derived from the entire truth.* This study involves unceasing exercises in reasoning; for never is the full sense perceived till all the parts, in their logical relations and dependencies, are completely understood.

"The Latin language is superior to the languages of modern Europe, as an instrument for training the mind, *because it is more elaborate in its processes of etymology and syntax, expressing, by multiform inflexion and*

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composition, what those languages express by mere juxtaposition of independent words. The structure of the Latin language, being very remote from that of our own, invests it with a power of fixing the attention scarcely inferior to that of geometrical demonstration. In this respect it is superior to the languages of modern Europe, which, with few exceptions, may be regarded almost as different dialects of the same language. Hence, to pass from one of them to another, requires little effort, and affords but little discipline. The assertion of an experienced educator, that 'More mental energy is called into exercise in mastering the Latin language than in acquiring all the polite languages of modern Europe,' will be endorsed by a large majority of those best qualified to judge of its correctness. This study has also the advantage of peculiar adaptation to nearly all ages and capacities. While the child of ten can find in it intellectual food, it furnishes ample scope for the exercise of the most powerful and highly cultivated mind.

"While we highly prize the disciplinary power of mathematical studies, we believe that, for girls, the study of Latin is generally more effective in developing even the reasoning faculties. In regard to girls, a taste for mathematics is commonly the effect of special culture, which is often difficult to carry forward to such a degree as to render their study, beyond certain limits, productive of salutary results; whereas a taste for the study of language is inherent in the female mind. Is not this fact a finger-board set up by God?

"We have considered this study only as a means of mental discipline. There are, however, other considerations, which invest it with great importance. *Even a very limited knowledge of Latin greatly facilitates the acquisition of the languages of France, Spain, and Italy, which may be regarded as little else than dialects of the old Latin. Indeed, a thorough etymological knowledge of these languages cannot be acquired without the study of Latin.*

"The last remark applies with equal force to our own language, about one third of whose words are of Latin origin. The English language is largely indebted, for its power of expression, to the almost endless modifications and combinations of its Latin roots. However well the meaning of derivative words may be known by memory, and however correctly they may be used, their full force and propriety can never be appreciated without a knowledge of their roots. Providence has thus, by a vital and organic tie, which binds us to the literature and civilization of the past, laid us under a necessity of studying the ancient classics.

"The study of the Latin classics greatly enlarges the boundaries of mental vision, while it adorns the mind, and enriches the style with a fund of beautiful imagery.

"In giving prominence to this study, we are trying no new experiment. Its educational power and practical utility have been established by the experience of ages; and it is still recommended by the most experienced and influential educators of all countries."—pp. 24–27.

In every word of this we have the pleasure to concur. It is imbued with more thought, practical good sense and instruction than a score of such pamphlets as those that stand before it at the head of our article. The passages we have marked in Italics are particularly worthy the attention of every intelligent student. The remarks of Dr. Van Norman,

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on the judicious use of a library, are equally just and forcible. We are sorry we can only avail ourselves of a brief extract:

"A course of reading, under skilful supervisory care and direction, may be regarded as most valuable aid in the education of the young. It imparts knowledge, and excites thought; it corrects and improves the imagination, and quickens perception; it cultivates a taste for good books; refines and polishes style and expression; liberalizes and adorns the mind, *and exalts it above the vapory, infected atmosphere of a poisonous literature.* The importance, therefore, of a wisely selected library, in connection with an institution of learning, can hardly be exaggerated. No educational instrumentality, however, is more susceptible of perversion."—p. 35.

In all countries and ages, the most serious and well founded objection to large schools has been, that, where there are so many pupils, though they be of the gentler sex, there must be some amongst them who, having been badly brought up by their parents, are not suitable company for the innocent and pure. It is admitted by all that in no other circumstances can it be more truly said that "evil communications corrupt good manners." Professors who pretend to have sounded the depths of human knowledge, and to be capable of teaching all sciences and languages, may convince the credulous and thoughtless that they can counteract all pernicious influences by Greek, trigonometry, astronomy, &c. (like the famous Dr. Sangrado, in *Gil Blas*, who cures all diseases that flesh is heir to, by blood-letting and liberal doses of warm water),* they want no aid from parents, guardians, or anybody else. It is otherwise, however, with the author of the pamphlet under consideration, with whose sensible and truthful observations on this subject we must close our extracts:

"The young are generally educated, morally and socially, more by the prevailing sentiments and sympathies of their daily companions, at school, than by parents, pastors, and all other agencies combined. It is, therefore, our constant effort to co-operate with and strengthen all good home influences; and thus to create and maintain in our school a strong popular sentiment, in harmony with all that is beautiful, true, and good. Whenever this is secured in a school, its patrons will not have occasion to complain—as they so often do, in bitterness of soul—that its social atmosphere militates against the influence of parental culture.

"The false and pernicious sentiment, that girls can be educated by school machinery, without parental co-operation, and even in spite of opposing home influences, finds no sympathy nor encouragement in our school.

"In every other profession, practical acquiescence in the measures

* Sache, mon ami, qu'il ne faut que saigner et faire boire de l'eau chaude: *voilà le secret de guerir toutes les maladies du monde.*—Le Sage.

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essential to its success is required of those employing its agency; and, but for the influence of patronage, the same principle would obtain in schools. Were the evils resulting from the contravention of home influences solely of a negative character, affecting exclusively their immediate subjects, they might be tolerated; but, by paralyzing the effective power of the school, and through its associations rendering fruitless the most earnest and judicious parental efforts, they war against the interests of all.

"The truth of the adage, 'Union is strength,' is, in no department of human enterprise, more strikingly exemplified, than in the education of youth. In this work, as the most judicious and unwearied efforts of parents at home may be partially or wholly frustrated by influences at school; so the most perfectly organized and judiciously managed school must be comparatively unavailing, without the cordial and active co-operation of parents and guardians. Irregular attendance at school and dissipations of social life are 'the little foxes that spoil the vines,' and thus, in vintage time, bring sad disappointment to the hearts of parents."—pp. 39, 40.

To this we need add nothing on the present occasion. We have made female schools the subject of our first article on education in the "National Quarterly," only because they seem to us more defective than male schools of a correspond ing grade. Although we do not believe that ladies require as much learning as gentlemen, we hold that society suffers more by the bad education of females than that of males. Young girls are romantic and imaginative enough by nature, without being instructed in the language of exaggeration, and taught to value everything, from a seat in church, to a telescope, or a picture, according to the amount it has cost, or, rather, is said to have cost, in dollars and cents. The effects of such a course are much worse than many would be willing to admit at first sight. That it has a tendency to create expensive habits, needs no further proof than what is found in daily observation. At all events, we want realities, not shams; we do not care whether they be called schools, colleges, or universities, if they be honest and good. Let women be praised as they may, no matter for what talents or accomplishments, there is nothing they are more esteemed and loved for than for their modesty; but how can they be expected to cultivate a virtue which, above all others, is that which is most outraged by their teachers?

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ART. IV.—1. *Christoph Martin Wieland Geschildert*, &c. By J. G. GRUBER. Leipzig.

2. *C. M. Wielands Sämmtliche Werke.* Leipzig.

3. *Geschichte des Hauses Von Sachen.* Von Dr. EDUARD VEHSE. Hamburg.

4. *Weimer der Musen.* Leipzig.

THE literature of Germany has never been popular beyond the frontiers of the Fatherland. Not more than a half dozen German authors have attracted much attention abroad. It is much more the fashion to praise and admire even Goethe than to read him. Only the select few do the latter. Fewer read Schiller; fewer still read Klopstock. But no foreign author, of equal eminence, is so little known, either in England or America, as Wieland, one of the most fertile and most profound of modern thinkers. The simplest account of what he has written and published seems more like the language of romance than sober reality. Lope de Vega, and one or two others, have given the world as large an aggregate of printed matter as Wieland—perhaps they have published more; but, so far as we are aware, no one mind has exhibited such wonderful versatility as that of the author of *Oberon*. His productions are so numerous and varied, that we do not undertake to do more, on the present occasion, than to give a cursory glance at those which seem to us to be worthy of most attention. In presenting this outline, we feel certain that those of our readers, now unacquainted with the subject, will need no apology on our part, if we return to it in an early number, as it is our intention to do. Nor would it matter much what class of his works we took up, if our intention was only to prove what a lofty, noble tone pervades them, and how replete they are with food for thought. There is no other author whose writings are more richly imbued with the spirit of ancient Greece. We find in them the best thoughts of the Attic writers, not crudely transplanted, but assimilated—adapted to the circumstances of the present time. The best Roman ideas he embodies in his poems and novels in a similar manner. Nor does he overlook the literature of the East or the North; the fairy tales of Persia, or the scarcely less romantic mythology of Scandinavia.

His education had amply qualified him for taking a range,

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even thus wide, as may be seen from a brief sketch of his life. Christopher Martin Wieland was born at Biberach, in Swabia, September 5, 1733. His father was a Lutheran clergyman, much esteemed both for his erudition and piety. The parsonage which he inhabited is still pointed out to travellers, on the banks of a little streamlet called the Reiss. Biberach was a free town in more than one sense. Protestants and Catholics not only regarded each other as having equal rights with themselves, but they occupied the same church alternately. Sometimes the Catholic priest preached in the morning, and the Lutheran minister in the evening; then, next Sunday, the order was reversed; so that neither had any cause of dissatisfaction or jealousy. A clergyman, thus occupied, was well calculated to teach his son liberality of thought and feeling; and, having received his education at the University of Halle, he was equally qualified to take charge of his education. He was one of those who thought that the earliest instruction is the best; accordingly, we are told that the child was only three years old when a book was placed in his hands; and that, at the age of seven, he was able to read Cornelius Nepos with facility and pleasure. It may well seem incredible, but it is not the less true, that at the age of thirteen he was not only perfectly familiar with Cicero, but that Virgil and Horace were his favorite pocket companions. What is more remarkable still, he had already planned an epic poem on the destruction of Jerusalem. This fact would show by itself that he had already been wooing the Muses; but we have his own testimony on the subject. "From my eleventh year," he says, in a letter to his friend Gellert, "I was passionately fond of poetry. I wrote a mass of verses, chiefly little operas, cantatas, and ballads, in the style of Brockes. I used to rise for that purpose at daybreak, not being allowed to write verses during the day. * * I was fond of solitude, and used to spend whole days and summer nights in the garden, feeling and describing the beauties of nature."*

Unfortunately he is not equally communicative in regard to the epic. All we know on the subject of his *Destruction of Jerusalem* is, that he had written at least one canto of it before he attained his fourteenth year. How much more of

* *Gessnerische Sammlung von Briefen*, vol. i, p. 46.

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it he wrote is only a matter of conjecture. Gruber is of opinion that the poem was nearly, if not quite, finished, when a comparison of it with Camoens's *Lusiad* induced him to commit it to the flames.

This, we are told, was soon after his removal to the high school of Klosterbergen, near Magdeburg; which, being the chief seat of what was known as the *Pietism*, then prevailing throughout Protestant Germany, is thought by some to have changed the religious views of the young poet. He soon grew tired, however, of cloister life. It was in vain that Stemmetz, the head master, tried to make him prefer the dogmatical theology of Baumgarten to the attractive pages of Plato and Aristotle. For a time, efforts were made to prohibit him from the study of Greek philosophy; his teacher was so anxious lest he might injure his soul—if, indeed, he did not cause a schism among his fellow students—that for a while he deprived him of his Greek books altogether—that is, until he found that he had procured still more dangerous works: namely, the Dictionaries of Bayle and Voltaire. At the same time, he was eagerly engaged in the perusal of the Memorabilia and Cyropædia of Xenophon and the Epistles of Cicero. His partiality for these works gave great offence to his teacher; nor was he much better satisfied when he found him devouring the pages of the *Spectator* and *Tatler*, which had recently been translated into German by Gottsched. It does not seem, however, that Wieland was a worse Christian, leaving the institution after a residence of about a year and a half, than he was when entering it. He gives Adelung (subsequently the celebrated ethnologist and professor at Heidelberg University) credit for having saved him from infidelity. The two entered the school nearly at the same time, and they formed a friendship which lasted through life. "How often," says Wieland, in writing to his friend some twenty years later, "I almost bathed in tears of contrition, and wrung my hands sore; I would fain, but could not, fashion myself into a saint."

At the age of seventeen, he left school and went on a visit to Erfurt, where he remained for seven months with a relative named Baumer. Little is known of what happened to him during this period, further than that he found Baumer no friend, but one who treated him more like a prisoner than a visitor or pupil. He advised the young poet to abandon the idea of taking orders, and study law; but his only reason

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for this was, that his lungs were too weak for the pulpit—a fact worthy of mention in passing, as showing that in Germany, as well as in Scotland and other parts of the world, clergymen were then expected to make much more *noise* than was necessary to render them audible to their congregations. At all events, young Wieland was glad to get away from Baumer, and he returned in 1750 to his native town. Although the period he spent at Biberach was very brief—only a few months—it proved one of the most important of his life.

It happened that just then Sophia Von Gutterman, the daughter of an eminent physician of Augsburg, was staying with a friend at Biberach, and was in the habit of paying occasional visits to the parsonage. Being beautiful, intellectual, and highly accomplished, it is not strange that she soon made a deep impression on the young poet. After less than a half dozen interviews, his love and admiration knew no bounds. He tried to induce her to marry him at once; but she was two years his senior, and naturally a lady of excellent sense. This enabled her to see at a glance that it was not an ordinary lover she had to deal with, but a susceptible enthusiast. That he had gained her affections she did not deny, either to her own friends or to his. "I own that I have a tenderness for Wieland," she writes, in a letter to her sister; "but I own, also, that I fear he is capricious." The account which Wieland himself gives, of his courtship with Sophia, is full of interest. He tells his friend Bodmer, that he had been listening to a sermon by his father, on the text "God is Love." It was well written, he thought; but, to his ardent imagination, it seemed cold and lifeless. In the evening he walked with his mistress, and astonished her with the proof of the very different manner in which he would have treated so cong nial a subject. "I spoke," he says, "of the destination of men and of spirits, of the dignity of the human soul, and of eternity. Never in my life had I been so eloquent. I did not forget to place a large portion of the happiness of spirits in the enjoyment of heavenly love." Though the lady was convinced at the time, it occurred to her, on second thought, that the oration contained more poetry than truth, and she requested him to commit his arguments to paper. This he cheerfully did. Her views were somewhat altered by the perusal, and she suggested alterations. "All might pass very well," says Sophia, "in verse, but in

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prose, even when 'tis poetic, as in this case, it does not convince the judgment." This gave a new turn to the thoughts of Wieland—it suggested to him at once the idea of a poem *On the Nature of Things*.

Before there was time for another interview, Sophia was called home, to the unspeakable grief of her lover. Soon after, in 1751, he proceeded to the college of Tubingen. He did not admire either the talents or the learning of the professors, but sought consolation, in the loneliness to which he condemned himself, in pouring out his soul in long letters, in poetry and prose, to his absent mistress. Meantime he did not relax his literary labors; as is sufficiently proved by the fact that in about nine months after his entering the institution he printed his first volume of poems, containing *The Nature of Things*, the *Anti-Ovid*, the *Moral Epistles*, and the *Sacred Stories*. The two former attracted a good deal of attention; but the author received more abuse than praise for his labors; though the best critics hailed the poems as the ground-work of a new school, which was destined to make its influence felt throughout Germany.

The design of his first poem was similar to that of Pope's Essay on Man. Wieland, too, meant to represent God as the centre of the Universe, and the embodiment of all perfection; but here the resemblance ceases between the two poems. It would lead us too far, in the present article, to indicate the points in which *On the Nature of Things* differs from the *Essay on Man*. We must content ourselves with the passing remark, that in the latter there is more clearness, vigor of expression, and harmony of versification; in the former, more grandeur, more romance, variety, and freshness —in short, more poetry. Wieland's poem is full of criticisms on various systems of philosophy, ancient and modern, especially on the systems of the Naturalists and Pantheists. Considered as a poem, it is the best imitation we have of the *De Rerum Naturâ* of Lucretius, though, in its scope and tone, it is decidedly opposed to that celebrated work. Had Wieland produced nothing else but this, written as it was in his seventeenth year, it would have secured him an honorable place in the literature of his country. Compared to the best productions of many other authors of his time, to whom a respectable rank has been assigned in the republic of letters, *On the Nature of Things* is a brilliant and successful performance; but it is as inferior to *Oberon* and *Agathon*

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as the Sonnets and Tales of Shakespeare are to Hamlet and Othello.

The *Moral Letters*, though agreeably written, and displaying much freedom and vigor of thought, are remarkable chiefly for the allusions to the author's beloved Sophia, which everywhere pervade them, the lady's name being occasionally introduced under the Arcadian disguise of Doris. He also dedicates the poem to her; but nowhere does it contain the most obscure allusion, or hint, that could be regarded by the most sensitive or fastidious, as a violation of that confidence which should ever be held sacred.

In this respect, the conduct of Wieland presents a noble and honorable contrast to that of Goethe. While the latter had no thought for the feelings of those whose peace of mind he had destroyed for ever, but, in return for their affections, exposed them to the sneers of the world, the former was scrupulously careful lest he might, even by accident, do any injury to the reputation even of those who had trifled with his love. It was enough for him to remember that he was once an object of regard, if not of tenderness to a lady; no subsequent misunderstanding, or even positive ill treatment, could induce him to lend piquancy to his page, by exhibiting her in any equivocal position to vulgar gaze. Who will not think here of the gentle, confiding, and beautiful Fredrica, and how she has been treated by Goethe? Still more reprehensible, if possible, was the same great man's treatment of Madame Kestner and her husband. Both the latter had confided in him; and he made the worst possible use of their confidence, making them figure in his *Werther*, as having allowed him favors, which it has ever been held dishonorable to boast of. Still more dishonorable must it be, when the only foundation for the scandal is, that the boaster had been received into the family circle as a friend, as one who was above bringing unmerited disgrace on those whose greatest fault was to be too unsuspecting. "You have, in every personage of your novel," says the injured husband, "interwoven something foreign to it; or you have blended several things together. That I could tolerate. Let that pass. But if, in all this blending, you had a little taken counsel of your own heart, you *would not have so prostituted* the real persons of whom you have borrowed the features. * * The real Lotte, whose friend you profess to be, is your portrait (which contains too many of her features not vividly

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to suggest her) is, I must say—but no, I will not say it—it pains me even to think it. And Lotte's husband—you called him your friend, and God knows he was so—is your——." In another letter to his friend Von Hennigs, the same husband says of his wife, and the treatment she had received from Goethe, "Lotte *never lived in the sort of familiar intercourse there described, with Goethe, or with any one else.* * * We are sorry now; but of what use is that? It is true he had a high opinion of my wife; but for that reason he ought to have drawn her more faithfully—as too *discreet and too delicate to allow him to go so far as he is represented to have done* in the First Part." It is pleasant to return from well-founded complaints, still worse than even this, to the contemplation of conduct like that of Wieland towards the beautiful and intellectual woman whose affections he had gained; and the contrast will appear all the more remarkable, when it is remembered that, in many parts of his writings, the author of *Oberon* suggests doubts as to the existence of real virtue in man or woman.

After an absence of ten years, Wieland returned to his native town. What he was doing in the mean time we will glance at presently. It is sufficient to say here, that although his love for Sophia seemed to have increased rather than diminished during his absence, he found her a wife and a mother on his return. She had been married nearly three years; but the fact was concealed from him. A man of less generosity would have sought revenge; he could easily have embittered her wedded life. But, far from making any such attempt, he abstained from pursuing any course that might give pain to either herself or her husband. First, indeed, he wept and reproached his former mistress; but no eye saw what he wrote on the subject but her own. She replied, giving certain excuses for her inconstancy, and telling him that if they had formerly met as lovers they could now meet as friends. This seems to have soothed Wieland.

M. La Roche, her husband, had been attached to the person of Count Stadion, Prime Minister to the Elector of Menz, in the relation of secretary. He received the poet kindly; and pressed him to make frequent visits to his house. Wieland tried to efface all recollection of his former passion; but he found the resolution much more easily formed than fulfilled, as we see from many passages in his private correspondence. In a deeply pathetic and beautiful letter, written

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to Zimmerman, a few years after (Jan., 1765), he speaks of the charms of this early illusion, "for which *no joys, no honors, no gifts of fortune, not even wisdom itself, can afford an equivalent, and which, when it has once vanished, returns no more.*" This showed, as, indeed, did all his dealings with the fair sex, that he was worthy of the love of woman. There is good reason to believe, too, that Sophia never forgave herself for having so bitterly disappointed, not to say deceived, such a man; though it does not appear that her husband ever treated her otherwise than with kindness and sympathy. Few passages, in the whole range of literature, are more interesting, in view of all the circumstances of the case, than that in which she describes, forty-nine years afterwards, with deep and touching emotion, the feelings she experienced while listening to the young poet as he played on the harpsichord at the parsonage. Though now an old woman, she gives vivid pictures of the meetings they had beside the solitary Church of St. Martin, nearly half a century previously.

It was no wonder that Wieland was attached to a lady so intellectual and brilliant as Sophia; for she became an author herself, of no ordinary distinction. Her History of Miss Sternheim and Melusina's Summer Evening have been read from one end of Europe to the other, each having been translated into at least three languages. But the same, or anything of the kind, could not be said of the lady whom he finally married, in 1765. She is, indeed, described, by all who knew her, as gentle, mild, and affectionate; but she had neither beauty nor wit. No one praises her more than Wieland himself; nor could any husband of the same age have evinced deeper grief for the loss of his wife. Two years after her death, he writes thus mournfully to Böttiger:

"Since the death of my dear wife, I have lost all pleasure in life, and the glow which things had for me before is gone for ever. I endeavor to occupy my attention and to deaden the sense of my loss, which I feel most keenly, when I lie down at night, or when I awake. Never have I loved anything so much as I did her. When I knew that she was near me in the room, or if she came into my room at times and spoke a friendly word or two, and went away, it was enough. Since she is gone, I say to myself, no labor will prosper with me more. Perhaps I could not have supposed that, with her weak frame, she would have been spared to me for thirty-five years, to scatter flowers upon my path of life with her unpretending fidelity and duty. But then I think of Philemon, in the fable. Why could we not have died the same day?"

Much could be added to this, in proof of his strong and unwavering attachments, and the scrupulous, pious care with

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which he sought, through evil report and good report, to guard the reputation of the beloved one. We have intentionally dwelt on this feature of his character, because such a man was wanting among the great minds of Germany, to make amends, if it were possible, for conduct like that of Goethe. Nor was this of any slight importance; for what happiness have the greatest men, especially in the evening of life, without the kindness and confidence of woman? Fortunately, there are but few among the gifted like Goethe. Those, who have erred most in other respects, have regarded the reputation of their benefactresses as sacred. Even Voltaire, whatever were his faults besides, has never penned a line affecting the honor, either of Madame Russelmonde, or the Marchioness de Prie. On the contrary, he challenged the Duke of Rohan on behalf of the latter, and wrote an epigram on the same personage, which led to his being committed to the Bastile. That Swift treated both Stella and Venessa badly, is but too true; but he would no more have deliberately stabbed the reputation of either, than he would have plunged the dagger into his own breast. Byron was quite as much a libertine as Goethe; but what lady's character has the former deliberately injured by his pen? Even the wife that spurned him had never any just ground for charging him with making any attacks upon her honor. Like Wieland, it was enough for him that, however much he was disappointed—however much grief he was made to suffer—he once had tender relations with the cause of all!

In true patriotism we find Wieland similarly distinguished; in this, too, his conduct contrasts strongly with that of Goethe. To illustrate the fact, we need only refer to the different manner in which the attentions of Napoleon were received by the two poets, after he had proved himself their country's worst and most ruthless enemy—him who had committed such vindictive outrages on the territory of their best benefactor and friend, the generous and munificent Duke of Saxe-Weimar. To this prince both were bound by the most sacred ties. But the Duke was absent when the battle of Jena was fought, and when the burning and pillage of Weimar, that soon followed, took place. The Duchess Louisa alone, of all the ducal family, remained to receive the conqueror, and she did so like a heroine—she who was so generous a patron of literature, and whose purse, as well as palace, was always open to the two great men, but especially to

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Goethe. Falk tells us, in his personal reminiscences of Goethe, that such was the confidence of the people of Weimar in the heroism of the Duchess, that "when they learned that she was in the castle, their joy knew no bounds. When they met, they threw themselves in each other's arms, exclaiming, 'The Grand-Duchess is here!'" Napoleon had previously announced his intention of passing the night at the ducal palace. The Duchess, pale, but calm, resolute, and dignified, received the conqueror at the head of the grand stair-case—him on whom the fate of her people and of her whole family depended. There she stood like another Maria Antoinette, or Maria Theresa, to brave danger in whatever form it might present itself. "Who are you, Madame?" (Qui êtes vous, Madame?) asked Napoleon, with a gesture of corresponding rudeness. "The Duchess of Weimar, Sire," was her prompt reply. "I pity you," rejoined Napoleon, in the same surly tone, "but I must crush your husband." Without giving her time to say a word in defence of the Duke, he turned abruptly to his attendants, and ordered that his dinner should be served in his own apartments. But, even the stern conqueror was touched by her heroism. Next morning, after having another interview with her, in the presence of several of his general officers, he exclaimed, "Voilà une femme, à qui nos deux cents canons n'ont pas peut faire peur."

It was after all this—after every conceivable evil had been inflicted on Germany—after the Duke of Saxe-Weimar had been insulted in every possible way, that Goethe went to Erfurt to receive the "attentions" of the spoiler. Not a word of complaint did the greatest genius, then living, attempt to utter. On the contrary, he was delighted with everything Napoleon said, not excepting his criticisms on Homer, Ossian and Shakespeare. Wieland was equally honored; a formal invitation had been sent to him, requesting his presence. But, before he had time to receive it, Napoleon himself happened to see him at the theatre, whither he went to witness the representation, by a French company, of Voltaire's tragedy of the *Death of Cæsar*, in which the celebrated Talma performed the principal part. He sat, as usual, in a private side-box on the second tier, reserved for the ducal family, to which he was regarded as attached. The eagle eye of Napoleon soon observed him; he asked who was the venerable old man with the black velvet *calotte*. Being told

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that this was Wieland, he expressed a wish that the poet should not leave, after the play, until he saw him.

After a long conversation, of which Wieland himself gives an interesting account in one of his letters, he begged to be excused from remaining any longer. Goethe ventured to ask no questions—all his remarks were compliments to the despoiler of his country; but Wieland had the manliness to plead for the Fatherland, and to speak out, in other respects, like one whose noble privilege it was to address posterity, sure that his voice would be heard. Nor is it to be doubted that Napoleon honored him all the more for his courage and patriotism. "I asked him," says the poet, "how it happened that the public worship which he had, in some degree, reformed in France, had not been rendered more philosophic, and more on a par with the spirit of the times." "My dear Wieland," he replied, "worship is not made for philosophers; *they believe neither in me nor in my priesthood.* As for those who do believe, you cannot give them, or leave them, wonders enough. If I had to make a religion for philosophers, it should be just the reverse." To this, Wieland adds that Napoleon went so far with his skepticism as to question whether Jesus Christ had ever existed. The Conqueror thought he would render himself agreeable to the poet in this way, supposing, from his writings, that he had no faith in the Christian religion; but Wieland, always manly, always considerate and respectful to the fair sex, took the liberty of intimating that, whatever his own views were, he had ever abstained from making any remarks which he thought calculated to wound the religious scruples of the Duchess. This was a rebuke which few would have ventured upon; but the Emperor took it in good part, and dismissed the poet, at his own request, with a cordial "*Bon soir.*"

Nor was this the last heard by Wieland from Napoleon, who, in about a week after, sent him the cordon of the Legion of Honor; and, before he had time to wear this many days, he received a similar distinction from the Emperor Alexander, *i. e.*, the order of Saint Anne of Russia. These, however, are things which we do not regard as possessing any importance in the case of a man like Wieland, further than as evidence of the high esteem in which he was held by sovereigns of the most opposite tastes, and whose interests were the most conflicting.

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In all that remains now of the space we had prescribed for this article, we shall be able to do little more than enumerate his various productions, postponing all criticism, save, perhaps, a remark here and there, for a future article, in which we purpose to give copious extracts from his masterpieces.

Before Wieland left Tubingen University, he commenced an epic, in Ossianic prose, entitled *Arminius*, or *Germany Freed*, and, when he had written five cantos, he sent the manuscript to Bodmer, editor of a periodical of some eminence, entitled the *Swiss Review*, requesting the critic's opinion of the poem, but without giving his name. Bodmer was pleased with the poem; and so were several of his friends, to whom he showed it. The next number of the Review complimented the unknown author in the most flattering terms. Wieland was glad to reveal his name when he saw this; and he was immediately invited to spend the summer with Bodmer at his private residence near Zurich. Here he occupied the same apartment recently occupied by Klopstock, the German Milton; for the conductor of the *Swiss Review* possessed wealth as well as learning and talent; so much that he was able and willing to be the Mæcenas of several of his contemporaries. It does not appear, however, that he lost anything by his liberality. Wieland was delighted at the opportunity now offered him of exercising his critical talents in the Review; and the same arrangement secured him introductions to Haller, Hagedorn, Gleim, Klopstock and Gellert—in short, to almost all the eminent authors of Germany and Switzerland. So grateful was he to Bodmer for these advantages, that he wrote an elaborate analysis of the *Noah* of that writer, in which he compared its merits to those of the best similar efforts in any language. This was undoubtedly exaggerated praise, but the author of it was sincere. Nor is this any imputation on his taste and judgment; for who does not see, or think he sees, more beauties in the work of a friend than in that of an enemy? Besides, had Bodmer done nothing for literature but to translate Milton as he did, it would have been no discredit even to a man like Wieland to assign him a respectable rank among his contemporaries.

Passing over, for the present, many literary projects and labors, we come to the crisis in his life at which Wieland started a periodical of his own, called the *German Mercury*,

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on the plan of the *Mercure de France*. From his experience in connection with Bodmer, he had foreseen many difficulties, which he had to encounter in his new enterprise; but the reality proved much worse than anything he had anticipated. The boldness and freedom of his criticisms had already excited the enmity of many, altogether independently of the jealousy awakened by his brilliant successes as an author. But now the two great intellectual parties of Germany arrayed themselves against him, or, rather, against his journal. One was known as the Frankfort party, which had Goethe and Herder at its head; the other as the Göttingen party, which included Klopstock, Count Stolberg, Burger, Voss, Hölty, and Miller. The Frankfort party assailed him on the ground that his principles of criticism were too conventional—too limited—more French than German; while the Göttingen party were equally fierce against him because he proscribed the visionary as a source of poetry, and proscribed enthusiasm as a principle of conduct. In an early number of the Review, a criticism appeared on the *Goetz of Berlichingen*, which greatly irritated Goethe. He learned soon after that Wieland was not the author; but it was too late. He had already written the well-known farce entitled "Gods, Heroes and Wieland." It was thought that this would overwhelm Wieland, who, although one of the boldest critics of his time, was known to be very sensitive. Everybody was surprised, therefore, at the quiet view he took of the whole affair. In the next number of the *Mercury* he had an article on his assailants, the calm and philosophic spirit of which is sufficiently indicated by the following extract:

"Young and powerful geniuses," said he, "are like young colts, full of life and vigor, rearing and prancing, kicking before and behind, who will neither allow themselves to be caught nor ridden. So much the better. Were they to drop their ears like asses, would any one ever make a Bucephalus or a Brigliadoro of them? *Precipitandus est liber spiritus.* There is no other way. If we receive an occasional kick in the ribs from them, *why, we must console ourselves with the thought, that we fall a sacrifice to the common good of the republic of letters*, since it is only out of these impetuous spirits that great men are to be formed."

It may be doubted whether Socrates submitted to the similar castigation of Aristophanes with a better grace than this, or evinced more true philosophy. But it was the publishers of bad books who were the most uncompromising enemies of Wieland; they could never forgive him for ex-

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posing the pernicious tendency of their wares, and exhibiting themselves to public ridicule and scorn. To this class, it was a labor of love, or, rather, of hate, to publish any attack, however stupid, coarse and illiterate, on Wieland, without any cost to the author; and, if the libel happened to sell, they were equally ready to give the lion's share of the profits.

Whatever were the faults of Goethe, he never lent himself to anything of this kind. If he attacked Wieland in the manner indicated, he was sorry for it after; and admitted that he had done wrong. It was, however, the cause of bringing him to the notice of the young dukes of Weimar; and when the heir succeeded to his government, he invited him to his capital, where his rival was already. Goethe gladly accepted the invitation; he was soon followed by Herder; and thus it was that the most renowned literary triumvirate of modern times was formed.

Let what would happen, during a period of more than half a century, Wieland was sure to write and publish. The next in order of time, after the work which attracted the attention of Bodmer, was the *Letters from the Dead to the Living*, a weird, quaint performance, published in the beginning of 1753. This was soon followed by the *Platonic Contemplations of Mankind;* the *Vision of Mirza; Timoclea*, and the *Prospect of a World of Innocence.* All these seem to have occupied him no more than about a year and a half. The next year (1756) the seven years war broke out in Germany; and Wieland took a deep interest in the destiny of the Fatherland. Seeing that Frederick the Great was a munificent patron of letters, as well as a brave warrior, he conceived the idea of writing an epic poem, and making the king its hero. The work was undertaken in due time; but only five cantos were published. This added nothing to the fame of Wieland; indeed, it had rather a contrary effect. The great fault of the poem was, that it was too moral—too much in the didactic style. The hero was perfect in all things—a model monarch; model general; model legislator; model man. The author's enemies were glad to have an opportunity of ridiculing a portraiture, which, however elegantly drawn and embellished with the choicest ornaments of the Greek muse, could not be said to represent any mortal. But they had scarcely time to condemn it when he published a tragedy on the subject of Lady Jane Grey's trial and exe-

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cution; and in about a month after appeared his *Climentana von Poretta*. Each of these was well received; but he was not satisfied himself with either. A much more successful as well as more elegant performance was his *Araspes and Panthea*. As the title implies, this is decidedly Attic; indeed, it is so in thought and sentiment, as well as in form and name. It is founded on the well known, beautiful episode in the Cyropædia of Xenophon. It is worthy of attention at the present day, however, chiefly, if not solely, as the first dramatized romance in German literature.

While at Berne, in 1758, Wieland formed the acquaintance of Julia Bondeli, the famous mistress of Rousseau; and, though she was then somewhat advanced in years, it is hinted by Gruber that "a more than friendly attachment" sprung up between her and Wieland. Be this as it may, it would appear that it was she that induced him to remodel the *Pandora* of Le Sage—an effort which, although it added little or nothing to his reputation, proved entirely successful in a pecuniary sense. In 1763 he commenced a series of *Comic Tales*, which were also well received. His best is his *Modern Amadis*, a sort of burlesque epopea. His next effort was a satire on the corporation of Biberach, entitled, *Abderites*. This was well deserved on the part of those against whom it was particularly levelled; but we will not now trouble our readers with the circumstances that led to it. Suffice it to say that, under the disguise of Greek names and corresponding Greek incidents, he made several of the Aldermen and other prominent functionaries appear very ridiculous in the eyes of such of their fellow citizens as had any acquaintance with Greek literature. Among the rest, Count Stadion, his former friend and patron, took offence at certain passages in the *Abderites*. This, however, was not the most disagreeable result of the satire; for the offended Count (offended because Wieland took the part of his fellow citizens against the pretensions of the court of Vienna) forbid Madame La Roche (Sophia) from corresponding with the author any longer. To this Wieland refers in a letter written towards the close of the same year: "Madame La Roche," he says, "n'est plus ici; elle a suivi son mari et son maitre à Bonigheim, terre du Comte de Stadion; nous ne *nous écrivons plus*, parceque j'ai eu le malheur d'encourir la disgrace de son Excellence, *en faisant mon devoir et rien de plus*."

The next work of our author was *Agathon*, published in

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1766, the year after his marriage with Miss Hildebrandt. This is the first for which Wieland himself claims a classical rank; and most critics concur in the same comparative estimate of its merits. It is not, however, of a class of works that are much read; save for the select few, it is too metaphysical. A much more popular work is his *Idris and Zenide*, a beautiful fairy tale in the style of Ariosto; but it was never finished. His earliest classic poem is his *Musarion*—a series of brilliant conversations, after the manner of the ancients. Passing over his lectures as Professor at the University of Erfurt, we come to that curious and not very moral work, entitled *Koxkox and Kikequetzel*, or *the Mexican Paradise Lost*. This was much more successful, in a pecuniary sense, than his more chaste and polished performances. He made amends for its faults soon after, by his charming fairy tale, entitled *Combalus*. It was shortly after going to Weimar, he wrote his *Fabliaux*, another delightful series of metrical tales. These, as it were, paved the way for *Oberon*, which first appeared in successive numbers of the *German Mercury* for 1780, and which has been pronounced, by those best competent to form an opinion of its merits, as undoubtedly the most beautiful modern poem since the *Gerusalemme* of Tasso. Indeed, some have gone so far as to give it a higher rank than any modern poem, save the *Inferno* of Dante; but this is too high an estimate—the favorable comparison with the great Christian epic is abundant praise. So sure was the author himself of its being his masterpiece, that he resolved to write no poetry after it. Sotheby has given a translation of *Oberon*, but he has omitted several fine passages, including the episode of January and May, which he considered unsuited to the dignity of tone and general elevation of the rest of the poem. To this we can only add, that there are three separate actions in the *Oberon*, all harmonizing with each other. The main, or first action, is Huon's expedition to Babylon; the second is his love for Zezia, and its consequences; the third, the quarrel and reconciliation of Oberon and Titania. A most admirable structure is raised by the skilful blending of these—it were easy to point out passages which are not excelled in any other production of modern times—such, for example, as that which describes the final trial to which the lovers are exposed by Almanzar and Almansaris, while Oberon is trying to resist the allure-

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ments of the sultaness, and without any apparent intention of yielding.*

The translations of Wieland we have been obliged to pass over; nor can we do more now than refer to two. One of these is his version of the twenty-two principal dramas of Shakespeare, in eight volumes. Would not this have been a great work by itself? The other translation we refer to, is that of the works of Lucian, in six octavo volumes. But we find we must come rapidly to a close; not, however, without adding a few observations on our author's more prominent characteristics. In undertaking to do so, the first thought that strikes us, is that there is no affectation in Wieland. He seldom aims at the pathetic. If he is sometimes sublime, it is without effort, apparently without intention. Indeed, he rather avoids this kind of writing; not that he dislikes to startle the imagination or wring the heart; but he had always a horror of bombast. This will account for the scrupulous chasteness of his language, and the uniform elegance of his style; indeed, he is sometimes so cautious against the use of superfluous words, that he falls into the worse error of obscurity. His delight is, to please the fancy; to take his reader from the flower garden to the grotto, haunted by choirs of nymphs, sacrificing to the blind deity; and thence back to the boudoir; to the brilliant drawing-room; to the Tusculan disputations; or to an Athenian "feast of reason and flow of soul." In none of these scenes is there anything gloomy, as in Klopstock; anything bitter or sarcastic, as in Voltaire; or yet anything that provokes the loud laugh, as in Swift. Wit he undoubtedly has; but he rather seeks to conceal the consciousness of it, than makes any attempt to display it. In this respect, he is more like Fielding than any other writer.

As already intimated, no writer takes more liberties with the thoughts of others. There is scarcely a page of his without classical, oriental, or mediæval allusions; which, beautiful as they are in themselves, would be a source of bewilderment to the general reader, in ordinary hands.

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* ——Just da jede sehne
Ermatten will zu längern Wiederstehn
Und mit wollüst'ger Wuth ihm die erhitzte Schöne
Fast aberwältigt hat—lässt sich Almanzor sehn.
Canto vii., v. 19.

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But, without the least semblance of pedantry, Wieland indicates their source and meaning, as it were by accident rather than design; and this not only enhances their beauty, but, also, renders them more forcible and striking. True, some allusions are introduced, which do not seem favorable either to virtue or religion, especially in those fascinating legends into which he introduces the Epicurean philosophy, and teaches that it is only superstition that regards even licentiousness as unlawful when it affords pleasure. But this, too, is only a proof of his versatility; for, in treating other subjects, he is equally skilful and eloquent in showing that, however suitable the doctrines of Epicurus were in his own time, their adoption at the present day would be fraught with evil. "On retrouve chez loui," says an eminent French critic, "les idées grivoises de Crebillon, et les plaisanteries de Hamilton. Il vous fait encadrer dans *sa mosaique les plus beaux vers* de Colardeau, de Pezay, de Dorat, et il se donne par fois *un air de sagasse qui groupe à merveille avec ces images libertines.* On l'appelle le Petrone due Nord, mais il a *bien plus de gout* et de finesse. *On cache son livre aux demoiselles qui ont grand soin de le savoir par cœur.*"

Gruber, though an enthusiastic admirer of the author of *Oberon*, has scarcely exaggerated his merits in the following glowing passage:

"Years hence, and centuries hence," says M. Gruber, "our children and their children will walk in pilgrimage to this grave, and relate to one another that, during a long life, Wieland strove unweariedly after truth, exercised goodness, and delineated beauty; and how sincerely zealous he was for the glory of German literature, which he peculiarly brought into honor among foreigners. If the proper fountain of poetry flowed less abundantly in him than in some others, yet he has directed the fairest tributary streams of Greece, Rome, England, Italy, and France, into the channel, whence, to us, he has fed so wide a lake of glittering waters. He, singly, may be said to have renewed among us Lucian and Horace, Xenophon and Shaftesbury, Ariosto and Cervantes, Voltaire and Chaulieu, Sterne and Metastasio. He has furnished models of didactic poetry, such as no other nation can exhibit; he introduced the romantic epopea, and has hitherto been equalled by no imitator; he gave us our first philosophic romances; and, notwithstanding the changes of fashion to which that class of literature is peculiarly exposed, several of them retain a permanent classical rank. He founded our vernacular opera; his writings have peculiarly improved the language of polished conversation; he enabled German to supersede French, and led the Graces into Gothic halls; his philosophy is cheerful, his irony gentle, his indulgence liberal, and his perseverance in struggling against error, darkness, and oppression, truly praiseworthy. The fear of man was no more known to him, than the fear of death; nor can he be said to have had the fear of God; it was rather a filial love towards the Father of All, that dwelt in him. To reason

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about the interests of mankind impartially, and to bring to bear the inferences of that reason, formed the cordial purpose and eager business of his philanthropic life. Hallowed be thy memory, thou charming singer, thou sound philosopher, thou meritorious German, thou noble man!"

It is almost needless to say that Wieland was remarkably healthy, since he was in the habit of attending the theatre in his eightieth year. It was in January, 1813, he was attacked by the illness that put an end to his long, laborious, and honorable life. For some hours he suffered much pain, but he bore it with patience. It is worthy of remark, that the last words he uttered were a quotation from Shakespeare: "To be or not to be," &c. No prince could have been buried with greater pomp. His last wish was, that his remains should repose beside those of his wife, Anna Dorothea Hildebrandt, and Sophia Brentano. He had himself planned his monument—a plain triangular pyramid, with a name on each side, and above all, the following lines, written by himself:

"Liebe und Freundschaft umschlang die verwandten Seelen in Leben;
Und ihr sterbliches deckt dieser gemeinsame Stein." [o]

For several days the corpse lay in state, in a splendid coffin; the head alone was visible, with the favorite black velvet *calotte*, appropriately surmounted now with a wreath of laurel. Copies of *Oberon* and *Musarion* were placed under the wreath; and beside them, on a cushion of white satin, lay the orders of the Legion of Honor and of St. Anne. The Amalia Lodge of Freemasons requested the honor of burying the patriarch of German literature, at their own expense; Stockmann composed the sacred music suitable for the occasion; the funeral oration was pronounced by M. Gunther.

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[o] Love and friendship united these kindred souls in life;
And their mortal part is covered by this common stone.

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ART. V.—1. *An Historical Sketch of the Origin, Progress and Present State of Gas-lighting.* By WILLIAM MATHEWS. London: 1857.

2. *Advantages of Gas-light in Private Houses.* By J. O. N. RUTTER, F. R. A. S. London: 1850.

3. *L'Année Scientifique et Industrielle.* Par LOUIS FIGURIER. Paris: 1861.

IT is a remarkable fact that it is those, who boast loudest of our modern discoveries, inventions and improvements, that appreciate them least, while enjoying their benefits. Nor has any exception been made, in this respect, in favor of gas-light. Those who first proposed to use it in public and private, as a substitute for candles, lamps, &c., were laughed at, as visionaries or charlatans. Neither was ridicule the only weapon with which they were assailed. Some attacked them from the pious point of view, undertaking to prove that there must be something diabolical in the whole affair, since there was nothing to justify it in the Bible; but, on the contrary, that it was more than probable that it was one of those "abominations" alluded to in Revelations, as designed by Satan to lure the unwary to his own regions. Fortunately, no particular Church is chargeable with these silly notions; they were entertained by a certain class among the members of all Churches. Catholics and Protestants thought in turn that, let the ungodly say what they would, the true source of the new light was "the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone." The only difference was, that when one sect took a certain view of the case, the other took the opposite; the same as, when the Catholics condemned Galileo, the Protestants cried shame; and then, when it was thought he was forgiven, they cried shame again. The spirit of superstition and bigotry had subsided, if it had not altogether disappeared, in Mr. Murdock's time; and we may remark, in passing, that it has not been confined to any religion. Innovations on received opinions have always encountered opposition. If the Inquisition at Rome persecuted Galileo, Copernicus received no better treatment from the learned universities of Germany, but rather worse; for no indulgence was given to the latter—no kind friends of genius and science opened their doors to him. To continue the

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comparison, gas-light fared no worse than the medicine now called Peruvian bark, which, under its original name of Jesuit's bark, was long regarded by many well-meaning people as nothing less horrible than a poison that would kill the soul as well as the body; and for no better reason than that it was discovered by the Jesuits. In a similar manner the Catholics may reproach the Protestants for having persisted for two hundred years in rejecting the Gregorian calendar, because it was invented by the Pope. Thus, in 1582, the Julian calendar was reformed by Gregory XIII.; but it was not until 1752 that the change was recognized as an improvement in England, when the Julian deficiency had amounted to eleven days. Even to the present day the Mohammedans in all parts of the world adhere to the old style, because it was the style of the Prophet; whereas, they say, our style is an unwarrantable and impious innovation, by the Roman mufti, under the pretence that he knew more about the secrets of the heavens than Mohammed, who had explored them all!

We might easily add to these instances of opposition to what in time gained the approbation of all Christendom; but we trust we have said enough to console those who were opposed to one of the best of modern improvements, with the reflection that, absurd and short-sighted as they have been, they can refer to abundant examples to keep them in countenance. But even after the availability of gas, as the best and cheapest light, was fully demonstrated, it was still asserted that its use was attended with innumerable evils. One party held that it was a deadly poison; another, that it was, if possible, more dangerous in one's room than a barrel of gunpowder; while a third felt sure that it would be the ruin of all fine furniture, paintings, clothes, &c. Had these fears been confined to the vulgar, there would be no reason to wonder at them; in that case they were no more than might have been expected. But they were shared by dukes, earls, lords, and even by doctors, who called themselves learned and scientific. More than once investigations were made before a select committee of the British Parliament, which are curiously illustrative of this fact. What is particularly remarkable is, that some of those who claimed to be inventors committed blunders in relation to the matter which are nearly as ludicrous as those of their less fortunate neighbors. A Mr. Accum undertook to explain the whole process of gas

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making, in order to prove that he was the original inventor; but during his examination before a Committee of the House of Commons, of which the great ex-Chancellor, then Mr. Brougham, was the assessor, the following question was proposed to him: "Do you mean to say that the area of a circle of two inches in diameter is only double that of a circle of only one inch in diameter? A. My opinion is, that it is double; your opinion may be that it is four times, but mine is that it is double." Here was a man, pretending to be a mathematician, who could not tell how to find the area of a circle; otherwise he would have known that the ratios of circles to each other are as the squares of their diameters. Through similar ignorance, Mr. Clegg nearly burned off his own nose; and a Mr. Lukin blew up a valuable furnace at Woolwich Dock-yard. True, it was surmised at the time that the two latter were more knaves than fools, when these accidents occurred to them; that their object was, to frighten the people in order to make a place for a Government inspector of gas. Be this as it may, the citizens of London were greatly afraid. They did not know how soon they might be blown to atoms in their beds; nay, there were not a few who predicted that some fine morning the whole city would be converted into another Pompeii, or Herculaneum, the gas-pipes having exploded and laid all in ruins. This may seem exaggeration on our part, but it is not. The wonder would have been, had the people been otherwise than frightened, when Sir William Congreve (one of the candidates for the inspectorship) gave it as his deliberate opinion that mixing the gas with five-sixths of atmospheric air, and exploding it, the force was such that four hundred and eighty cubic feet of gas would exert the same power as a barrel of gunpowder, and if mixed with four-fifths, it was such that fifteen thousand feet of gas were equivalent in power to fifty-two and a quarter barrels of gunpowder. The Royal Society takes the matter in hand, and makes the terrible discovery that fourteen thousand feet of gas would explode with as much power as ten barrels of gunpowder! Such was the opinion of the most learned society in England at the time. No wonder that it was deemed serious enough to be brought before another Parliamentary Committee; and Sir Humphrey Davy, being summoned to give his opinion, stated that he conceived that the Society did not overrate the danger. We need hardly remark that the chemists of all

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Europe were astonished, as well they might be; and that the reputation of Sir Humphrey suffered more by this "opinion" than it has gained since. The cause of the mistake, if such it may be regarded, was, that although several members of the Royal Society, as well as Davy, had studied chemistry, and doubtless understood it passing well, they had neglected to make the necessary experiments. It was in vain, however, that the gas manufacturers laughed at their "conclusions," as the author of Hudibras had done before them, and assured their customers that, with the most ordinary precautions, they had nothing to fear. How could the latter believe that the most learned body in England, with the famous Sir Humphrey Davy at its head, would deliberately frighten them; yet their own experience was entirely opposed to the opinion of the *savans*. They were not supposed to know that it was in ridicule of the same society that Butler had written his famous satire entitled "The Elephant in the Moon," more than two hundred years previously. And the same satire was perfectly applicable at the time of the "investigations" and "reports" referred to; for surely those, who mistook a mouse in their telescope for an elephant in the moon, were not a whit more credulous or silly than their descendants, who predicted the most frightful catastrophes from gas, because a Mr. Clegg so little understood its properties that he hurt his nose with it. In Butler's time, the Society had its Sir Humphrey, too—a sort of Supreme Court Judge, whose opinion served as a fiat to their "reports"—

> "This, said another of great worth,
> Fam'd for his learned works put forth,
> Looked wise, then said: '*All this is true*,
> And learnedly observed by you,'" &c.

At all events, thus did the matter stand until Professor Faraday proved, by various experiments, that the calculations of his learned brethren were founded on false premises. It is worthy of remark in passing, that while the more recent part of this fuss was being made in England, in regard to the properties of gas, Mr. Charles Roome, who was then but the engineer (now President) of the Manhattan Gas-light Company of this city, was silently and unostentatiously making improvements in the manufacture of gas, which have since been adopted in Paris, as well as in London. This will seem all the more creditable to our fellow-citizen,

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when it is borne in mind what serious inconvenience he had to labor under in comparison with those placed in corresponding positions in the principal cities of the old world. In the first place, the latter had an experience of eight years before we had any gas in this country, London having been lighted with gas in 1814; whereas New York was not lighted until 1823–4. It would be seen that the experience in England was much longer, were we to take into account the fact that so early as 1802, gas-lights were used at Bolton and at Watts's foundry, in Birmingham.

The gas manufacturers of England had within their reach all the facilities that science could afford; the accumulated treasures of the best scientific institutions in the world were open to them. It was otherwise with Mr. Roome. The scientific institutions of America, even so recently as twenty years ago, were little more than in their embryo state. Such as they were, however, Mr. Roome derived little, if any, benefit from them; for he is a self-educated, self-made man. His experiments, as well as his studies, were conducted in secret; generally without suitable apparatus. Even the coal, as we shall presently see, he had to get principally from England. Yet, so far as we are aware, he was the first to prove, to all who were willing to be convinced, the entire harmlessness of gas when the most ordinary precautions were taken to prevent explosions, and the little real similarity it has to gunpowder, let the Royal Society, Sir William Congreve, and even Sir Humphrey Davy, give any opinions they thought fit to the contrary.

Twenty or thirty years ago, as well as now, whatever created a sensation in England was pretty sure to produce a similar effect in this country. At any rate, the reports of the Royal Society startled the good people of New York. Not a few of them were willing to return to the use of candles, or even rush-lights, rather than be, as they were led to think, in constant danger of being blown to atoms, or engulfed into the bowels of the earth by the terrible gas! Mr. Roome made no display before learned societies, or anywhere else, but quietly wrote a pamphlet, in which he pointed out, in plain and popular language, the difference between gunpowder and gas, as follows:

"When gunpowder is burnt," says Mr. Roome, "about one-half of it is converted into an air, which is permanent at the atmospheric temperature and pressure. Thus one hundred pounds weight, which is a bar-

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rel of powder, will produce fifty pounds weight of air; or, in other words, a cubic foot of gunpowder will generate a permanent atmosphere two hundred and sixty times greater than itself; or, what amounts to the same, a barrel of gunpowder, weighing one hundred pounds, will produce two hundred and sixty barrels of air, or about two thousand six hundred gallons. The explosive power of this is easily ascertained; any intelligent chemist can prove it. Confined in a tube, and thus condensed that number of times, at the moment of its production, it is the pressure that discharges a ball; whereas, at liberty, it is a sudden blast of wind, acting on the surrounding atmosphere first, and the adjoining solids in succession, and continuing to act till a mean density of the general atmosphere is restored. Now, it is under circumstances nearly the reverse of all this that an explosion of a mixture of hydrogen and oxygen takes place; the result is a negative, not a positive quantity. The report is indeed nearly, if not quite, as loud as that produced by gunpowder: but it is more the effect of collapse than of the first slight expansion. In other words, the quantity of gas is lessened by an explosion, while it is largely increased in the case of gunpowder. Besides, it is only at a certain temperature and density that gas will explode at all; whereas gunpowder would cause a very great explosion, though in an atmosphere down to the freezing point —nay, below zero."

We believe that to the same gentleman is due the credit of having been the first to urge that copper is not suitable for gas pipes. When the warnings of science involve an outlay of money, they are too apt to be disregarded by those having the control of the latter. It was so in this case. But an accident or two occurred in New York, in 1839, which decided the point. A workman engaged in carrying copper gas pipes, which had been in use for several years, took it into his head to whistle with one of them. Not only did a violent explosion take place, but the unfortunate man's mouth and nose were so much lacerated that he died in a few hours. A similar accident occurred soon after, but fortunately without fatal result. Enough had been seen, however, to prove that Mr. Roome was right; his suggestions were adopted accordingly; and we have not heard that a single serious accident has occurred in the city since, except as the result of the most culpable negligence.*

* We find these cases and their results noticed in the French *Année Scientifique* for 1861, the writer giving a full and interesting explanation of the cause and character of the explosion; and concluding with the statement that iron has been almost universally substituted for the copper, and consequently that no such explosive substance has since been found. "Au, cuivre primitivement employé en Amérique pour former les tuyaux de conduite du gas de l'éclairage, on a presque partout aujourd'hui substitué le fer. Or, le gas de l'éclairage ne produit pas, en agissant sur le fer, de composé fulminant analogue à ceux dont nous venons de nous occuper. Aussi depuit cette époque, l'occasion ne s'est-elle plus offerte, en Amérique, de retrouver ce singulier produit. Par son contact avec le plomb, le gas de l'éclairage ne fournit pas non plus le composé qui nous occupe."—*Année Scientifique*, p. 154.

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Before we return from this digression, to note some of the improvements made in recent years—and nowhere more than in New York—in the manufacture of coal gas, we will make an observation or two on the generally received opinion, that gas-light is a modern discovery. In this, as in most other cases, we are too apt to contrast our own knowledge with the ignorance of our ancestors. If we stopped at this, it must be confessed that we should not be much in the wrong; but when we extend the comparison beyond the Goths, Huns, and Celts, to the great nations of antiquity, we find a different state of facts. There is good reason to believe that not only the ancient Egyptians and Hindoos, but also the ancient Peruvians and Mexicans, made use of some of the inflammable gases for heating, as well as for lighting purposes. That the Chinese had done so thousands of years before Mr. Murdock was born, is no longer a matter of mere conjecture. The fact is now as indisputable as the existence of their Great Wall. Humboldt tells us that carburetted hydrogen had been used in the province of Ste-tschuan for several thousand years; and that it was so far under control, that it was carried about in bamboo canes, to be used as occasion required, the same as a candle or a lamp.* Guy-Lussac and Professor Adelung, and several other scientific men of equal eminence, were of opinion that it was the occasional ignition of these natural gases which gave rise to the sun worship of the East, it being well known that deposits of petroleum, or naphtha, furnish gases which issue in streams from fissures in the earth, and which are ignited by various means, including lightning or electricity. Almost everybody, who has resided in the neighborhood of coal mines, has observed phenomena of this kind. Dr. Henry, of Edinburgh, in speaking of the "fire damp," so much dreaded by colliers, informs us that, from an old unwrought seam at Wallsend colliery, "a discharge of this gas takes place through a four-inch metallic pipe of two cubic feet per second. The pipe is carried up as high as the head gear above the shaft, and from its orifice issues, with a roaring sound, the stream of gas, which, having been ignited, forms *a flag of flame seven or eight feet in length, conspicuous by day, and at night illuminating the whole neighborhood.*"

Not only have fewer accidents occurred in this country

* *Cosmos*, vol. i., p. 217.

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than in England, in proportion to the amount of gas used, but the whole business of gas manufacture has succeeded better with us than with our friends on the other side of the Atlantic. This is admitted by so high an authority as Prof. Faraday, who admits also that the cause of the difference is to be found in the superior intelligence which presides over the American works. "This," he says, "is perhaps the only instance in which the Americans surpass us in the practical operations of science, but that they do surpass us in it, there can be no question." Dr. Henry, in commenting on this, is constrained to acknowledge the fact; but, he adds, that it is a state of things that has occurred accidentally—because there was so much prejudice against the introduction of the gas in England, that only an inferior class of minds engaged in it; whereas in America it engaged at once the attention of some of our best thinkers—a difference which has been maintained to the present day. A few simple facts, the truth of which cannot be disputed, will place this in a clear light. In the first place, it requires twice the amount of permanent capital to carry on the same amount of business in America that it does in England, for these reasons: The price of labor is double. In England one pound sterling per week pays for the services of the gas maker; whereas in New York services of the same kind and amount cost from $9.50 to $10. Nearly half the coal used by the Manhattan Gas-light Company has to be imported from England, because the English coal is so much superior to the American coal. More has to be paid for freight on the imported article than for the article itself, and it involves an additional cost of twenty-four per cent. duty. Although coal costs thus twice as much in New York as it does in London, coke sells for the same price in the former, that it does in the latter, city. This may seem strange, but it is no less a fact, and one that can be easily accounted for. In New York the coke has to compete with anthracite coal, whereas in London they have no anthracite.*

* Independently of this competition, there are a great many well-meaning people in this country, who labor under the impression that inasmuch as coke has already been partly burned, and deprived of its gas, it follows that it cannot produce so intense a heat as coal; but that the reverse of this is the fact, has been proved by the best chemists. Dr. Henry, of Edinburgh, informs us that he has "learned that the heat produced by coke, when compared to that produced by coal, is at least as 3 to 2." Mr. Winsor, having made experiments with the same view, found that it required *three* bushels of coal to distil a given quantity of water, and only *two* bushels of coke. Being rather surprised than satisfied with this, he tried the same substances by combustion, with a certain

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Besides, the castings for retorts and street pipes can be purchased in England or Scotland, and sold in New York (paying freight and duty), at as low a price as the similar castings produced here. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages and inconveniences, the gas costs very little more in the American, than in the English, metropolis; indeed, if the quality of the gas be taken into account, and the manner in which the money is collected, it may be said to be as cheap here as it is in London. But were we charged three times as much as our friends on the other side of the Atlantic, certain it is that, under all the circumstances, we should have no reason to complain.

In order to be able to judge for ourselves as to the justice of the above comparison, so complimentary to New York, we have visited the gas works of both our city Companies; also the Brooklyn works. This, however, would not have qualified us to come to any definite conclusion on the subject, had we not previously made similar visits to the London works. True, it is some five or six years since the latter were made; but we doubt whether any very important improvements have been made in them since. At all events we are sure that they do not exhibit more neatness, and are not conducted in a more orderly manner, than those of the Manhattan Gas-light Company; nor do we mean by this any reflection on the London works, which are not surpassed, in these respects, by any similar works in Europe. But in our opinion those at Fourteenth street and Eighteenth street may be regarded as models. Never have we seen machinery of any kind kept in more perfect order. To say that it is scrupulously neat in all its ramifications, would give little idea of the brilliant polish everywhere presented by all parts of it that are susceptible of polish. It is not our intention to enter into particulars. A description of

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measure of oxygen gas, but with a similar result. This set the matter at rest in England, so far as the relative heat was concerned; but then it was said that if coke made as hot a fire as coal, or hotter, at least the former was not as wholesome as the latter. This, too, the most learned chemists and physicians pronounced a gross error. Ever since, the demand for coke has been so great in all the large cities of England, that the gas manufacturers cannot produce sufficient to supply it. But in this country it is different. In spite of our innumerable free schools and armies of teachers, the old prejudice still prevails against coke; whereas, in point of fact, it is superior to coal in every property that ought to recommend it for family use, except the rapidity with which it burns. In other words, coal lasts longer than coke; and this is the only sense in which the former can be said to be superior to the latter.

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the Eighteenth street works alone would fill our whole article; for they are on a scale of magnitude, of which few, who have not visited them, have any adequate idea. But the miniature "works" alone—those used for testing the qualities of different kinds of coal, sent for that purpose from all parts of England, as well as this country—would amply repay the scientific student for the trouble of a visit, though he were not to enter the general laboratory at all, or witness the experiments by which the comparative purity and brilliancy of the gas are tested. At Fourteenth street and Eighteenth street, there are five retort houses, which contain 1,948 retorts, and fifteen telescopic gas-holders, containing a total of 4,069,000 cubic feet.

The annual amount of gas manufactured is 786,432,000 cubic feet. This is carried through pipes whose aggregate length is over 220 miles, extending, as they do, in all directions, from Grand street to Seventy-ninth, varying in diameter from three to twenty inches, and supplying about 27,000 private consumers, and nearly 9,000 street lamps. The amount of coal necessary to produce all this gas exceeds 79,000 tons per annum; about one half of which is imported, at a cost of from $7.00 to $11.50 per ton; and we believe the present price of the gas is $2.50 per 1,000 cubic feet. There are only two cities in the United States, so far as we are aware, where it is sold cheaper than this, namely, Philadelphia and Pittsburg. In the former, the price per 1,000 is $2.13, in the latter $1.50; but that there is a much greater difference between the qualities of the different articles, all who have seen the three kinds are aware—so great, indeed, that the New York gas is the cheapest in the end. This will be the more easily understood when it is borne in mind that, in other cities and towns where coal has to be imported, as in New York, the prices range from $3.50 to $6.50 per 1,000 cubic feet.

The consumption of gas is not so great in this city as it is in London, in proportion to the population, because in the latter city it is used for various purposes, to which it has not hitherto been applied in New York. It may seem strange that there are hundreds of families in London who never have any artificial heat in their houses but that produced by gas. Nor must it be supposed that they labor under any privations on this account. They have gas stoves, of such construction that they heat their rooms, so as to render

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them perfectly comfortable; and they have stoves of another form, which serve for cooking purposes.* If it be objected that these must necessarily produce a deleterious atmosphere, the answer is, that gas is now used both in Europe and America for the express purpose of ventilation—for purifying instead of adulterating the air. Nowhere is it more extensively used for all the purposes mentioned, than in London, though the London gas is decidedly of inferior quality, far inferior to ours, especially when considered in a sanitary point of view. So defective is it regarded in this respect by those best competent to test its qualities, that the two Houses of Parliment continued to be lighted with candles for years; both Lords and Commons objecting to its introduction, on the ground of its being deleterious. No doubt the "reports" of the Royal Society had considerable influence in thus preventing its admission. Finally, however, it was resolved to introduce it, but only in a purified state. Though we have seen the improved light ourselves, we prefer to present the facts from an English point of view; so that we may not incur the suspicion of seeking to depreciate the London gas, as compared to our own. In *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, No. 445, there is an interesting article on the subject, from which we take the following extract, premising that the gas, in its improved state, is known as the "Bude Light:"

"This gas is made to pass through a box containing naphtha, which naphthalizes it and renders it equal to the best oil, without the trouble of wicks. The London street gas, *it is necessary to explain, is of bad quality, and it is improved by the vapor of naphtha.* * * The apparatus for supplying the oxygen is placed in a vault, adjacent to Dr. Reid's ventilating process. It consists of two iron retorts, built over a furnace, and in these is put a certain quantity of oxyde of manganese, from which oxygen is evolved, and led away in pipes to a gasometer; from the gasometer small pipes proceed to the burners in the house, each conducting a stream of oxygen into the heart of the flame. The light so produced is most intense in brilliancy, but is softened by the intervention of ground glass, and illuminates with a powerful effect the whole interior of the apartment. * * The flame being supplied freely with oxygen, a comparatively small quan-

* "By the aid," says Prof. Rutter, "of a simply-constructed apparatus, gas performs the respective processes of roasting, baking, frying, boiling, steaming, &c., and with a precision that cannot be attained by means of a common fire. Two or three days' experience is sufficient to enable servants to conduct any of the above-mentioned operations with certainty as respects time; whilst the trouble and attention required are less than by the ordinary method. It is acknowledged by those who have witnessed the process of roasting by gas, that it is the most perfect in the culinary art; the meat being cooked uniformly, and the juices (on which its nutritious qualities and delicacy of flavor so much depend) being retained until brought to table."—*Advantages of Gas-light*, &c., p. 32.

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tity of atmospheric air is abstracted, or consumed, and all offensive heated air from the combustion is carried away in a small tube into Dr. Reid's ventilating gallery above. Before the introduction of this beautiful light, the House of Commons was illumined with two hundred and forty wax candles, dispersed about in different parts; a method of lighting which Sir David Brewster has described 'as most absurd, and such as no person, at all acquainted with the physiological action of light on the retina and the principles of its distribution, could have adopted.'* If I recollect properly, the expense of using the Bude light, in which naphtha is required, is about twelve times greater than that of common London gas, sizes of flame being equal; but that as the Bude flame gave twelve times more light, *the expense was in reality the same*, without the inconvenience of many burners and a great consumption of air. Another useful property is, that the light may be varied in tone from the most perfect white down to the red ray, by increasing or diminishing the quantity of oxygen."

Fortunately, there is no need for the use of naphtha in New York, in any large quantity; indeed, we are not aware that any of it has to be used at all. The Liverpool, or cannel, coal does not need it; nor does the American coal, which is mixed with it—at least, when properly distilled. It may be asked, why cannot the London companies procure the same kinds of coal, and thereby obviate the necessity of using naphtha? So they could, no doubt, if they chose to incur the necessary expense; but it must be remembered, that, although the Liverpool coal is much nearer to London than it is to New York, it can be brought to the latter city at a much cheaper rate, or, rather, we should say, at a rate much less expensive.

Those, who have never paid any attention to the subject, have little idea of the elaborate processes through which coal-gas has to pass, from the time the coal is put into the retort, until the former is fully purified and fit for use—processes, many of which require the nicest skill of the chemist. Even to determine the quality of the gas, after it has been manufactured, by photometric observations, as Mr. Roome does daily, at his private office in Irving place, requires no small amount of chemical knowledge and experience. For the benefit of those unacquainted with chemistry, we will here state a few facts in illustration of this. Gas, prepared from coal, is a compound, chiefly composed of two inflammable gases, known as olefiant gas, and light carburetted hydrogen. Each of these is compounded in turn of hydrogen and charcoal. There are several other gases which enter into the composition of coal-gas, but only in

* Report of Committee on Lighting the House.

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small proportions; and be it observed that these proportions are constantly varying, according to the quality of the coal, the skill and care bestowed on its manufacture, &c. The analysis considered most correct at the present day, as an average, is that of Dr. Henry, which, from 100 measures of coal-gas, whose specific gravity is .650, is as follows:

Olefiant gas	16
Carburetted hydrogen	82·2
Carbonic oxyde	3·5
Nitrogen	1·3

The first of these is composed of 2 atoms of hydrogen and 2 atoms of charcoal; and the weight of 100 cubic inches is 29·652 grains. When pure, it has neither taste nor smell, it burns with a dense white light, combining with three times its bulk of oxygen. In carburetted hydrogen, there is but 1 atom of charcoal to 2 atoms of hydrogen, and its specific gravity is ·5555. This is the only constituent of coal gas which has any tendency to explode. Combining with twice its bulk of oxygen, it burns with a dull yellowish flame, and will produce no explosion, except when mixed with from 5 to 14 times its own weight of atmospheric air. The more olefiant gas contained in any given quantity the better is the light, and the heavier the compound; hence it is that the best gas is the heaviest, and the worst the lightest—light carburetted hydrogen predominating in the latter. Here we have an explanation of the manner in which certain companies, both in this country and England, pretend to furnish gas at a cheaper rate than their rivals. The author of the article *Gas-light*, in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," gives the following facts as the results of experiments on light (defective) coal-gas—or gas, in which there was a superabundance of light carburetted hydrogen: "We took," he says, "a portion, of the specific gravity of ·67, which we found consumed at the rate of 4,400 cubic inches per hour, and yielded the light of 11 candles, being 400 cubic inches per hour for the light of one candle. This gas, being diluted with a fourth part of its bulk of pure hydrogen, acquired the specific gravity ·55, *and wasted away at the rate of* 6,545 *cubic inches per hour, yielding the light of* 10 *candles.* As a fifth part of the compound gas was hydrogen, the remaining four-fifths, amounting to 5,236 cubic inches, was the quantity of the coal-gas, which in its diluted state

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gave the light of ten candles, for an hour; *so that 524 cubic inches of the original coal-gas were requisite to give the light of one candle for the same time.* But, in its unmixed state, 400 cubic inches were sufficient to give the light of one candle for an hour, and consequently the deterioration caused by the dilution was in the ratio of 524 to 400, or of 100 to 76, *being 24 per cent.*" Now, need we say, that those who offer this kind of gas 10 or even 20 per cent. less than others charge for the heavy gas, which burns at once slowly and brilliantly, instead of selling cheap, sell much dearer than those whom they would break down; the difference being often nearly as great as that between "shoddy" and genuine broadcloth.

The truth of all this can easily be tested by any intelligent person, so that one can judge coal-gas pretty nearly as accurately as any other article of commerce. Thus, in the first place, there is no truer criterion whereby to form an opinion of the value and durability of any particular quantity of gas, than by its *weight*, and *vice versa*. In good, pure gas, there ought to be neither carbonic acid nor sulphuretted hydrogen; at least, not so much as to exercise any perceptible influence. But, if they are present, the fact can easily be proved. To determine whether there is any carbonic acid present, all that is necessary is, to shake a portion of the gas with lime-water in a phial; if the acid be present, it will form carbonate of lime, and render the water turbid. It is still easier to determine the presence or absence of the sulphuretted hydrogen. All that is necessary is, to wet a slip of paper with a solution of sugar of lead; if there is so much as one part in twenty thousand of the foreign substance present, the solution of lead instantly becomes brown or black.

Much also depends on the character of the burners; a fact too often lost sight of. There are many who think that they act economically in getting what they call cheap gas fixtures; and after having done so they wonder how it is that their gas bill is so high at the end of the month or quarter. Sometimes they make complaints and accuse the Gas Company of overcharging them, and it is not until the fact is pointed out that it occurs to them that the gas-fitter has had any hand in the increase of consumption, which they call an overcharge for what they have really used.

We had intended to enter into particulars on this branch of the subject; for it is one in which all who use gas are

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more or less interested; but we find now that we must postpone its consideration for a future occasion. In the mean time, the extensive new works, now in progress at Seventy-ninth street, will have been completed, affording us new facts and data whence to draw conclusions, which will be interesting at once to the man of business, the political economist, and the scientific student. Although we cannot thank Mr. Charles Roome for having furnished a single fact to aid us in the preparation of our article, further than we have gleaned from his writings, wherever we could find them, we are not the less willing to acknowledge our conviction that he has deserved as much of his countrymen, for his scientific labors, as Mr. Stephenson and Mr. Dargan have deserved of theirs; and each of the latter has been suitably honored. We make this admission all the more readily, because it is modesty—not any lack of courtesy or politeness—that has prevented Mr. Roome from affording us all the facilities in his power.

ART. VI.—*Dinah.* New York: Charles Scribner. 1861.

WE had hoped that the war would put an end to productions of this kind; but a more aggravated case of the book-making mania we do not remember to have seen, than that now before us. We have no disposition to ridicule the infirmities of our neighbors—we hold that it is ungenerous to do so—but there is no rule without an exception. In our opinion, none deserve to be laughed at more than those who, with a very limited amount of common sense and intelligence, make the most laborious and painful efforts to appear at once learned and philosophical. One may be excused for puzzling his brains in this way in private, among his friends, but, when he undertakes to entertain and instruct the public, those very friends ought to be the first to admonish him of his silliness.

So many have made fools of themselves in recent years, in their ambition to become authors, that nobody wonders any longer, let him find what twaddle he may in book form. The tailor who spoils a garment is sneered at; so is the painter that gives a caricature for a portrait. The servant-maid who,

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scarcely knowing how to wash the dishes, professes to understand all the secrets of the culinary art, may well excite a smile at the difference between her pretensions and her performances, when she cooks a dish that none can eat. But what sensible man, giving a public dinner, would employ such a cook? Probably Mr. Scribner would hesitate before engaging the services of any of the three; but he represents the author of this work as an admirable delineator of character; a most attractive and instructive writer; whereas, in point of fact, he is no more qualified to write a novel, worthy of the name, than a blacksmith is to make a watch.

This may seem a harsh judgment, but, in our opinion, the real harshness is, to praise what is worthless and represent it as meritorious. The latter may be very agreeable to the author, but it does injustice to true merit. A man of genius, whose productions will endure, need not appreciate the approbation which is awarded to him in common with the scribbler, who, destitute alike of talent and education, has nothing to recommend him but his presumption. But, apart from the injustice done to true merit by indiscriminate praise, still greater injury is done by it to the young and inexperienced—to all who are incapable of judging for themselves. A boy or girl, or even an adult, may be very intelligent, and still be influenced to their prejudice by what they are told in the form of a criticism. If they are informed, for example, that a stupid, vicious book, written in a crude, bombastic style, is a model of excellence, how can it be expected that their taste will improve? Is it not more likely that they will prefer the evil to the good?

If *Dinah* seemed to us a work worth reading, there is no reason why we should not say so. Every number of this periodical will bear us witness, that none are more willing than we to do justice to merit. We do not pretend to be superior to resentment. The greatest authors and kindest of men have attacked their enemies through their books; but we have no knowledge of the author of *Dinah*. He may be one of our best friends, for aught we know to the contrary. He does not give his name; and it is well that he has withheld it; for, in sooth, it would be no credit to an inmate of bedlam. We mean nothing ill-natured, when we say that we have more than once known the wearer of a "straight-jacket," in a lunatic asylum, to write in a more

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sensible and less bombastic style than the strange jargon which forms the staple of the volume before us. But we will not ask any one to accept our estimate of the book, without proof; nor shall we pass any judgment without a careful perusal. The latter has, indeed, been rather a severe trial in the present case; we admit that more than once we have fallen into a pretty sound slumber, in our efforts to wade through the pages of *Dinah*. Still we have accomplished the task; but we hope it will be at least a year before we can make a similar boast.

The work is so full of polysyllables that it seems as if the author had first taken a dictionary, selected the strangest words he could find, and made it a point to use a certain number in every page, nay, in every paragraph, with very little regard to their appropriateness. In a similar manner, the strange, unearthly beings, whom, in courtesy, we must call the *dramatis personæ*, are made to do everything as if they, too, had been laboring under some unaccountable hallucination. As for plot, in any proper sense of the term, the book has nothing of the kind. But, before we proceed any further, let us give a specimen or two of our author's style. This we may do at random. The following is evidently intended to be a very fine piece of writing, and chaste withal:

"Afar off stood the reverend mountains The woods were waving nearer, and there were *rolls of velvet in the afternoon air. As the ethereal breakers baptized the cheek* of the idle Charles, they seemed to him to *come down from those Indian years and green forests of the past*, which the weird dream brought up to his memory. While seated, in this soft bewitchment, upon his terrace, a horse came up the way beneath the trees so swiftly that he seemed *to swell up to the house like a blast of the breeze, in a brilliant equine manner*, such as the prospect of oats always inspires in the noble creatures. There was a young lady upon him, a *debonair capitalist in animation*, immediately followed by a young gentleman who, in consequence of the precarious state of affairs, appeared to be *judiciously absorbed in revolving the best methods* of keeping his seat.

"'Laura, my child!' said Charles's mother, *in quiet dignity*. The accompanying gentleman was engaged in catching his breath. Charles sauntered up to her horse and extended his courtesy, when *a giffy of perturbation and turmoil whirled in his stagnant spirit*, and as the mother folded her to her embrace Laura *blushed at his air in all the stammely color of health*."—pp. 22–3.

The simile, "like a blast of the breeze, in a brilliant equine manner," is of course very fine; but it may be doubted whether it is so poetical as that admirable climax

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in which we are informed that the young lady "blushed at his air in all the stammely color of health," not to mention the hidden beauties of the phrase, "a giffy of perturbation and turmoil," &c.! But our author becomes more and more classical and eloquent as he proceeds. A chapter on Woman's Love opens thus:

"After dinner, during the sweet hour of twilight, the residents of Pompney Place, with a party from Laura's residence, consisting of two or three sweethearts from Saratoga, *attended by some rapid young cladders*, were loitering upon the shaven grass, amid the peacocks *with their Argus-eyed plumage*, to inhale the fragrance of the roses, already *dew-besprent*, to watch the shadows *deepening o'er the durden*, and to gossip upon the season at the watering places."—p. 48.

It would not do to say young lovers, or wooers, but "young *cladders*;" dew-besprinkled would be common-place, it should be "dew-besprent;" and, had valley been put in place of "*durden*," all the poetry would have been lost. In the same chapter we have a gem of similar water—somewhat muddy, it must be confessed.

"After a while, the assemblage having retired to the parlor, *they floated, in the light fairy habiliments of summer, to low purling music, in the mazy thread of the dance*, and Charles, inspired with the scene, seemed as if he wished to make amends to himself for his opinion of woman's sweet selfishness. With a flush of pleasure on his brow, he devoted himself to the *fair girls circling in the graceful rounds of the dance*, which so *surprisingly develops all that is genial or hopeful in female youth*, and became once more the pleasant fellow he was, before he felt the satieties of idleness. *But this was no more than a paroxysm.*"—p. 50.

"The mazy thread of the dance" and "the graceful rounds of the dance" are excellent things for "female youth," according to our author; it seems they are good for male youth too, that is, after they have "felt the satieties of idleness." Charles and Dinah are made to meet at the dawn of day, but in such a manner that the heroine's dog becomes an object of greater interest than herself:

"There was no one stirring in the house, and he emerged therefrom into the avenues of the park. Turning into a secluded walk, however, he discovered young Dinah there, up earlier than he, gathering a flower or two, and with her a little sickly dog. In spite of the calls of his mistress, *the infirm animal* fled *precipitately at the young man's approach, to without stone's throw*, and wheeling kept up an *incessant series of feeble barks*, while regarding the enemy *with an idiotic stare from his rheumy eyes*. The *natural* blush of modesty passed over the girl's fresh *morning* countenance. A faint red tinge was in the east.

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"'You are up early,' said Charles; 'before Aurora.'
"'Oh, no! See the dew she has poured upon the flowers!'
"'Who taught you the offices of the goddess?' asked Charles.
"'Father!'
"'Do you like to read poetry?' said he, while taking a seat on a bench near by.
"'Yes, sir,' said she, and she also sat down at the other end, with a look of confidence."—p. 117.

At the risk of being reproached with giving an over-dose, we transcribe one more extract:

"Towards twilight, Charles betook himself, with some secresy, to the place of assignation with the young girl, in whom he was taking such a singular *intellectual interest*. As he rode along, having mounted his horse *for an appropriate concealment*, he felt that an oppressive gloom *had lowered over his feelings*, occasioned, perhaps, by *the breathless state of the atmosphere*. The sun had gone down in cloudless splendor, *conflagrating the pure ether of the west*, and a late dusk of purple was now darkening in unusual stillness over the scene. Passing along by a farm-yard, in which the *milky mothers* were awaiting, with distended udders, the coming of the cow-boy, he observed that they now and then gazed in boding silence into the heavens, or, with a deep breath, *expelled slowly from their nostrils*, stopped the chewing of the cud, in unison, as it were, *to observe the scene with rueful gaze*."—p. 184.

In this, as in the interview previously quoted, the presence of the lady is a circumstance of only secondary importance. On the present occasion, it was neither Charles nor Dinah that was out of breath, but the atmosphere! Yet this was scarcely so strange a phenomenon as the "conflagrating of the pure ether of the west;" not to mention the interesting noise made by the cows (*milky mothers*) in expelling the deep breath from their nostrils, &c. What can be more poetical than the idea of a herd of "milky mothers" preparing, in the manner described by our author, "to observe the scene with rueful gaze"?

These are no isolated instances of silly jargon, selected for their ludicrousness, from what is intelligible, if not sensible or interesting. On the contrary, they are rather favorable specimens of our author's style. In proof of this, we quote some phrases almost indiscriminately, as we cannot afford space for many whole sentences of such "matter." Expressions like the following form the favorite dialect of our author:

"Having asked him one day, *in the high jinks of his feelings*," &c. (p. 5); "to abbreviate *an elongated* narrative," &c. (p. 6); "their limbs long since *paleied by the exquisite idiocy of sleep*," &c. (p. 8); "the *ethereal*

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depths of sorrowful abstraction," &c. (p. 9); "with *that halo about her face which should always encompass a bright womanly creature thus in the aurora of her days*," &c. (p. 28); "the judge who *presided over the seat of justice*," &c. (p. 48); "the cook, a *sinewy and malignant female, was enenomed with a satanic antipathy*," &c. (p. 52); "physically *remarkable* for having a *curious* weakness in his legs," &c. (p. 113); "at last he cachinated feebly," &c. (ib.); "continued she, *vivaciously struck with an idea*," &c. (p. 118); "the groves were *vocal with daylight's songs*," &c. (p. 123); "took *a dental vengeance on the shining integument of his satiric neighbor*," &c. (p. 124), (which is our author's mode of telling us that one horse bit another); "started *beneath the moon* towards his home," &c. (p. 148); "their whiteness contrasting *in a dazzling way* with its sombre hue," &c. (p. 213); "a natural occultness and silent reserve in this young girl," &c. (p. 284); "it was *in the precedented, though exaggerated form* of a note, by the latter, *anticipatory* of his salary, whose reverend name and honest shifts, with the recklessness of honor, which characterizes the novice in crime, he had thus also impiously counterfeited," &c. (p. 389).

The story, if such it may be called, is just what might be expected from one who cannot tell us that two and two make four, except in hieroglyphical style, which it requires no slight effort to understand. Dinah makes her first appearance as a sewing-girl, in which capacity she is made love to by two young gentlemen, one of whom is the heir to a large estate. Although she was never at school, she speaks like a philosopher to both; and is quite an adept in criticism, especially on poetry, ethics, &c. Having learned at an early age that "evil communications corrupt good manners," she confines her society almost exclusively to a highly respectable negro family, of whose hospitable mansion she was long an inmate. Notwithstanding the excellent company she kept in this way, she is accused of attempting to rob the lady who employs her as a sewing-girl; but let no one think that either "the colored lady" or "the colored gentleman" with whom she lived, was in any manner responsible for this. It was her white father and not her black friends that brought every misfortune upon her. Her being charged with robbery does not, however, prevent her from becoming the school-teacher of the village. But, no sooner does her rich lover and former master avow his love, than she leaves the town abruptly, and proceeds to New York, taking her father and dog with her; resolved to earn bread for all, as best she could, in the great metropolis. Her only reason for adopting this resolution was, that she might not mar the happiness of her rival, the aristocratic and high-bred Laura. Reaching New York, she engages in sewing for a German tailor; but, losing her situation after some time, she enters on the new business of peddling

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pocket-books, and other small, cheap wares. Her chief trouble in her new calling is that too many make love to her. One day, while trying to dispose of her goods as best she can, she happens to see her lover passing in a fine carriage. She calls after him, but is so modest in doing so, that he fails to hear her; which breaks her heart, though it does not altogether fall asunder yet awhile. She resolves to return to her colored friends. After having experienced hardships in the journey, which none but a heroine could have passed through with her life, she makes her appearance once more, with her aged father and dog, at Templeton, to the unspeakable delight, not only of her wealthy and aristocratic lover, but of the clergyman of the parish, and all capable of appreciating her intellectual and moral worth.

It was too much to survive such horrible sufferings; accordingly, just as Charles began once more to indulge the hope that she would yet be his own, "*a languid color reddened her cheek, like a sunset hue in a morning sky*," &c. That is, she died, partly from love, partly from fatigue. Her lover, who saw her give up the ghost, was, of course, deeply affected. We are told that he "*felt, condensed into the moment, all the future of melancholy and love* which her memory could carry with it, but on his noble face there was not a trace of emotion," &c. (p. 459). The dog, too, would have been sorely grieved, but it seems he did not rightly understand what had happened; for we are duly informed of "the bark of the faithful friend and humble companion of the girl's wanderings, with *the happy unconsciousness of his limited nature*, racing over the sward, *with another humble member of his species*" (*ib*).

Such is modern authorship; ay, and an exemplary specimen of it, if we are to believe the gentlemen who write the "appreciative" notices for Mr. Scribner. In our humble opinion, it is sad twaddle; and we fancy that not many of our readers will be of a different opinion; that is, should they attempt the feat of reading it. At the same time, we shall not be surprised if, before many months, we find the author of *Dinah* occupying a wide niche in one of our New Cyclopædias, or Dictionaries of Authors, as a bright, particular star in the literary firmament of our time.

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ART. VII.—1. *Amusemens philologiques.* Seconde edition. Dijon. Par M. E. G. PEIGNOT.

2. *The New Cratylus.* By J. W. DONALDSON, D. D.

3. *Varronianus.* By J. W. DONALDSON, D. D.

4. *Etymologische Forschungen auf dem Gebiete der Indo-Germanischen Sprachen.* A. F. POTT. Leipsic.

5. *ΕΠΕΑ ΠΤΕΡΟΕΝΤΑ,* or *The Diversions of Purley.* By JOHN HORNE TOOKE. London, 1840.

6. *On the Study of Words.* Lectures by RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D. D., Dean of Westminster. London, 1860.

THE list of works prefixed to this article is designed rather to attract the reader's attention to a combination of learning and intellectual recreation, not to be found, so far as we know, in any other six books on similar subjects, than to form the basis of a critical analysis of their several contents. By a kind of tacit understanding, the study of philology is handed over to a limited number of learned men, on the supposition, we presume, that great learning and labor are necessary to its successful prosecution, and that any profit or pleasure to be derived from it is, at least, of a very dry and antiquarian kind. That these ideas widely prevail, we know; and that they are erroneous, we believe, and will endeavor to prove. As regards the first, we are quite prepared to be rebuked with the hackneyed proverb, "A little learning is a dangerous thing"—a proverb which has been the cause, or the pretext, for a great deal of ignorance and consequent guilt in this world of ours, used, as it has been, at one time, as an instrument in the iron hand of despotic power, to check the enlightenment and progress of the people, and, at another, welcomed by idle ignorance as a ready reason and excuse for remaining sunk in a sinful inactivity. So much has been accomplished by the great pioneers of philological learning in Germany, Denmark, and England, during the last fifty years, to go no further back, and so "royal" has the road of learning thus become, that we believe any person of moderate abilities can, in a country so blest with educational appliances as ours, attain to a respectable and profitable knowledge of its leading principles and applications, without any extraordinary or excessive expenditure of time or trouble; and sure we are, the pleasures to be ultimately

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derived from the study would amply repay even such an expenditure, if it were incurred. The object, then, of our remarks, will mainly be to point out some of the high practical purposes subserved by the science of philology, and to prove that, to every intelligent and cultivated mind, it will be a source of pure and peculiar pleasure. There is no study that can be made at once more interesting, more instructive, and more entertaining, than that of language, that is, of the origin, inflection, use, and distinction of words in our own language and in that of other nations. To the pleasure and profit of this study, an eminent writer of the present age has thus borne evidence, while referring merely to our own language: "In a language like ours, where so many words are derived from other languages, there are few modes of instruction more useful or more amusing than that of accustoming young people to seek for the etymology or primary meaning of the words they use. There are cases in which more knowledge of more value may be conveyed by the history of a word than by the history of a campaign;" and another writer of our own day has aptly compared language to "fossil poetry," evidently meaning by the simile (as Dean Trench observes), that, just as, in some fossil, curious and beautiful shapes of vegetable or animal life, the graceful fern or the finely vertebrated lizard, such as now, it may be, have been extinct for thousands of years, are permanently bound up with the stone, and rescued from that perishing, which would otherwise have been theirs; so, in *words* are beautiful thoughts and images—the imagination and the feeling of past ages, of men long since in their graves, of men whose very names have perished, but which these, that would so easily have perished too, have preserved and made safe for ever. This comparison has, indeed, a deeper and more comprehensive significance than seems to have been intended by its author. It has been well observed by another writer, that many a single word is in itself a concentrated poem, having stores of poetical thought and imagery laid up in it. If it be examined, it will be found to rest on some deep analogy of things natural and things spiritual—bringing the one to illustrate and to give an abiding form to the other.

"He who spake first of a dilapidated fortune," observes this writer, "what an image must have risen up before his mind's eye of some falling house or palace; stone detaching itself from stone, till all had gradually sunk into desolation and ruin. Or he who to that Greek word, which

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signifies 'that which will endure to be held up and judged by the sunlight,' gave first its ethical signification of 'sincere,' 'beautiful,' or, as we sometimes say, 'transparent,' can we deny to him the poet's feeling and eye? Many a man had gazed, we are sure, at the jagged and indented mountain ridges of Spain, before one called them 'Sierras,' or 'Saws,' the name by which now they are known, as *Sierra* Morena, *Sierra* Nevada; but that man carried his imagination into a word, which will endure as long as the everlasting hills which he named."

Of the great moral truths contained in single words we find an apt illustration in an instance, which, rather curiously, has been similarly noticed by Bishop Butler, and by Montaigne, the French essayist. Our readers are doubtless familiar with the solemn testimony which, by means of this word, the former compels the world to bear against itself; how he forces it to acknowledge that all its light amusements and pleasures fail to afford any solid satisfaction or enjoyment. They are only "pastime;" they serve only, as this word confesses, to *pass away the time*, to prevent it from hanging an intolerable burden on men's hands; all they can do at the best is, to prevent men from attending to, or discovering of, their own internal poverty, dissatisfaction, and want. Montaigne's words, on the same subject, are well worth quoting:

"This ordinary phrase of 'past-time,' and passing away the time, represents the custom of those wise sort of people who think they cannot have a better account of their lives than to let them run out and slide away, to pass them over and to balk them, and, as much as they can, to take no notice of them, and to shun them, as a thing of troublesome and contemptible quality. But I know it to be another kind of thing, and find it both valuable and commodious, even in its latest decay, wherein I now enjoy it, and Nature has delivered it into our hands in such and so favorable circumstances, that we commonly complain of it if it be troublesome to us, or slide unprofitably away."

We have no intention, at least in this paper, to enter on that more profound and learned investigation of the Science of Language, to which our subject would very naturally lead us. Our simple desire is, to awaken some curiosity and attract some attention to a study, which we do not say we believe, but we *know* to be far less cultivated than it deserves to be. A well-directed study of "etymology" we believe to be one of the most available and most powerful instruments of education by which a wise and well-informed teacher will always be able to relieve and lighten studies, which sometimes would otherwise be felt as heavy, and by which, also, he may often succeed in awakening the curiosity and fixing

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the attention of students, hitherto dull, listless and—to use a common, but very unjust term—"stupid." Our opinions on the great importance of this enlightened study of language, as a leading element in all sound education, have been formed and confirmed by a very wide and various experience in the education of persons of all ages and of both sexes, and, as we look back over that experience of so many years, we cannot recall a single instance in which we altogether failed in deriving from this study, as an educational means, the benefits indicated, while, in the vast majority of cases, it has proved at once a source of elevated intellectual pleasure, of sound mental and logical culture, and at the same time, both to teacher and taught, a ready reliever of the heavier parts of education. But it is by no means in the college hall or school alone, that we would now advocate the prosecution of this study; nor, if it once be cultivated in a proper and scholarly spirit, will it ever be restricted to such narrow limits. The man or woman who has in early life acquired a taste for philology, will retain it through maturer years; and we promise it will prove to them a source of satisfaction and pleasure, which, in the evening of life, or in seasons of bodily illness, or mental depression, they would be unwilling to resign for the greatest rewards of ambition or avarice. And, indeed, old age is the very time when intellectual pleasures of this sort at once afford the greatest relief, and are the most keenly appreciated, for well says the Roman orator, in his admirable Treatise on "Old Age:" "Quæ sunt igitur epularum aut ludorum cum his voluptatibus comparandæ? Atque hæc quidem studia doctrinæ. Quæ quidem prudentibus et bene institutis pariter cum ætate crescunt, et honestum illud Solonis sit, quod ait versiculo quodam, ut ante dixi, senescere se multa in dies addiscentem; qua voluptate animi nulla certe potest esse major."

We claim, then, for the study of etymology, or, to use the wider and more comprehensive term, philology, that it is, in the first place, a powerful and most valuable instrument, both in the effect which itself directly exercises upon the mind, and in the light and sunshine that it reflects upon other studies; and that the benefits thus derived from it survive and grow with man's growing years. But we claim also, that its study is absolutely essential to an intelligent appreciation of all that is best and most beautiful in the language and literature of our own and other lands; that, in

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fact, its cultivation is a primary condition of true and sound æsthetic culture. We claim, also, that even such a moderate acquaintance with its principles, as any person can nowadays easily obtain for himself in such a country as ours, will show it to be a citadel and defence of some of the most valuable facts in history, and some of the loftiest principles of moral truth. Lastly, we claim, that a greater cultivation of this and other cognate studies, of a liberalizing and refining character, is peculiarly and powerfully called for by many of the facts and features of our social and political institutions, in which, as we have formerly remarked, there is too great a tendency to measure everything by a "dollar" value, and to look with silent contempt, if not avowed disdain, upon everything that is not likely to "pay" in that "dollar" sense. It is notorious (to advert to the last point first) that America, blest as she is with genius, talent, energy, of the highest order and on the grandest scale, has not yet evinced a suitable appreciation of the higher learning, or, indeed, of all learning, not as means towards an end, but for its own sake; and yet, in the same spirit in which we have previously written on this subject, we unhesitatingly maintain that her national greatness can never be complete until she has fully realized that appreciation; and, moreover, we assert that she has now, in all other points, attained so high a standard as a nation, that it is incumbent upon all her loyal and loving sons to unite heart and hand to remedy this defect, to supply this crying want. Well said Wordsworth:

> "We live by Admiration, Hope, and Love,
> And even as these are well and wisely mixed,
> In dignity of being we ascend."

Very clearly did the great poet feel, as he penned those lines, that "man liveth not by bread alone" as a nation, any more than as an individual. "National well-being consists," says Dr. McHenry, "in the development of the proper humanity of a nation, in the cultivation and exercise of the reason and moral nature, and in the subordination to these of all the lower principles. It is found in the wisdom, the intellectual cultivation, and the virtuous energy of a people; and of these, the light of pure and lofty science is the quickening impulse and the genial nutriment. All pure and elevated Truth is in itself good, and it does good. It is of God, and it leads to God again. Without its noble inspira-

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tion, we may indeed serve the turn of this world's lowest uses—we can gain money, grow fat, and die—but we are not fitted for the better ends even of this world." "He," says Bishop Berkeley, "who hath not meditated much upon God, the human soul, and its chief good, may possibly make a shrewd and thriving earth-worm, but he will indubitably make a blundering patriot, and a sorry statesman." We cannot pause to analyze all the evils and dangers that threaten America from this blemish and deficiency in her educational system, or, rather, in the hearts and intellects of those who mainly guide that system; but we must allude briefly to a few of them. These, it is clear, arise chiefly from the excessive extension of that commercial or money-making spirit, to which we have already referred, and of that political partisan spirit, which is the natural growth of our free institutions. Both these spirits are good—nay, they are essential to our commercial progress and success, on the one hand, and to the security of our freedom, on the other. No systems of government and civil policy are, however, without their own peculiar drawbacks; nor is our great and free Republic, proud as we are of her success and power and fame, without her own peculiar share. The danger here lies in the want of all checks or counteracting influences, such as exist under various forms in other countries, and the probability of these two spirits of pelf and politics thereby gaining an undue ascendency. It is against this danger, and it is not a future or an imaginary one, we would have some guard erected. Any person who is at all familiar with our public and social life, especially in our large cities, will at once acknowledge the truth and force of our remarks. Having referred to the "dollar" standard, by which all things are too generally measured, in some former articles, we need now only glance at the other aspects of the question. Taking our system of government for all in all, we hold it to be the best and justest in the world; but in its very freedom, we repeat, lies its danger. It is especially the justest, because man has the right of self-government, or, rather, the people have that right. In order, however, that this right should be well and wisely administered, it is quite as necessary that the collective popular ruler should be duly fitted, by education, for its exercise, as that the prince, under a monarchy, should be so trained. Defective moral and mental training is liable, in either case, to produce the most disastrous

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results. We believe, as regards the working of our Constitution, with all its vast and yet minute machinery, both in the general Government and in that of the several States, that there is far more cause for wonder and gratitude, in the fact that, on the whole, hitherto, it has been so successful, so smooth in the working of the whole machinery, and so conducive to the general welfare of the country and happiness of the people, than for any enemy of free institutions to find ground for malicious carping and cavilling at certain occasional imperfections or jars. Still, we should regard such of these as have occurred as warnings for the future, and endeavor, by all means, to prevent their rising to a height that might really prove injurious or fatal to our constitutional liberty. Here, of course, we are not alluding to the great and grievous rebellion, against which we are just now contending; that has had its source in other causes. But the unlimited extension of the right of suffrage, unguarded and unguided by a co-ordinate extension of sound moral and mental education—the virulence and violence to which party spirit has at times arisen, sweeping before it, like a destructive flood, those barriers of principle placed by Providence for its guidance—and parallel with, or, rather, as part and parcel of this, the licentiousness of portions of the press, more especially at the time of the elections—the headlong and hungry greed which we saw, not long since, displayed on a grand scale by office-seekers—the vile selfishness which, even within the last few days, as it were, has darkened and defiled the grandest and brightest picture of national patriotism ever held up by a free people to a world's admiring gaze—by the damning daubs of avaricious peculation, and of a worse than vulture-like preying on the vitals of the struggling nation:—These are the omens and heralds of greater evils yet to come, if we are not warned in time, if we do not in time supply the lack of all conservative elements, from which they all arise, and which is the peculiar evil of a free government. For supplying that lack, there is but one means compatible with our institutions, and that is, the cultivation of *sound* learning, instead of *superficial*, and taking care that education should not be regarded, in our schools and colleges, as a mere instructing of the *intellect* in certain elementary branches of knowledge, but that any true system of education, that is to benefit and bless a nation or a man, must have regard to

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man's whole nature—that is, must train and develop carefully and conscientiously the moral and the physical parts as well as the intellectual. Any other system is, to say the least, as absurd as it is abnormal, and may be compared to the folly of a teacher of gymnastics, who should devote all his care to the cultivation of the biceps muscles of his pupils' arms, without paying any regard to the strengthening and developing of other portions of the body. Any true system of education must, we repeat, train the *whole man*, *mental*, *moral*, and *physical*; any system, that aims at less than this, is false and unphilosophical, and more likely, if fully carried out, to create a monster than a man. We cannot pause, at least in this article, to suggest the means of raising the general tone of education, but that it does urgently and imperatively demand to be so raised, for the good and safety of America and American freedom, we do firmly believe; and we know that we only share this opinion in common with many of the most thoughtful, most profound, and most patriotic men in the country. And, while refraining from a fuller discussion of the subject, it is our well-assured belief, that philological studies, properly pursued, will contribute very greatly towards this desirable object, that has been one of our chief incentives to the penning of these remarks. This, then, we regard as one of philology's highest and holiest purposes—on this we rest one of its strongest claims.

But the tonic influence of this and other cognate studies is quite as much needed in other directions, as in those to which we have referred. Let us preface what we are about to say by disclaiming any intention of doing injustice to the large amount of learning and knowledge which exists in America, and still more the least intention of giving offence to any individuals or communities. But, writing as we do with a desire to effect some degree of good in a matter which we have carefully studied in all its bearings, it would be a cowardly flinching from duty to abstain from expressing our candid opinions. If we look, then, at the literature of our country, whether as represented by books or men, while, on the one hand, we are able to boast of some names, and those not a few, that have gained a world-wide celebrity in various departments of Science, of History, and of other departments of sound knowledge, and while there is to be found, we are thankful to say, in every community, a considerable number of persons who study their works and strive to follow in their

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steps—yet, *will any one tell us that it is the works of such men that are most popular?* that even they themselves are the most popular persons in the literary circles of those cities that lay claim to being the leaders of American literature? Assuredly, no one, who has practically studied the subject, will attempt to say so. We are not alluding here to the great mass of young and thoughtless persons, whose time is worse than wasted in the reading of light, or, rather, frothy and trashy literature. But, if we look to the highest (?) literary circles in some of those cities which rather arrogantly claim the Athenian pre-eminence in our land, we see in the works of imagination, even of their best writers—men and women whose genius and talent we ourselves hold in high esteem—constant evidences of a want of that sound and accurate scholarship, and of that well-balanced, logically trained mind, which is essential to the clear perception and enunciation of Truth—the professed object of all the higher writers of Fiction no less than of Fact. We have, in our mind, some who are allowed, in the communities referred to, to stand at the head of their own departments of literature, and, sure we are, all qualified critics will assent to our assertion, that the majority of their works, while affording proofs of decided genius, and captivating the fancy of the reader by their beauty and brilliancy, are sadly marred by the blemishes to which we have referred. In some, which aspire to combine the reputation of classical scholarship with that of the artistic writer, and indeed have been especially planned so as to afford scope for the display of this combination, may readily be discovered blunders hardly to be expected of a young sophomore; and moreover, a mournful ignorance of the spirit, the life, the customs of the classic past. In others, which aim rather at a character for caustic wit, observation of character, and—unfortunate addition—profound philosophy, under this lighter exterior, the two former characteristics are indeed to be found to a degree that would excite the warmest admiration, were it not too strongly alloyed by egotism and envy; but alas! when we look for the "philosophy," we fail to find even philosophism, but simply run foul of some paradoxical theory—startling, indeed, at first by its very strangeness—but soon discovered to be adverse to every sound principle of philosophy, religion and common sense! And, if this be the case with the Gods of the modern Olympus, what must we expect of

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their worshippers, the literary cliques and congregations, that receive their every utterance with a deeper and devouter reverence than ever the ancient Greek paid to Apollo's oracle;—in whose presence, to express any doubt of the genuineness of their divinities, would excite a storm of wrath that would quickly drive forth the skeptic scoffer? Of course, the same characteristics will be found, only in more frequent occurrence, and in an exaggerated degree. Sciolism claiming to be science, the *σοφιστής*, as in the days of Socrates, to be the *σοφός*—an immense amount of superficiality with a very small quantity of "thoroughness" (how we love that honest English word!) in anything, and in fine, an immeasurable quantity of what we cannot better define than in the words of the Greek satirist—"*καὶ κενοδοξίαν, καὶ ἐρωτήσεις ἀπόρους, καὶ λόγους ἀνανθώδεις, καὶ ἐννοίας πολυπλόκους, ἀλλὰ καὶ ματαιοπονίαν μάλα πολλὴν, καὶ λῆρον οὐκ ὀλίγον, καὶ ὕθλους, καὶ μικρολογίαν*"—the applicability of several of these terms to the literary "contributions" and conversations of these litterateurs and literary cliques will be at once recognized by any one well acquainted with the communities to which we refer; and the leading cause of this unhappy state of things is a want of soundness—"thoroughness"—in education, combined with the impulses of an unhealthy and dishonest ambition—the ambition, in a community which has claimed and gained, by whatever means, the reputation of being *par excellence* "literary," to be "literary" also. Thus, in the absence of that true training and scholarship, which are so essential to the performance of good, honest *work*—work that shall tend to the glory of God and the good of man—in a literary career, we constantly find ladies and gentlemen seeking to acquire, in a *per saltum* way, without any of that steady and laborious preparation that can alone render such acquirements profitable, a knowledge of some half dozen languages and as many of the *ologies* in the course of a few months! Let it not be thought we are exaggerating. We write honestly and sadly what we *know* too well. The consequence, of course, is, a smattering of various sciences and languages, and a sound knowledge of none. Our desire is to be useful, not ill-natured, therefore we abstain from giving many illustrations, that would add a rich piquancy to this paper. But such facts as these we may in a general way allude to, because we are sure they are merely representatives of large classes. We have met

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ere now one lady, not undistinguished in "literature," (?) but who more especially prided herself upon being a "really accomplished classical scholar," and was so regarded by the adoring members of the clique over which she reigned as presiding goddess. Opportunities were afforded us for forming a tolerably correct idea of the grounds of this reputation, and we discovered that she had read the *whole* of Virgil and greater part of Horace, with some minor works, and—*knew nothing of one or the other*, though she could fluently and flippantly quote a few of the more familiar passages! The secret was, she had taken a tutor for a time, to gain this much coveted knowledge, and had also taken—translations! —"ponies," as the Sophs. would say. Again, another fair ornament of a somewhat pretentious literary coterie meets our eye, as it looks back through the vista of memory, who aspired rather to honors in science and philosophy. She had studied astronomy *quite thoroughly*, and "was devoted to that noble science," yet, strange to say, she had *not* studied geometry, or trigonometry, or even algebra, all which most students of the "baser sort" believe to be somewhat necessary as preliminaries to the higher science. She had read and was "*thoroughly acquainted*" with *all* Sir William Hamilton's works, and, we must acknowledge, could quote from parts of them freely, but unfortunately, she often applied those very quotations in a manner that would sadly puzzle poor Sir William, could he come back from his honored grave; and most certainly she was blissfully ignorant of the first principles of Metaphysics and Ethics.

The result of all this superficiality and morbid desire of distinction is exactly what might have been anticipated. Society is agitated by an unhealthy rivalry and contest for notoriety. If no other means will secure the wished-for prize, some startling paradox is asserted and maintained—some sensation tale, of that *peculiar æsthetic* character, that sails far above the region of æsthetic law, is written—some wild philanthropic scheme is taken up and publicly discussed —or some new religious dogma broached, and one more breach thus made in the walls of Christ's Church. In each and all of these ways, and in others equally opposed to truth, good feeling and good sense, notoriety is daily sought by hundreds, who might, by having submitted themselves in time to the necessary mental training, have gained an honorable and an honest fame. These are all, we fear, too far

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gone to be cured; but to protect the rising generation from like evils, *which*, let us add, *have had no little to do in originating this dire rebellion*, we would implore all, who are in positions of influence, to endeavor promptly to render the education of our youth of both sexes, henceforth, less showy and more sound; and, as a main means thereto, to give a high and prominent place to the study of PHILOLOGY and—we must add—of EUCLID.

Let us now pass on to view some of what we define as the "pleasures" of philology, in doing which we shall of course confine ourselves to our own language, and shall make free use of the works at the head of our article. And, first, it will be easy to show how much of beauty and of poetry may be embodied in a single word, but which, without the light of philology, would remain hidden from our gaze. "As the sun can image itself alike in the tiny dewdrop and in the mighty ocean, and as perfectly in the one as in the other, so the spirit of poetry can dwell in, and glorify alike, a word and an Iliad." Popular language especially abounds in it—in words used in an imaginative sense, words indicating not the reality, but the resemblance. Thus at Naples the fishermen commonly call the lesser storm-waves "pecore," or sheep, the larger "cavalloni," or horses; an image, whose truth is readily recognized by every one who has ever watched the billows rolling in their measured and alternate order upon the shores of that lovely bay. A good illustration of this poetry in words is given by one of the writers before us, though we can only present the substance of his remarks, in the word "tribulation." All know the general meaning of this word, "sorrow, affliction, anguish," but *how* it comes to mean this is less generally known. It is derived from the Latin word "tribulum," meaning the threshing instrument with which the Roman husbandmen *separated the corn from the husks;* and the primary meaning of "tribulatio" *was the act of this separation.* One of the Latin Fathers appropriated the word and image for the setting forth of a higher truth; and, since sorrow, distress and adversity were the means appointed for separating all that was light and trivial and poor in man, from the solid and the true—their chaff from their wheat—therefore he called these sorrows and trials "tribulations"—"threshings," that is, of the inner spiritual man, without which there could be no fitting him for the heavenly garner. As a proof that a single

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word often not only contains poetry, but a whole concentrated poem in itself, may be quoted a beautiful composition by George Wither, which will be found to be throughout simply an expanding of the image and idea conveyed by this word "tribulation":

"Till from the straw the flail the corn doth beat,
Until the chaff be purgèd from the wheat,
Yea, till the mill the grains in pieces tear,
The richness of the flour will scarce appear.
So, till men's persons great afflictions touch,
If worth be found, their worth is not so much,
Because, like wheat in straw, they have not yet
That value which in threshing they may get.
For till the bruising flails of God's corrections
Have threshèd out of us our vain affections;
Till those corruptions, which do misbecome us,
Are by thy sacred Spirit winnowed from us;
Until from us the straw of worldly treasures,
Till all the dusty chaff of empty pleasures,
Yea, till His flail upon us He doth lay,
To thresh the husk of this our flesh away,
And leave the soul uncovered; nay, yet more,
Till God shall make our spirit very poor,
We shall not up to highest wealth aspire,
But then we shall, and that is my desire."

Coleridge has well observed that, "In order to get at the full meaning of a word, we should present to our mind the *full visual image* that forms its primary meaning." The striking truth and wisdom of this remark are aptly illustrated by the example just quoted, and we add, it is only by the study of philology that we can possibly follow out Coleridge's advice. Instances of this embodiment of poetry in words are of frequent occurrence in geographical names, as, for example, in many of the Indian names of places in this country, some of which breathe the very spirit of a beautiful, though simple, poetry; thus, take Florida—do we not acquire some other ideas respecting it, when we learn that it was originally so named by the Spanish adventurers, because it presented to their delighted eyes a rich and gorgeous prospect of a flower-bedecked garden, and so they named it the "Flower-land"? A like circumstance to that from which, as we learn from Fazio del Uberti, lovely Florence—destined in after ages to be the garden-birthplace of such flowers of song and art and science and enterprising intellect as Dante and Petrarch, and Boccaccio, Guic-

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ciardini, Galileo, and Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Cellini, and Amerigo Vespucci—derived its name.

> "Poichè era posta in un prato fiori,
> Le donno il nome bello, onde s'ingloria."

There is a graphic poetry in the descriptive name of the peninsula of Greece—"Morea"—the mulberry leaf, which, notwithstanding Fallmerayer's attempt to substitute a Slavonic root, is the true derivation; and in "Trinacria," "The Triangular Land," the classic name of Sicily, and in "Dominica," as discovered on the Lord's Day, and in "Natal," from Natalis, because discovered on the "Natalis dies" of our Saviour—Christmas day.

The poetry in the names of flowers has been so marked and abundant as to attract the attention of all persons of susceptibility and cultivated taste, nor can probably any better or more simple example be adduced than the name of the "daisy" that lovely and yet most modest little English flower, which has been the subject of the poet's song since English poetry has had an existence. The "day's-eye" was the original meaning of the name, as we learn from Chaucer:

> "That well by reason it men callen may
> The *daisie*, or else the *eye of day*."

To the sun in the heavens, as Trench observes, this name, "eye of day," was naturally first given; and those who transferred the title to our little field-flower meant, no doubt, to liken its inner yellow disc or shield to the great golden orb of the sun, and the white florets, which encircle this disc, to the rays which the sun spreads on all sides round him. What imagination was here, to suggest a comparison such as this, binding together, as this does, the smallest and the greatest! What a travelling of the poet's eye, with the power which is the privilege of that eye, from earth to heaven and from heaven to earth, and uniting both!

If we range every other department of nature and art, we shall not fail to find numerous instances of this word-embodied poetry. Thus, in natural history, the name of the camelopard, and the historical account we have of its having been given, not by the slow and artificial invention of the scientific naturalist, but by the spontaneous outburst of the Roman people's voice, when first, in the shows exhibited by Julius Cæsar, they beheld the graceful and stately giraffe,

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combining, though with far greater grace, something of the height and proportions of the camel with the spotted skin of the pard; in Horace's words:

"Diversum confusa genus panthera camelo."

In mineralogy, the "topaz" may be adduced, taking its name, as Pliny tells us, from the verb τοπαζειν, "to conjecture," because men were only able to *conjecture* the position of the cloud-concealed island from which it was brought; and the carbunculus—"the little live coal"—how expressive a name of the fiery red color of that precious stone to which it was applied!

But, not to multiply examples, we may rest assured that the better acquainted we become with philology, the more readily shall we discover rich stores of gems of word-embodied poetry in every field of science, art, and nature. Have we not said, in however desultory a manner, more than enough to prove that the study of philology is absolutely essential to an intelligent appreciation of all that is best and most beautiful in our language and literature; and that its cultivation is, in fact, a condition of true and sound æsthetic culture? Now, let us see whether it is not a valuable preserver and protector of moral truths and historic facts. A large portion of the last of the works in our heading is devoted to the former of these points, of the purport of which we shall, to some extent, avail ourselves. One of the first things that strikes any one who glances thoughtfully down the columns of a dictionary, is the large and various number of words he meets, indicative of human sin and human suffering. We are not about to enter into any of the theological inferences to be drawn from this. It is enough to say that, knowing what we do of human life, we know it must be so. And the great moral which these mighty word-facts should impress upon every observer of them is, not to be driven down into a deeper despair for himself and humanity, as though there were no help in God or man, but to remember that the former has been promised, in His own word—the word of Him who is the Truth—but that He expects man to do his part also, and that therefore the recalling of these unhappy facts, in the lessons of philology, should only be a fresh incentive to each to do his duty, and to endeavor, *pro virili parte*—"like a MAN"—to alleviate these sins and sorrows of his fellow men, his

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spirit being that of one of the most touching strains we remember:

"If I were a voice, a consoling voice,
I'd fly on the wings of air:
The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
To save them from despair.
I would fly, I would fly o'er the crowded town,
And drop, like the happy sunlight, down
Into the hearts of suffering men,
And teach them to look up again!"

If men, or the majority of men, could only be brought to act in the true Christian spirit of these lines, and, especially, of the last, the "Worcester," or the "Webster," that should be published a hundred years hence would contain a vastly diminished number of these sin-and-sorrow words, or, at least, would have them marked as antiquated. The *deterioration* of words, though in a certain sense connected with the preceding point, is also interesting in a purely philological point of view. For example, the word "knave," which is with us a term of strong opprobrium, formerly only meant *boy*, or lad, and is, indeed, still the German *knabe*, but has gradually descended in meaning, first to servant-man, and so down to its present signification. Horne Tooke, indeed, derives this word from *ne-haban*, third person singular of the A. S. *nabban*, meaning "one who hath nothing," *i. e.*, neither good nor bad qualities; but we dissent from his view. "Varlet," again (*pace* H. Tooke), originally meant only a serving-man, for his theory is by no means proved by the passage in Douglas, quoted by him:

"The bissy knapis and *Verlotis* of his stabil
About them stood."—*Douglas*, b. xii., p. 409.

as any scholar, who compares the context, will easily perceive. In fact, we may here once for all remark that though "The Diversions of Purley" is a most interesting book, marked by great ingenuity, and which exercised a most healthy, stimulating influence on the study of English etymology at the time, it abounds in theories and etymologies which, however ingenious, will by no means stand the test of a stricter and truer philology; and yet every student of English ought to read the book, *after* he *has become well grounded in the principles of the science*. Once more: "officious," a word that now conveys so disagreeable an idea—for most

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of us heartily dislike an "officious" person—originally signified "full of kind attentions," as in Milton:

> "Yet not to earth are those bright luminaries
> *Officious*, but to thee, earth's habitant."

"Crafty," again, formerly meant "pertaining to art or skill," as we find it in Piers' Plouhman and Wickliffe's Translation of Revelation, 18th ch.: "Each *crafty* man and each craft." Lastly, the word "resent," from the Latin *re* and *sentio*, not so very long since was used in a good and grateful sense, as we find in Barrow: "How much more should we *resent* such a testimony of God's favor" (than that of an earthly prince). Here, of course, it was used in the sense of "being grateful for," or "requiting," whereas now its meaning is confined to that deep displeasure which men cherish against those from whom they have suffered a real or imaginary wrong. As the above are some few instances of the deterioration of words, so it is not difficult to find many of the opposite process, by which terms, originally of a low or bad meaning, have been purified and raised to a good or noble one; and it has been justly noticed, that the spirit of Christianity has been the main agent in carrying on this process. For instance, "angels," in Greek, ἄγγελοι, were originally simply "messengers," and "martyrs," μάρτυρες, witnesses, but not "witnesses unto the death in attestation of the Gospel of Christ;" and the word "sacrament" (Latin, sacramentum), until adopted and raised to such a place of honor by Christianity, meant, primarily, the sum which the two parties to a lawsuit at first deposited, and afterwards became bound for, being so called because the deposit of the losing party was devoted to *sacred* purposes, and, secondly, the military oath put by the military tribunes to the soldiers, of the mode of whose administration we have an account in Polybius and Livy. Of the words whose etymology contains great moral truths, "integrity" is a good example, meaning, as it does, "entireness." *Integritas corporis*, the "integrity" of the body, meant, as Cicero informs us, the full possession and the perfect soundness of *all* the members of the body, and, of course, "integrity," in its present sense, is this same entireness, or completeness, transferred to the moral life. As another example, we may select the word "libertine," which, passing by the original Latin meaning, so familiar to all, when it was first used in French, and then in English, signified a speculative *free-thinker* in morals, religion, and, perhaps,

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in politics. And, as it has often been observed, that the acts of the man are sure to correspond with the promptings of his mind or heart, and, therefore, *free-thinking* inevitably led to *free-acting*, so this word naturally came, in the course of a few generations, to signify a profligate, licentious man.

An analysis of the word "kind" will afford a pleasing, as well as useful, moral lesson. A "kind" man is nothing more nor less than a *kinned*-man, one of *kin:* the term, then, applied as a general characteristic to any one, would mean, if fully understood, a man who feels the obligations of his *kinship* to other men, and faithfully endeavors to perform them, acknowledging that he owes to them, as his kith and kin, the debt of brotherly love. And so in the word "mankind," or *mankinned*, which declares the *relationship* of all men to each other; and "since (as Dean Trench very justly observes) such a relationship can only exist, in a race now scattered so widely and divided so far asunder, through a common head, we do in fact, every time we use the word 'mankind,' express our faith in the one common descent of the whole race of man. And, beautiful before, how much more beautiful now do the words 'kind' and 'kindness' appear, when we apprehend the root out of which they grow; that they are the acknowledgment, in loving deeds, of our kinship with our brethren; and how profitable to keep in mind that a lively recognition of the bonds of blood, whether of those closer ones, which unite us to that which, by best right, we term our family, or those wider ones, which knit us to the whole human family, that this is the true source out of which all genuine love and affection must spring; for so much is affirmed in our daily, hourly use of the word." There are many other apt illustrations of this part of our subject which we should like to give, did not our limits forbid. The reader will find the subject, however, admirably discussed in Dean Trench's work. We must pass on to the connection of words with History—a point which will readily be seen to be one of the most important among the practical purposes or applications of philology. Every student, we were about to say, of ancient, but we will say, of *all* history, is painfully aware of the doubts and difficulties by which the path of that study is continually blocked up, but he may not be so ready to suppose that the removal of many of these is often to be more easily effected by philology than by any other means; and yet such is the case, as

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the labors of Niebuhr and Mommsen have amply sufficed to prove. Language, so far from being the frail and fleeting thing that the unreflecting might suppose, is, in fact, one of the most firm and faithful preservers of the Truth. The links between the Present and the Past, which, as consisting of special records, may have been entirely lost, she often can and does supply, making perfect once more the bond of historic union. Even when we have those records, we too often find them to be untrustworthy, but language is ever a truthful witness, if we have only learned how to question her aright.

And, before touching on any minor topics, let us here observe, in connection with a subject to whose investigation a large share of our attention has, for many years past, been devoted, that upon this very evidence must depend chiefly, if not entirely, the solution of a question, which has been agitated not a little in America and elsewhere, and respecting which, recently, controversy has become more than usually keen. We allude, of course, to the question of the unity of the human race. Amongst the various recent advocates of the opposite theory, a distinguished naturalist of the North, we believe, and Dr. Cartwright, of New Orleans, we know, have been reckoned the ablest and most influential. This is not the place to enter upon such a discussion, or, rather, our limits would prevent our doing it any justice; but its vast importance, as the highest and most solemn application of philology, claims to be distinctly pointed out, and all the more, as we believe the time is now drawing very near, when the means of arriving at a decision will have been at length completed. The controversy, in a few words, stands thus: The advocates of the unity of descent, of whom we do not hesitate to avow ourselves one, believe that, according to the account given in the Holy Scriptures of the Old Testament, mankind, descended from one common parentage, originally spoke one common language; but that, in consequence of their uniting in an attempt opposed to the will of Providence, God confounded their speech, and, by the variety of tongues thus introduced among them, brought about their dispersion, and the consequent colonization of other parts of the world. Instead of "variety of tongues," it might be better, perhaps, to have said *variations* of the one original tongue. The adversaries of revelation, and indeed some who accept the Bible in a certain sense, reject the whole of this narrative as a

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myth or fable. At present we only draw attention to the point, as being one that the student of philology ought ever to keep steadily in view, as the very highest aim and purpose of his pursuit. For ourselves, we can only say, and we do so most truthfully, that, so far as our investigations of not a few of the ancient and modern languages, carried on, for many years, under favorable circumstances, with opportunities of frequently consulting some of the most eminent of living philologers, are concerned, every year's study has strengthened and confirmed our belief in the unity—in the belief, that is, that all the present languages and dialects to be found amongst men are derived from one common parent-language. The grounds for this belief will, ere long, appear elsewhere; meantime, we pass on to glance, for illustration's sake, at some other evidences of the dependence of history upon philology. We have already alluded to the great Roman historian's labors in this direction, and, as the written records of the early history of Italy have been lost, the case is one greatly in point. Dr. Donaldson, we may add, has in a most valuable and scholarly way supplemented Niebuhr's labors. All who have read the history will recall the important conclusions which Niebuhr derives—and with thorough satisfaction, in general, to the scholar's mind—as to the races by which the Italian soil was occupied, and the relations in which they stood to each other—from an analysis of the words in the Latin language, which are severally derived from a Greek or other source. He remarks on the subject that "it cannot be mere chance that the words for house, field, plough, ploughing, wine, oil, milk, kine, swine, and others, relating to tillage and *the gentler ways of life*, agree in Latin and in Greek, while all objects appertaining to *war* or the *chase* are designated by words utterly un-Grecian." And hence, he draws the conclusion that Italy was inhabited by two races, the warlike conquerors and the peaceful conquered. An examination of our own language, even setting aside the historic records that we possess, would exhibit a similar result. All the endearing terms of the home life and its relations, such as father, mother, husband, wife, son, daughter, brother, sister, home itself, the hearth, the roof; and again, much as we have seen it in regard to Italy, the instruments used in agriculture, and the other terms of farming, such as the flail, the plough, sickle, spade, and wheat, rye, oats, bere, and the domestic animals, as ox, cow, sheep, &c.—

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all these are found to be Saxon; while the terms of pride and power, and, we may add, of luxury, belong to the language of the dominant Normans. For example: sovereign, sceptre, realm, throne, royalty, duke, count, prince, &c.—all these, and similar titles, are Norman, except one, and that the chief of all, "King"—which, as has been noticed, would lead us to suspect, even had we no record of the facts, that the chief of the ruling race came in, not upon a new title, nor as overthrowing a former dynasty, but as claiming to be in the rightful line of succession. We find our limits to be already exceeded, and must therefore omit several other illustrations. In the present paper, whose leading object has been to arouse the public mind to the importance and interest of this study, we have purposely abstained from entering into critical discussions, or going beyond the limits of our own language. In a future article, however, we propose to give a sketch of the progress, during the last century, of the science of philology in general.

ART. VIII.—1. *Communication from the Governor, transmitting the Report of the Engineer-in-Chief of the State of New York.*

2. *Maritime Interests of the South and West.* By Lieut. MAURY.

AT present, there does not seem to be much danger that we shall be troubled with invasion. Whatever may have been the disposition of England, while the Trent difficulty was pending, it is not likely now that she will interfere, in any way, in our present difficulties. Assuming it to be true that, notwithstanding the surrender of Mason and Slidell, in compliance with her demand, her attitude towards us continued hostile, there is no reason to doubt that her intentions, if not her feelings, have undergone a considerable change within the last month. Apart from the altered tone of the English press, this is sufficiently evident from her Majesty's recent Speech to her Parliament. Without pausing to inquire whether we owe the change to an improvement in the temper, or sense of justice, of the British government, or to that wholesome respect which an

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army of 700,000 men is so well calculated to inspire, we proceed to make a few observations on the importance of being prepared for any contingency that may arise. Neither England nor any other nation can blame us for putting our harbors in a state of efficient defence—especially those of our principal seaboard cities. Louis Philippe commenced the fortifications of Paris, Havre, Cherbourg, St. Malo and Bordeaux, almost simultaneously, in the midst of profound peace, and no one believes now that he had any hostile intention in doing so. A similar remark would apply to the strongest fortresses of Russia, Austria and Prussia.

But scarcely two years have elapsed since England herself spent millions on her national defences; while her leading organs were openly discussing the probability and possible results of a French invasion. Until she had expended immense sums in strengthening her forts, and building new war vessels, it was in vain that Louis Napoleon assured her that she had nothing to fear from him. France took no offence, however; and why should England take offence now against us? At all events, it is not against the well-prepared and strong, that any nation, however belligerent, is most disposed to take offence. The experience of the world proves the reverse of this—and certainly, the conduct of England forms no exception to the rule. While we were all united, and consequently powerful, she treated us with the greatest respect as a nation; when she was led to believe that we were weak, because we did not suppress a formidable rebellion in two or three months, she soon altered her tone. First, she believed that but little resistance would, or could, be made against secession. The promptness and enthusiasm with which the people of all the loyal states rushed to arms, in defence of the Union, convinced her that this was a mistake; and, for a time, she ceased to insist that our downfall was at hand. But the result of the battle of Bull Run changed her mind again. Now, she was sure that the Secessionists were braver than the Federalists—that, in short, the latter could never conquer the former—nay, that it was more probable that they would be conquered themselves; and that, in time, we should all have to submit to the Southern yoke. In this view of the case she continued to indulge, until the taking of Hatteras and Port Royal by our navy, when she began to regard us once more with some marks of esteem. Without

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entering into further particulars on this point, we may safely conclude, that when she has been made acquainted with our recent splendid victories in the taking of Roanoke Island, Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, &c., she will have little disposition to pick a quarrel with us on any such absurd grounds as our undertaking, in obedience to the instinct of self-preservation, to strengthen our harbor fortifications. But were it otherwise, should we leave our large and wealthy cities at the mercy of any great European power, that might seek a pretext to attack them? Have we not already been taught how humiliating, as well as dangerous, it is to be unprepared for war when it is forced upon us?

It is needless to discuss this point at any length. We believe that ninety-nine out of every hundred of our loyal citizens are in favor of constructing such works at the entrance of our harbors, let them cost what they may, as would be deemed sufficient by competent engineers to secure the safety of our principal cities. We believe that for no other purpose would money be contributed more readily. Certainly no intelligent business man would grudge to be taxed for such a purpose; if he did, his loyalty might well be questioned. The reason is obvious enough. Supposing, for example, that a large hostile fleet appeared before New York, having forced its way down the Narrows, who is so credulous as to believe that it would return without doing ten times more harm, within range of the heart of the city, than the amount it would have cost, in the form of taxes or voluntary contributions, to effectually prevent its entrance? Perhaps it would not bombard the city; if not, its forbearance would be dearly bought; it would undoubtedly levy large contributions on all who have property that could be seized upon. This would be in strict accordance with the laws of war. Unfortunately, there are but too many examples of this mode of warfare. Athens, Lisbon, Madrid and Naples have in turn had to pay large sums, in order to save themselves from bombardment. And that it is still worse to refuse to pay or to surrender, when the harbor defences are not sufficiently strong, we have a startling example in the case of Copenhagen. Be it remembered that there was no declaration of war against Denmark. This would have given the Danes time to make some adequate preparation; though they had done nothing to excite hostility. Their only crime was, to have a large fleet which might possi-

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bly fall into the hands of Napoleon. Lest any such event as this may happen, they are called upon to surrender it. As a matter of course, they refuse so unreasonable a demand. The result was, that the whole Danish fleet was destroyed or captured—seventeen sail sunk, burned, or seized; six thousand Danes killed and taken prisoners. Six years after, the same nation is found guilty of the new crime of having built another fleet, and it is resolved to destroy this too. We might also cite the case of Genoa, which, if possible, is a still more fearful warning than that of Copenhagen. It was precisely to guard against attacks like these that Louis Philippe commenced the fortifications above referred to; indeed, they had the effect of engaging the attention of the best engineers in every maritime nation in Europe. Previous to the first attack on Copenhagen, the fortress of Cronstadt, now considered impregnable, was but an inconsiderable fort, and the fortress of Sebastopol had scarcely been commenced. In view of these facts, we had expected to find some valuable suggestions in the pamphlet which stands first at the head of our article, seeing that it is the "Report of the Engineer-in-Chief of the State of New York;" but never have we been more utterly disappointed. Surely the chief engineer of the Empire State ought to be able to prepare a paper on the subject of our harbor defences, containing something that was not generally known before; but nothing of this character do we find, on a careful perusal, except that the author of the *Report* has lately purchased $80,000 worth of square timber, by order of his Excellency Governor Morgan, for the purpose of "obstructing the channel at the Narrows, upon a sudden emergency." It is evident, however, that he regards himself as having performed a great feat, in having laid out so much money on "a little less than half a million cubic feet of square timber," "being an average cost of 16¼ cents per cubic foot." But what seems strange to us, in our way of looking at the matter, is, that the engineer-in-chief should think that the timber should not be used until it is wanting. This is just what the Danish engineers thought when they were consulted by the crown prince on the subject of defending the harbor of Copenhagen. There is some interesting if not valuable information, however, in the *Report;* we mean that contained in the long extracts taken from Major Barnard's paper entitled "The Dangers and Defences of New York," and

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another paper, by one whose name is not given; but the former was written nearly three years ago (1859), and the latter eight years; and all know that important improvements have since been made, especially in cannon. If any observations, that can be called new, have been added to these extracts by Gen. McArthur, it is such as the following:

"A landing in the face of a *dense population*, attacked upon their own ground, daring and determined in the defence of their homes, and their forces constantly augmented by overwhelming numbers *from other quarters*, would be a most dangerous experiment for *any enemy to attempt, however strong and well prepared and equipped.*"—p. 14.

It requires but a small amount of scientific skill—nay, of ordinary intelligence—to see that our engineer-in-chief is by no means a safe authority as to the means necessary for the defence of our large cities. Were it otherwise, then, there would be no use in our undertaking to capture any of the large cities of the South. But it is well known that a dense population can offer but feeble resistance to a well-disciplined army. To refer again to Copenhagen—had not that city a "dense population" when it was captured by Nelson? What people in the world are braver or more patriotic than the French? yet did not the allies take possession of their capital in 1815? Even New York has not a denser population than Paris; nor is the population of the whole United States, from Maine to California, so large as that of France was in 1815. It seems to us that, instead of making statements like this, and filling his "Report" with extracts from papers which, although valuable when written, if acted upon, he should rather have devoted his attention to some definite system of defences. But the most important information he gives us is that which relates to the number of guns mounted and unmounted in the different forts, commanding the approaches to the city. It seems that, when he prepared his Report, there were but 222 guns mounted along the Narrows, while nearly as many more were required for the forts already completed. There is no doubt but we require several new forts in New York, in order to enable us to bid defiance to any force which the great maritime powers of Europe might bring against us; at the same time, we have every confidence that, if Fort Columbus, Castle William, Fort Richmond, Battery Hudson, Fort Schuyler, Sandy Hook, &c., were garrisoned by such, for example, of our militia regiments as the Thirty-seventh and Twenty-second, the most formidable

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fleet that could be sent against us would find it difficult, if not impossible, to approach the city.

We have statistics enough at hand, altogether independent of the *Report* of the chief engineer; but, for obvious reasons, we do not deem it advisable to publish them just now; we prefer to wait until the different works are in a better position to resist an attack than they are at present, hoping that that will not be long. In the mean time, several new works should be commenced at once. There is no excuse for delaying them; for Congress has already appropriated the sum of $1,050,000 for the fortifications of New York harbor alone. This, although by no means sufficient, would greatly increase the strength of our defences; and no sooner would Congress see that it had been judiciously expended, than it would appropriate any further sums deemed necessary to complete the works; so that, before the end of two years, we might be in a position to resist the combined attacks of England and France, should any such be made.

On the present occasion we can say no more of the defences of other Northern cities, whether on the Atlantic or the great lakes, than that we hope they will not be neglected. Boston, especially, should be secured from all danger, since, next to New York, it is the most important city in the loyal states. As for Philadelphia, it is easily defended; the largest fleet that even Great Britain could concentrate on any one point would hardly venture to enter the Delaware as far as Delaware city; and, even if it did, it would still be nearly forty miles from Philadelphia. But the best way to make sure of this is, to build two or three strong forts on Delaware Bay—say opposite Smyrna and Melville.

Desultory as these remarks necessarily are, on account of the brief space we have now left, they remind us that it is nothing new for Lieut. Maury to favor the plans of the Secessionists. We have now before us a paper of his, published in the "Southern Quarterly Review," nearly twenty years ago, and subsequently copied into the "Southern Literary Messenger." Its object is two-fold: first, to arouse the cotton-growing states to a due sense of their superior importance, as compared to the Northern states; secondly, to induce Congress to fortify all the principal cities and harbors of the South. An extract or two will give a more correct idea of the character of this paper than any observations we could now make upon it.

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"Here," says Lieut. Maury, "*national defences are most needed, and should be the strongest;* but here they have been most neglected, and are the weakest. * * Consider the commercial resources of the South and West—their kind soil and genial climates—their present wealth and *future destiny*, and say why is it that so little has been done to foster their interests in peace, to protect their merchandise in war?"*

In reply to those who maintained that the chief, if not the only, resource of the South was its cotton, Lieut. Maury argued as follows, in the paper under consideration:

"We have been accustomed to consider Pennsylvania and New York as great grain growing states, and to look upon the cotton growing states as consumers rather than producers. But the census of 1840 shows the true state of the case to be very far different from this. Including all the cereal grains, New York averages but 21 bushels *to the inhabitant*—Georgia 35, Pennsylvania but 33, and Tennessee 68. Taking away the cotton from the produce of those states which grow it, and viewing them in the light of grain growers only, the census shows that they average a greater yield of bread stuffs than their sister states at the North and East, *who, for the last thirty years, have been wringing from them the sinews of war.*"

According to the reasoning of Lieut. Maury, the man who gives a dowry of $500 to each of two or three daughters, gives evidence of as much wealth, and as ample resources as his neighbor, who gives an equal amount to each of twelve daughters; yet it may be regarded as a fair specimen of secession logic. But he gives us a good deal more of the same kind. Everybody has heard of the Chinese who, on visiting France and England, was so much disgusted with the inhabitants, because none of them wore queues, as all respectable people do in China. "The state of New York," says Lieut. Maury, "grows no cotton, no hemp, no tobacco, no rice. Nor does it supply commerce with any of its sugar." It follows from this, that New York is a poor and dependent region, that could not exist if the South should choose to withhold her boundless resources, if only for a single year! "She" (New York), he says, "may have *lumber and ashes;* but when we come to reckon in millions, we shall find that these articles are trifling in amount." (p. 655.) When men, having a reputation for being scientific and learned, would argue in this strain, in the leading journals of the South, no wonder that the people should believe that they could withdraw from the Union whenever they thought proper.

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* *Southern Literary Messenger*, article, "Maritime Interests of the South and West," vol. xi., p. 651.

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But, what annoyed Lieut. Maury most was, the unwillingness of Congress to fortify the harbors of the South. "To amuse southern members," he says, "vessel after vessel has been sent there, on what has been called the 'Survey of Southern harbors.' But the officers in charge have not been directed to search for harbors of the requisite depth of water; they have been sent to survey those which, it was already known, had not water enough to admit frigates and larger vessels. Since Captain Tatnall's survey, the Tortugas have always received the go-by," &c. Secretary Floyd, in the plenitude of his treasonable zeal, was not more anxious to give every possible aid to the secessionists, than was Lieutenant Maury, so early as 1854. The latter had little idea that Key West and the Tortugas could be held by the Federal government, against the sovereign will of the cotton states.

"Only three millions of dollars," he says—"less than the harbor defences of Norfolk have cost—are required, according to the estimates of the engineer department, to put both Key West and the Tortugas in a complete state of defence. What are three millions in comparison with the interests at stake? *It is not a tithe of what the South and West have paid for the defences of the North.*" In order to justify remarks of this kind, occasional allusions are made to the aggressive spirit of England. But just then South Carolina was nearly as impatient for secession as she was when she commenced the present rebellion; and Lieutenant Maury was anxious to give her all the aid in his power, under the pretence of warning the whole nation against the machinations of Great Britain.

Fortunately, however, his efforts did not avail much against the Union; but still less than those of Floyd. Had he known that when the day of trial came—while treason was doing its worst—the Federal flag would still continue to wave over Key West and the Tortugas, far from being an advocate for fortifying those important positions, his subsequent conduct shows that he would have turned all his influence in the opposite direction. There are many others whose designs against the government it would be interesting to trace back in a similar manner; but we find we must close for the present. For the benefit of the South as well as the North, we hope that before the time comes again to treat the subject in this journal, the good old Union under which all sections enjoyed so

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much prosperity and happiness will have been restored in its integrity. Without any disposition to boast or to underrate southern bravery or courage, it may be said that the Federal army has now become completely master of the situation. Our recent victories, brilliant and important as they undoubtedly are, we can only regard as the first efforts of a great army, after it has been brought under proper discipline. They have, indeed, given the Union forces a prestige, which will have its effect in Europe as well as in the revolted states. Other great battles have yet to be fought, however, but we do not hesitate to predict that the result of these will be not only the restoration of the Union in all its integrity; we feel equally confident that henceforth the gallant defenders of the Union will be spoken of throughout the world under the proud title of "*the victorious armies of the Republic.*"

ART. IX.—1. *Democracy in America.* By ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE. Translated by HENRY REEVE. New York: 1848.

2. *Colonial History of the United States.* By JAMES GRAHAME, LL. D. Philadelphia: 1846.

3. *Secret Proceedings of the Federal Convention.* By Chief Justice YATES. Washington: 1838.

4. *Exposition of the Constitution.* By JOSEPH STORY, LL. D. Boston: 1840.

5. *The Constitutional Jurisprudence of the United States.* By W. A. DUER, LL. D. Boston: 1856.

IT is a remarkable fact that, while, generally speaking, no writers are more candid or reliable than educated Englishmen, no Englishman has ever given to the public any comprehensive analysis of the American form of government. To a French writer* is the mother country indebted for the best account ever published of the civilization of her North American colonies. The leading journals, magazines, and reviews of England assume that American democracy is not three quarters of a century old—that scarcely has it attained the full age of man, three score years and ten—before it is

* M. De Tocqueville.

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seized with the throes of dissolution; and because a gigantic rebellion has sprung up which is not put down in a single year, in a country which is as large as all Europe, therefore it is concluded that American democracy is short-lived, and incapable of standing the strain of adversity, while monarchy alone has permanence and stability. "Every nation," says the London Times of January 17th, "has the right of selecting its own form of government, but that of the United States seems to us to have been suited only for the fairest of weather, and not for the dark tempests which have of late assailed the republic." This judgment is, to say the least, premature. In a few months this country has developed a military strength, unexampled, for so brief a time, in the history of nations; and now, when it has begun to strike, it would seem but decent for our transatlantic cousins to abide the result. England has not dispatched her own civil wars so speedily that she is entitled to lecture other nations on the subject. Her wars with Scotland extended over a period of four or five centuries, and it was only in 1707 that Scotland finally yielded her independence and consented to a permanent union with the dominant power, and it was not till more than a century afterwards that the corrupt parliament of Ireland, after numerous civil wars, surrendered her legislative independence, so that she became incorporated into "the United Kingdom"—a union which is not very firmly cemented after the lapse of three score years. How has it been even in England itself? "The great rebellion" began in 1638, in the reign of Charles I., and the revolution "to restore the former constitution and to counteract the recent encroachments" of the kings* was not completed till 1688—a period of half a century, during which not only England, but Scotland and Ireland were desolated by fire and sword, and the monarchy itself was suspended for eleven years by the commonwealth.

If a rebellion in the United States, and failure to put it down in a few months, be a valid argument against American democracy, it would prove too much, and, *à fortiori*, demonstrate the weakness of monarchy, proving that it is more suited, than a republic, "for fair weather, and not for dark tempests." The periodical revolutions and insurrections in European monarchies do not argue much for the strength of

* Lord Brougham.

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their institutions. The republic of Rome endured for 466 years, during which time it ruled the world. How feeble became the sway of the empire that succeeded it, till at last the mighty Roman power ceased to exist! The Dutch confederate republic, consisting of seven United Provinces, successfully resisted the whole power of Spain, then the greatest monarchy of Europe, for a period of eighty years, and established its independence at last. It endured for 227 years, when it became a kingdom, with the father of Louis Napoleon on the throne. Even the power of the Holy Alliance could not keep the country long united, after it was reduced by external violence to monarchy. The dissimilarity of language, religion, and race did not prevent union under the confederation. But, under a monarchy, the discordant elements worked a disintegration, in 1830, and Holland and Belgium have been, ever since, separate kingdoms. Switzerland is a remarkable example of the endurance of confederated republics. It is now 550 years old, and, during five centuries and a half, it has held its own against the encroachments of surrounding monarchies. In recent years, its strength has been tested in a rebellion like our own, which it speedily crushed, and still "the free Switzer bestrides alone his chainless mountains." Yet, neither do the Dutch Republic nor the Swiss Confederacy present, in their forms of government, the unity and consolidation of the United States of America. The United Provinces were more independent, and enjoyed a higher degree of State rights, than the communities of the American confederation; and the Swiss Cantons have reserved to themselves more sovereignty, and given less of it to the federal government, than the American States have done. Our system is undoubtedly an improvement on theirs, and is calculated for greater stability.

Republics are more vigorous in war than in peace. The old Roman Republic is an example. France, when it was a republic, was able to crush internal rebellion, and to battle successfully against all Europe in arms. It was only when it became an empire that it was conquered and passed under the yoke. What would have been the fate of England long since, had she not been an island? Her insular position and her maritime supremacy, the result of her commercial necessities, alone have saved her from being swallowed up by France. It is not, therefore, any inherent strength in her form of government that has enabled England to maintain her independence and the integrity of her kingdom.

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It is peace and prosperity, not war and adversity, that are most dangerous to a republic. With the exception of the insignificant and inconclusive war with England, from 1812 to 1815, we have had nothing deserving the name of war since the Revolution. Had a war broken out between the United States and some foreign power before the commencement of the present rebellion, it would most probably have saved us from internal strife. It is to faction and disunion a republic is most likely to become a prey, in a period of peace and prosperity, and foreign war hushes the voice of faction and unites the people. Even this civil war will have a salutary effect upon the country, by giving a mortal blow to the corruption which has grown so strong from impunity, owing to the facility which the institutions and resources of the country present for making money, and to the general eagerness of competitors in the race. If the struggle with rebellion should be crowned with success, as the developments of the campaign now indicate, the Union will be cemented more firmly than ever, and a new and a long lease of national life will be guaranteed to the republic. But if a dissolution should be the result of the war, and that two confederacies should be established instead of one, American democracy would not thereby be ended, but only the territorial extent of the United States diminished. The free States and the territories, which lie west of them, comprise an area measuring half of Europe. Democracy is not overthrown, but a particular form of it called in question. Our present Federal system differs in some important respects from every other which preceded it in the history of the world. It was regarded at the time it was adopted, by some of the ablest and wisest men of the period, as "an experiment," an experiment not merely to determine whether universal suffrage and the largest liberty are compatible with order and a strong central government, but to ascertain whether two systems of civilization could exist in harmony in the same republic. Had the population been entirely homogeneous, and had no conflicting interests existed, depending upon climate and geographical lines, the task of forming a constitution would have been easy to men, who so thoroughly understood and so devotedly championed the principles of human liberty. But this was not the case, and a different constitution was adopted from that which otherwise would have emanated from the signers of the Declaration of Independ-

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ence. It was founded on *compromise*. Its authors did not assume that it was perfect. Far from it, they knew its defects, but it was the best they could have made under all the circumstances, and it cost not a single drop of human blood. George Washington, the president of the convention that adopted the Constitution, thus writes of it immediately after the completion of the work :*

"The various and opposite interests which were to be conciliated, the local prejudices which were to be subdued, the diversity of opinions and sentiments which were to be reconciled, and, in fine, the sacrifices which were necessary to be made, on all sides, for the general welfare, combined to make it a work of so intricate and difficult a nature, that I think it is much to be wondered at, that anything could have been produced with such unanimity, as the Constitution proposed." "I do most firmly believe that, in the aggregate, it is the best constitution that can be obtained at this epoch; and that *this, or a dissolution of the Union*,† *awaits our choice*, and is the only alternative before us."

Again in 1790, after all the States had ratified the Constitution, and he had become first President of the United States: "The establishment of our new government seemed to be the last great *experiment* for promoting human happiness by a reasonable compact in civil society. It was to be, in the first instance, in a considerable degree, *a government of accommodation*, as well as a government of laws."

The Constitution of which the "Father of his Country" thus speaks is not like the laws of the Medes and Persians, which altered not. It makes provision for its own amendment, and, since its adoption, twelve amendments have been actually made, and a thirteenth was proposed at the Second Session of the Eleventh Congress, but, not having been ratified by a sufficient number of the States, it did not become a part of the fundamental law. Congress, whenever two-thirds of both Houses deem it necessary, is enjoined to propose further amendments, or, on application of the Legislatures of two thirds of the several States, to call a convention for proposing amendments, which, in either case, shall be valid, to all intents and purposes, as part of the Constitution, when ratified by the Legislatures of three fourths of the several States, or by conventions in three fourths thereof, as the

* See Sparks' Life of Washington.

† This expression shows that "the Union" existed before the present Constitution, under another, which did not work well. It may be found necessary to introduce new changes, to preserve the Union.

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one or other mode of ratification may be proposed by Congress. Had Congress, two years, or even fourteen months, ago, in the spirit of Washington's letter, proposed such amendments as would have loosed the Gordian knot of the vexed question which has agitated the country for the last few years, the Union might now be intact, and civil war still unknown to this once happy land. It is now too late to solve the difficulty in this peaceful manner. But when the contest of the sword is terminated, there is no reason why the Constitution should not be amended so as to harmonize with the altered circumstances of the country. There is only one limitation to amendments, and that is, that "no State, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate."

It was not in a day that the English Constitution was formed. It is the growth of centuries—now a little and then a little, and most of it at the expense of sanguinary wars. The American Constitution is also of slow growth; for, though it was put together by the labors of a single Convention, in less than four months, its principles and provisions were the fruits of the experience of many generations, and in good part it already existed in the constitutions and laws of the Colonies. Indeed, the Constitution of 1787 contains only two or three improvements upon the "Articles of Confederation," adopted ten years before—improvements which time pointed out as necessary. The American system is, like the oak, of slow growth, but of great strength. It does not date from the war of the Revolution, nor from the Declaration of Independence, nor from the adoption of the present Constitution. It is coeval with the foundation of the Colonies. It is the democratic element of Anglo-Saxon institutions, segregated and transplanted in the New World, without being choked by an overmastering growth of aristocracy. The English acorn has found here a more congenial soil and climate than its own, and has become indigenous, producing a tree of goodly stature and of wide-spreading branches. It is the growth of nearly two hundred and fifty years. No sooner had the Pilgrims landed, in 1620, than they adopted a brief Constitution, which was a basis of liberty, or *Magna Charta*, upon which the lofty superstructure was afterwards raised. In the year 1641, the General Assembly of Rhode Island unanimously declared that the government of the Colony was a democracy, and that the

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power was vested in the body of free citizens, who alone had the right to make the laws and watch their execution.* "In the laws of Connecticut, as well as in all those of New England," says M. De Tocqueville, "we find the germ and gradual development of that township independence, which is the life and mainspring of American liberty at the present day."†

At the period of the first migrations, the parish system—that fruitful root of free institutions—was deeply embedded in the habits of the English, and with it the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people had been introduced even into the bosom of the monarchy of the House of Tudor.

Thus the English parish became at the North the American township, while at the South it still retains its old name. It is the basis of our whole political system. Here the people are the only source of power, and the popular action is immediate and direct. The county organization is the next story in the edifice; then follows the State, and the Federal Government is the capstone which surmounts and binds the whole.

Even the idea of the confederation of all the colonies, which was realized in the Revolution, and afterwards carried out into "a more perfect Union," originated with the Puritans. As early as 1643, only twenty-three years after the arrival of the Mayflower, a confederation of the colonies of New England was formed for offence and defence, leaving to each its own government, while the common affairs of the league were managed by a congress, consisting of two commissioners from each community. These were the colonies of Plymouth, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Haven. They declared their confederation to be perpetual, and styled it "The United Colonies of New England." Here is, evidently, the germ of the "Articles of Confederation" of all the Colonies in 1777, also declared to be "perpetual," and of the Constitution of the United States in 1787.

It will be perceived that the confederacy which existed for about half a century was not a government, but a league, and as such was a good model. But the defects in the system, for the purposes of general government, were: 1st. The want of a central executive, to act upon the whole. 2d. The want of a general judiciary, to adjudicate between

* Code of 1650, p. 70.

† *Democracy in America*, Part I., chap. 2.

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the several members, or between any of the members and the whole confederacy. 3d. The want of a general power to obtain credit or emit money.

It is worthy of remark, that the last provision in this league shows that it never entered into the heads of people then, that it was competent for one party to a compact to make itself a judge of its own breaches of it; on the contrary, it was provided that such breaches should be judged of by the other members of the confederacy. It was reserved for a much later period of history, and for an effort of political ingenuity, to devise a mode by which a party to a contract can at once make itself judge of its own violations of it and nullify at pleasure its provisions.

This league of the United Colonies, though inefficient for the purposes of an independent general government, was, nevertheless, the first step to it; and it was only overlooked by the mother country in consequence of her civil wars at home. But James II. subsequently annulled both it and the charters together, and this led to a more extensive combination, in which the other colonies participated. A convention to form a general league took place at Albany, in 1722. But a more general and memorable convention was held at the same place in 1754, consisting of commissioners from all the New England colonies, and from the provinces of New York, Pennsylvania and Maryland. It was called at the instance of the government of England, and although the object of the ministry in proposing it was, to facilitate the negotiation of treaties with the Indians, the colonial legislatures who promptly acceded to the proposal entertained more extensive views. Two of the colonies expressly instructed their delegates to enter into articles of confederation with the other colonies, for their general security in time of peace as well as in war; and one of the first acts of the commissioners was a *unanimous* resolution that "a *union* of the colonies was absolutely necessary for their preservation." After rejecting several proposals for the division of the colonies into separate confederacies, they agreed to a plan of federal government for the whole, consisting of a president-general, to be appointed by the crown, and a general legislative council, to meet once in every year, and to be composed of delegates chosen triennially by the provincial assemblies. This celebrated plan of union was drawn up by Doctor Franklin, who attended as a delegate from Pennsylvania, and is to be found in

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the more recent editions of his works, with an explanation of the motives which guided him in forming it. The Confederacy was to embrace all the colonies, and the right of peace and war with the Indian nations was to be vested in the general council of the confederates, subject to the negative of the President-General, and the ultimate approval of the crown. It was to possess the further power "to raise troops, and build forts, for the defence of the colonies, and to equip vessels of war, to guard the coast and protect commerce;" and for these purposes the general council was to have power to levy such general imposts and taxes as should seem just and equal. This plan, it is worthy of remark, was adopted on the 4th of July, and Lieutenant-Governor De Lancey, who presided, was the only person who opposed it. It was rejected by the British Government, because it would give too much power to the people of the colonies, and unfolded the secret of their strength; it was rejected by the colonial legislatures, as giving too much power to the crown. Some Americans have thought that Franklin's name would have been handed down to posterity as an enemy to the liberties of his country, instead of an active friend, if this project had succeeded; but it is probable that the sagacious Franklin saw, in this union of American power and interests, the germ of future independence. De Lancey may have seen it in the same light, and, therefore, opposed it.* The country was not yet ripe for so great a change. It is evidently not the plan of a league, but of a *general government*, and is a great stride in advance of the New England league. It provided for a strong *executive*, but made no provision for a general judiciary, nor any for regulating the currency. It was, however, the prelude to a complete independent government. In 1765, in consequence of the obnoxious Stamp Act, the colony of Rhode Island proposed to the provincial assemblies to collect the sense of the colonies, and to unite in a common petition to the king and Parliament. A congress of deputies from nine of the colonies met in New York in October. The Stamp Act was to come into operation in November. Lieutenant-Governor Colden pronounced the congress "unconstitutional, unprecedented, and unlawful," and would give it no countenance. The congress, however, drew up a bill of rights on the subject of tax-

* Dunlap's *History of New York*, vol. i., ch. 28.

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ation, and adopted an address to the king. After various remonstrances and constitutional acts of resistance on the part of the colonies, and retaliatory acts of violence on the part of the crown, the committees of correspondence, appointed in the several colonies, fixed the 10th of September, 1774, for the first meeting of the Continental Congress in Philadelphia, and an association of eleven States was then and there formed. This is the date of the American *Union*. The Congress applauded the course of Massachusetts, in offering resistance to the "wicked ministers," issued a declaration of rights, recommended a suspension of commercial intercourse with Great Britain, voted an address to the king, and to the people of Great Britain, and another to the inhabitants of Canada. This union was continued by successive elections of delegates to the general Congress, and maintained through every period of the Revolution which immediately ensued, and every change in our Federal and State governments, and is revered and cherished, by every true American, as the source of our national prosperity, and the only solid foundation of our national independence.*

In the month of May, 1775, a new congress, consisting of delegates from twelve colonies, and clothed with ample discretionary powers, met at Philadelphia, and, soon after it assembled, the accession of Georgia completed the confederation of the Thirteen Colonies of North America. They issued, on the 4th of July, the celebrated Declaration of Independence, the rough draft of which was made by Jefferson. This was the consummation of the Revolution, and the congress gradually assumed all the powers of national sovereignty. But, as the independence of the colonies was not yet achieved by arms, it was still only a revolutionary congress, as far as the mother country was concerned. To the colonies, it was a provisional government. Previous to the Declaration of Independence, congress recommended the different colonies to adopt new constitutions, and thereby declare themselves independent States. Henceforth, they were not the United Colonies, but United States. In order to secure and perpetuate these State institutions, it was deemed expedient to explain, by a formal instrument, the nature of the federative compact, and to define both the powers vested in the General Government and those retained by the

* Duer's *Constitutional Jurisprudence*.

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States. But the accomplishment of this in a satisfactory manner, owing to local prejudices and discordant interests, was attended with so much difficulty, that it was not till the following autumn they could be induced to agree to it. In November, 1777, Congress adopted the "Articles of Confederation," under which the United States successfully terminated the Revolution. Some of the States had withheld their assent, the principal objection being in respect to the wild lands, which were claimed by several States, while others urged they should go to bear the common burthen; but on the 1st of March, 1781, by the accession of Maryland, the articles of union received the unanimous approbation of the States. This was the first formation of a regular general government of all the States, and continued till the Constitution came into operation, in 1788. The articles provided that the style of the confederacy should be "The United States of America;" that each State should retain its sovereignty and independence; that the object of the league was, the general welfare and the common defence against foreign aggression; that, for the management of the general interests, delegates shall be annually appointed by the State legislatures to meet in congress, each State having not less than two, nor more than seven; and that, in determining questions in congress, each State shall have one vote; that no State shall engage in war, nor make treaties, without the consent of congress, nor lay any imposts or duties interfering with the treaties made by congress; that the "United States, in congress assembled," shall have the exclusive right of making peace and war; entering into treaties and alliances; establishing courts for the trial of piracies and felonies, and courts of admiralty; that congress shall have the power to determine all questions and differences between two or more States, which authority shall be exercised by instituting a court, whose judgment shall be final and decisive; that they shall have the power to regulate the standard of weights, measures, and coin; establish post-offices; borrow money and emit bills of credit; that they may appoint a committee of the States and civil officers to manage the general affairs of the United States, under the direction of congress; and that said Committee, in the recess of congress, may exercise such powers as congress shall vest them with; that all charges for the general welfare be paid out of a common treasury, and levied in

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proportion to the value of the land within each State; and lastly, that every State shall abide by the determination of congress upon the questions submitted to it, and *the Union shall be perpetual.*

It will be observed that the States, notwithstanding their jealousy of the Federal government, and their declaration that they retained their sovereignty and independence, yet granted away many attributes of sovereignty greater than those proposed to be vested in the President and Council by the plan of 1754. The new plan of government had many deficiencies, though more in the mode than in the principle. There was still wanting an *executive* head; there was the danger of having executive and legislative powers combined in the same body; there was no general judiciary provided, and the greatest deficiency of all was, that the Articles of Confederation did not act upon individuals, but upon the States, and that the States only in their corporate capacity, and not the people of the States, were represented in congress; that to raise men and money, it was necessary to act through the medium of many distinct governments, and, if a State refused or neglected to comply, there was no remedy but war. Yet by a comparison of the Articles of Confederation with the first league of 1643, and the plan of 1754, it will be seen that the tendency was from the notion of separate sovereignties to that of general and united government, and that each change, founded on experience, had given additional strength to the Confederacy. The association of 1643 was only held together by an alliance. The plan of 1754, though not adopted, was that of a general government and had a strong executive. The Articles of Confederation, though returning to the form of a confederacy, still established a general government, with greatly increased powers in theory, though defective in practice. To the powers of the former congresses was superadded the right to emit bills of credit, establish marine courts and judge between the States. It is worthy of note, as bearing upon the secession heresy, that the doctrine of that day was that "the Union shall be perpetual,"* and that every State shall abide by the determinations of the representatives of the other States in all controversies. Thus the idea of a union of the Colonies originated in the earliest stage of their existence,

* Article XIII. The very title of the instrument is, "The Articles of Confederation and perpetual Union between the States," &c.

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the object being the general welfare; and, for this purpose, from time to time leagues and confederacies were formed, and these associations were always made closer and stronger in the progress of time and experience. But "a more pefect Union was yet to come."

The Articles of the Confederation were drawn up in haste, amidst the excitement and exigencies of war, the rights of political supremacy were conferred in an insufficient manner, and under an imperfect organization. In imitation of all former confederacies of independent sovereignties, the decrees of the federal council affected the States only in their corporate capacity; and this was considered by the ablest statesmen of the time as the radical defect.* Even during the war, the States began to fail in fulfilling the provisions of the federal compact; and "by the time peace was concluded, the *disease* of the government had displayed itself with alarming rapidity."† The inequality of the principle, by which the contributions of the States were made to the common treasury, caused delinquencies in several of the States, and the delinquencies of one were the pretext for those of another, till the idea of supplying the ways and means, by requisitions upon the individual States, was found to be delusive. The want of power, in congress, to regulate commerce, was another defect, and each State established its separate system on narrow and selfish principles. The mutual harmony was impaired, if not destroyed. "Each State," says Hamilton, "yielding to the voice of immediate interest or convenience, successively withdrew its support from the confederation, until the frail and tottering edifice was ready to fall on the heads of the people, and crush them beneath its ruins."‡ The ablest heads and the purest hearts in the nation now exercised their faculties in devising a new and better form of government. General Washington, in June, 1783, addressed a letter to the governors of the several States, in which he says:

"There are four things which I humbly conceive are essential to the well-being, I may even venture to say, to the existence of the United States as an independent power: 1. *An indissoluble union of the States under one federal head.* 2. A regard to public justice. 3. The adoption of a proper peace establishment. 4. The prevalence of that pacific and friendly disposition among the people of the United States, which will induce them to forget their local politics and prejudices."

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* Duer's *Constitutional Jurisprudence.*

† Chancellor Kent. ‡ *Federalist*, No. 15.

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Under the first head he remarked:

"It is only in our united character that we are known as an empire, that our independence is acknowledged, that our power can be regarded, or our credit supported among foreign nations. The treaties of European powers with the United States will have no validity, on a dissolution of the Union. We may find, by our own unhappy experience, that there is a natural and necessary progression from the extreme of *anarchy* to the extreme of tyranny; and that arbitrary power is most easily established on the ruins of liberty abused to licentiousness."*

How prophetic this warning, and how appropriate to the present time! The good and great man, to whom human liberty and his country are so much indebted, proclaims that "*an indissoluble union* of the States under one federal head is essential to the existence of the United States as an independent power," and utters his solemn monition of the consequences of disruption. Yet, it seems, but little heed was given to his counsels, and accident brought about what the wisest and best men failed to accomplish by appeals to patriotism, or even to interest. The congress, in 1785, issued an address to the States, in which they earnestly urged upon them the necessity of adopting a new provision, that "the United States, in congress assembled, should have the sole and exclusive right of regulating the trade of the States, as well with foreign nations as with each other."

This was the first step in that series of proceedings so full of great events to us, and to the world. Every attempt to bring the State legislatures into harmony of action had failed. The meeting proposed by Virginia was fixed to take place at Annapolis in May. In the mean time New Jersey, in agreeing to the proposition, had the sagacity to enlarge the objects of the meeting, by suggesting that other important matters should be taken into consideration.

The meeting at Annapolis was so thinly attended that its members adjourned without taking any action, but adopted the idea of New Jersey, and addressed a letter to the States, recommending a general convention, "to take into consideration *the whole situation of the United States*, and to devise such further provisions as should appear necessary to *render the Constitution of the Federal Government adequate to the exigencies of the Union*." On the report of the Commissioners, the Virginia legislature called a convention of delegates from all the States, to meet in Philadelphia in May, to take into consid-

* Marshall's *Life of Washington*.

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eration the whole state of the Union, at the same time appointing George Washington as a delegate from the Old Dominion. Washington declined to act, but the Virginia legislature would not appoint a delegate in his place. These proceedings resulted in the convention which adopted the present Constitution; and, as Webster remarks, "the Commonwealth of Virginia is entitled to the honor of commencing the work of establishing it." Thus the Constitution was the child of pressing commercial necessity. Unity and identity of commerce among all the States was its seminal principle. It had been found absolutely impossible to excite or foster enterprise in trade under the influence of discordant and jarring State regulations. The country was losing all the advantages of its position. The revolution itself was beginning to be regarded as a doubtful blessing.* The Federal Government, condemned to impotence by its Constitution, and no longer sustained by the presence of a common danger, saw the outrages offered to its flag by the great nations of Europe, while it was scarcely able to maintain its ground against the Indian tribes, and to pay the interest of the debt which had been contracted during the war of Independence. It was already on the verge of destruction, when it officially proclaimed its inability to conduct the government, and appealed to the constituent authority of the nation.† And here is a picture of what the government would again become, if the South Carolina doctrine of nullification and secession were permitted to prevail. This abdication of congress, the ruling power of the nation, is the most sublime and solemn moment in American history. It is a novelty in the history of society, to see a great people turn a calm and scrutinizing eye upon itself, when apprised by the national legislature that the wheels of Government had stopped, to see it carefully examine the extent of the evil, and patiently wait for two whole years until a remedy was discovered, which it voluntarily adopted without having wrung a tear or a drop of blood from mankind.‡

The greatest apprehension existed, among the friends of union and strong government, for the success of the cause, especially when they found that Washington was unwilling

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* Daniel Webster.

† Congress made this declaration on the 21st February, 1787.

‡ De Tocqueville.

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to attend. Many discountenanced it, because the mode of calling it was deemed irregular, and some objected to it, because it was not so constituted as to give authority to the plan which should be devised. But the great mass of opposition originated in a devotion to State sovereignty and in hostility to any considerable augmentation of the federal power.

At this time, alarming commotions agitated Massachusetts and all New England, which had a potent influence not only in constraining the various States to send delegates to the convention, but in controlling the decisions at which they arrived. An insurrection broke out in the old Bay State, called Shay's rebellion, from its leader. It revealed the dangers to which the Republic was exposed, and, at the same time, suggested the necessity of a guarantee to the States against domestic insurrection—a provision which was not to be found in the old Constitution. Those causes of discontent, which existed after the restoration of peace, were particularly operative in New England. The great exertions which had been made by the states of that section, in the course of the war, had accumulated a mass of debt, the payment of which was burdensome. The restlessness produced by the uneasy situation of individuals, combined with lax notions concerning public and private faith, and erroneous opinions, which confound liberty with an exemption from legal control, produced a state of things which startled all reflecting men, and demonstrated to many the indispensable necessity of clothing Government with powers sufficiently ample for the protection of the rights of the peaceable and quiet, from the invasions of the licentious and turbulent part of the community. Against lawyers and courts the strongest resentments were exhibited, and tumultuous assemblages arrested the course of the law. In the mind of Washington, these tumults excited profound emotion. General Knox, who had just returned from New England, estimated the force of the insurgents at twelve or fifteen thousand, and found that a majority of the people of Massachusetts were in opposition to the Government. Some of the leaders avowed its subversion to be their object, together with the abolition of debts, the division of property, and a reunion with Great Britain. The malcontents were in close connection with Vermont, and that district was in negotiation with the Government of Canada.

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Washington advised that, "if the insurgents had real grievances, they ought to be redressed immediately, but, if not, that the force of the Government should be employed against them at once, and, if that was inadequate, *all* would be convinced that the superstructure was bad or wanted support." Ostensibly on account of the danger which threatened the frontier, but really with a view to the situation of affairs in Massachusetts, Congress had agreed to augment the military establishment to a corps of 2,000 men, and had sent the Secretary of War, General Knox, to secure the arsenal at Springfield.

This recommendation removed all objection to the regularity of the convention, and had its effect on Washington himself, who was now persuaded to give his consent to attend. At the time and place appointed, the representatives of twelve states met. They were not delegated by the people, but by the State legislatures. In Rhode Island alone a spirit sufficiently hostile was found, to prevent the election of deputies on an occasion so generally deemed momentous. Having unanimously chosen Washington for their President, the convention proceeded, with closed doors, to discuss the important questions submitted to its consideration. Warm and animated were the debates upon the new form of government, and it was found that there would be no agreement. Opposing interests and clashing opinions must be harmonized and compromised, or all would be lost. The great difficulty was, to induce the states to part with enough of their sovereign powers to form a strong central government. The small states insisted that there should be only one vote for each State, as in the confederations of Switzerland and the Dutch Republic, and, like those republics, also, that there should be only one house in Congress, in fact, only a Senate. The large states, on the contrary, maintained that the representation ought to be in proportion to numbers. A compromise was at length effected, by arranging that there should be two houses, but that one of them should represent the State legislatures, and have equal votes, but the other, the whole mass of the people, in proportion to numbers. Thus the government was rendered both federal and national at the same time.* Taxation was to be in the ratio of

* *Secret Debates on the Constitution*, and John Quincy Adams' *Life of Madison*.

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representation, and, for slaves, every five were to be counted as three free men. The other compromises on the institution of slavery are familiar to our readers. Religion, which in other governments has proved so great a source of disquietude, was not debated in the convention, but afterwards an important amendment was made to the Constitution, providing against that danger. The powers of regulating commerce, taxation and currency, of making war and peace, the suppression of rebellion against the general government, and the right to protect a State from the insurrection of its citizens, and its republican form of government from being subverted, were among the most important conferred on the general government. In England, notwithstanding its constitution, Parliament is omnipotent, and, no matter how subversive of liberty its enactments may be, the judges have no right to question them and must administer the law as they find it. Here, the supreme court is the arbiter to determine whether congress makes a law in conformity with the Constitution or not, and to pronounce it null and void, or otherwise, accordingly. Not only by the new Constitution are the people for the first time directly represented in congress, but they elect the executive head of the nation. The Government is thus democratic to the utmost extent; the majority rule, while at the same time its will is concentrated in a strong executive.

The best way to judge of the spirit and intention of a legislative act is by its preamble, and the preamble of the Constitution, in a few comprehensive and expressive words, tells the whole story of its meaning. It runs:

"We, *the people* of the United States, in order to form *a more perfect union*, establish justice, *insure domestic tranquillity*, provide for the common defence, *promote the general welfare*, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves *and our posterity*, do ordain and *establish* this Constitution for the United States."

It will be observed, that now, for the first time, the whole people acted in the formation of the Union of the States. The ratification of the Constitution was, not by the legislatures, as heretofore, but by conventions of the people. The convention which drew up the Constitution was composed of delegates chosen by the State legislatures. The conventions which ratified it were chosen directly by the people themselves. The States, therefore, in their corporate capacity, proposed the Constitution, and the people adopted it,

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and gave it authority. It is evident, therefore, that it is not competent to any single State to annul the solemn act of the whole "people of the United States." It is also to be observed that, in the Constitution itself, the federal power is called "the Government," which conveys a very different idea from that of a league or treaty, which might be dissolved by any of the parties thereto. As Mr. Morris well observed, in one of the debates in the convention, "A government by compact is no government at all."*

Having concluded its labors, the convention adopted the following resolution:

"'*Resolved*, That the preceding Constitution be laid before the United States, in Congress assembled, and that it is the opinion of this convention that it should afterwards be submitted to a convention of delegates, *chosen in each State by the people thereof*, under the recommendation of its legislature, for their assent and ratification; and that each convention, assenting to and ratifying the same, shall give notice thereof to the United States, in Congress assembled.'"

The Constitution was signed by a quorum of the delegates of eleven states, and the only member from a twelfth. In transmitting it to Congress, George Washington, as President of the convention, accompanied it with an important letter, indicating the spirit and design of the instrument.

Thus, in due form, and by the most solemn proceedings of all legal authority, was the Constitution submitted to *the whole people*, and it evidently constitutes a government of the whole people, and is not the instrument of a mere league of States in their corporate capacity, as has been so strenuously contended by the organizers of the rebellion.

We cannot better conclude this article than in the words of Washington, in his Farewell Address:

"This Government, the offspring of our own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and respect."

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* *Secret Proceedings and Debates*, p. 220.

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ART. X.—NOTICES AND CRITICISMS.

EDUCATION.

Exercises for Dictation and Pronunciation. By CHARLES NORTHEND, A. M. 16mo, pp. 250. New York: A. S. Barnes & Burr. 1862.

None of our publishers manufacture more curious school books than Messrs. Barnes & Burr. Sometimes, indeed, we find their imprint on a good work, but very rarely. Generally their compilers set to work as if the art of teaching children to spell and read was one of the occult sciences of the ancients, but one never thoroughly understood until the present treatise was published. Nor does Mr. Northend form an exception to the rule. Like most of his brethren, he is evidently of opinion that he is capable of teaching others what he has but a very vague idea of himself. There is nothing in the present volume, so far as we can see, that a child six years old might not learn, in the usual way, without any cabalistic signs or mysterious rules, although it is intended, not for children just beginning to read, but for the most advanced grade of students. "In *making* this volume," says Mr. Northend, "it has not been the aim of the author to furnish a substitute for the spelling-book, but, rather, to prepare an *accompaniment* to it for the use of *the higher classes in our schools*."—p. 8.

There is not an original sentence in the whole work—not a single instructive or judicious remark which is not borrowed, or which is not to be found in a more attractive form in a dozen of "spellers;" but the author takes occasion to point out the source of his inspiration, as follows: "For most of the reading and spelling exercises in the middle of the book, under the head of 'Miscellaneous Words,' the author would acknowledge his indebtedness to a work (mentioned at the bottom of the page), formerly published by A. S. Barnes & Co., *and which he has been allowed to use freely*." (*ib.*) It must, of course, follow from this, that the work referred to is of great value, second only to the new production. After the author has duly accounted, in this modest way, for what he has taken from other *savans*, he informs the world that, "The various miscellaneous exercises in the book will, it is believed, readily commend themselves to teachers, and open a *wide* field for *much general* instruction in every-day matters, and thus make the work a desirable one as a basis of *many* useful object-lessons."—(p. 4.) Need we say that a child of ordinary intelligence, who has furnished a "composition" at a country school half a dozen times, could hardly use more superfluous words in one sentence; yet it is not alone children, or

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the higher classes in our schools, that Mr. Northend undertakes to instruct; he is equally ready to give lessons to their teachers, to whose enlightenment he has devoted eight pages, besides several notes scattered throughout the work. Some idea may be formed of the value of the instructions given to the professors from a brief specimen or two. Lest any pedagogue might be so stupid as to allow his pupil even to correct a mistake, he is cautioned thus by Mr. Northend: "Allow the pupil to try once only *on a word*, as *all beyond* will be merely guessing."—(p. 7.) "After a little practice in this method, *scholars* will be able to go *through* with quite long sentences," &c.—(*ib.*) "It will be well, *often*, to make all the members of a class *feel responsible* for the accurate spelling of each *and every word*."—(p. 10.) Wise observations like these form the staple of the "Hints to Teachers." "It will sometimes *be the case*," says Prof. Northend, "that *scholars* will prove themselves quite expert in spelling long or difficult words, and yet make sad mistakes in spelling words that are shorter *and apparently much easier*."—(p. 11.) How very remarkable! But our author furnishes a remedy at once—a veritable specific—one never known to fail in the worst cases. "Again," says our author, "it is frequently the case that *scholars* are exceedingly *deficient in ability* to spell the names of countries, states, counties, towns, mountains, rivers, individuals," &c.—(*ib.*) As a matter of course, a remedy is provided, even against so strange a state of things—so that the like may never happen again, at least where Northend's *Dictation* is at hand. It is sometimes spoken of as a great wonder that, in the time of our grandfathers, the shepherd and the pedagogue, or the "school ma'am" and the henwife, were often one and the same person; but it seems to us that, if such were the case to-day, that neither the shepherd nor the henwife could give more silly "instructions" than we find in works of this kind. True, "Northend's *Dictation*" is intended for the West, and we see that several "out-west" editors have already inserted notices, pronouncing it superior to anything else of the kind that has yet appeared in that region. If the good people of the West are satisfied with such books, we have, perhaps, no reason to find fault; still, we confess we cannot help thinking that it is a shabby sort of business to persist in manufacturing a class of text-books the ignorance and foolishness of which could hardly be burlesqued.

The Manual of Agriculture for the School, the Farm, and the Fireside. By GEORGE B. EMERSON and CHARLES L. FLINT. 12mo, pp. 306. Boston: Swan, Brewer & Tileston. 1862.

We do not pretend to speak *ex cathedrâ* on the science of agriculture. If we possess any knowledge of farming, it is derived chiefly from the Georgics of Virgil, and founded on our faith in the orthodoxy of such

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passages as that in which the poet speaks of those eternal laws imposed by nature on particular localities and soils—

"Continuò has leges æternaque fœdera certis
Imposuit natura, locis," &c.

But there is much more in the present volume than those who are most sanguine would expect in a treatise on agriculture. And were it of a different character, the Board of Agriculture of the State of Massachusetts would hardly have caused it to be prepared as a text-book for schools. In our opinion, no better work of its kind could have been recommended for that purpose. That it exhibits not a little variety, and is interesting as well as instructive, might be inferred from the titles of the chapters; such, for example, as the following: The Air and the Gases in it; the Atmosphere and the Forces acting on it; of Plants; the Soil; culture of the Cereals; Diseases and enemies of growing Plants, &c., &c. Thus, in studying the *Manual*, the pupil soon becomes interested in chemistry, geology, botany, &c., and is gradually impressed with the practical utility of each, so that, were he destined never to have a farm, or to take any part in farming, it would nevertheless amply repay the time and attention bestowed on it. It is written in a lucid, graphic style. The authors use as few technicalities as possible; yet they do not sacrifice dignity of language to simplicity. The questions for examination on each chapter, given at the end, together with a copious alphabetical index, considerably enhance the value of the *Manual*.

Method of Classical Study; illustrated by Questions on a few Selections from Latin and Greek authors. By SAMUEL H. TAYLOR, LL. D., Principal of Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts. 12mo, pp. 154. Boston: Brown & Taggard. 1862.

We have examined this little volume with a good deal of interest and attention, and we feel convinced that it is calculated to afford much aid both to student and teacher. We think, however, that if there were less questions and more notes, the work would be still better. There are many who are very clever in proposing questions, which they themselves might sometimes find it difficult to answer. More than once we have met those who could take up a passage in Horace, Lucretius, or Aristophanes, and talk very fluently about the different forms of every declinable word, and yet could not for the life of them give a decent rendering of the following sentence.

It needs no unusual acumen to know that it discourages children to give them the impression that every word, nay, every syllable, has to be analyzed in this way. Nor can we blame them if they think that at this rate it would occupy their whole life to learn Latin alone. The best Latinists we know—those capable of conversing fluently in the language—

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would be puzzled at half the questions proposed by Professor Taylor; and it may be doubted whether Cicero or Virgil could have answered the other half without wincing. The declensions of the learned languages are very good *per se*, as means of mental exercise; but a language must be learned before its grammar, just as much as the hare must be caught before it is cooked.

If we take up the best edition of any classic author, in which the notes, &c., are in the same language with the text, it is not roots, derivations, or endings that are taken into account, but the most faithful rendering of any particular passage. The classic commentator would no more undertake to analyze every word in a passage of Virgil or Æschylus, than the English commentator would in a passage in Shakespeare. Should we not smile at the critic who, when he came to the noble soliloquy of Hamlet, would proceed to elucidate the same, by telling us that "To be or not to be," &c., has *am* in the first person singular, indicative mood, present tense; *are* in the plural, &c., &c.?

If Professor Taylor is not familiarly acquainted with the Latin and other languages, it is evident that he has availed himself of the labors of those that are. At all events, his "Method" is really very good; but, as already intimated, we think he could have made it much better, had he omitted about fifty per cent. of the questions, and filled their place, if not with answers, at least, with explanations. As it is, we would confidently recommend the book to advanced students, as the best of its kind we remember to have been published in this country.

Introductory French Course, in accordance with the Robertsonian System of Teaching Modern Languages. By Louis Ernst. 16mo, pp. 264. New York: Roe Lockwood & Son. 1862.

In our last number, we gave our views at length of Prof. Ernst's "Method," in reviewing his *Complete Spanish Course*. As the volume now before us is on the same plan, we need only say that it is inferior in nothing to that which preceded it. Before examining these two books, it was but rarely, if ever, we had the good fortune to meet with a text book of a foreign language, or indeed any French, Italian, or Spanish book, bearing the imprint of the Messrs. Lockwood, which was not marred throughout with typographical errors. As an instance, we might mention their "expurgated edition" of Molière's works, which is a veritable curiosity in its way. Wishing to do justice to all, we are glad to note the improvement in the present case; for the benefit of education, we should be glad to learn that all the foreign books published by the same gentlemen had passed through the hands of the proof reader, whoever he may be, that had charge of Prof. Ernst's Spanish and French "Courses." In the present, as well as in the former volume, the index forms a valuable feature. In

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short, as an introductory work, it is one of the best we have seen, for the purpose for which it is designed. It is particularly adapted for children commencing the study of French, and we take pleasure in recommending it accordingly.

BELLES-LETTRES.

1. *The Maid of Saxony, or Who is the Traitor*, an Opera in three acts, founded on historical events, in the Life of Frederick the Second of Prussia, related by Miss Edgeworth, Zimmerman, Latrobe, and other writers. By GEORGE P. MORRIS.
2. *Poems* by GEORGE P. MORRIS, with a memoir of the author. Seventeenth edition.
   New York: Charles Scribner.

Popularity discovers itself in a thousand forms; or, perhaps, it would be more correct, in this case, to call it admiration. Thus, many choose their daily song from Morris; others quote him, or recite his longer pieces; while a third class write to editors to wonder why they have not noticed his new edition. The last is the only feature in the case we have to do with at present. We cannot deny that we have been tardy, but we had no intention of denying ourselves the pleasure of having a chat about the additions made in the "blue and gold" edition. We have long been intending, also, to review the author's "Maid of Saxony," feeling that it contains many a veritable gem; but there is nothing one is more cautious in giving his impressions of, than what he admires most. The fear of not doing justice to it makes him hesitate—procrastinate—wait till he can bestow more thought upon it, and meantime the years, as well the months and *quarters*, pass by. This might be regarded as a satisfactory apology, if, in the end, due amends could be made; but how often does it happen that it is those very tasks, deferred so often, until all the circumstances are favorable to give them suitable consideration, that have to be disposed of most unsatisfactorily, when further delay becomes tiresome—nay, subjects us to feelings akin to remorse! This we must admit to be our position in the present instance. We know that we should have complied earlier with the wishes of our readers—especially those of the ladies. We cannot give them a deaf ear any longer; and yet the amount of time we can bestow on the task, most agreeable as it is, bears but a slight proportion, indeed, to the importance it possesses in our estimation.

For the latter reason, we might have waited a little longer; but, knowing that the author has recently been suffering much from ill health, we should warmly congratulate ourselves, if anything we said could have the effect of cheering him in the least in his struggle against age and its infirmities. Our readers are aware that we never shrink from passing censure where we feel it is deserved. There is no author, ancient or

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modern, for whom our admiration, however great, is such as to render us blind to his faults; nor do we hold that even Homer himself is faultless. But we deem it by no means an essential part of our duty to say all we might, that is disagreeable, of faults which, if such they may be called at all, are as the chaff is to the wheat, when compared to the beauties and excellencies from which they are inseparable, as the thorn is from the rose. We do not envy the feelings of the critic who would give pain to one that has cheered the hearts of hundreds of thousands, as Morris certainly has done by his songs, by reminding him, with needless asperity, that there are occasional defects in his poems. If we ought to respect the gray hairs, even of those whose ideas do not extend beyond their daily task, how much greater should be our respect for those of the gifted—especially of the song-writer—him who is said to beguile the moon from her orbit, nay, to delight the gods themselves!

> "Carmina vel cœlo possunt deducere lunam,
> Carmine Di superi placantur, carmine manes,
> Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim!"

It must not, however, be inferred from all this, that we are about to consider Morris as a great poet. We have no intention of comparing him to Byron, Wordsworth, Cowper, Longfellow, Tennyson, or Bryant—much less to Dryden, Pope, Butler, or Gay. But it is not on the score of genius, or merit that we refrain from doing so; this would be unjust; we avoid the comparison simply because the mission of our author is entirely different from that of any of those mentioned. In short, it is as a song-writer we have to regard Morris; and in this character there are only three to whom he can be compared, namely, Burns, Moore, and Beranger. And, in instituting a comparison between him and any of the tuneful trio, we must remember that each of them had great advantages over the American bard. It has been well said that a country, whose history is brief, has but little resources for lyrical poetry. In time, as well as in space, "distance lends enchantment to the view."

That tradition forms a valuable element in the ballad poetry of all nations possessed of such a treasure, is too well known to need any proof. And this is more particularly the case, when the tradition is associated with the wrongs of a people; for the sweetest songs are those most deeply tinged with melancholy. Burns and Moore had abundant materials of this kind to work upon; and need we say that the minstrel of France had no lack of those sentiments which tyranny and oppression are sure to awaken in the most thoughtless minds. The French, indeed, are a gay and cheerful people—probably the happiest in the world. But they, too, have their moments of seriousness; perhaps of none others may it be more truly said, that they grieve while they laugh. At all events, their story has much in it that is gloomy and sad. That they have felt this themselves, is sufficiently evident from the terrible retribution which, more than once,

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they have wreaked on the heads of their oppressors. It is not necessary to read Sismondi, Michelet, Guizot, or Thiers, in order to prove it.

The story is told by Beranger, in his *chansons*, more truly and pathetically than in all their histories. It would be superfluous to remind our readers of the griefs which Moore and Burns had only to give suitable expression to, in order to secure the sympathies of all generous minds. Still more superfluous would it be, to trace those griefs in their songs; or to show how much they are everywhere pervaded by a feeling of sadness; for who is not acquainted with the "tuneful tears" of Burns and Moore? It is otherwise, however, with Beranger. Generally as the French language is understood by the educated of our countrymen, and much as the French minstrel is admired by the privileged few, we fear that there are many, even of our own readers, who have never read the most soul-stirring of his effusions. And, in turning to any of these, it is ten to one but we find that they have derived most of their pathos from oppression in some form. Nor do the songs of Petrarch form an exception to the rule. His best, too, are plaintive and sad. It is but of secondary consideration in what form the sadness finds expression, or what is its immediate cause. Thus, for example, in Gay's "Black-eyed Susan," love is the burden of the song, though the cause of the heroine's grief is the impressment of her lover. Several of the love songs of Beranger derive their chief interest from a similar state of things; and the finest odes addressed by Petrarch to his beloved Laura breathe an exalted patriotism. Nowhere is he more tender or pathetic than he is in lamenting that political condition of his country which makes the poor little better than the slaves of the rich. Nay, even in his address to her summer haunt, the prevailing sentiment is affectionate sorrow—a sorrow that alternates between his beloved mistress and his beloved country. Although there is almost the anguish of hopeless despair in this famous ode, its melody is such, that we do not hesitate to transcribe a stanza or two, placing beside them the best translation within our reach.

Alla Fontana di Valchiusa: Canzone di Francesco Petrarca.

Chiare, fresche, et dolci acque,
Ove le belle membra
Pose colei che sola a me par donna,
Gentil ramo ove piacque,
(Con sospir mi rimembra),
A lei di far al bel fianco colonna,
Herba e fior che la gonna
Leggiadra ricoverse,
Con l' angelico seno,
Aer sacro sereno,
Ove amor co' belli occhi il cor m' aperse,
Date udientia insieme
A le dolente mie parole estreme.

Petrarch's Address to the Summer Haunt of Donna Laura.

Sweet fountain of Vaucluse!
The virgin freshness of whose crystal bed
The ladye, idol of my soul! hath led
Within thy wave her fairy bath to choose!
And thou, O favorite tree!
Whose branches she loved best
To shade her hour of rest—
Her own dear native land's green mulberry!
Roses whose earliest bud
To her sweet bosom lent
Fragrance and ornament—
Zephyrs who fan the murmuring flood!
Cool grove! sequestered grot!
Here in this lovely spot—
I pour my last sad lay, where first her love I wooed.

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S' egli è pur mio destino
Il cielo in ciò s' adopra
Ch' amor quest' occhi lagrimando chiuda;
Qualche gratia il meschino
Corpo frà voi ricopra,
E torni l' alma al próprio albergo ignuda.
La morte sia men cruda
Si questa speme porto,
A quel dubbioso passo,
Che lo spirito lasso
Non porria mai in più riposato porto,
Ne in più tranquilla fossa,
Fuggir la carne travagliata e l' ossa.

If soon my earthly woes
Must slumber in the tomb,
And if my life's sad doom
Must soon in sorrow close;
Where yonder willow grows
Close by the margin lay
My cold and lifeless clay,
That unrequited love may find repose!
Seek thou thy native realm,
My soul! And when the fear
Of dissolution near,
And doubts shall overwhelm,
A ray of comfort round
My dying couch shall hover,
If some kind hand will cover
My miserable bones in yonder hallowed ground

The American bard, on the contrary, can hardly be said to have any tradition from which to draw inspiration. The romance in American history, if there is any in it except in connection with the red man, is of too modern growth; and the story of the red man, although sufficiently interesting in prose, has failed to satisfy the European mind in the form of poetry. Not, indeed, but incidents in Indian life have formed the groundwork of many a fine poem; and we need not go farther for an instance, than the volume now before us. All are acquainted with the heroic generosity of Pocahontas, in saving the life of Captain Smith at the peril of her own; but perhaps it is not equally known that no poet has turned that memorable event to more happy account than has Morris, in the four brief stanzas which we here transcribe, as our first extract from his Poems:

"*The Chieftain's Daughter.*

"Upon the barren sand
A single captive stood;
Around him came, with bow and brand,
The red-men of the wood.
Like him of old, his doom he hears,
Rock-bound on ocean's rim:
The chieftain's daughter knelt in tears,
And breathed a prayer for him.

"Above his head in air
The savage war-club swung:
The frantic girl, in wild despair,
Her arms about him flung.
Then shook the warriors of the shade,
Like leaves on aspen limb—
Subdued by that heroic maid
Who breathed a prayer for him.

"'Unbind him!' gasped the chief—
'Obey our king's decree!'
He kissed away her tears of grief,
And set the captive free.
'Tis ever thus, when, in life's storm,
Hope's star to man grows dim,
An angel kneels in woman's form,
And breathes a prayer for him."

—pp. 78–9.

But we must return to "The Maid of Saxony; or, Who is the Traitor," if only to make a few brief observations, which may give those who have not read it, or seen it performed, an idea of its character. To analyze the plot, and note the historical incidents on which it is founded, would lead us too far, and leave us no room for extracts; and our design, on the present occasion, is much more to allow the author's lyrics to speak for themselves, and vindicate their popularity, than to offer any criticisms upon them.

While examining the opera which bears the above title, we were not surprised to learn that, when it was first performed at the Park Theatre in this city, it had a run of many nights. Nor was it forgotten, after

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this. It was often played in public and private, until the rage for Italian opera became such, that the best English operas became a drug in the market—not excepting the famous pieces of Sheridan and Gay. The music of *The Maid of Saxony* was by the well known Charles E. Horn, who composed a number of popular airs to Moore's Melodies, and who furnished the music for many other favorite operas. The principal *dramatis personæ* are Frederick II., King of Prussia; Count Laniska, a Pole, his aid-de-camp; Baron Altenberg, Attorney-General; the Judge of the Court; the Burgomaster; Wedgewood, an English traveller; and Sophia Mansfield, the Maid of Saxony, &c. But it is to the songs much more than to the characters, or the structure of the piece, we would direct the attention of our readers. True, they are not so well finished, nor are they by any means so popular, as the author's detached songs; but several of them are characterized by great beauty, vivacity, and sweetness. This is particularly true of the soldier's song at the opening of the second scene of the first act, which we quote.

"*Song.*

"The life for me is a soldier's life!
With that what glories come!
The notes of the spirit-stirring fife,
The roll of the battle drum;
The brilliant array, the bearing high,
The pluméd warriors' tramp;
The streaming banners that flout the sky,
The gleaming pomp of the camp.

CHORUS.

"A soldier's life is the life for me!
With that what glories come!
The notes of the spirit-stirring fife,
The roll of the battle-drum!"

—pp. 259–60.

This may remind the admirers of French minstrelsy of a very popular song, descriptive of Gallic chivalry and heroism, the first two stanzas of which run thus:

"*La Carrière Militaire.*

"Ah! le bel état!
Que l'état de soldat!
Battre, aimer, chanter, et boire—
Voila tout notre histoire!
Et ma foi
Moi je crois
Que cet état là vaut bien
Celui de tant de gens qui ne font rien!

"Vainqueurs entrons-nous dans une ville?
Les autorités et les habitans
Nous viennent, d'une façon fort civile,
Ouvrir les portes à deux battans;
C'est tout au plus s'ils sont contens;
Mais c'est tout de même—
Il faut qu'on nous aime—
Ran, tan, plan!
Ou bien qu'on fasse semblant.
Puis quand vient le clair de lune
Chacun choisit sa chacune,
En qualité de conquérant.
Ran, tan, plan!
Ah, le bel état," &c.

Another song in the *Maid of Saxony*, of a similar character, which is well worth quoting, is the duet by Count and Karl, especially as it is very applicable to the present time:

"*Duet—Count and Karl.*

"'Tis a soldier's rigid duty
Orders strictly to obey;
Let not, then, the smile of beauty
Lure us from the camp away.
In our country's cause united,
Gallantly we'll brave the field;
But, the victory won, delighted
Singly to the fair we yield!

"Soldiers who have ne'er retreated,
Beauty's tear will sure beguile;
Hearts that armies ne'er defeated,
Love can conquer with a smile.
Who would strive to live in story,
Did not woman's hand prepare
Amaranthine wreaths of glory
Which the valiant proudly wear!"

—p. 269.

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We can only mention the duet by Laniska and Frederica (p. 278), the Chorus of Peasants (pp. 279–80), the song of Sophia (p. 311), and the duet by Sophia and Frederica (p. 313), though each is in the genuine lyrical vein. There is, however, one other song in the *Maid of Saxony*, which we think we need no apology for transcribing; but with it we must take leave, for the present, of a piece which, if it had been written in Italian, or German, would continue to maintain a high rank in the repertoire of the lyric stage.

"*Song—Wedgewood.*

"That law's the perfection of reason,
No one in his senses denies;
Yet here is a trial for treason
Will puzzle the wigs of the wise.
The lawyers who bring on the action
On no single point will agree,
Though proved to their own satisfaction
That tweedle-dum's *not* tweedle-dee!

"To settle disputes, in a fury
The sword from the scabbard we draw;
But reason appeals to a jury,
And settles—according to law.
Then hey for the woolsack!—for never
Without it can nations be free;
But trial by jury for ever!
And for tyranny—fiddle-de-dee!"—p. 339.

It is not our intention to give any opinion of our author's oldest songs; the following lyrics are too well known in Europe, as well as America, to render it necessary that we should do aught more here than to name them: "We were Boys together;" "My Mother's Bible;" "Near the Lake, where drooped the Willow;" "Love me, Dearest;" "Flag of our Union;" "Cottager's Welcome;" "Land of Washington;" "When other friends are round thee;" "The Miniature," &c., &c. As for "Woodman, spare that Tree," it would be superfluous even to mention it. But there are some of our author's recent pieces which, with two or three exceptions, are among the best he has written. Of this character is

"*The Romance of History.*

I.

"In regal halls young beauty dwelt
Whom Mammon sought to gain,
When at her altar Merit knelt,
Who never knelt in vain.
The lady loved the gallant youth,
The bravest of the land,
And in her maiden pride and truth,
She gave to him her hand.

II.

"Soon to the wars his country called
Her bosom's lord away;
The foemen, by his deeds appalled,
Were routed in dismay!
From rank to rank the hero rose!—
When peace resumed her seat
He furl'd the banner of his foes
At his fond lady's feet.

III.

"That valor love prefers to gold,
Well did the lady prove,
For he who is in battle bold
Is never false in love.
The crimson plume of victory
The warrior would not prize,
Unless it nodded gracefully
In his true lady's eyes."

"Down by the River Side" is but brief, but it is such as finds an echo in every heart that is not a stranger to "the witchery of love":

"*Down by the River Side.*

I.

"Down by the river side I stray
As twilight shadows close,
And the soft music of the spray
Lulls nature to repose:
Beside the stream a maiden dwells—
My star of eventide!—
Pure as the water-lily bells
Down by the river side.

II.

"Down by the river side I own
A treasure worth the sea,
In one, to all the world unknown,
Who's all the world to me.
Soon, in her early bloom and glow,
She is to be my bride,
Where the sweet water-lilies grow
Down by the river side."

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Of a kindred character is the beautiful effusion, "To the Evening Star." Certainly, Beranger has nothing, of its kind, more sweet, tender, or graceful. The closing stanza is particularly melodious and pathetic:

"*To the Evening Star.*

I.

"The woods waved welcome in the breeze,
When, many years ago,
Lured by the songs of birds and bees,
I sought the dell below;
And there, in that secluded spot,
Where silver streamlets roved,
Twined the green ivy round the cot
Of her I fondly loved.

II.

"In dreams still near that porch I stand
To listen to her vow!
Still feel the pressure of her hand
Upon my burning brow!
And here, as in the days gone by,
With joy I meet her yet,
And mark the love-light of her eye,
Fringed with its lash of jet.

III.

"Oh, fleeting vision of the past!
From memory glide away!
Ye were too beautiful to last,
Too good to longer stay!
But why, attesting evening star,
This sermon sad recall:
'*Than love and lose 'tis better far*
To never love at all!'"

Speaking of the French minstrel, reminds us of that beautiful ode of his in praise of water; and which bears no slight resemblance, in its general tone and spirit, as well as in the charming harmony of its versification, to Morris's "Croton Ode"—written, we perceive, at the request of the Corporation of New York, and sung, near the Park fountain, by the members of the New York Sacred Music Society, in October, 1842. The whole of either would be too long for our space; but we quote the three first stanzas from each, giving the French lyric at the bottom of the page,* with Prout's translation:

Croton Ode.

Gushing from this living fountain,
Music pours a falling strain,
As the goddess of the mountain
Comes with all her sparkling train.
From her grotto-springs advancing,
Glittering in her feathery spray,
Woodland fays beside her dancing,
She pursues her winding way.

Gently o'er the rippling water,
In her coral-shallop bright,
Glides the rock-king's dove-eyed daughter,
Decked in robes of virgin white.

Nymphs and naiads, sweetly smiling,
Urge her bark with pearly hand,
Merrily the syiph beguiling
From the nooks of fairy-land.

Swimming on the snow-curled billow,
See the river-spirits fair
Lay their cheeks, as on a pillow,
With the foam-beads in their hair.
Thus attended, hither wending,
Floats the lovely oread now,
Eden's arch of promise bending
Over her translucent brow.

---

* *Les Eloges de l'Eau.*

Il pleut! il pleut enfin!
Et la vigne altérée
Va se voir restaurée
Par un bienfait divin.
De l'eau chantons la gloire,
On la mepprise en vain,
C'est l'eau qui nous fait boire
Du vin! du vin! du vin!

C'est par l'eau, j'en conviens,
Que Dieu fit le déluge;
Mais ce souverain juge
Mit le mal près du bien!
Du déluge l'histoire
Fait naitre le raisin;
C'est l'eau qui nous fait boire—
Du vin! du vin! du vin!

Wine Debtor to Water.

Rain best doth nourish
Earth's pride, the budding vine!
Grapes best will flourish
On which the dewdrops shine.
Then, why should water meet with scorn,
Or why its claim to praise resign?
When from that bounteous source is born
The vine! the vine! the vine!

Rain best disposes
Earth for each blossom and each bud;
True, we are told by Moses,
Once it brought on "a flood:"
But while that flood did all immerse,
All save old Noah's holy line,
Pray, read the chapter and the verse—
The vine is there! the vine!

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The amount of space now left us is very little, while we have much that claims a place in it. At all events, we will make sure of not omitting the

"*Canzonet.*

I.

"In the clear mirror of her eyes,
As floats a bird in air,
Young Love, reflected from the skies,
Sails the blue ocean there!
And, as he weaves his web of wiles,
Around her mouth of pearls,
He gayly gambols in her smiles,
And nestles in her curls.

II.

"The maid inherits every grace
That nature can bestow;
The beauty of her form and face
All hail with hearts a-glow!
Yet in her eyes, her mouth, her curls,
The secret art I see
By which this peerless queen of girls
Sways all the world—*but me!*"

We must make room for one more tribute to female beauty—one which Petrarch himself might have addressed to his Laura. It is Spanish in its form, and adapted to a Spanish melody; and it may be doubted whether the muse of either Calderon or Camoens can boast a happier effort:

"*Words adapted to a Spanish Melody.*

I.

"My lady hath as soft a hand
As any queen in fairy land;
And, hidden in her tiny boot,
As dainty and as light a foot.
Her foot!
Her little hand and foot!

II.

"No star that kindles in the sky
Burns brighter than my lady's eye;
And ne'er before did beauty grace
So fair a form, so sweet a face!
Her face!
Her gentle form and face!

III.

"My lady hath a golden heart,
Free from the dross of worldly art;
Which, in the sight of Heaven above,
Is mine, with all its hoarded love!
Her love!
Her boundless wealth of love!"

Even woman scarcely affords Morris more genuine inspiration than his country. Many of his patriotic songs are as familiar to the whole American people as household words. Some of these we have already alluded to, remarking that it would be superfluous to quote them, especially at the present crisis, when they are in the hands—nay, sunk deep in the hearts—of every true defender of the Union. But there are two, not so widely known, which are more suitable now than any others, and which yield to none in patriotic fervor and melody. These we place side by side, leaving it to the reader to select his choice as a matin song, until the Union is restored, and Northerners and Southerners are once more linked together as brethren, and able to set the combined armies of the world at defiance:

Ah! combien je jouis
Quand la rivière apporte
Des vins de toute sorte
Et de tous les pays!
Ma cave est mon armoire—
A l'instant tout est plein;
C'est l'eau qui nous fait boire
Du vin! du vin! du vin!

Wine by water-carriage
Round the globe is best conveyed;
Then why disparage
A path for old Bacchus made?
When in our docks the cargo lands
Which foreign merchants here consign,
The vine's red empire wide expands—
The vine! the vine! the vine!

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"*Union.*

"This the word beyond all others,
Makes us love our country most,
Makes us feel that we are brothers,
And a heart-united host!—
With hosanna let our banner
From the house-tops be unfurled,
While the nation holds her station
With the mightiest of the world!

CHORUS.

Take your harps from southern willows,
Shout the chorus of the free;
'States are all distinct as billows,
Union one—as is the sea!'

II.

"From the land of groves that bore us
He's a traitor who would swerve!
By the flag now waving o'er us
We the Union will preserve!
Those who gained it and sustained it
Were unto each other true,
And the fable well is able
To instruct us what to do!

CHORUS.

Take your harps from southern willows,
Shout the chorus of the free;
'States are all distinct as billows,
Union one—as is the sea!'"

"*The American Standard.*

'WASHINGTON bequeathed the flag of the Republic to us in trust for our children's children to the latest posterity. * * * "Never forget," exclaimed the Father of his Country, "the memorable words of Warren: let them go with the flag."'—DUNLAP.

"Our nation's banner streams upon the wind,
The harbinger of hope to all mankind!
The welkin's hues were blended in its dyes,
And all its stars were kindled in the skies.
It waves in triumph over land and sea:
Our Father's boon—the symbol of the free!—
Vain is the strife that would its glory dim
While it reminds his countrymen of HIM.

"He who was first in war and first in peace,
First in our hearts will be till time shall cease,
With the death-dews of his devoted band,
Baptized the banner of his ransomed land!
Preserve it, freemen, to your latest breath,
And keep the watchword, 'Liberty or death!'*
Our FATHER spake: 'In trust that flag is given:'
Its stars are the forget-me-nots of heaven!"

* Bunker Hill.

We have quoted these pieces and expressed our admiration of them in the full consciousness that none of our poets have been subjected to more adverse criticism than Morris. No edition of his works—scarcely a single one of his more recent pieces—has been published, without his being assailed; and those who commend either are attacked with equal asperity. But this is not peculiar to Morris. Moore, too, had his assailants; so had Burns and Beranger. Burns excited least jealousy, because none who could hope to rival him attempted to write, as he did, in the popular dialect of Scotland. But it was different with Moore and Beranger; and accordingly, although there were few more genial or amiable men than either, all that has been published against them would fill volumes. Need we say that this is not the fate of song-writers alone; that all successful poets, nay, all successful authors, have to suffer similar annoyance? Every student of English literature is aware of the virulence with which Pope and Dryden were assailed in turn, by those of their cotemporaries who either aspired to be poets themselves, or were the tools of such as did. Even Goldsmith had to pay the penalty of being famous, as would be sufficiently proved, in the absence of all other evidence—without mentioning the name of his tormentor, Dr. Kendrick—by his cudgelling of the publisher of the St. James's Chronicle behind his own counter. But neither Johnston nor Burke was anything the less ready to bestow the highest praise on the author of "The Deserted Village," because he was abused by Kendrick and others like him.

Morris, too, has elicited the approbation of the best critics among his cotemporaries at home and abroad, including Everett, Webster, Washing-

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ton Irving, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Poe, Bryant, &c., &c. But had it been otherwise—had his poems elicited nothing but censure—we should not hesitate, on a careful examination of the volume before us, to place its author at the head of the lyrical poets of his country.

There are those who associate with the name of a song-writer a mean idea, as compared to the author of a long poem; but the best critics of all countries are of opinion that lyrical poetry requires the highest degree of inspiration and intellectual development. The merest tyro in Greek literature is aware that Æschylus, Euripides, or Aristophanes, is nowhere more happy and delightful than in those passages intended to be sung. Longinus tells us, that not only did Homer sing his own pieces from door to door, but that in time they became the songs of all Greece. This, indeed, is disputed by other critics; but they are the same who are of opinion that, after all, the odes of Anacreon have afforded more delight than even the Iliad of Homer; and that the odes of Horace have exercised a more powerful and salutary influence on modern civilization than the Æneid of Virgil. If it be true that song-writers cannot write great poems, it is equally true that even epic poets seldom write great songs. It is only with indifferent success that even Milton has attempted the poetry of song. Scattered through the dramas of Shakespeare, there are charming effusions in the ballad style; but not one of them has laid permanent hold on the popular mind. If the best of them are remembered at all, it is much more on account of the startling scenes and thrilling incidents with which they are associated than any intrinsic merit of their own. Another fact, too apt to be lost sight of, is, that, for every dozen of poets, so called, there is not one song-writer worthy of the name; although there is no poet who has not attempted songs. Thus, modern Italy has many poets; but Petrarch is her only song-writer. Of him, alone, can it be said, in the language of Delille, that, after the lapse of five centuries, the echo of the valley still remembers the sweet name of his mistress.

> "Je redemandais Laure à l'écho du vallon,
> Et l'écho n'avait point oublié ce doux nom."

Several poets have, indeed, written a good song or two. This is true of Dryden, Gay, Scott, Campbell, Molière, Victor Hugo, Longfellow, Halleck, and Bryant; but the same is true of as many who did not pretend to be poets at all. Thus, we see how easy it is to give a long list of poets; but, if we search all the nations of Europe as well as America, how many song-writers, recognized as such at home or abroad, do we find? Are there not more who have written epics? The best reply is, that the only song-writers, properly so called, that can be selected from all the poets of modern times, are Petrarch, Beranger, Burns, Moore, and Morris—each the national bard—the unpaid laureate of his country.

In a brief notice in a former number of this journal, we have spoken of the general characteristics of Morris's poetry. It is needless to repeat the

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same remarks here. We may observe, however, that, if our opinion has undergone any change in the lapse of two years, it is in favor of our author's poetry. The more we study his lyrics, especially such as "The Prairie on Fire," "Where Hudson's Wave," "Stag Hunt," "Thou hast woven the Spell," "I love thee still," "The Missing Ship," "Oh, Boatman, Haste," "The Star of Love," "The Seasons of Love," "The Maintruck," "Pull away Merrily," &c., &c., the more we admire their purity and chasteness, and the more we are charmed with their tenderness and melody. Their all-pervading spirit is love—love of woman, love of country, love of virtue. In the whole volume before us, there is not a single line that excites a prurient idea, not a single stanza which the author need wish omitted, or altered; in short, not a word "which angels might not hear, and virgins tell."

Life and Adventure in the South Pacific. By a Roving Printer. 12mo, pp. 361. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1861.

The author of this volume commences his preface by telling us that it "lays no claim to literary merit." We are never discouraged from attempting the perusal of a book by an announcement of this kind, but rather the contrary. At the same time there have been so many works published lately, bearing a similar title, several of which we had tried in vain to read, that it was not without considerable misgiving we began to turn over the pages of that before us. In the first place, the "Roving Printer" rather prepossesses us, for we have a good deal of faith in printers, who, after sowing their wild oats, undertake to relate their experience. The illustrations, as one after another opened to us, presented another inducement; then we turned to the table of contents, and soon concluded that where the bill of fare is so extensive and varied it must be worth while to taste the viands. We proceeded to read accordingly, and, while we entirely agree with the author that the book has little claim to literary merit, we are equally willing to admit that the task of perusal has been an agreeable one. Indeed, we should rather read a dozen such than one "sensation novel."

The author's descriptions are, in general, remarkably vivid and graphic. Almost every page has its incident, or adventure; more frequently both come in groups; and, without any apparent exaggeration, each is made to do its appropriate work; that is to say, one awakens our curiosity; another attracts us by its novelty; a third startles us by the danger in which it places those who take part in it; and a fourth pleases us by the air of romance with which it is invested. We should like well to illustrate our remarks by extracts; but we have to remember that other works, too, claim our attention—though, certainly, none more full

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of vivacity and life than this. At all events, we will try to make room for a passage or two. It is difficult to choose, where there is so much variety. Probably, there are few of our readers who have not read descriptions of what may be called a whale hunt. We have done so often ourselves; but we have seen no better account of such a scene than that of the Roving Printer, if, indeed, we have seen as good; and, presuming that it may be equally acceptable to our readers, we transcribe it here:

"The morning of the twenty-second commences with light breezes from the north-east; pleasant weather. Suddenly, about 9 A.M., the monotony is broken by the welcome cry from masthead—

"'T-h-e-r-e she b-l-o-w-s! T-h-e-r-e she b-l-o-w-s!'

"'Where away?'

"'Four points off the lee bow, sir.'

"'How far off?'

"'About two miles, sir.'

"'What does it look like?'

"'Sperm whales, sir.'

"'Ay, ay; sing out every time you holler.'

"By this time the captain was aloft, and, on taking a view with his spy-glass at the 'spouts,' sings out, 'Sperm whales! Call all hands; bear a hand there, and get your boats ready.'

"'Ay, ay, sir,' is the reply. All hands are called, and the different crews stand by their respective boats, 'all eager for the fray,' and expressing their determination to capture a whale before returning to the ship, taking for their motto, 'A dead whale or a stove boat.'

"'Lower away the boats!' shouts the captain, as he descends to the deck. They are instantly lowered, followed by the crews, and now comes the tug of war. Each boat sets her sail, and the men pull in good earnest. While they are skimming the waves, the whale is still spouting, and all are anxious to reach him before his 'spoutings are out.' It frequently happens, when in pursuit, that, just at the moment the boat-steerer 'stands up' to strike the whale, he suddenly descends; but experienced whalemen can generally tell the direction they take while down, by the position of the 'flukes' when going down. The boats are then pulled in the direction the whale is supposed to have taken. They also judge of the distance the whale will go under water, by the velocity of the animal when last seen. After the boats have pulled what is judged to be the proper distance, they 'heave up,' or cease pulling. A large whale, when not 'gallied,' or frightened, generally spouts from sixty to seventy times before going down, and remains down from fifty to seventy minutes.

"The boats have now got close on. Those left on board the ship are watching with breathless anxiety, occasionally exclaiming, 'Oh, pull boys! do pull!' Meantime the men in the boats are bending back to it, but the bow boat has the advantage; she is the head boat. Mr. K. is jumping up and down in the stern, crying, 'Once more, my hearties; give it to her! a few more strokes, and we have him; pull, my children! why don't you break your backbones, you rascals? so there you are now; that's the stroke for a thousand pounds; start her, but keep cool; cucumbers is the word; easy, easy; only start her! why don't you snap your oars, you rascals? bite something, you dogs! easy now, but pull; oh, you're all asleep! stop snoring, and pull; pull, will ye? pull, can't ye? pull, won't ye? pull, and start your eyes out! that's it; now you start her.' Thus, one moment coaxing, and the next scolding; but no one heeds him, as all are bent on taking the whale. 'Stand up!' shouted he; and the boat-steerer rose to his feet, grasped his iron, and, as the boat neared the monster, 'Give it to him!' is the next cry, and 'chock to the socket' went the first iron, followed as quick as thought by the second. ONE DEAFENING CHEER, and the cry resounded over the waters,

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'*We are fast! we are fast!*' The sea, which but a moment before lay still and quiet, with scarcely a ripple to break its even surface, is now lashed into foam by the writhings of the whale. 'Stern all!' shouts the officer. The boat is immediately backed, and removed from present danger; the officer takes the head of the boat, and the boat-steerer takes the steering oar to manage the boat; the whale is sounding, and the line is running through the 'chocks,' or groove in the head of the boat, with the rapidity of lightning, and as it passes round the loggerhead, it ignites from the heat produced by friction, but the tub-oarsman is continually dashing water upon it in the line-tub. The whale sounds deep, and the line is almost out; a signal is made to the other boats, which are coming down. They come near enough, and bend on their lines; but presently it ceases running out and slackens; the whale is coming to the surface again. All hands now commence to 'haul in line' as fast as he rises, and the boat-steerer coils it away, as fast as hauled in, in the stern sheets. He soon breaks water, and the boat is gradually hauled up to him. Another boat now fastens, and he again attempts to sound; but, being weakened by loss of blood, he is soon at the surface again. The boats now draw alongside, and the officer of the first boat fast prepares his lance. He darts it for his vitals (just behind the fin), and the first one proves fatal, for in a moment more he shows the 'red flag;' the blood flows freely from the spout-hole in a thick, dark stream; the sea is stained for some distance, and the men in the boats are covered with the bloody spray, but glory in it."—pp. 48-7.

Nor does our author confine himself to "whaling incidents," or life on ship-board. He frequently gives us sketches illustrative of manners and customs, which are all the more agreeable because they are not expected. Examples of this are to be found throughout the book; but generally they are made to follow exciting scenes, as if intended to serve as a contrast. We can, however, only make room for one passage more:

"A Chinese school is a great curiosity to an American. They all study aloud, and it appears to cause no confusion with either teachers or scholars, though it would in a Yankee school. But their appearance is the greatest curiosity. Such a set of bald heads with young bodies, their only hair a braided queue hanging down the back—such young faces in the dress of old men, in frocks, leggins, and large shoes, with boys' motions and actions, and the medley of voices—such a variety of grotesque sounds and tones, is a very novel sight, and would make a laughable picture; but it would be necessary to produce the sounds to give a correct idea of a Chinese school.

"Of all the objects of the care of the Chinese, there are none to which they so religiously attend as the *tombs of their ancestors*, for they believe, that any neglect is sure to be followed by worldly misfortune. It is here that they manifest a religious zeal which is hardly shown toward their gods. Their ceremonies connected with the treatment of the dead are of a striking character. Aside from the burial service, of which we have already spoken, there are others commanded by their ritual to be performed. The original and strict period of mourning is for a parent three years, but this is commonly reduced in practice to twenty-seven months. Full three years must elapse from the death of a parent before a child can marry.

"A pleasing anecdote in relation to filial piety is related of a youth named Ouang-Ouei-Yuen. Having lost his mother, who was all that was dear to him, he passed the three years of mourning in a hut, employing himself in his retirement composing verses in honor of his parent. These are quoted by the Chinese as models of sentiment and tenderness. The period of his mourning having elapsed, he returned to his former residence, but did not forget his filial affection. His mother had always expressed great fears of thunder, and, when it was stormy, would request her son not to leave her: Therefore, as soon as

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he heard a storm coming on, he would hasten to his mother's grave, saying softly to her, '*I am here, mother.*'"

The author's adventures in Payta, the Marquesas Islands, the Knox and Charlotte Islands, &c., &c., are particularly worthy of perusal. In short, if we were asked to recommend a lively, rollicking, entertaining book to one who is not very fastidious as to niceties of style, we do not remember any recent publication we would name, for that purpose, before *Life and Adventure in the South Pacific.*

Poems. By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM. First American Edition. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861.

The author of this little volume, though hitherto little known in America, has attained considerable popularity throughout Great Britain and Ireland. He has now an opportunity of becoming an equal favorite in this country, thanks to the liberality as well as the taste of the gentlemen who may well be called the guardians of the American Parnassus. "By the good-will of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields," says the author, "this little book, written in Ireland, is reproduced in America. An Irishman can hardly look westward, without thinking of the great country to which his island is the nearest European land, and without remembering, though the magnetic link is broken, that by many infrangible ties they remain connected. Amongst the rest are literary ties; and some of these songs even, made for Irish peasants, have already migrated with them across the Atlantic." Thus it is that Mr. Allingham is introduced to the American people. In those who introduce him, the public have full confidence, founded on experience; he is, therefore, sure of a fair hearing, though no effort is made to trumpet his merits. He lacks, indeed, the melodious sweetness of Moore, the elegant simplicity and pathos of Goldsmith, and the earnestness and patriotic fervor of Davis; at the same time, many of his poems are essentially Irish, in thought, imagination, and feeling.

The contents of the volume before us are of very unequal merit. Here and there we find a piece which is below mediocrity, one that we would certainly have excluded, as unworthy of a place; but, we admit, that there is this argument in favor of retaining it—it is in good company. We need not say how many a shabby, stupid fellow is allowed a seat, even in the most select drawing-room, in compliment to his more elegant and brilliant friends. But we have not room for any extended observations in addition to the pieces which we have marked for extract; and it is impossible to do justice to any poet, whose reputation is not established, without giving more or less specimens of his efforts.

All, who have resided for any time in Ireland, are acquainted with the Robin Redbreast. It is entirely different in all its characteristics from the American robin. No other bird is so familiar and friendly

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to man as the former. Let the field laborer toil where he may, on the mountain, or in the valley, Robin Redbreast is sure to find him out, to take up his position almost under his spade, and cheer him with his sweet song. When the ground is covered with snow, so that no one works any longer in the field, the robin is to be seen at the peasants' doors, picking up the crumbs that fall from the children, and not unfrequently flying into the house. And the most vicious would not molest a robin, believing that in doing so they would incur the displeasure of "the good people" (the fairies), to which fraternity they consider the little songster to belong. The superstitious regard in which the robin is thus held is happily illustrated in the following "Child's Song:"

"*Robin Redbreast.*

"Good-bye, good-bye to Summer!
For Summer's nearly done;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun;
Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away,—
But Robin's here in coat of brown,
And scarlet breastknot gay.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
Robin sings so sweetly
In the falling of the year.

"Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian Princes,
But soon they'll turn to Ghosts;
The leathery pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough;
It's Autumn, Autumn, Autumn late,
'Twill soon be Winter now.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And what will this poor Robin do?
For pinching days are near.

"The fireside for the cricket,
The wheatstack for the mouse,
When trembling night-winds whistle
And moan all round the house;
The frosty ways like iron,
The branches plumed with snow,—
Alas! in Winter dead and dark
Where can poor Robin go?
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And a crumb of bread for Robin,
His little heart to cheer."—pp. 242–3.

No poet of the present day has produced more agreeable specimens of ballad poetry than Mr. Allingham. There is a good deal of the simple pathos of "Edwin and Angelina" in more than one of his ballads.

"*Nanny's Sailor Lad.*

"Now fare-you-well! my bonny ship,
For I am for the shore,
The wave may flow, the breeze may blow,
They'll carry me no more.

"And all as I came walking
And singing up the sand,
I met a pretty maiden,
I took her by the hand.

"But still she would not raise her head,
A word she would not speak,
And tears were on her eyelids,
Dripping down her cheek.

"Now grieve you for your father?
Or husband might it be?
Or is it for a sweetheart
That's roving on the sea?

"It is not for my father,
I have no husband dear,
But oh! I had a sailor lad
And he is lost, I fear.

"Three long years
I am grieving for his sake,
And when the stormy wind blows loud,
I lie all night awake.

"I caught her in my arms,
And she lifted up her eyes,
I kissed her ten times over
In the midst of her surprise.

"Cheer up, cheer up, my Nanny,
And speak again to me;
O dry your tears, my darling,
For I'll go no more to sea.

"I have a love, a true love,
And I have golden store,
The wave may flow, the breeze may blow,
They'll carry me no more!"—pp. 205–6.

Sometimes our poet forgets that the age of fastidiousness has succeeded

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the age of chivalry, and that what might have been very chaste and proper in the times of Shakespeare, Butler, Addison and Gay, becomes unpardonably vulgar in our day. For example, he speaks of apron-strings as growing shorter, and, what is worse, without their having any *legitimate* right to do so! True, it is only a Biddy that mourns the phenomenon in question. She does it so feelingly, however, that we will quote a stanza or two, omitting those in which she is, perhaps, a little too idiomatic:

"*The Girl's Lamentation.*

"With grief and mourning I sit to spin;
My Love passed by, and he didn't come in;
He passes by me, both day and night,
And carries off my poor heart's delight.

"There is a tavern in yonder town,
My Love goes there and he spends a crown,
He takes a strange girl upon his knee
And never more gives a thought to me.

"Says he, 'We'll wed without loss of time,
And sure our love's but a little crime;'
My apron-string now it's wearing short,
And my love he seeks other girls to court."
—p. 169.

The song entitled "Lovely Mary Donnelly" is thoroughly Irish. It abounds in those bold similes characteristic of the Irish peasantry, but which are not always well managed by the poet. Indeed, on the contrary, they are sometimes forced very violently in order to make rhyme. A stanza or two will illustrate our meaning, and, at the same time, be not unacceptable as "wood notes wild":

"*Lovely Mary Donnelly.*

"Her eyes like mountain water that's flowing on a rock,
How clear they are, how dark they are! and they give me many a shock.
Red rowans warm in sunshine and wetted with a show'r,
Could ne'er express the charming lip that has me in its pow'r.

"Her nose is straight and handsome, her eye-brows lifted up,
Her chin is very neat and pert, and smooth like a china cup,
Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so weighty and so fine;
It's rolling down upon her neck, and gather'd in a twine."
—pp. 43, 44.

One of the first songs we remember to have heard with the little ones, in their sports, is that entitled "The Fairies;" and it is still one of the most popular of "Child's Songs," in Ireland. Who has observed, if only for an hour, a group of little girls amusing themselves of a fine autumn evening, in any part of the country, without hearing the following stanza sung in unison?

"*The Fairies.*

"Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!"—p. 38.

We find little or no patriotism, however, in Allingham's *Poems*. He has songs on almost every subject, save on the condition of his country, past or present. If there is a single stanza on this subject, it has escaped our observation. In this respect, Campbell, the author of the *Exile of Erin* and *O'Connor's Child*, is much more Irish than he; so is Byron, author of the *Irish Avatar*, *Monody on Richard Brinsley Sheridan*, &c. If our author has omitted to speak of the wrongs of Ireland merely to avoid ren-

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dering himself unpopular in England, he is greatly mistaken. It is not among the faults of the English nation to proscribe those who lament in "harmonious numbers" the woes of their country. Nowhere is there a more eloquent and scathing protest against the oppressor than in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," yet no poem is more admired to this day in England. Nearly one half of Moore's Melodies have for their chief burden the wrongs of Ireland; but what sensible Englishman has ever admired "Tommy" anything the less on this account? His fiercest denunciations against the Saxon did not prevent the British Premier from giving him a pension in his old age. The same remarks would apply to Smollett and Burns, each of whom has left on record his deep sense of the wrongs of his country, as all know from "The Tears of Scotland," and "Bruce's Address." Probably it is not for any want of courage, or patriotic feeling, or through any prudential motive, that Mr. Allingham has failed in this respect; but that the canticles of freedom are not in his vein. At all events, we must admit that we have no good reason to blame him. He has given us too many charming *morceaux* for that. His happiest efforts are devoted to the fair—generally to girls. With him youth and beauty seem inseparable, as if he forgot that the oldest were once young, and that woman has charms which death alone can destroy. Yet who will not forgive him on reading so charming a ditty as the following? with which we must take leave for the present of one of the most attractive volumes even of the "blue and gold" series, which it has long been our privilege to examine:

"*The Bright Little Girl.*

"Her blue eyes they beam and they twinkle,
Her lips have made smiling more fair;
On cheek and on brow there's no wrinkle,
But thousands of curls in her hair.

"She's little,—you don't wish her taller;
Just half through the teens is her age;
And baby or lady to call her,
Were something to puzzle a sage!

"Her walk is far better than dancing;
She speaks as another might sing;
And all by an innocent chancing,
Like lambkins and birds in the spring.

"Unskill'd in the airs of the city,
She's perfect in natural grace;
She's gentle, and truthful, and witty,
And ne'er spends a thought on her face.

"Her face with the fine glow that's in it,
As fresh as an apple-tree bloom—
And O! when she comes, in a minute,
Like sunbeams she brightens the room.

"As taking in mind as in feature,
How many will sigh for her sake!
—I wonder, the sweet little creature,
What sort of a wife she would make."

—pp. 55, 56.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Cyclopædia Bibliographica; a Literary Manual of Theological and General Literature and Guide to Books, for Authors, Preachers, Students, and Literary Men, analytical, bibliographical, and biographical. By JAMES DARLING. Subjects Holy Scriptures. Super-royal 8vo, pp. 1907. London: James Darling; New York: J. W. Bouton & Co.

The bibliographical labors of Mr. Darling have elicited the approba-

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tion of all who have anything to do, directly or indirectly, with literature, sacred or profane. His catalogue of *Authors* is universally acknowledged to be at once the most extensive and most reliable that has yet issued from the press. It has afforded the chief materials for more than one German work of a similar character. The same may be said of bibliographical works recently published in this country—especially Alibone's *Dictionary of Authors*. There is, however, this important difference between the compilation of Mr. Darling and that of Mr. Alibone: the former does not accept as an author everybody that has written an article for the paper of his native village; or who has delivered, to all who would listen to him, what is, by courtesy, called an "oration." Much less has he praised them, giving their own estimate of their merits. His compilation of *Authors* is what it professes to be—a faithful, legitimate record—not a vehicle of puffery for all who are willing to pay for that sort of thing.

Still more impartial, conscientious, and reliable is the volume now before us. Although chiefly relating to the Bible, such is its character that there are none who read to any extent, not to mention writing, to whom it will not prove a valuable acquisition. Certainly there is no literary man, who has any pretensions to thoroughness, in the treatment of his subjects, and who wishes to economize his time, while not content without research, to whom it would not prove a boon of inestimable value. No matter what biblical subject one requires to write upon, he has only to turn to the index, or table of contents, as the case may be, in order to be able to see, at a glance, the titles and authors of all publications, on the same subject, worth mentioning, whether they are written in English, French, Spanish, German, Welsh, Irish, Greek, or Latin. Supposing, for example, that we desire to know what commentaries have been written on Joshua, we have only to turn to page 271, where we shall find the beginning of nearly five closely printed pages, double column, filled with the titles of works in Latin, French, German, &c., &c., though chiefly in English, each shedding more or less light on the subject in question. Thus, a clergyman, wearied with his week's labor, or, perhaps, so much indisposed as to be incapable, for the time being, of original composition, is required to preach a sermon on the Trinity; he turns to the alphabetical index and finds the word Trinity, whence he is shown, at a glance, the titles of numerous works on the Trinity, and the best sermons extant on the subject. The same may be said of faith, sanctification, good works, justification, rewards and punishments, &c. Feeling certain that there are many of our readers who would gladly avail themselves of such a work, as a means of lightening their labors, and, at the same time, enriching their discourses with the best thoughts of those who had gone before them in the same field, we give a specimen at random, merely premising that it includes but a small portion of what relates to the mission of Christ:

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"*Mission and Character of Christ.*

For a list of the most important treatises on our Lord's character, see Abp. Newcome on our Lord's conduct.

Eusebius Pamphilus. De Abgaro fragmentum. De Christo narratio. *Grynæi Monum. Gr I. I.*

Constantine VII. Narratio de divina Christi imagine. Edessena ad Augarum Missa. Gr. et Lat. *Bibl. Patr. Gallandii*, 14, 120; *Combefis, Originum*, &c., 75.

Fraser, John. The Saviour's Beauty. *Sermons and Essays*, 330.

Danbury, Charles. Pro Testimonio Flavii Josephi de Jesu Christo, libri duo. Cum præfatione J. E. Grabe. 8vo. *Lond.*, 1706; *Josephi Opera*, 2, 187.

Whiston, W. The testimonies of Josephus concerning Jesus Christ, John the Baptist, and James the Just vindicated. *Josephus, by Whiston*, I.

Bradly, John. An account of the testimony of Josephus concerning Christ. *An Impartial View*, &c.

Martin, David. A second dissertation in defence of the testimony given to our Saviour by Josephus; wherein the paragraph in the 4th chapter of the 18th book of the Jewish Antiquities, concerning Christ Jesus, is proved to be authentick. Translated from the French original. *Lond.*, 1719.

Richardson, John. Josephi de Christo Testimonium. *Prælectiones, I.*, 105.

Foster, N. A., dissertation upon the account supposed to have been given of Jesus Christ by Josephus, being an attempt to shew that this celebrated work, some slight corruptions only excepted, may reasonably be esteemed genuine. (Anonym.) Pp. 65, 8vo. *Oxf.*, 1749.

This dissertation is highly commended by Warburton and Bryant.

Bryant, Jacob, Vindiciæ Flavianæ; or, a vindication of the testimony given by Josephus concerning our Saviour Jesus Christ. Pp. 83, 8vo. *Lond.*, 1779.

Klaeden, Joach. Dissertatio de lingua D. N. Christi vernacula. 4to. *Witeb.*, 1739.

Weisius, F. Programma de Jesu Christi educatione. 4to. *Helmst.*, 1698.

Vavassor, T. De form Christi dum viveret in terris. 8vo. *Rostoch.*, 1666. p. 1840.

Lewis, T. Inquiry into the shape, the beauty and stature of the person of Christ, and of the Virgin Mary, offered to the consideration of the late converts to Popery. Pp. 1848, 8vo. *Lond.*, 1735."

No one, who has not had experience in the treatment of subjects which require thought and research, can form any adequate idea of the amount of labor and time saved by a work of this kind. For our own part, although we have had the use of it only for a few days, we have derived no slight benefit from it, and, wishing that our readers may possess the same advantages as ourselves, we take pleasure in recommending the work, not doubting but all, capable of appreciating its intrinsic worth, will thank us for calling their attention to it.

The American Statesman; A Political History, exhibiting the Nature, Origin, and Practical Operation of the Constitutional Government of the United States, &c., &c. By ANDREW W. YOUNG, author of "Science of Government," &c., &c. 8vo, pp. 1066. New York: N. C. Miller.

Of the many works recently published, whose object is the diffusion of political knowledge among the people, so far as we have seen, this is undoubtedly the most comprehensive and complete. Such is its character, that we should be glad that thousands of copies of it could be dis-

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tributed throughout the revolted States. It would be worth a dozen iron-clad gun-boats, in convincing the secessionists of their errors, and we do not say this from any want of appreciation of the boats, whose more than trumpet-tongued arguments have already accomplished so much.

We do not mean that Mr. Young is a great author—that he is eloquent in expression or classical in his style. In these respects we have, indeed, little praise to bestow; at the same time, it is but fair to admit that we cannot find much fault. It is not for the beauty of its composition that works of this kind are sought after or read, but for the facts and suggestions which they contain. All we have a right to expect is, that these be so arranged that they will be readily accessible. Mr. Young seems to have understood this fully; at least, he has anticipated our requirements.

His sketch of the rise and progress of parties possesses a peculiar interest at the present moment; and its impartiality will recommend it to readers of all shades of politics. We are also presented with an epitome of the views of our leading statesmen and public men on all important questions, whether they relate to foreign or domestic policy. In the form of an appendix, we have a variety of valuable political essays, with explanatory notes, and a considerable amount of statistical information, which will be useful to many and interesting to all. The table of contents occupies sixteen pages, embracing the topics of eighty chapters, exclusive of the appendix; and the work is furnished, besides, with an index, which extends over ten pages. The last seven or eight chapters give us the most satisfactory narrative we have yet seen relative to the organization of the Kansas and Nebraska territories, the Topeka government, the reports of committees on the troubles in Kansas, the Lecompton constitution, the Cuba, Oregon, and Homestead bills, &c., &c. In short, the work, as a whole, is all that its title implies—a comprehensive manual of statesmanship and political history; and, as such, we do not hesitate to recommend it to all who take any interest in the workings of our free institutions, and the prosperity of our country.

Hebrew Men and Times, from the Patriarchs to the Messiah. By Joseph Henry Allen. 12mo, pp. 435. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. 1862.

We confess that we had not expected much, from the title of this volume, though we knew nothing about the author; but bearing in mind that the gentlemen, whose imprint it bears, seldom, if ever, publish an indifferent book, we were induced to glance through its pages. A brief passage, here and there, was sufficient to awaken an interest which we confess we do not often feel in the perusal of similar works; and the more we have read, the better we have been pleased with Mr. Allen. He does not pretend to give us much that is new; on the contrary, he freely acknowledges his indebtedness to the writings of Newman, Bunsen, and Ewald. He has

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skilfully blended the materials taken from these various sources—the richest he could have chosen—adding not a little of his own, which is valuable by itself. His remarks on the "Prophets" are among the most satisfactory we have seen; certainly they are among the most lucid and readable; but whether they are orthodox or heterodox, we will not pretend to say, for it is none of our business.

Speaking of the mission of Christ, Mr. Allen says: "Historically regarded, Jesus is uplifted on the great wave formed by the confluence of three main courses of ancient life and thought—the Hebrew, Oriental and Greek—all embraced in the imperial sway of Rome" (p. 412). This is Bunsen's idea, in another form; but, need we say, that it is not the less worthy of attention on this account? If Mr. Allen is guilty of no further transgression than to cast in a new mould the views of a mind like Bunsen's—one of the most profound scholars of modern times—a man capable of analyzing the nicest shades of meaning in the Hebrew text—he will be entitled to approbation rather than censure. Although the work before us exhibits much learning and research, it is eminently popular in its style; at least, sufficiently so to place it within the reach of any family possessed of ordinary intelligence.

The Life of Nelson. By ROBERT SOUTHEY. 12mo, pp. 400. London: Henry G. Bohn. New York: Charles Welford. 1861.

Probably no book the author of "Thalaba" has written is more popular than this, not excepting his "Table Talk." This, however, is owing less to its style, undoubtedly well written as it is, than to the impartial spirit that everywhere pervades it. Ample justice is done to the British hero; but no effort is made to cast unmerited odium on a brave enemy. All the incidents of Nelson's life are graphically related. While nothing has been omitted that would have done him the least credit, his faults are not denied, though they receive gentle treatment.

Southey was too familiar with the noblest productions of the human mind—those of the wisest of mankind—not to be aware that perfection is not the lot of humanity, even in its most exalted state. He knew that the greatest men have often the gravest faults, and that the most insignificant have least. This is particularly true of the world's heroes, from Achilles, Alexander, and Cæsar, to Napoleon. Perhaps the only exceptions in all history are Washington and Wellington, each of whom was as mild and upright in peace as he was brave and terrible in war.

It is because biographers of the present day forget this, that they write so much in the epitaph style that their productions are worth nothing. There is many a "Life" of Nelson. We have read, or, rather, tried to read, at least a dozen; but Southey's is the only one we would venture to quote. The present edition is finely illustrated with engravings from designs by eminent artists, including Duncan, Foster and Westall; and has the additional advantage of a copious alphabetical index.

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Philosophie de l'Histoire de l'Humanité. Par J. G. HERDER. Traduction de l'Allemand, par EMILE TANDEL. Tome I. London: D. Nutt. 1861.

The most eminent historians of the nineteenth century have availed themselves, to a large extent, of the thoughts of Herder. Some of the best passages in "Buckle's History of Civilization" may be traced to the work now being translated by M. Tandel. Our own Prescott has drawn not a little of his philosophic inspiration from the same source. Nor will the fact seem strange to those unacquainted with the writings of Herder, when they bear in mind that Goethe, Schiller, and Wieland, the three greatest and most dissimilar minds of their time, acknowledged their indebtedness to the author of the "Philosophy of History." As a critic, he has had no superior among his cotemporaries. No other writer has done so much to cultivate the æsthetic taste of Germany. He regarded poetry as an art; and he was equally familiar with the poetry of the Hindoos, the Hebrews, the Greeks, and the Romans; and in comparing the poetry of one nation, ancient or modern, with that of another, he made it a point to deduce conclusions which he renders available, in another form, in the work before us. In short, his writings form a wonderful compound of philology, metaphysics, mythology, æsthetics, criticism, and pantheism.

SCIENCE.

1. *Commentaries on the Surgery of War in Portugal, Spain, France, and the Netherlands, from the Battle of Rolica, in* 1808, *to that of Waterloo, in* 1815, *with Additions relating to those in the Crimea, in* 1854–55; &c. By G. J. GUTHRIE, F. R. S. Sixth Edition. 12mo, pp. 614.
2. *Notes on the Surgery of the War in the Crimea, with Remarks on the Treatment of Gun-shot Wounds.* By GEORGE MACLEOD, M. D., F. R. C. S. 12mo, pp. 402.
3. *A Treatise on Gun-shot Wounds.* By F. LONGMORE, Esq. 12mo, pp. 132. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1862.

Although these works are designed mainly for the medical profession and for military officers, they are so free from technicalities, and contain so much, in which all have more or less interest, that they will have more readers among the general public than many of our modern novels. The *Commentaries* is particularly attractive; which is sufficiently proved by the fact, that that now before us is the sixth edition. It consists of thirty lectures, fifteen of which have appeared in the *London Lancet;* the remaining fifteen having been published separately. It has the advantages of a copious table of contents, an alphabetical index, an index of cases, pictorial illustrations, statistics, &c. The "Reports from the Crimea," in the addenda, form a valuable feature of the work.

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The other two works are less elaborate, and less valuable; but there is a good deal that is new, even to the professional man, in each. Dr. Macleod observes in his preface, that the war in the Crimea did not last sufficiently long to add much to the stock of medical knowledge; "yet," he says, "it has shown us wounds, of a severity, perhaps, never before equalled; it has enabled us to observe the effects of missiles introduced for the first time into warfare," &c. Many of the cases of gun-shot wounds, given by Longmore, may be said, literally, to possess a painful interest. His is a slender volume; but it is because it contains nothing superfluous. As Inspector-General of Hospitals, and Professor of Military Surgery at Fort Pitt, Chatham, he has had ample opportunities for observation and experiments, and he has turned them to judicious account. The three volumes are got up in tasteful style, showing that, although the Messrs. Lippincott & Co. may be said to possess a monopoly in all works relating to the war, they are not the less willing to incur the necessary expense to render them suitable for the library or the family bookcase, as well as for the camp.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Works of Thomas Hood, edited by EPES SARGENT. Vols. I., II. 12mo. New York: George P. Putnam. 1862.

We have no intention of reviewing the works of Hood. No one having any acquaintance with English literature needs any criticism of them; for who has not read them?—who is not aware of their characteristics? Certainly, we do not suppose that there are a half dozen of our readers with whom the author of the *Song of the Shirt* is not a favorite. Little more is necessary, therefore, on our part, at least in this department of our journal, than to announce that the volumes now before us are of the Aldine edition of his works, which is to be the most complete ever issued. This we are told by the editor in his preface; and, judging from the two volumes on our table, we have every reason to accept his statement as correct. They are printed in large, clear type, on fine, tinted paper, tastefully illustrated, and elegantly and substantially bound.

No thoughtful person can read Hood without feeling the better for it; one is the more content with himself, with his neighbor, with all the world. No other writer of modern times has done more to show the absurdity of envy, superstition, vanity and prejudice. Without long sermons, or violent denunciations, he has exhibited vice as the loathsome thing it really is. The first impression we receive of the author from his works is one of levity. But, on a closer examination, we soon discover a deep undercurrent of feeling. We find that there is often sadness even in his smile. At the same time, his humor is essentially genial—his wit never hurts, though always keen. Indeed, he seems to have a horror of

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giving pain, even to his enemies. Yet his could hardly be called a happy disposition; at all events, certain it is that he enjoyed but little happiness himself. During most of his life he suffered in turn from poverty and disease; for it was not until his race was nearly run that the public began to appreciate him; but ever since his reputation has been gaining. He has by no means been as successful in his prose as in his poetry; but there are few finer satires, in any language, than his *Up the Rhine*, in which he exposes the absurdities of the travelling part of his own countrymen. This is given in full in the second volume of the new edition, together with his *Romances and Extravaganzas*, including "Mrs. Peck's Pudding," "The Schoolmistress Abroad," &c.

L'Église et la Société Chrétienne en 1861. Par M. Guizot. London: Williams & Norgate. 1861.

Let the veteran author of this work take up what subject he may, he is sure to be read from one end of Europe to the other—a distinction to which his contributions to the history of modern civilization would eminently entitle him, had he no other claim on public attention. Besides, he is the oldest living statesman in Europe; and he has always been distinguished for his liberality of thought and sentiment. While the prime minister of Louis Phillippe, his being a Protestant himself did not lessen his solicitude for the Catholics of Denmark and Sweden, who were just then suffering persecution at the hands of the governments of those countries; and he took equal pains to secure liberty of conscience for the Protestants of Spain, Austria and Tuscany.

Before it was known that he intended to take any part in the controversy relative to the temporal power of the Pope, it was agreed, upon all hands, that his views on the subject would have great influence. Few thought, that he would be in favor of upholding His Holiness in the exercise of his territorial sovereignty. But this is what he undertakes to do in the volume before us; and, it must be admitted, that he adduces pretty cogent arguments in support of his view of the case. He feels sure that whatever those say who call themselves liberal Catholics, that Catholic Christendom would not tamely submit to the humiliation of the Pope. Another remarkable feature in his book is, his want of faith in Piedmont, on the ground that no nation can continue to prosper without acknowledging the temporal influence of some branch of the Christian religion. Had the book fallen into our hands in time, we would have discussed the question, with which it grapples, at some length; as it is, we can only indicate, to those interested in the controversy, the position which it takes, reserving our comments for a future occasion.

Die Inseln des grossen Oceans im Natur und Volkerbeben, dargestellt. Von Geo. Haetwig. Wiesbaden: C. W. Kreidel. 1861.

Dr. Hartwig of Heidelberg, the author of this work on the islands of

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the Pacific, has a reputation as a scholar—especially in ethnology—second only to that of Professor Adelung, of the same celebrated university. Our German readers will be particularly pleased with the present publication, creditably characteristic, as it is, of the fatherland. In general, the amount of knowledge contained in a German work is rather widely diffused for our taste; the fruit, good as it is, is too often so overloaded with the leaves, that it requires no ordinary resolution and patience to gather it without leaving the best part still hidden. With the work now before us, the fact is the reverse. The author has carefully collected the reports of the most reliable navigators, geographers, naturalists and ethnologists, and blended the essences of all together—refuting what seems exaggeration, or mere conjecture, and so arranging the rest that "he who runs may read." Indeed, it is but rarely we find so large an amount of valuable and interesting multifarious information compressed within equal bounds; and still more rarely do we find any work of the kind so excellently illustrated.

1. *What a Little Child should Know.* By JENNY MARSH PARKER.
2. *The True Hero.*
3. *Around the Manger; or, Christmas, Past and Present, with Chrysostom's Sermon.*
4. *Seed for Springtime; or, Common Names and Common Things in the Church and Liturgy.* Explained for young learners.
5. *The Island of Life, an Allegory.* By a Clergyman.
6. *Frank Earnest; or, Going into the Master's Vineyard.*
7. *The Light of the World; or, Footprints of Christ our Lord.* New York: Gen. Prot. Epis. S. S. U. 1861.

We pretend to no gravity that would exclude the consideration of books for the young in a literary and educational journal—especially those that are religious without being sectarian, as in the present case. We think it rather our duty to bear in mind that the oldest and wisest of ourselves were once young, and "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw." It is well to remember, also, that it is the earliest impressions that have the most enduring influence in the formation of character. A bad book, put into the hands of a child, does more harm in a year than a good book can remedy in two years. This is true as applied even to the style alone; not to mention religious or moral tendencies.

For these reasons, we think we could not occupy the brief amount of space now at our disposal with anything better than a few remarks, warmly commendatory of the tiny volumes before us. Five of them are by Jenny Marsh Parker. We have not the pleasure of any personal knowledge of the lady; we are not aware that we have ever seen her; but her religious stories are undoubtedly the best that we have taken the pains to examine. Her "Seed for Springtime," "Frank Earnest,"

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and "Light of the World," are books which we should be glad to see in the hands of every child. They are written in a chaste and simple style; and are imbued with good sense—the best philosophy for children. Each teaches an excellent lesson, in a manner that affords pleasure to the youthful mind, while it makes an impression not likely to be soon effaced. That whose imprint they bear is the most liberal of all our religious societies; it is proverbially so much so, that it is but rarely, if ever, that it issues a book to which any denomination of Christians could object on sectarian grounds.

NEW PUBLICATIONS,

NOT NOTICED IN THE REVIEW, WHICH MAY BE RECOMMENDED FOR PERUSAL AND STUDY.

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Grundzüge der Neutestamentlichen Grăcilät nach den besten Quellen für Studirende der Theologie und Philologie. Von Prof. D. S. Ch. Schirlitz, Ritter des Königlich Preussischen Rothen Adlerordens iv. Classe. London: D. Nutt. 1861.

Celebrated Friendships. By Mrs. Thomson. Author of the Memoirs of the Duchess of Marlborough. In 2 vols. London: James Hogg & Sons. 1861.

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